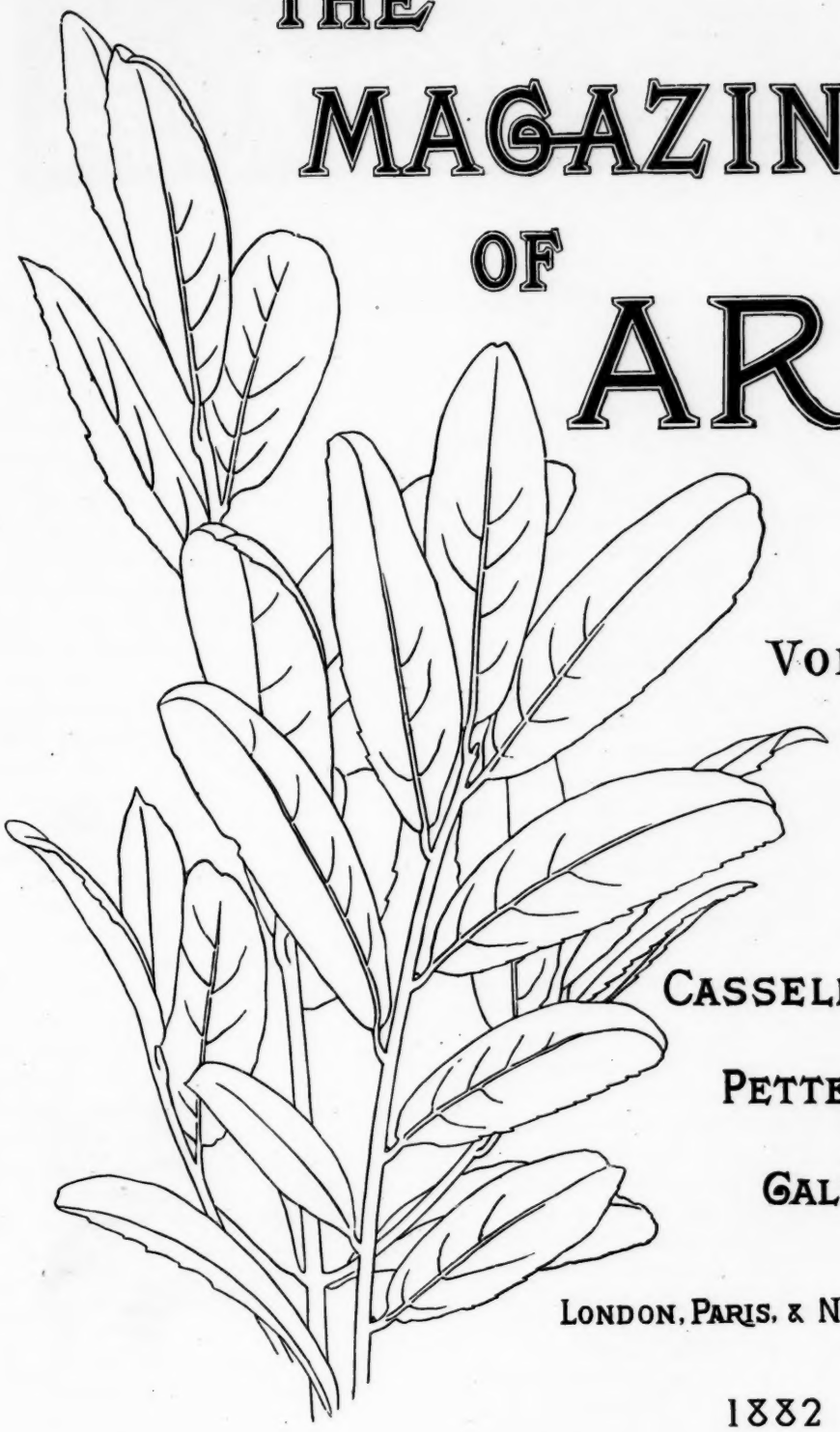
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The Shepherdess and Her Flock	„	J.-F. Millet	„ 491
The Judgment of Paris		From a Greek Mixing Bowl	„ 509
Abandoned		By Heinrich Rasch	„ 520
Jolly Companions	„	Ed. Grützner	„ 528

ART NOTES.

LADY BURDETT-COUTTS, as is well known, is interested in the philanthropy of art—in those pictures which take the hard but pathetic facts of poverty for their theme. Mr. Wilfrid Lawson, who works with so peculiar a sincerity among the toilers and the poor children of London, is proceeding, at her request, with a series of studies in adult life, which are to follow the group of pictures called "Children of the Great City." He has already submitted to Lady Burdett-Coutts designs of the "Fern-Gatherers," the "Pea-Shellers," and the "Walnut-Strippers." The two last-named treat of the female industries of Covent Garden Market, and are, of course, effects of extremely early morning. A bright and serene September sunrise lights up the latter of the two, and in both great interest is given to the design by the variety of age and type among the women. Our artists are doubtless learning from France that the truth—when truly treated—is always paintable, and that even in these vulgar and costume-less days the poor at work are always worthy of study.

THE controversies of connoisseurship are proverbially, if somewhat unintelligibly bitter. The late George Borrow, who knew a very great deal about the gipsies, had a wordy war of quite appalling inveteracy with an American writer, who was the only man living who knew, or claimed to know, as much. And when so vital a point of special knowledge as the authorship of a generally-accepted Michael Angelo is concerned, it is no wonder if the feeling on both sides is strong. Mr. J. C. Robinson's challenge of the "Entombment," in the National Gallery, not unnaturally fluttered the breast of Mr. Burton, who is responsible for Michael Angelo as he appears in Trafalgar Square, and of Mr. Poynter, who seems to claim in the great Florentine something of the proprietorship which Wordsworth claimed in mountains. Mr. Robinson has before now criticised Mr. Burton in his dictatorship, with respect to the price paid for the Pietro della Francesca—£7,500. It will generally be allowed, on behalf of our scholarly and able director, that no possible price, in these days of competition, when masterpieces are so quickly absorbed, can be considered extravagant, a great nation being the buyer, and the world the open market. Did not Mr. Ruskin once astonish all those who were inclined to consider England rather extravagant in the matter of art by a curious calculation as to the proportion which her art-expenditure bore to her general outlay? Did he not show us that it would be represented by the sum of fourpence halfpenny annually devoted to the formation of a picture-gallery by a man in the possession of many thousands a-year? Our memory as to the exact income thus burdened is not precise, but the revenue was certainly supposed to be an excessively large one.

IT is always interesting to gauge the taste of the art-studying public by the reports made of the pictures most copied at the National Gallery, but no change in public taste seems to be discernible year by year. Greuze, Landseer, and Murillo are still the prime favourites of the copyists, who are, of course, be it remembered, not only students pursuing their own education, but professional painters catering for that large but indefinite class—the buyers of copies.

MR. FRANK DICKSEE, who chose "Evangeline" as the subject of his best picture, has been engaged upon a series of illustrations of that poem. They will shortly be produced as a volume, accompanied by the text.

IT is to be hoped that picture-stealing will not become a common illicit industry. The theft of Mr. Sidney Cooper's "Monarch of the Glen" from Mr. Allcroft's house at Lancaster Gate, during an outbreak of fire, was a crime which probably combined incendiarism with robbery, and which presents curious features. It is really interesting to conjecture the state of mind of a lover of art who has elected to burden himself with an utterly unnegotiable work of great money value, and who is content to gaze in absolute secrecy upon the Sidney Cooper for which he has braved the flames.

IT is stated that Mr. Thomas Holloway, who preserved a very short incognito as a "Mr. Thomas" making large and even sensational purchases of pictures in the early season, has expended the magnificent sum of £32,690 in decorating the Holloway College and Sanatorium, Virginia Water, with such works as Mr. Millais' "Princess Elizabeth" (bought for £3,150) and "The Princes in the Tower" (£3,900); Creswick's "Trent-side" (£2,100); Stanfield's "Battle of Roveredo" (£3,465) and "Pic du Midi" (£2,677); C. Fielding's "Travellers in a Storm" (£3,150); Collins's "Borrowdale" (£2,625); Landseer's "Man Proposes and God Disposes"—the Polar bears and the relics of the Franklin expedition (£6,615); besides several works by Mr. Holland, Mr. S. Cooper, and Mr. Eyre Crowe.

MR. HERKOMER, A.R.A., has just received an addition to his honorary distinctions in the form of a diploma of membership of the *Hochstiftung* of Frankfort-on-the-Main. He has now completed a portrait of Mr. Archibald Forbes, which is an excellent likeness of the trooper-correspondent of the *Daily News*.

MR. MILLAIS, R.A., is engaged upon another study of the young girl who served him so well as a model in "Sweetest Eyes were Ever Seen" and "Cinderella." This time the child, who is the daughter of the late Mr. Buckstone, the actor, will play a Scotch part as a fisher-girl, and the picture will be entitled "Caller Herrin."

At the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, the Eighth Annual Exhibition of Modern Pictures in Oil was opened to the public on September 22nd, and the collection will remain on view till February next. The number of works exhibited is 535, and of these 110 are by local artists. Small in size, and liable to be overlooked by all but artists, Baldon en Galope's "Le Tondeur des Meulets" (199) is in many respects the most remarkable picture in the collection. The luminous tones of "On the Lagoons, Venice" (119), by Clara Montalba, naturally attract many eyes; and, as a bit of still life, "Our Mutual Friends" (95), by E. G. H. Lucas, is equal if not superior to anything of the kind in the collection. Amongst the local contributions Mr. Burfield's Academy picture "Remonstrance" (336) takes the first place.

Liverpool is now holding her Eleventh Autumn Exhibition of Modern Pictures in the Walker Art Gallery. Many pictures from the Academy find their way hither, each year bringing more and more contributions from R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s, and members of the Royal Scottish Academy. The Walker Art Gallery, so recently built, is already found too small for its purpose, and steps are being taken for its enlargement. The places of honour in the present exhibition are occupied by the two notable pictures, "The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson," by John Collier, and "Dante's Dream," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. There are 542 oil-pictures, 788 water-colours, a few etchings, and about 24 pieces of sculpture. Local artists are well represented, chief amongst them being John Finnie, R. T. Minshull, W. I. I. C. Bond, W. W. Laing, and W. B. Boadle. This last artist has a striking and clever portrait of T. S. Raffles, Esq., Liverpool's stipendiary magistrate, presented to the worthy original by his fellow-magistrates as a token of appreciation and esteem. In connection with this exhibition, it was announced some time ago that a prize would be given for the best design for a poster, following the example of the publishers of The Magazine of Art, but the result cannot be pronounced a success.

Mr. Ruskin's Museum at Sheffield is to be enlarged; but the indisposition of "the master" has delayed the getting out of the plans. There is, perhaps, no room in the world which contains in so small a space so much unique artistic treasure as the small apartment at Walkley comprising the Museum of "St. George." A clever thief could carry off the whole contents in a large carpet-bag—precious stones that could not be replaced, rare prints, and incomparable MSS. The house stands lonely and unprotected, and a correspondent suggests that more structural security should be observed.

An attempt is being made at Sheffield to devote more attention to pictures at the Weston Park Museum in that town. Among the pictures now hung at that museum is Mr. Poynter's "Atalanta's Race," which is the property of the Earl of Wharncliffe. Mr. F. T. Mappin, M.P., has also lent a number of valuable paintings.

Nowhere in the provinces has art taken a stronger hold upon the affections of the people than at Nottingham. No institution could be more popular than the Castle Museum. Conducted by the Corporation on broad, liberal lines, and directed by Mr. George H. Wallis with great taste and energy, the enterprise has been stamped with success from the beginning. Some of the galleries at the Castle Museum have recently been temporarily closed in order to assemble together an autumn exhibition of modern pictures, which is now open, and occupies the Great Gallery, the Whaite Gallery, and the Water-Colour Gallery. The number of pictures reaches 926, the great majority being oil-paintings. As an illustration of the quality of work in this collection, we may cite such pictures as Linton's "Benediction," Brewtnall's "Sleeping Beauty," H. Herkomer's "Gloom of Idwal," Professor Schuck's "Raid during the Thirty Years' War in Germany," Mr. F. W. Lawson's "Posting House," Mr. Wyke Bayliss's "St. Mark's, Venice," and Mr. Peter Macnab's "Return from the Sheilings." Altogether there is much good work on exhibition—some of high excellence.

After considerable preparations for the event, the town of Middlesborough celebrated its fiftieth anniversary on October 6th. A statue of the late Henry Bolckow, one of the founders of the iron trade, and noted as a liberal patron of art, was unveiled by Lord Frederick Cavendish, M.P. The statue, which is life-size, is by D. W. Stevenson, A.R.S.A., Edinburgh, and was cast in bronze at the foundry of Sir John Steele, R.S.A. A portrait of one of the oldest settlers, and also a portrait of the late Joseph Pease, one of the founders of the town and the English railway system, painted by C. N. Kennedy, of London, were presented to the public. In addition to a banquet, processions and fireworks, there was an exhibition in the rooms of the Cleveland Literary and Philosophical Institution, consisting of articles in metal-work, pictures, and pottery, chiefly from South Kensington Museum. The funds for the various purposes were quickly subscribed, and, as was expected, the event was highly successful. Middlesborough, within fifty years, has grown up from one house to a population of about 60,000, the chief manufactures being iron and steel.

Lyme Hall, Cheshire, the picturesque old residence of W. J. Legh, Esq., M.P., has been the scene of a fine-art exhibition for a charitable purpose. Apart from the artistic treasures of the ancient mansion itself, the nobility of the neighbourhood contributed valuable exhibits of oil-paintings, water-colours, pottery, china, old dresses, rare lace, tapestry, embroidery, &c. The rooms in which these were displayed were the entrance hall, the drawing-room, the stag parlour, and the morning and yellow rooms. The exhibition was one of great attraction and pecuniary success, and altogether a happy departure from the conventional "bazaar."

A new effort is being made in Edinburgh to induce the Government to give an additional grant for the completion of the Museum of Science and Art. In its present unfinished state the monster building is an eyesore to visitors, and it is to be hoped that the movement will meet with success.

Sir Noel Paton had a narrow escape from drowning lately. While he was sailing on the west coast with Lady Paton and one of his sons, the boat was capsized by a sudden squall. Fortunately all the members of the party were good swimmers, and reached the shore in safety, not much the worse of their wetting.

MR. W. A. DONNELLY, of the *Illustrated London News*, has completed two large subjects of the Edinburgh Royal Review. These are "The March Past the Royal Standard," and "View from St. Anthony's Chapel." By command of Her Majesty they were forwarded for inspection to Balmoral, and are now being reproduced in chromo-lithography by Messrs. Paton and Sons, of Edinburgh.

THE Second Annual Black-and-White Exhibition at the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts is now open, and compares favourably in all respects with that of last year. Its most notable difference from similar exhibitions at the Dudley and at Liverpool lies in the unusually large number of works by foreign artists. The German, French, Belgian, and Dutch schools all show strongly, and hang alongside of some interesting American work from the Salmagundi Club of New York. English and Scotch artists also send many important contributions, and some of the latter especially are steadily advancing in a field which was, until very recent years, entirely uncultivated. The position of honour has been accorded to a powerful, if somewhat melodramatic study of a monkish figure, by Alfred Wasse, of Munich, although of more direct artistic value is the admirable series contributed by Léon Lhermitte. Some of these have been already exhibited at the Dudley, but what is undoubtedly the best of them, "Les Glaneuses," is a new work, and clearly demonstrates M. Lhermitte's position as the chief of black-and-white draughtsmen. There are some tender landscape themes, treated in a truly French spirit, by Lalanne, who shows charcoal sketches and etchings, and by Dieu, Allongé, and Karl Robert; nor should mention be omitted of a beautiful architectural study by Vautier, in which the complicated details of a stately building are suggested with true artistic reticence. Two exceptionally able works come from David and Paul Oyens, of Brussels, the former sending a thoroughly original sketch of a smoker, in which all conventionalism of treatment is discarded, and the latter being represented by a powerfully-modelled female head, in which wonderful skill is attained in texture and tone. But in respect of its suggestion of colour, what is probably the most genuinely graceful work comes from one or two of the prominent members among the contemporary Dutchmen, Israels, Mauve, and Artz. A resting shepherd, by Mauve, gives absolutely the same sense of colour as would be done by a more finished colour sketch, whilst Israels infuses all the solemn pathos of his style into a graceful drawing of a lonely woman wearily resting in her humble chamber. An interesting specimen of Sir Frederick Leighton's delicacy of touch is shown in a minute drawing of a lemon-tree (engraved, if we mistake not, in one of the architectural journals), in which each leaf and branch is characterised with microscopic precision, whilst similarly typical of painstaking workmanship are some of Mr. Poynter's studies for pictures. From Cecil Lawson comes a singularly powerful pen-and-ink drawing, "In Memoriam," a sketch in a sculptor's garden at Chelsea, and Aumonier has a masterly charcoal study of cloudland, in which the exact scope of the medium seems rightly gauged. The contributions from the Salmagundi Club of New York are interesting, if for no other reason than to show how largely current American art is indebted to the echoes of the French studies which have come to it through the medium of W. M. Hunt and others. It has still much vitality of its own, though it is too often linked to mere eccentricity of expression. The collection of etchings embraces all the more important plates of the past years, in addition to a series of twelve etchings by Dr. Haden, some of which have not been before exhibited. There are also many illustrations for periodicals, such as *Punch*, the *Graphic*, and those of Messrs. Cassell's, and a unique collection of pencil drawings by Cruikshank.

THE characteristics of Scottish art do not seem specially adapted for expression in water-colour, if we are to judge by the examples of it in that medium now on exhibition by the Scottish Society of Water-Colour Painters at Glasgow. The best works on the walls are either directly French in inspiration, or are by artists whose characteristics are not distinctly Scottish. The colour faculty, which is really the backbone of Scottish art, materially detracts from the simplicity of method essential in water-colour painting, and the majority of the works now on exhibition at Glasgow are crude and raw in this respect, and compare very unfavourably with the best English work. Of course there are several notable exceptions, and Mr. M'Taggart, Mr. Herdman, and Mr. Otto Leyde may be mentioned as more nearly fulfilling the requirements of the art than probably any others. Mr. Robert W. Allan also calls for special mention for a noble picture dealing with Carlyle's funeral at Ecclefechan last spring, and Mr. Hugh Cameron has at least one drawing of exceptional merit.

AMONG Scottish provincial exhibitions, that at Dundee is now taking a foremost place; indeed, in many respects it is little behind either the Academy at Edinburgh or the Institute at Glasgow. Last year the sales amounted to nearly £5,000, while no less than 860 pictures—the majority of them by prominent artists—were hung on the walls. The exhibition, opened during October, evidences a remarkably healthy art-spirit in the breadth and general scope of the works, which embrace examples of men so various as Holman Hunt, Sir Frederick Leighton, Linnell, Morris, and Ansdell, and Frenchmen of note such as Millet, Troyon, and Corot.

KIRKCALDY may be instanced as an example of what can be done by a comparatively small provincial town in the cause of art. Its "Fine Art Association" was inaugurated in 1872, and now consists of some 700 members, who are only called upon to pay a minimum entrance fee. Last year the sales amounted to £1,300, mostly effected through the Art Union, a highly exemplary body, which distributes ninety per cent. of its subscriptions in prizes. Kirkcaldy also possesses a Fine Art Club, with suitable club-rooms, and a membership of forty. The Tenth Annual Exhibition of the Association is now open, and contains 880 works of art in oil and water-colour. These include pictures by artists so well known as Pettie, Aumonier, Blommers, Venhuys, and Miss Montalba. The members of the Scottish Academy also contribute largely, and there are many promising works by local men.

THE taste for provincial art exhibitions in Scotland threatens to take the form of an epidemic, and almost every town of note is now organising something of the kind. The latest addition is that of Inverness, where a hall has been opened, and where are to be seen some 300 works of art, many of them by painters of note.

Among our leading artists who have been attracted to the Western Highlands this autumn have been Mr. Frank Holl, A.R.A., Mr. Pettie, R.A., and Mr. Colin Hunter. Mr. Holl has been visiting Glencoe, and Mr. Pettie and Mr. Hunter have been the guests of their friend Mr. William Black, the novelist, at his shootings at Lerags, on Loch Feochan, near Oban.

No living Englishman has done more to spread an intelligent appreciation of Indian art throughout this country than Sir George Birdwood—for so we must in future call the *savant* so honourably associated with our Indian Museum. Every one interested in the arts of India will be pleased to hear of the recognition Dr. Birdwood's services have obtained from the Queen.

The French Government has decided to establish a school of art at Algiers, and has appointed M. Hippolyte Lazerges director of the new institution. M. Lazerges was born at Narbonne in 1817, and was twenty years old when he first attempted to paint. He was for some time a pupil of David d'Angers, the sculptor, and of the painter, F. Bouchot. He devoted himself chiefly to religious subjects, and has been very successful in the decoration of churches and public buildings. The ceiling of the theatre of Rouen is one of his best decorative paintings. In 1869 he exhibited at the Salon a picture called "Foyer du Théâtre de l'Odéon," which attracted considerable attention at the time, as it contained a number of portraits of living artists and writers, cleverly grouped, and the likenesses of whom were, for the greater part, very good. Since then M. Lazerges has regularly sent pictures to the Salon, and acquired a very prominent position in French artistic circles. He has also made his mark as a writer upon art-matters in different journals, and has published a few pamphlets on the fine arts. M. Lazerges has obtained several medals at various times, and was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1867.

M. Champfleury, Director of the Museum of the National Manufactory of Sèvres, has just addressed a report to the Under-Secretary of State for the Fine Arts on the exhibitions of ceramic art recently held at Le Mans, Nevers, and Brussels, which he was commissioned to visit and report upon. In his report, M. Champfleury regrets the indifference of the local authorities with regard to artistic matters, and suggests that they should provide better and more suitable buildings for the provincial art-treasures, which are generally to be found in dark passages, or even cellars, where, besides being kept from the public, they run considerable risk of being destroyed or lost. "Great sums of money are now being spent on education," says M. Champfleury—"are not museums a means of promoting knowledge?" Speaking incidentally of a flying visit paid to the Museum of Antiquities at Chartres, M. Champfleury states that several rooms are full of casts of the principal sculptures of the fine cathedral, to which the public have no access, although it would be most desirable to have these casts carefully and methodically arranged, so as to admit of their being examined and studied as most remarkable specimens of old French art. This state of things is far from satisfactory, and it is to be hoped that the authorities will do something to stimulate the French provincial museum keepers, who look upon the collections entrusted to their care as specially intended for their own gratification, but not for the public, who are only admitted therein on certain days and only for a few hours. The result is that if one happens to travel in France and wishes to visit the various museums, a knowledge of the rules and regulations of each town is indispensable in order to be able to see anything. Of course the *gardiens* or *concierges* are not above bribery; but the process is costly, and the whole system requires important modification. M. Champfleury is to be congratulated on having called attention to this state of things, which will soon be altered—at least, we hope so.

Another monument, commemorative of the defence of St. Quentin during the Franco-Prussian war, has been inaugurated in that town, on the anniversary of the battle of St. Quentin, which took place on the 8th of October, 1870.

The town of Montpellier is inviting architects to compete for the erection of a new theatre, the old one having been destroyed by fire some months ago. The plans and specifications must be sent in on or before the 25th of November, 1881.

The exhibition of the Berlin Royal Academy was opened in the beginning of September. As regards the quality of the numerous works on view it is hardly considered to be a success, for the greater names in contemporary German art are absent from the catalogue. It would seem that MM. Munkacsy, Knaus, Achenbach, Makart, and others, who represent the real power of Teutonic art, are not impressed by the æsthetic claims of the capital of the greater Empire. And, in fact, Berlin is altogether and exclusively official—the head-quarters of the bureau, which best of all represents the sway and influence of Prussia. German art will probably always refuse to be centralised, and will make itself more sympathetic homes in Saxony, Bavaria, and Hungary than at Berlin.

Winckelmann's genius for art-criticism now suffers impeachment in many quarters, but nobody will deny, at any rate, that his enthusiasm for it constituted a great motive factor in the development of modern knowledge regarding ancient painting and sculpture. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have re-issued the English translation of Winckelmann's "History of Ancient Art," and all that need be said here about such an important work is that there are few concerned with art-matters who can afford to be without the book. For purposes of reference its value is very great.

Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., has brought together in "Suggestions in Design" (Blackie and Co.) a great many practical designs, arranged, according to their style, in chronological order of art's development. There is nothing strikingly remarkable in any of the designs, or in the accompanying text, but the general characteristic of the whole production is scholarliness.

Messrs. Henry Graves and Co. are about to publish the "Works of Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.," in the same sumptuous style in which the engravings from Sir Joshua Reynolds were produced, with so much success.

ART NOTES.

PROFESSOR LEGROS has completed a fine medallion of Charles Darwin. The portrait, which will be cast in bronze, is worthy of the great *médailleurs* of the Renaissance by whom it was inspired. Nothing so full of distinction and delicacy, of dignity and force, has been seen for some time.

AT the United Arts Gallery in Bond Street, the principal picture is the "Alone" of M. Israels, the finest work of that master ever seen in England. As usual, the subject is one of real, extreme, and quiet sadness. In the dark and poor peasant-room a woman has just died, and her old husband turns as he sits by the bed, with his hands upon his knees and the vacant look of inexpressible sorrow in his face. A little fire burns upon the ground; by the bedside stands a glass of water. The expressive drawing and harmonious though negative key of colour, with the subtle and powerful suggestiveness of the faces and gestures, make this a really notable and beautiful picture. Other works of interest are Herr A. Artz's solemn and pathetic canvas, "The Old People's Home at Katwyk;" Sig. Michetti's "I Morticelli"—coarse in style and painful in subject, brutally felt and brutally painted; some water-colours by Sig. Casabianca; and Sig. Vannatelli's clever but oddly named "Betrothal."

THE French Gallery in Pall Mall is not remarkable for the mass of its contents, as is usually the case in winter. The two attractions are M. de Neuville's "Villersexel,"—by no means a novelty—and "Une Fête chez Rubens," the enormous portrait-crowded picture of M. V. Brozik. The re-capture of the unfortunate French village has afforded M. de Neuville an excellent subject, and the general composition, it is scarcely necessary to say, is full of animation; but the several men—and especially their several faces—are singularly lacking in that individuality of interest which is so important an element of this kind of work. There is even a sameness or mannerism of type perceptible in the more prominent heads. The village streets are thick with snow; the Germans are entirely invisible, being fortified in several houses, which are spitting a murderous and incessant fire point-blank at the French. These are setting fire to the barricaded doors by means of heaps of wood and faggots, and falling on all sides at their work. In the event, it will be remembered, Villersexel was re-taken by the French, and not a German escaped.

"UNE FÊTE CHEZ RUBENS" is the work, we believe, of an Austrian. It is a rich and solid piece of craftsmanship—the figures and the redundant Renaissance accessories of the house being executed with remarkable dexterity and completeness. The artist seems to have painted his subject within and without. The actions, nevertheless, are undoubtedly somewhat lifeless and motionless: an effect almost necessarily due to the union of so many portraits. Rubens is receiving in his house at Antwerp a company of artists—Vandyck, Franz Hals, the Teniers (father and son), Jordaens, Snyders, Adrian Brouwer, and many others being of the number. All these are from famous portraits, and, of course, have not escaped the immobility of the originals. Helena Forman receives her husband's friends, and among the exuberant beauties at her side is the lady of the "Chapeau de Paille." It is somewhat unfortunate that Rubens, who is presenting Vandyck to his wife, is looking neither at her nor at his guest. The wall beyond the crowd, and the pictures and tapestries upon it, are splendidly treated.

MR. ARTHUR TOOTH'S winter collection is chiefly remarkable for the oil-works of M. Léon Lhermitte, especially the interesting and novel "Cabaret." This is a realistic study, painted with much freedom and power. The English spectator asks what is the story of the composition; but, in fact, there is none except that of a common, eager, worn, and unhealthy human face intent upon an animal necessity. A tired and thirsty French workman, fresh from labour, reaches his glass to the servant-maid, and his comrades look on. The man is no drunkard, but he is intent upon his thirst, and the small dull eye and projecting teeth tell of a wretched and over-wrought physique. The ugliness of the face is, indeed, of a repulsive kind. More sympathetically—though not more intimately—human is the head of the workman who stands behind, with a half-encouraging and half-restraining hand upon his friend's shoulder. The actions, though quiet, are full of strength, and the draughtsmanship is masterly. M. Van Haanen repeats, with considerable variations, but with the modified success which generally attends self-repetition, the felicitous "Pearl-Stringers" of the 1880 Academy. M. Bastien-Lepage contributes a study of a young peasant-woman leaning upon her rake in a hay-field, coloured in that somewhat ghastly grey which the young artist affects. Faithfulness to the flat and diffused light-effects of open air constitutes this little picture's chief merit. "Presents to the Ameer" is the title of M. Benjamin Constant's much-talked-of seraglio scene. Two panthers have been sent in for the amusement of the ladies, who recline here and there in robes of blush-red. Floor, carpets, huge greenish curtains, and the soft luminosity of blue Oriental tiles are painted with great splendour of colour. The distant glimpse of sea and sky, while true in tint, is unfortunately light-less.

THE name of Mr. Millais appears as one of four from which a selection will be made by the Académie des Beaux-Arts to fill up the foreign membership left vacant by the death of Herr Stracke, the Berlin architect.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA intends to paint in Rome during the greater part of the winter. He will send next May to the Academy a careful and elaborate "Meeting of Antony and Cleopatra," in illustration of a scene already twice immortal: in Shakespeare first of all, and after him in Dryden. Also a portrait, Japanese in its background and accessories, of his younger daughter, in an ashen-purple dress. And a bust-portrait, life-size, of Herr Barnay, the eminent actor, as Shakespeare's Antony; as the hero is played at Meiningen.

THE visitor to the Royal Academy at the next exhibition will find the familiar rooms much the brighter for the painting and repairs they are undergoing this winter. In another respect also the next summer exhibition will present a decided improvement. It is proposed that the sculpture shall no longer be gathered together in the entrance-hall and the dreary sculpture gallery, but scattered through the centres of the several picture galleries. The aspect of the rooms will be greatly improved; the sculpture will gain greatly; and the public, obliged to look at it, will probably begin to affect a decent interest in it.

THE banquet given by the Lord Mayor at the end of October to the Royal Academy and the members of kindred arts confirms a pleasant and graceful custom which is becoming annual. Artists are simple enough, as a rule, to appreciate civic attentions and to enjoy frankly the remains of civic ceremonial lingering in the loving-cup, and in the flourish of trumpets which gives the signal for the uncovering of those huge silver tureens of soup—soup more deliberate and indeed more solemn than any turtle brewed elsewhere. One or two, we believe, find the Mansion House dinner-hour—even advanced as it is now from the traditional six o'clock to half-past six—too barbarous for any practical purposes of dining, but these are assuredly the *petits-maîtres* of modern artistic development.

THE absence of Sir Frederick Leighton, lingering late in Perugia, was felt as a loss at the banquet, but Mr. Street, R.A., may, next to the President, be taken as the spokesman of the Royal Academy. When there was a doubt, on the occasion of the last opening banquet of the Academy, whether Sir Frederick Leighton would be allowed, by the state of his father's health, to preside, he engaged Mr. Street to fill his place, and the eminent architect fulfilled that pledge well and ably at the Mansion House. Mr. Street made his speech something more than a series of well-turned platitudes by enlarging upon what he termed the "unseen work" of the Academy—the large work done in the free teaching of its schools. We have in these schools, said the speaker, the unique example of a whole profession educated without cost to itself by a society which has no aid or subvention from Government.

MR. STREET proceeded on the same occasion to urge that the City of London should hasten to enrich itself with a permanent gallery of pictures. The renown of a great city, he said, was immensely enhanced by the works of art which it contained. Might it not be possible that in years to come people might think of London as they did of Venice, Florence, and Rome? An after-dinner speech is necessarily sanguine; but Mr. Street's hearers probably considered that London will become renowned in art as a museum. Venice, Florence, and Rome had a vital art, not put away for exhibition, but unconscious and apparent everywhere. Is it possible for London ever to come to this?

RAPHAEL MONTI, the Italian sculptor, whose reputation belongs to the days of the 1851 Exhibition, died in London on the 23rd of October, aged 63. He was born in Milan, and studied sculpture under his father, Gaetano Monti, and at an early age won the gold medal of the Imperial Academy in that city by his group of "Alexander Taming Bucephalus." His next considerable work, "Ajax Defending the Body of Patroclus," was exhibited while he was yet in his teens. Between 1838 and 1842 he resided at Vienna, and between 1842 and 1847 was occupied with several groups designed to add to the attractions of Milan. In the last-mentioned year he came to England, where his "veiled statue," executed at the instance of the Duke of Devonshire, produced a popular *furore*. The device of showing the features through a simulated veil took the public fancy greatly, and set a little fashion in statuary; but we need scarcely say that it was a clever though facile effect, in no sense belonging to true art. Returning to Milan, Monti gave his adherence to the popular party, and in 1848, as one of the chief of the National Guard, was sent on a mission to the camp of Charles Albert. The war over, he again came to England, and from that time devoted himself to his art. Models of more than one of his works may be found in the Crystal Palace. He is probably seen at his best in "The Veiled Vestal" and "Eve after the Fall."

THOMAS CARLYLE described genius to be "the infinite art of taking pains," and Mr. Ruskin might be cited as a striking example of such capacity. In his latest printed utterance Mr. Ruskin tells us that "a sentence of 'Modern Painters' was often written four or five times over in my own hand, and tried in every word, for perhaps an hour, perhaps a forenoon, before it was passed for the printer." Another of Mr. Ruskin's unaffected confessions supplies further instance of how conscientiously the great art-critic works. Not one step does he take without study. "The winter," he says, "was spent mainly in trying to get at the mind of Titian—not a light winter's task—of which the issue, being in many ways very unexpected to me, necessitated my going in the spring to Berlin, to see Titian's portrait of Lavinia there, and to Dresden to see 'The Tribute-Money,' the elder Lavinia, and the girl in white, with the flag fan. Another portrait, at Dresden, of a lady in a dress of rose and gold—by me unheard of before—and one of an admiral, at Munich, had like to have kept me in Germany all summer."

RECENT picture-robberies recall the fact that the famous Gainsborough portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, stolen from the premises of Mr. Agnew on the night of the 25th of May, 1876, has never been recovered. It is questionable whether the canvas, which was knocked down to Mr. Agnew at 10,000 guineas, was Gainsborough's work at all. He painted two pictures of Her Grace. One was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1778, the other in 1783. The one now adorns the walls at Chatsworth; the other enriches the Marquis of Hartington's collection

at Hardwick Hall. Gainsborough, however, had painted a prior portrait of the beautiful Duchess, but it was not to his satisfaction, and drawing his wet brush across a mouth which all pronounced to be perfection, he said, "Her Grace is too hard for me." This picture was believed to be destroyed. The early career of the stolen Duchess rather favours the theory of the unauthenticity of the picture. It was purchased in 1839 by Mr. Bentley, a picture-restorer, for £50, and afterwards sold by him to Mr. Wynn-Ellis for £63, remaining in that gentleman's collection until the sale in 1876. What the picture really is, and where it really is, will probably remain puzzles—like the sex of the Chevalier D'Eon, and the authorship of the "Letters of Junius."

Mr. Woolner's statue of George Dawson, the lecturer, has been unveiled at Birmingham. Such satisfaction as it has given is anything but universal. Some there are who think the likeness a good and speaking one; others refuse to discern anything of George Dawson in any part of it; others, again, regard it as a portrait of Bismarck. One subscriber thinks the back of the head very like indeed, but cannot recognise the face; another suggests that the statue should be preserved "until we have a public man just like it;" a third admits that he was prepared for "comparative failure" (from Mr. Woolner !), but not for "an ungraceful figure, a sulky face, and unnatural attitude;" while a fourth considers the work "a glowing likeness," and a fifth pronounces the portrait "wonderful," and the statue, "as a work of art," nothing less than "great."

An exhibition—making the fifth since the spring of 1880—was opened on the 29th of October at Leeds, by the Yorkshire Fine Art Society. The works comprised specimens of old masters and deceased British painters, the old masters being chiefly Dutch, with an occasional work from a French, Spanish, and Flemish source. The principal English artists represented were Hogarth, Kneller, Lely, Reynolds, and Wilkie. In addition there were many excellent etchings, line engravings, and woodcuts, the treasures of South Kensington and private collections having been drawn upon.

On the 2nd of October took place at Brussels the inauguration of a monument erected to the memory of the Belgian painter, Antoine Wiertz. It has long been a matter of surprise to the visitors to the Belgian capital that nothing had been done to perpetuate Wiertz's memory. He was an artist of much talent, and his compositions in his former studio, now the Musée Wiertz, are, with all their morbidness and extravagance, original and vigorous in no mean degree.

We have to record the death of M. Adrien Dubouché, founder and director of the Ceramic Museum of Limoges. M. Dubouché, a wealthy and enlightened amateur, bestowed upon Limoges the two famed collections of M. Albert Jacquemart and of M. Paul Gasnault, thus making its museum the most important and richest collection of ceramic art in the provinces. M. Dubouché also founded a school of art, and gave a new impetus to industrial art in that part of the centre of France. He was a man of great taste and judgment, and contributed many valuable articles on art to several French journals and reviews.

From Nantes we hear that a large quantity of Roman arms and jewels has been found in an excavation on the banks of the Loire. Some of the bronze jewels thus brought to light are said to be of great artistic merit. A similar discovery is reported to have been made in the Doubs, where a very fine antique marble statue of Roman origin has been found.

Some time ago a special commission, composed of architects, painters, art-critics, and officers of the Chamber of Deputies, was appointed for the purpose of examining the splendid paintings by Eugène Delacroix in the Library of the Palais Bourbon, which were in a very dilapidated state, and in urgent need of careful restoration. This delicate undertaking was entrusted to M. Andrieu, the friend and only pupil of Delacroix. This gentleman has just finished the difficult task of restoration, which he has executed with admirable discretion. The paintings in the hemicycles will, it is said, be transferred to the Louvre, and copies on canvas will be substituted for the originals, which would be utterly destroyed were they to remain in their present position.

By a decree of the Minister of Public Instruction, a National School of Fine Arts has been established at Bourges. The new institution is placed directly under the authority of the Minister, who appoints the necessary staff of officers and professors.

The organisation of the present Administration des Beaux-Arts is generally considered a failure, and is condemned by all French writers and critics. It is very probable that before long the French Government will yield to public opinion, and create a special Ministry of Fine Arts. This measure is rendered all the more necessary by the unwise division of powers which took place about ten years ago, when the office of Minister of Fine Arts was abolished. In the present state of things, artistic questions are divided between the Ministers of Public Instruction, of Public Works, and of the Interior. This system is a constant source of difficulties and misunderstandings, and is, besides, an almost unsurmountable barrier to all practical reform. To remedy the evil, as far as lies in his power, the President of the Republic has, by two decrees promulgated on the 13th of October last, introduced several important modifications in the under-secretary's office. It is, however, generally believed that this is only a first step towards a much-needed reform, and that an early opportunity will be taken by the French Government to apply to the Chamber of Deputies for powers to create a special Ministry of Fine Arts, in which will be vested the necessary authority to deal in a practical and satisfactory manner with all matters connected with art. In the event of a new office being established, M. Turquet, the present Under-Secretary for the Fine Arts, will in all probability be appointed Minister.

André Gill, the caricaturist, is now a hopeless lunatic, and an inmate at Charenton. He is a man of gentle blood, his real name being Gosset de Guines. In his best days, Gill, who is still comparatively young, had a fine talent for pictorial libel, especially as applied to the production of burlesque portraits. In composition he

was seldom or never successful, for he had little invention, and hardly any imagination at all. But in distorting reality—in perverting a given set of features from their original bent—he was often very successful indeed; and the monstrous portraitures designed by him for such journals as *La Lune*, and *L'Éclipse*, and *La Parodie* were for some time a feature in French comic art. Gill, who drolled with his pen almost as cleverly as with his pencil, took office under the Commune, and narrowly escaped execution at the hands of Gallifet's troopers. He was extravagantly and incurably Bohemian in habit, and his best work was done some ten or twelve years ago.

THE Italians are very apt to neglect their art-treasures till they are in danger of losing them. Here is a case in point. Some few years ago two allegorical frescoes of Botticelli's were discovered under a coat of whitewash in one of the rooms of a villa near Careggi, which belongs at present to Cav. Lemmi. Little notice was taken of these until they were sold recently to a dealer who intended them for the Louvre. They were in process of being detached from the wall, when the Government awoke to the shame of allowing such treasures to go out of the country, and sent Sig. Cavalcaselle, Director General of the National Art Galleries, to see them, with power to assert the Royal prerogative and supersede the foreign purchaser. In one, a charming female figure—said to be a lady of the Albizzi family—is holding out her garment to receive gifts of flowers from four graceful damsels emblematising the Virtues. The composition—one of fair maidens and roses—is truly Botticellian. The second fresco is of less merit and interest, and is possibly a work of the master's youth. In it a lady of the Tomabuoni family is being presented to seven throned virgins, representing the Liberal Arts It appears that only the inferior fresco was shown to Sig. Cavalcaselle, and as it was much injured by time and somewhat faulty in design as well, he was not much impressed with its importance. However, a sight of the copies which Mr. Murray has lately made of these two works for Ruskin threw a new light on the subject, and the Government forthwith enforced its right of purchase. The frescoes are thus preserved to Florence, where they will probably be placed in one of the galleries. This is a great gain, as Botticelli's frescoes are rare: the only ones known being those in the Sixtine Chapel in Rome, and the "St. Augustine" in the Church of Ognissanti in Florence.

THE colossal statue of Savonarola, by Sig. Pazzi, has been placed in the Hall of the Cinque Cento in the Palazzo Vecchio, where it shows to great advantage. It is a very characteristic work, and gives that blending of ecstacy and asceticism which marked the earnest face of the prophet of the dying Republic. It is significant of Italian conservatism that no more expeditious means of transit were found, in this nineteenth century, than those which sufficed for the removal of Michael Angelo's "David" in 1503. Sig. Pazzi's "Savonarola" made a three days' progress through the two streets between the studio and the Piazza della Signoria, hanging in a heavy wooden framework, and moved with infinite labour by levers and wooden rollers. The hoisting of the huge mass to a window overlooking the Via dei Leoni was still more laborious, and also perilous. The anti-papal party made the statue an excuse for a demonstration on the 16th of October, marching with banners and music from the Piazza San Marco to the Hall of the Cinque Cento, where they placed a crown at the feet of the statue on which were the words, "To Savonarola, victim of Pope Alexander VI."

MR. LONGWORTH POWERS, of Florence, son of the late American sculptor Hiram Powers, has completed a bust of the late President Garfield, which is pronounced by those who knew the President to be a very good portrait, although modelled entirely from photographs. A curious coincidence is connected with this work: it was begun the day the President was wounded, and finished the day of his death.

ART-EDUCATION in America receives great assistance and impetus from the organisation of the Art Students' League of New York, the winter session of which began in October. Its schools, founded in 1875 and incorporated in 1878, are maintained and managed by students actually at work in the classes, with the single object of securing the best possible system of art-education at a cost to the individual student just sufficient to defray the expenses of supporting the several classes. The League now numbers one hundred and ten members of both sexes, all of whom intend to make art their profession. Mr. Chase, Mr. Beckwith, Mr. Turner, Mr. Hartley, Mr. Dewing, and Mr. Dielman are the instructors and lecturers in the several departments. The work of students in Rome and Munich, and in the studios of Bonnat, Gérôme, and others, is preserved in the collection of the school.

WE have received an engraving by W. Steelink from a picture by Mdme. Henriette Browne. The subject is one of the studies of cat life so much in vogue just now. The qualities of drawing and tone exhibited in this interesting piece of Dutch engraving are excellent. Perhaps the only blemish of the work is the extraordinary coarseness of certain individual bristles on the cat's back.

MESSRS. M. AND M. W. LAMBERT, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, issue a volume of engraved views of the Tyne, after drawings made by the late J. W. Carmichael. They are accompanied by descriptive letterpress by Mr. Richard Welford, and by a life of Carmichael written by Mr. Aaron Watson. The illustrations are rather hard and conventional. They are very interesting, however, as records of what the river Tyne was in the early part of the century.

AMONG recent additions to the National Portrait Gallery are Beechey's portrait of the Duke of Kent (1820); Arthur Pond's portrait of the invalid Peg Woffington (1763); John Russell's crayon portrait of Sheridan (1788); and Chantrey's bust of the elder Rennie (1818).

WILLIAM BRODIE, R.S.A., died at Edinburgh on the 30th of October last. He was a skilful craftsman, with a happy and pleasing gift of portraiture, and not a little artistic ability besides. In Scotland his work is well known and highly appreciated. Two notable examples of his art are the "Lord Cockburn" in the Edinburgh Parliament House, and the "Sir David Brewster" in the quadrangle of the Edinburgh University.

ART NOTES.

M. Auguste Rodin, perhaps the greatest of living sculptors, is at work on a pair of bronze gates for the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. The subjects are Dantesque, and include an ideal portrait of the poet himself, and illustrations of the episodes of Ugolino and of Francesca da Rimini.

Mr. Burne-Jones is just now hard at work upon three large and important pictures—a "Phyllis and Demophöon," a "Wheel of Fortune," and a "Cophetua and the Beggar Maid." The first, an improvement upon an older work, is far advanced towards completion. The painter has chosen for illustration that instant of metamorphosis at which the tree that once was Phyllis bursts again into womanhood and passion, and starts forth, a living lover, to embrace Demophöon as he passes by. For draughtsmanship and for colour, for romance and for imagination, as an achievement in the portraiture of gesture and of expression, the picture is likely to rank with its author's greatest. More mysterious and impressive, but less engaging and affecting, is the tall canvas called "The Wheel of Fortune:" remarkable—with its awful Goddess, its mighty, inexplicable engine, its types of passionate and helpless mortality—for a certain quality of what may be described as superhuman romance, which carries back the thought to the tremendous imaginings of Michelangelo. These two, the "Phyllis and Demophöon," and the "Wheel of Fortune," will, it is hoped, be ready for exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery this year. Of the third, the "Cophetua," a beautiful and touching composition, we forbear to speak, as in all probability it will not be ready until some time in 1883.

Professor Legros' two groups in bronze, which will be exhibited at Burlington House next May, will surprise most people, even those who best appreciate the artist as a painter. One, half life-size, is an illustration of the famous apologue of Death and the Woodman, a subject with which Mr. Legros has dealt, on canvas or on copper, some four or five times already. Imaginative in conception, vigorous in execution, admirable in modelling and arrangement and gesture, and touched with the grim humour, the melancholy *grotesquerie*, the quaint and pregnant irony of Holbein's "Danse Macabre," it may be regarded as a free translation in bronze of one of the artist's latest and finest etchings—the "Death and the Woodman," exhibited last year at the Hanover Gallery. It is by no means certain, however, that the motive is a sculptor's motive, and that the artist, in spite of the admirable dexterity and intelligence with which he has handled it, might not have made a happier choice. No such uncertainty attaches to the second group—"A Sailor's Wife," as it is called. It is life-size, and represents a mother and her sleeping child; and it is good enough in craftsmanship, and beautiful enough as sentiment and as expression, to be classed with the best things in modern art. The naked baby is like a latter-day Donatello, so large and vigorous is it in handling, and so natural and noble is it in effect. The mother, in feeling and idea and attitude, is wholly the artist's own; but the head and face, which are somewhat Raphaelesque in type, are so beautiful in themselves, and are modelled with such a union of power and distinction, of mastery and charm and dignity, as in some sort suggests the nobler achievements of Greek art.

M. Meissonier is now painting a portrait of Mrs. Mackay, an American lady residing in Paris. It is said that he will receive 80,000 francs for his work.

MM. Detaille and De Neuville are at work upon a panorama. It will represent the battle of Champigny, fought against the Germans on the 2nd of December, 1870.

It is said that the grant to the Museum Print-Room for the end of 1881 was diverted from its proper uses and applied to the purchase of geological specimens. The wisdom of this proceeding is at best but questionable. When it is considered how poor in certain ways the Print-Room is—it possesses but a single one of the Delacroix lithographs, for instance, and not more than eight or ten examples of the admirable and splendid talent of Honoré Daumier—it is not distinguishable from downright folly.

Mr. W. B. Richmond's fine "Lord Hatherley" has been added to the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Scharf, by the way, has just published his long-promised catalogue. It is one of the best shilling's-worths ever printed. In connection with the Gallery, it may be noted that its yearly cost is but £2,000, against £7,000 for the Bethnal Green Museum, and £40,000 for the Museum at South Kensington.

At the Exhibition of the Society of British Artists the two members whose contributions stand well out from those of their fellows are Mr. A. Ludovici, jun., and Mr. Edwin Ellis. The single work of another member—"Presents for his Reverence," by Mr. Howard Helmick—is admirable in the drawing of the figures and the expression of the faces, as well as clever in *technique*. "Ca' d'Oro and Grand Canal, Venice," by Mr. W. Logsdail, who made a brilliant *début* on the line at the Academy a couple of years ago, is the first of the artist's works in which we remember to have seen anything but grey effects; it is, if anything, a little too bright and broken in its tints. Miss E. Hipkins paints the story of "Blue Beard's Wives" with considerable power of colour and execution. Among the water-colours are some which

show great artistic feeling as well as masterly handling—the "Sketch of Venetian Boats," by Mr. Pownoll Williams, being specially memorable for its fidelity and grace.

THE Winter Exhibition of the Dudley Gallery has a rather melancholy interest if the current rumours as to the possibility of its being the last have any truth in them. The gallery has been so useful that we can only wonder that the public interest and support have not been such as to set it beyond failure. The present show is a good one. Certain painters of note—Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Ernest Waterlow, Mr. Hamilton Macallum, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Val Prinsep—are there in rather exceptional force. As usual, there is a great deal of Venice on the walls: Mr. Logsdail, with his determined but intelligent truthfulness, and Miss Hilda Montalba, with her pleasing sense of colour, being, in especial, as Venetian as they can be. There is plenty of landscape too, and plenty of that art of *bric-à-brac* to the taking character of which the Dudley has inured us. "The rest is silence."

A SERIES of winter lectures was commenced on the 3rd of November at the College of Art for Ladies, South Wimbledon. Mr. Sydney Hodges was the lecturer, and took for his subject, "Painting and Word-Painting." The Ladies' Art College has been established by Miss Bennett, to provide, on very moderate terms, a sound art-education and a comfortable home. The best masters from South Kensington and other art-schools have been engaged, and spacious studios have been erected hard by. Among Miss Bennett's staunchest supporters are Lady Eastlake and the Princess Frederica of Hanover.

THE Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery is already rich. Mr. J. Chamberlain, M.P., sends in a couple of admirable Müllers, "Prayers in the Desert" and "A Street in Cairo;" Mr. G. J. Johnson and Mr. M. J. Smith present some David Coxes, bought from the estate of Sir Josiah Mason; while Mr. H. Buckley promises another David Cox, and the Mayor of Birmingham offers the institution any two pictures in his collection. Nor is this all. Messrs. Tangye will contribute the sum of £10,000 towards the erection of a School of Art; an anonymous donor promises £10,000 more towards its equipment; while Mr. Colmore gives the land for its site.

M. PROUST, the Minister of Fine Arts under Gambetta, is nearly fifty years old. When a young man he travelled in Greece, and afterwards wrote and published his *impressions de voyage*. He entered political life in 1869 when he contested Niort, his native place, in the Republican interest. After the war he joined the staff of *La République Française*, and to that paper he has contributed ever since. He has already announced his intention of doing his best for industrial and decorative art, and of disendowing the professorships of painting and sculpture at the École des Beaux-Arts.

MOST people have heard of Auguste Lançon, the painter-etcher; many have seen his pleasant and vigorous publication, "Les Animaux chez Eux," and his impressive illustrations of the Siege of Paris. He is indeed an artist in many ways quite notable—a master of his means, a fine draughtsman, a devout student of nature; with not a little of the etcher's peculiar talent and accomplishment, and with a special gift for the portraiture of animals. These qualities are strikingly manifest in the first of his two "Lions in Limbo" (R. Gueraut, 2, Orris Villas, Beadon Road, Hammersmith), an etched portrait of Punch, the big, handsome young lion in the Zoological Gardens. In this excellent work (it is 22 inches in width, by the way, and 17¾ inches in height) M. Lançon has shown that he fully understands the leonine character, and that he is fully competent to represent the leonine aspect. It is a striking piece of portraiture, touched with dignity and power, and at the same time with melancholy and charm. And withal it is an able etching. Well and vigorously drawn, rich and varied in tone, powerful and attractive in effect, it makes a very good and attractive decoration.

FROM the same publisher we have received a reproduction in permanent photography by Mr. C. Prætorius, of Millet's drawing of "The Angelus"—the sketch for the famous picture. Probably, as the prospectus affirms, it is the best and most suggestive record of the great original now before the public. Certain it is, at all events, that it gives us infinitely more of Millet than we get in M. Waltner's etching, which has just been published in Paris, at prices ranging from £40 to £15 per proof. Millet translated, Millet at second-hand, is Millet no longer; and in M. Waltner's etching he is very much at second-hand and very much translated. In the present photograph we have as much of him, unchanged and undeteriorated, as is reproducible; and the amount is large enough to make the photograph a very valuable possession.

A COMELY volume, and one in every way deserving of the universal popularity the fact of its authorship alone is certain to achieve for it, is the "Birthday Book" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) designed by H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice. It is a resplendent quarto, blazoned with gold without and beautiful with colour within; with a page for every day in the year, each of which is surrounded with a rubricated border varying in pattern as the months vary; and illustrated with fourteen full-page pictures in the highest style of chromo-lithography. On one, the frontispiece, is a stanza by a certain W. J. Freeland, garlanded round with the growths of the year. For January the inscription is culled from Longfellow, and the decoration, a charming one, is merely of snowdrops. February is shown as the crocus month, and is put under the patronage of George Herbert; March, as the month of primroses and violets, with a device from Felicia Hemans; April, as the moon of apple-blossoms and quotations from Adelaide Procter. May, which is sponsored by John Milton, is painted full of pink and white hawthorn. June, with a stanza from Keble, is the moon of lush eglantine and honeysuckle. August is Morris's month, and is wreathed round with cornflowers and poppies. September has a delightful posy of heaths—perhaps the prettiest nosegay of all—and a quotation from the poet Havergal; while December, sacred to the muse of Eliza Cook, is graced with mistletoe and holly. All the designs, as regards both form and colour, are charmingly imagined and delicately and skilfully done. They reflect, indeed, the highest credit on their dis-

tinguished author; and it is not too much to say of them that, however respectfully they are received, they will hardly be received more respectfully than they deserve.

THE new "Evangeline" (Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.) is, to say the least of it, probably the most pleasing book of its year. It is a beautiful folio, in hand-made Whatman, with three-and-twenty illustrations—fifteen of them printed by the Goupil process—designed by Mr. Frank Dicksee. These designs, it may be added, are of quite special value and interest. Taken severally or together, they would seem to be the best work Mr. Dicksee has yet produced. Their spirit, as is fitting, is Longfellow's own. They are realistic enough, that is to say, to be not remote from us, and they are touched with idealism enough to be true and earnest art. And their qualities are the very qualities of the poem. A quiet sweetness, an amiable humanity, a refined and delicate sense of beauty and of character both in man and in nature, a mastery of graceful and touching composition, are apparent in them all; while in one at least—the one that pictures the last meeting of the lovers—there is more, perhaps, of pathos and tenderness than exists in any contemporary illustration. This is high praise, of course; but that it is not too high, the book is there to prove.

Two publications of special interest to amateur artists are the "Lessons in Figure-Painting in Water-Colours" and the "Course of Lessons in Landscape-Painting in Oils," sent out by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co. The first, by Blanche Macarthur and Jennie Moore, is illustrated with sixteen coloured plates by the authors—who are both Academy medallists—and contains a complete course of practical instruction in the use of water-colours as applied to the delineation of the human figure. It is likely to be as serviceable as any technical art-manual we know. The second, by Mr. A. F. Grace, is both theoretical and historical, both practical and critical. It is written with a great deal of honest enthusiasm and not a little knowledge, and is illustrated with nine chromo-lithographs from the author's copies of Turner, Müller, Constable, De Wint, and others, and with many good woodcuts of famous modern pictures. It may fairly be described as a volume not less sumptuous than useful.

THE season's novelties, in the matter of Christmas cards and Christmas tokens, are so many and fine that it is difficult, if not impossible, to speak of any single set of them as it deserves. The prettiest and daintiest, however, are certainly the chromo-lithographs on white satin—for panels, tidies, cosies, bannerets, sachets, mats, and so forth—sent out by Messrs. De la Rue and Co. Not one of those we have seen but is charming, both in sentiment and design, both in execution and effect: whether the matter is fanciful or realistic; whether the pictures are of birds or flowers, Cupids or cherubs, girls from Arcadia or saints from the Land of Altar-Pieces. Scarce less excellent in their way are the publications of the Artistic Stationery Company. Notable among these are the "Souvenirs for Art Needlework" series: a number of etchings upon satin—groups of amorini, after Bartolozzi and Guercino, for instance; or pleasant fancies specially designed by Tristram Ellis—proofs of which may also be had upon hand-made paper, and sent forth to do duty as "Etched Art Christmas Cards." Of great merit, too, is the "Porcelain Series"—of flowers, gracefully and lightly hand-painted, upon gelatine; and, at least deserving of notice, the series of "Æsthetic Christmas Cards," which remind us in a sense of the work of Albert Moore. Most of the novelties produced by Mansell and Co. are exceedingly attractive: as, for instance, the "Marine Subjects," from fac-similes of water-colour drawings by Cavaliere de Martino, which are good as art and charming as remembrances; the "Porcelain Cards," a set of landscapes in black and gold upon gelatine, a combination not hitherto attempted; the "Japanesque Designs," in gold and colours, on the same material; the "Children in Wonderland," designed by Laura Troubridge; and the "Bird Pictures," from designs by Harry Bright. As regards the house of Raphael Tuck and Sons, its issue—which comprehends the Prize Designs of the Dudley Exhibition; of Miss Rebecca Coleman, Miss Kate Sadler, Miss Helen Miles, Mr. George Clausen, and others—is so large and varied that it is merely impossible to do more than refer to it as a whole, and in general terms. It includes some hundreds of designs, of every conceivable pattern and in every conceivable style—sacred and rustic, floral and zoological, landscape and marine, grotesque and "intense," old English and old Greek, realistic and allegorical; all cleverly drawn, brilliantly tinted, and admirably printed; not one commonplace or unpleasing, and all incredibly cheap. Something of the same sort may be said of the issue of Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner. It is invariably attractive; the number of picturesque and engaging designs it comprehends is very large; it is surprisingly cheap in price; it is as well contrived for universal popularity as can be imagined.

MISS KATE GREENAWAY'S "Mother Goose" (Routledge and Sons) is one of the prettiest, quaintest, most engaging little books imaginable. Miss Greenaway is a kind of artistic Fairy Godmother. She could hardly work for children as she does if she did not dearly love them. She has watched them till she has them by heart; their airs and gestures, their oddity and prettiness, their innocence and solemnity and charm, are all at her fingers' ends; and she takes such a delight in their presentment that it is impossible not to feel with her as she goes, and not to sympathise with the manner and spirit of nearly all she does, if only for the pleasant and human quality of *affectionateness* expressed in it. In the present volume she has been very happily inspired. Taking the old nursery rhymes, she has discerned a dramatic idea in each of them, and presented it, *more suo*—in graceful form and charming colour—in the way that little ones love: as a scene, that is to say, in baby history, an episode in infantile romance, a page from a nursery novel with real persons for the actors, and just such a background and accessories as "Once On a Time," the mysterious and enchanting formula, might be supposed to suggest. Her heroes are fine young gentlemen of six or so; her heroines are mostly maidens rising four and five; the land they live in is a kind of nursery Arcadia—a place of toy-houses, and awful eight-day clocks, and formidable high-backed chairs, and gates to swing on, and green gravel, and greener grass; they wear long waists, and mob-caps, and mittens, and old-world capes, and bonnets, and pockets; and they are the dowdiest, daintiest, funniest, tiniest, pleasantest little folk ever seen. If Miss Greenaway had done no more than "Mother Goose," she would yet have done enough. Her place among nursery superstitions will be an honourable and good one for many and many a year.

ANOTHER good book for little folk is "Old Proverbs with New Pictures" (Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.). Proverbs have been described as "the wit of many and the wisdom of one." Here the description no longer applies; these proverbs are the wit of two and the wisdom of many. The two in question are Miss Lizzie Lawson and Miss Matéaux. Miss Matéaux is responsible for the rhymes; and very bright and fresh and pertinent they are. The pictorial commentary is Miss Lawson's; and a happy and whimsical and ingenious commentary it is. There is a place for Miss Lawson in nursery annals and in nursery art, without a doubt—Miss Greenaway and Mr. Randolph Caldecott notwithstanding.

ANOTHER pretty toy-book is "Dreams, Dances, and Disappointments" (De la Rue and Co.), by Gertrude Konstam and Ella and Nella Casella. Its subject-matter is "a kind of history," in verse and not ill told. The illustrations, of which there are many, are better. They are manifestly inspired by the designs of Mr. Caldecott, but for all that they are worth considering as original compositions. The spirit that animates them is one of quaint and old-fashioned prettiness; they are aptly and ingeniously imagined, and they are gracefully and fancifully designed; the sense of colour displayed in them is pleasing and delicate, if it is not particularly individual. In appearance and effect the book, which is admirably printed, is attractive in no mean degree.

THE first part of "Rembrandt's Etchings Reproduced in Photo-Lithography from the Originals in the Royal Print-Room at Munich" (Sampson Low and Co.) contains the "Christ Preaching," the "First Oriental Head" (of very doubtful authenticity—in any case not worthy of the reputed author), the "Sailing Ship," and the "Beggars at a Door." The last is in every sense the best and most successful reproduction of the four, the other three being neither engaging nor remarkable. The "Explanatory Text," by H. E. von Berlepsch, is meagre and inexpressive. Altogether the publication promises worse than might have been expected.

IN "The Wild Garden" (the *Garden* Office, Southampton Street, Covent Garden) Mr. W. Robinson pleads—and pleads successfully—the cause of all manner of wild flowers as subjects for culture and regard, and insists, with perfect truth and propriety, on their fitness as garden growths, and on the short-sighted stupidity that shuts them out from our plots and borders. His book may be described as a plea, which is both sensible and enthusiastic, for their universal encouragement—in gardens and in woods, in ditches and in hedgerows, in copses and dingles and shrubberies, over trees and upon walls and among ruins, for brooks and fences and rocks and lanes—so that in course of time all the face of the land, in country and town, may be beautiful and fragrant with them. It is earnestly to be hoped that his words may not be uttered in vain, and that every one interested in flowers, whether wild or tame, will listen with the respect that is their due, and do his utmost to realise the ideal expressed in them. The work, in fact, is one that should find readers everywhere, and everywhere make converts and do good. Of its many illustrations, the work of Mr. Alfred Parsons, the landscape-painter, nothing need be said but that they are very delicately and skilfully designed, and prove their author not less ardent in the cause than Mr. Robinson himself.

A PAMPHLET on pictures and their prices was lately published by Herr Ackermann of Munich. Among other things he gives a few instances of the rapid change of fashion in art. Fritz August Kaulbach six years ago sold his famous studies of heads for sums ranging from 150 to 300 florins. Now it is impossible to obtain one of them for anything under 3,500 marks. Hans Makart for one of his large compositions can obtain from 50,000 to 70,000 marks, and Ludwig Knaus from 30,000 to 40,000. Even pen-and-ink sketches by F. A. Kaulbach, Diez, and Menzel can only be obtained for considerable sums.

THE old market in Florence is no more, and all pictures of it are now historical. The busy Florentines, having established a new market and abolished the old, are contemplating further changes, some of which seem to threaten the works of art that abound on the site. Two projects are spoken of. One is to make a large central *piazza*, preserving intact the Ionic Loggia which Vasari built as a fish market, John of Bologna's "Diavolo" on the corner of the Vechietti Palace, the column which Donatello's group of "Abundance" once surrounded, and throwing open the façade of the Church of S. Piero Buonconsigli, which is adorned with Luca della Robbia's loveliest "Madonna." The other plan is to sacrifice a number of old landmarks and treasures, and to build a big arcade which shall outshine that glory of the Milanese, the Galleria Vittorio Emmanuele.

THE fashion perversely called "Æstheticism" is said, on the authority of M. Jules Claretie, to have crossed the Channel, and to have penetrated as far as Paris. There, as here (and as in New York), the women have begun to indulge in that chromatic misery—the "green and yellow melancholy"—which is supposed to distinguish the Æsthetic habit of attire. It remains to be seen if the craze will spread. It is not too much to say that everything depends on the caricaturists. If M. Grévin and his fellows will only let the mania alone, and refrain from encouraging and fostering it by thinking it worth notice, it should vanish instantly: as, but for the violent attentions of Messrs. Gilbert and Du Maurier and Burnand, it would probably have vanished from among ourselves.

DINANT is thinking seriously of erecting a memorial to the painter Wiertz. The monument will be a colossal reproduction of the artist's famous group "Le Triomphe de la Lumière," which he always wished should find a place in his native town. A committee has been appointed to take the matter into consideration, at the head of which is the Governor of the Province of Namur.

OF the once numerous and flourishing art-enterprises of the Pontifical Government the mosaic manufactory in the Vatican is perhaps the only one remaining. Here, Mr. Sala tells us, the curious and costly process of picture-copying in mosaic, which supplies the many altars of St. Peter's with their faithful reproductions from the great masters, still goes on. He describes the manner in which a fac-simile is produced by means of 27,000 various tints of enamel, "kept in stock." This mosaic-work is, like all reproductive processes, not strictly artistic; but it is eminently clever, intelligent, and patient, and therefore well fitted to the capacities of modern Italy.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Millais' "Caller Herrin'," a new character-portrait of little Miss Buckstone, is likely to be one of his most popular works. There is a conventional Scotch loch in the background, and in the foreground a conventional tree; but the face of the little fish-wife, one of the prettiest the painter has ever portrayed, is presented with a charm of colour and design that is nothing less than irresistible.

In addition to the "Antony and Cleopatra" and the portraits of Herr Barnay and Miss Tadema, already announced, Mr. Tadema will exhibit one of his pleasant exercises in the Neo-Antique. It is called "Amo te—Ama me;" and it shows a Roman boy and girl love-making upon a marble terrace, in the shadow of a great bronze sphinx, with the purple sea beyond. Another of Mr. Tadema's new pictures is a portrait group of a lady, robed in brown, and with filleted hair, with a half-naked boy on her knee, in a garden, among poppies, and marble gods, and white parapets, and green, lush leafage.

Mr. David Law is engaged upon an etching of Mr. O. W. Brierly's picture of the "Defeat of the Armada off Gravelines," exhibited at the last spring exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

Mr. Sandys will exhibit bust-portraits, in chalk, of Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. John Morley, and Mrs. Oliphant.

Mr. Herkomer has completed a great landscape, the fruit of his camp-life in Wales last summer: and portraits of Mr. Archibald Forbes, of Dr. Okes, the Provost of King's, and of Dr. Thompson, the Master of Trinity. Mr. Herkomer's own mezzotints of the Cambridge portraits are to be issued to subscribers: with mezzotints of Mr. Millais' "Lord Beaconsfield" and "Caller Herrin'" for the Fine Art Society. Mr. Herkomer has been engaged, too, on the preparation and illustration of a set of lectures on wood-engraving, intended for delivery, in London first of all, and in America during the coming summer.

Mr. Frith is preparing a picture of the Royal Academy on private view day. It will contain as many portraits of popularities and notorieties as the painter can crowd into his canvas. Many famous persons, including Mr. Robert Browning and Mr. Anthony Trollope, have already sat to the painter for his work. The composition is completed by the presence, in the foreground, of Mr. Oscar Wilde, with a bevy of damozels.

The Second Exhibition of Tapestry Paintings by lady amateurs and artists is now open in Messrs. Howell and James's new Art Galleries in Regent Street. It is pleasant to hear that the judges, Mr. Stacy Marks, R.A., and Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., observe a marked improvement in the painting since last year. This opinion is fully borne out by the merits of the work on view. The two largest and most striking tapestries in the exhibition are a copy of the Gobelins panel, "Europa," in Buckingham Palace, by Mrs. Henry McDowell, and a copy of an Arras tapestry in Welbeck Abbey, "Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh," by Miss Chettle. Some of the most charming work, however, is of a less pretentious kind: as designs for screens, panels for backs of pianos, doors, &c. Among these a threefold screen, with figures of children, by Miss Helen Jackson, has carried away the Princess Mary's prize for the best original work by a lady amateur. The drawing of the figures is good, and the colour pure and tender; but there is nothing specially original in the design. A panel for the back of a piano, showing a peacock in all his glory, is one of the best bits of colour; it is by Miss Turck, and also won a prize. One or two copies of Florentine tapestries, by Captain and Mrs. Danyell and Miss Fripp, are singularly close imitations of the colouring of the originals in their present state. It is curious to note the discrepancy between the cool and faded hues of these copies of ancient work, and the warm-toned panel sent by Mr. Herkomer as a kind of model of what tapestry painting ought to be, particularly as the same specially-prepared colours are applied in both cases on the same textile fabric. Mr. Herkomer's colour is happier than his design, which is certainly lackadaisical. The revival of this old and delightful decorative art is much to be commended, more especially as it gives employment to many women. Those who take it up will do well to remember that it needs not less industry and talent than any other kind of painting.

The winter exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is of uncommon merit. By Mr. Wallis are a series of scenes taken from the "Merchant of Venice," ambitious in design, but disappointing in their want of solidity and chiaroscuro, and also in the absence of grace or beauty in the figures. Mr. Watson's "Learn of the Wise and Perpend" is a very clever drawing; the subtle expression of the jester's face is happily invented and brilliantly rendered. In "Pandora," Mr. Alma-Tadema has attempted a bold experiment in the juxtaposition of various blues and greens; the result is pleasing and novel. By Mr. Brewtnall is a highly-finished drawing called "He Loves and He Rides Away," in which a slim young lady stands on a cliff and wistfully gazes after two equestrian figures who gallop across the downs hand in hand; it is difficult to believe that the edge of the foam-flecked waves could reflect so clearly the blue of the sky above. Mr. Brewtnall also has two charming landscapes. Mr. Marks has taken fresh ground in his "Heads

of the People;" they are very carefully drawn, but they are rather hard. Mention may be made of Mr. Marshall and Mr. Parker, and their many delightful records of old towns; of Mr. Johnson's "Study for a Background;" of Mrs. Allingham's many finished and pretty drawings of women and children; of Mr. Naftel's bright impressions of birch-trees in autumn; and of Miss Clara Montalba's clever studies of Venetian atmosphere and sea. The exhibition, however, is not without some warning examples: in Mr. Radford's gaudy "Cavillula," for instance, and in Mr. Smallfield's terrible "Brides of Belmont."

At the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours the late Mr. Skill is almost unusually well represented, his delicate, refined, somewhat vignetted little works being present in welcome numbers, and showing an unwonted variety of subject and scene. Mr. Skill was not a great colourist, but he had a certain secret of bright, tender, and subdued harmonies. Mr. Mark Fisher's studies deal with the usual meadows and cattle, and they are somewhat unvaried in manner. Mr. Small reverts to the much-illustrated pages of "Tom Jones," and paints with masculine vigour and directness a "Squire Western and his Daughter." Mr. Small always gives us potent and expressive draughtsmanship, and so, in a less degree, does Mr. Green, who is also an old contributor to the institute. Mr. Aumonier exhibits some careful and artistic studies of foregrounds—with flowering weeds and grasses—which are peculiarly appropriate to a collection originally intended to consist of sketches only. "The Ferry," by the same artist, is a design in charcoal, which shows an ability to treat this medium of artistic expression according to its own methods. A more general use of charcoal would do much to give our artists breadth, solidity, and a true appreciation of relations. Mr. Clausen is foremost in the rendering of facts with an artistic realism; his "Interior" has the qualities of sincerity and truth. Mr. L. J. Wood is successful in his presentation of Continental street life, and Mr. Lionel Smythe in the drawing of rustic figures.

Mr. Peter Graham has been elected an Academician. Messrs. Albert Goodwin and John Parker have been elected members of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

The last Liverpool Autumn Exhibition was, in every way, an advance upon its predecessors. Over 70,000 people were admitted at the ordinary rates; there were 2,559 holders of season tickets; and of admissions at night, at a nominal charge, there were upwards of 30,000. Some 309 pictures were sold, for a total of £11,865 13s. Three of these were bought by the Corporation for the Walker Art Gallery: "Dante's Dream," by Dante G. Rossetti; "Market-place at Verona," by John O'Connor; and "As the Sun Descends and Dies," by John McDougal. Mr. Herkomer's new subscription portrait of Mr. Charles MacIver, the founder of the "Cunard" line, goes to the same place. It may be added, in contrast, that at Leeds the Autumn Exhibition has proved a disastrous failure, and that the guarantors, if they are called upon to maintain their responsibilities, will be heavy losers by their venture.

In Paris, at the Gallery of L'Art, Mr. Orchardson has obtained a great deal of success with his "Hard-Hit" and his excellent portraiture, "Mrs. Winchester Clowes." Other exhibitors were MM. Baldomero Galofre, Maurice Poirson, Gaucherel, Hœtherick, Van den Bos, Rodin, Barrias, Degeorges, Chartrousse, and Geoffroy.

The "Angelus" has been sold, privately, for close upon 250,000 francs. At the Hotel Drouot, Millet's "Lavandières" was sold for 20,000 francs. The thirty-three Courbets offered for sale by the painter's sister realised a total of 251,990 francs. It is superfluous to note that none were bought for the National Gallery. The four best were the tremendous "Combat des Cerfs," 41,900 francs; the "Hallali du Cerf," 33,000 francs; the "Sieste Pendant la Saison des Foins," 29,100 francs; and the "Ceinture de Cuir," 26,100 francs. All these—together with "L'Homme Blessé," 11,000 francs—were bought by the State, and will be hung in the Luxembourg. The greatest Courbet of all, the famous "Enterrement d'Ornans," has been presented to the Louvre.

Among the new statues to be set up in Paris are Clésinger's "Marceau," "Hoche," "Kléber," and "Desaix," for the Esplanade des Invalides; a "Pinel" for the Salpétrière; a "Bernard Palissy" for the space in front of St. Germain l'Auxerroix; a colossal "Charlemagne" for the Place du Parvis Notre-Dame; Morice's "République Française" for the Place de la République; an "Etienne Marcel" for the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville; a "Voltaire" for the front of the Mairie of the Eleventh Arrondissement; a "Monument Allégorique" of the defence of Paris for the Rond-Point de Courbevoie; and a group by M. Dalou for the Place du Trône. It is said, too, that Paris, in the face of the equestrian grotesque at Hyde Park Corner, intends to perch an immense "République" on the top of the Arc de Triomphe.

The valuable collection of drawings formed by the late Dubois de Lestang, and representing the military costumes of all nations from the earliest to the present time, has, in accordance with its author's wish, been presented to the State by his two sons. M. Proust accepted the gift; and, after a careful examination, in which he was assisted by MM. Detaille and De Neuville, it was decided that the greater part of the collection should go to the Ministry of War, but that the Raffets and other originals should be placed in the Louvre.

A society of animal-painters has been formed in Paris, under the presidency of M. Charles Jacque. Rosa Bonheur, who objects to societies of any sort, is not, of course, a member. The first exhibition of the new society will be held in April and May, 1882.

The Museum of French Sculpture, recently organised in the Palais du Trocadéro, will be called the Musée Viollet-le-Duc.

A museum of decorative art will presently be opened in Brussels, with examples of the work of all periods and all nations.

The allegorical frontispiece completing the external decoration of the Brussels Opera-House is now complete. It is the work of Simonis, the Belgian sculptor, and was begun in 1852. Two years later, when the theatre was

burnt down, it was about the only part left standing; and to finish it has taken five-and-twenty years. The subject is the Harmony of the Human Passions. Harmony is the central figure; she seems beckoning to the Passions to approach; her crown is set with seven jewels—symbols of the seven notes and the seven colours. Around her are grouped Heroic Poetry, as a warrior; Pastoral Poetry, as a shepherd; Lyrical Poetry, a girl crowned with roses; and, scourge in hand, Satirical Poetry, angered and threatening. To the left is Love, leading a lion and a panther, leashed in with flowers; behind him are Discord and Murder; to the right is Sensuality, naked and eager, watching the approach of Desire and Falsehood; while the composition is completed by a group representing Hope, Grief, and Consolation.

Rubens' "Miracles of St. Benedict," recently sold in Paris for 170,000 francs, was purchased, not, as stated, for the Brussels Museum, but for the private collection of King Leopold, who gave orders for it to be secured at any price. His Majesty already possessed a copy by the greatest of Rubens' followers—Eugène Delacroix.

There will shortly be an exhibition of Belgian pictures—and of Belgian pictures only—at Philadelphia. The exhibits must be the painter's own property, and must have been painted during the last three years. The exhibition will close on the 31st May, so that the pictures can then be forwarded to Antwerp in time for the Belgian Salon in the autumn.

The Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Antwerp is to be re-organised. It will contain fourteen studios, directed, at the expense of the State, by eminent artists. The pupils will be at liberty to choose their own studio. Arrangements are making for the admission of lady pupils. Foreigners will be admitted on the same terms as Belgians.

In Florence, Mr. Couper, the American sculptor, has been exhibiting some pleasant work in clay. From the mass of it a "Psyche," all youth and joyousness, and a pretty bust called "Ninna-Nanna"—of a child nursing a sleepy kitten—may be singled out for special praise. He is also to be credited with the production of some good reliefs in marble: as an "Enid," and a "Genius of the Morning." In flagrant contrast with all this is a group, "Delirium Tremens," exhibited by Signor Silvestro Barberini. This work is distressingly significant. It shows that in Italy what is called Zolaism has become an epidemic. It has ruined the Italian novel; and it has debauched Italian sculpture. It is in the very city of Michelangelo, and within eyeshot of the awful mystery, the superhuman romance, the Titanic dignity and unrest of the "Notte" and the "Lorenzo," that Signor Barberini carves his presentment of the hideous frenzy of a man in drink.

In a chamber in the Via Romana, Baron Guittera dei Bozzi has brought to light a fresco which Professor Rossi does not hesitate to attribute to Giotto, or at least to one of Giotto's contemporaries. In any case the painting is touched with the allegory and the symbolism of Giotto's school. It represents a naked Christ. The hands are outstretched; the eyes are closed, as if in rest after suffering; the wounds are fresh, but not bleeding. It is not a Crucifixion, though behind there is a shadow of the Cross; nor is it a Resurrection, although the tomb is visible below; it would seem to be symbolical of the completed sacrifice. The flesh-tints are dead and dull—it may be by the operation of time. There are traces of gilding in the nimbus. The drawing and modelling are a thought too correct to be of Giotto's school; but the interest of the work is unquestionable.

With the year 1882 a School of Industrial Decorative Art was opened in what was once the Convent of Santa Croce. Boys who have passed the elementary examinations of the Communal schools may enter, and study to become good workmen, by paying ten francs a year.

The illustrations praised by Mr. R. L. Stevenson in his article upon "Bagster's Illustrated Edition" of the "Pilgrim's Progress" were the work (*cir.* 1820) of Miss Bagster, the publisher's daughter. The artist lived to be very old, but died within the last two years. The illustrations, too, have found their way into other hands. They will be found, with additions of no great interest, in certain of the editions—in French, in English, and in French and English—which, at almost nominal prices, are described as "Printed for Benjamin West, and Sold by Elliot Stock." In these, however, the "Plan of the Road" referred to by Mr. Stevenson is no longer to be consulted, its place being filled by presentments of the Bunyan statue, and so forth.

"Flaxman's Compositions" (Geo. Bell and Son) is an admirable and beautiful work. It comprehends the designs—one hundred and forty-seven in number—produced by the greatest of all English artists in illustration of the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," the "Works and Days," the "Theogony," and the seven Æschylean tragedies; and it may very fairly be described as one of the most lovely and most lovable of modern books. Of the designs themselves there is nothing new to be said at this date. The Æschylean compositions are the weakest and least satisfying; the Hesiodic, the most beautiful and the fullest of the fine artistic qualities that were Flaxman's. To study them is to wonder how it has come to pass that their author, so highly esteemed in France, should be so little known and so lightly held—comparatively speaking—in the country of his birth. It is true that Professor Colvin has written of him as he deserves, and written so well—with such justness of perception and acuteness of insight, in terms so apt and pertinent, and with a sympathy so searching and so true—that he may be said to have exhausted his subject, and left his successors in criticism no choice but to repeat him, or write nonsense. But Professor Colvin's book is costly enough to be practically inaccessible to the general public, and unwieldy enough to be unreadable outside a well-furnished library; and until it is reprinted in a more convenient form, and re-published at a cheaper rate, it can never command the audience to which, for its subject's sake and its own, it is entitled. Meanwhile, here are the "Compositions"—here is Flaxman himself; and to those who love right art, the "Compositions" can hardly be too earnestly commended. So much of grace and tenderness, of beauty and chastity, of admirable form and pure and lovely thought, is not contained in any other publication that we know.

"Alps and Sanctuaries" (David Bogue) is a new book by the author of "Erewhon" and the "Fair Haven." Unlike these famous treatises, it is not at all metaphysical, and only polemical now and then. It is, in fact, a record of summer travel, by a man who has in his head what Carlyle used to call a "seeing eye," and who can write even better than he can see. Add to this that he is agreeably heterodox; that he is capable of acute discourse upon most things, terrene and other; that he worships Handel and admires (in a kind of way) the griffin at Temple Bar; that he loves to speak new matter, to look and find for himself, to show himself aggressively tolerant to opinions of all sorts; and that he knows his subject splendidly; and evidently it would have been odd indeed had he written anything but one of the most readable and suggestive of latterday books. Mr. Butler's Alps are the Alps of Piedmont; his Sanctuaries are such old-world, remote, forgotten places as Graglia, and San Michele, and Oropa, and the Monte Bisbino—Varallo, the Holy Mount, being reserved for another volume; and most of that he has to say about either is worth reading more than once. The illustrations are by the author himself, by Mr. H. F. Jones, and by Mr. C. Gogin. They are pleasant in their way, and not altogether inexpressive, and they serve to show the merits and demerits of the Dawson process, by means of which they are produced. But they are unworthy of the text, and show that Mr. Butler the draughtsman has little or nothing in common with Mr. Butler the writer and the critic.

It is not easy to exaggerate the merit and attractiveness of such a book as Mr. Comyns Carr's selection of "Drawings from the Old Masters" (Remington and Co.), a reprint, with fourteen examples, of the essay prefixed to the catalogue of the Exhibition of Old Masters held some winters back at the Grosvenor Gallery. It is, in volume form, a little gallery of masterpieces, and they who have it may enter at will into companionship with some of the greatest artists of all time. The true master is not less apparent in his studies than in his finished work—is not less himself in his sketches than in his pictures; he produces nothing that is not excellent and important; and to exhaust the interest of anything we may have of him is impossible, as it is impossible to live with him too long, or consort with him too much. Of course, unless we are bankers or princes, familiarity is out of the question. Great work commands great prices, and to dabble in old masters is an unimaginable luxury. Mr. Carr has made it, in a kind of way, a popular amusement. Great work he cannot give, but good fac-similes of great work he can, and that, in a certain sense, is almost as satisfying as the work itself. His selection includes a Botticelli—which we could well have spared; two noble Mantegnas; a most admirable Rembrandt; an excellent Titian; two striking Dürers; a typical Holbein; a wonderful Van Eyck; a fairly good Raphael; two heads by Lionardo; and a "Dead Christ" and "Resurrection" by Michelangelo. It would (to be hypercritical) have been better, perhaps, to have given a Correggio in place of the Botticelli; a page of studies in black and white in lieu of the second Lionardo; and for the "Resurrection" the great and wonderful "Adam." That, and the fact that the volume has not proved to be the first of a series, is all that can be said in its dispraise.

Mr. Tuer's "Bartolozzi and his Works" (Field and Tuer), two vols., may not unfairly be described as one of the very comeliest of English publications. It is a masterpiece of printing; it is composed of paper so rich and thick that to handle it is luxury; it is beautiful in fair margins; it abounds in opportunities of annotation and commentary; it is clad in vellum chastely touched with gold; its edges are gilt at top, and enchantingly rough elsewhere; it is illustrated, in brown and in red, with thirteen examples of the master's art. So much for its externals. One has only to be interested in the hero—who, to speak truth, has not unjustly been designated "the most accomplished nullity that ever lived"—to find the matter of the book as satisfying as the manner. Mr. Tuer, from the collector's point of view, at least, has practically exhausted his subject. He has given us a life of Bartolozzi; he has compiled a catalogue more or less complete (it includes some 2,000 items) of Bartolozzi's work; he has discussed the question of prices past and prices present; he has treated of engraving and of printing; he has produced a treatise on the art and mystery of print-collecting; he has put together a number of useful observations upon the tricks of dealers and the snares and traps among which the amateur must walk. In fine, he has taken possession of Bartolozzi, and fully made out his right to do so. Whether Bartolozzi, artistically considered, was worth the time and pains expended upon him is another matter.

In "Mountain Life in Algeria" (Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.) Mr. Edgar Barclay sketches some pleasant experiences among the Kabyles. He writes with a mixture of earnestness and simplicity that is at once engaging and impressive, and his account of Kabylia and the Kabyles, affectionate as it is, is good and interesting reading. The illustrations, which are photographed or engraved from the author's own designs, are—in respect of mere draughtsmanship, at least—decidedly disappointing. Mr. Barclay is quick to perceive appropriate action and peculiar gesture, but he seems able to do no more than vaguely hint at his meanings. As studies in tone, however, and as suggestions of effect, nearly all his designs are good and pleasing. It is obvious that he sees as a colourist rather than as a draughtsman, and that as a colourist he often receives impressions that are worth recording.

There is no better series of art-handbooks in existence than that one (Quantin; 7, Rue Saint-Benoit, Paris) now publishing, under the patronage of the Ministère des Arts, as the "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts." Four numbers are already in circulation; they are cheap, handy, pleasantly printed, and well and copiously illustrated. One, "La Peinture Hollandaise," is by M. Henri Havard, a writer who has made Holland his own; the next, "La Mosaïque," is by M. Gerspach, Chief of the Bureau des Manufactures Nationales; the third, "L'Anatomie Artistique," is the work of M. Mathieu Duval, Professor of Anatomy at the Beaux-Arts and the Faculté de Medicine; the fourth, "L'Archéologie Grecque," is signed by M. Maxime Collignon, Professor of Greek and Roman Archæology at the Faculté des Lettres, Bordeaux. Clear, practical, authoritative, exhaustive, the books are worthy of their authors. Twenty-four numbers more are announced for publication during the present year; and there will be others yet. It is evident that the series will be a complete course of artistic education in itself. It can hardly be too widely known or too highly commended.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Hodgson, R.A., has been made Librarian to the Royal Academy. Mr. Joseph Edgar Boehm, sculptor, has been elected a Royal Academician; and Mr. Bodley, the architect, and Mr. Henry Woods, the painter—a pupil of Van Haanen, and brother-in-law to Mr. Fildes—have been elected Associates, *vice* Messrs. Ouless and Riviere, promoted.

Mr. William Fettes Douglas, R.S.A., has been elected President of the Royal Scottish Academy, in succession to the late Sir Daniel Macnee. Mr. Douglas was born in 1823, and is a native of Edinburgh. He was almost entirely self-taught, but he is represented both at South Kensington and in the National Gallery. An engraving of one of his works, "The Spell," will be found at page 181 of our fourth volume. Mr. Douglas has painted little or nothing during the last four years, and has devoted much time to the re-arrangement of the Scottish National Gallery, of which he is curator. He is widely known in Scotland as an antiquarian.

A new picture by Mr. Val Prinsep represents the passing away, beneath the walls of York Castle, of Siward the Strong, Earl of Northumberland. The legend tells how the warworn old captain could not die in bed and beneath a rooftree. So, when he felt that his hour was come, he bade his liegemen carry him forth into the open air, and there his wild spirit found rest. Mr. Prinsep shows the hero armoured and coronetted as for the van of a battle; while his thanes watch round his chair, and the sun sets over Ouse and all its woods.

Three of Mr. Boughton's new pictures are studies of man and nature by the Zuyder Zee; the fourth is one of trees and cottages, and wrestling boys, at St. Ives.

Mr. Sutton Palmer's pleasant set of water-colours —"Our Own Country," as they are called—exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, are characterised by honesty, sentiment, and a good technical method. They illustrate the scenery of Yorkshire, and are the first of a series in which the artist intends to record, year by year, his impressions of marine and rural England.

Prof. Legros, not content with attaining mastery as a painter, etcher, sculptor, modeller of vases, and what not, has tried his hand at medals. Those of his choice are not the classical medals with whose lifeless imitation the British shilling has made us well acquainted, but the Italian medals of the Renaissance, which are severe only in correctness of modelling. Those medals live, and so do Prof. Legros'. The very decided framework of Charles Darwin's great brain and his strong features have been seized with something like passionate delight by the *médailleur*. There never was such a head for a medal as Darwin's, and the artist has made the most of it. Both this portrait and the Laureate's are treated with singular majesty and breadth, and with true perception of the character of the men presented and the peculiar capacities of the artistic means employed. Not less remarkable for their technical merit are two medals in which Mr. Legros has transformed two of his models into "personages" of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. These medals, and one of a child, are to be seen at M. Thibaudeau's (Green Street, Leicester Square). They were cast in Paris; and in Paris—such are the interest and admiration they have excited—a Société des Médailleurs, with M. de Nittis for one of its chief promoters, is now forming. Mr. Legros has also medallised Mr. Constantine Ionides; and medals of John Mill, Carlyle, and Robert Browning are to be expected from him very shortly.

The Winter Exhibition of Works by the Old Masters, at Burlington House, is not one of the largest of the series. Of the two hundred and seventy-five pictures exhibited, the most important is Mr. Boughton Knight's Mantegna, the "Adoration of the Shepherds." It is an extraordinary combination of force with finish, and of rich and imaginative mysticism with almost naturalistic fidelity to fact; and of itself is enough to make the exhibition memorable. A work of great interest and charm is Mr. Leyland's excellent Costa, a "Virgin and St. Joseph;" it is primitive in its simplicity, and withal beautiful in its sweetness and sincerity. Mrs. Morrison's Lionardo (so called) shows us a charming person indeed; her chestnut hair is crowned with white flowers; a mysterious smile lives in her mild eyes; she has white flowers in her hand; she is said to be a Flora, but she is really a subtle and delightful ideal of the Renaissance painted by Luini. In fine contrast with the qualities of this picture are the refined exuberance expressed in Mr. Woolner's Veronese, the unsympathetic attractiveness in the excellent "Fornarina" (so called) of the Duke of Marlborough's Sebastian del Piombo, the matronly dignity and good breeding in Mr. Boughton Knight's Giorgione, the "Lady of the Malipieri Family and Her Son." Admirably interesting and impressive, its repaintings notwithstanding, is the Duke of Grafton's Sebastian del Piombo, the noble portrait of Ferry Carondelet and his Secretaries. Sir F. Leighton's Paris Bordone, Lord Normanton's Titianic "Venus and Adonis," a striking portrait of a Cardinal ascribed to Raphael, and an energetic and histrionic Andrea del Sarto, are all worth notice and study. Better than these is Lord Penrhyn's Alonzo Cano, the pathetic and dignified veracity of which is memorable and affecting in no mean degree. Of equal merit in its kind is Mrs. Morrison's noble Poussin, "The Triumph of Pan:" to our mind one of the finest pictures of the exhibition.

Of the Rembrandts the best are the "Holy Family"—such a romance of light and shadow and mysterious atmospheres as only Rembrandt could achieve—and the wonderful portrait of the painter's cook. All the Teniers are good and attractive. The two examples of Nicholas Maas, lent by Mr. John Walter, are miracles of pleasant dexterity; an Ostade, the "Nativity," is not only beautifully painted but beautifully felt as well; a Jan Steen, a "Marriage at Cana," is as vulgar and cynical in sentiment and temper as in colour it is distinguished and rich and potent. Finest of all the Rubens, and one of the most vigorous and striking works in the collection, is the magnificent portrait of a lion cub, lent by Lord Normanton. The Hals, the Hobbemas, the Berghems, the Cuyps, the Potters, are not all interesting; the Van Dycks are either dubious or insignificant; the Murillo is far from remarkable. On the other hand, there are some fairly good examples of the work of Gaspar Poussin, and two very beautiful and attractive Claudes; while the "Adoration," attributed to Quentin Matsys, the "Old Lady," attributed to Lucas Cranach, and the "Christ Mocked," attributed to Holbein, are curious and masterly in no mean degree.

The collection is richest in examples of the English school. The best and rarest of the Turners is a picture of sea and shore at Hastings, which is large and able work indeed. Most of the Constables are worthy of admiration and study; so, too, are all the Wilsons. There are two able and suggestive Cotmans; some bluff and vigorous Hogarths (portraits), including Lord Normanton's admirable and delightful "Graham Family;" a good Ward; at least one bewitching Romney—Canon Philpotts' so-called "Lady Hamilton;" a number of Reynoldses, incomparably the best of which is Sir G. Philips' "Piping Boy;" and a very large and varied selection of Gainsboroughs, of interest nearly all of them, and often—as in the portraits of Mrs. Gainsborough, of Miss Burr, and the painter's colour-grinder, and in more than one of the landscapes—of great and striking excellence.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer's lecture at the London Institution, on Thursday evening, January 12, was entitled "Familiar Arts," and dealt with the kindred subjects of drawing on wood and wood-engraving. Considerable attraction was imparted to the discourse by some autobiographical details. Mr. Herkomer gained much experience and facility from his early connection with the *Graphic;* and it was not unnatural to find him very eager in his advocacy of the undoubted advantages which a young artist gains in drawing for a large illustrated newspaper. He even went so far as to say that such training was immeasurably superior to that which is practised in the schools of the Royal Academy, and in almost every art-school in the country. There is doubtless truth in the sarcasms he levelled at the eternal "studies from the life" that will never teach one how to "make a picture." But in his enthusiasm he seemed to forget that a man must be a draughtsman of no ordinary ability to get work on either of our leading illustrated journals now-a-days, and that he himself showed unusual power and distinction, even in first drawing for the illustrated prints. Moreover, he cannot be said to have been on the working staff of the *Graphic* in the sense that Messrs. Durand, Nash, Brown, Brewer, Wilson, and others are. Unless we are mistaken, he selected his own subjects and worked them up in his own time; whereas the men who do the bulk of the work of a large illustrated paper have their subjects given them, with orders to complete their drawings within a fixed time. It is obvious that artists who can turn out fairly good work thus handicapped must possess no ordinary grasp, facility, and general knowledge of nature.

Mr. Herkomer's theory is personal and interesting. But the fact is that a certain amount of academic training is absolutely necessary. Of course the conventional system can be, and nearly always is, carried too far; but—and especially to the greatest and loftiest artists—a careful study of the antique, as a preliminary to the study of nature, is helpful and useful in the highest degree. Mr. Herkomer pointed to Frederick Walker, Small, Pinwell, and other now famous men, who have developed talents of a high order by constant practice in illustrating periodical literature. But in doing this he was somewhat unfortunate, for it is notorious that Walker never lost the hard outlines necessary, and indeed unavoidable, in his style of wood-drawing, but which are wholly out of place, and degenerate into mere trick and falsehood, in painting; and that Small, however beautiful his black-and-white, has so far failed to show any true sense of colour. Besides, some hundreds of far greater names—from Van Eyck's day to Burne-Jones's—could be mentioned of men who had done little or no such work, who indeed have had hardly any but the "academic" training that Mr. Herkomer laughs at. We are not unreasonably prejudiced either for or against the academic system; it has its uses and abuses, but so has the system advocated by Mr. Herkomer. If the one is apt to produce dullards and dull work, the other is certainly responsible for much which, if it did not deal, as other journalism does, with actuality, would add to the reproach of dulness the greater reproaches of cheapness and ignorance.

The most important works by the Belgian artist, Josef Israels, have been on view at Mr. M'Lean's Gallery in the Haymarket. The favourite theme of this painter is the sad and tragical side of the life of fisher-folk. He also depicts, though hardly so successfully, the brighter home-life of fisher-wives and children. Cosy cottage interiors, with bright fires burning on the hearth, and mothers and children gathered round them or busy over household tasks, are not wanting; but even here there is generally some note to remind us of the uncertainty and anxiety of the life. The constant partings from the husband and father, the doubtful watching for his return, the stern, patient struggle against poverty, are all rendered with not a little simplicity, fidelity, and pathos. The artist is at his best and highest when he deals with the real tragedies of sea-life, as in "The Shipwrecked Fisherman:" a procession of dark figures winding their way solemnly and slowly up from the sea-beach. First comes a woman, a child in each hand, with a face of quiet despair; then two fishermen carrying their dead comrade tenderly to his home, with a look on their faces of men who had done the like office before, and who know that it may be any day their turn to have it done for them. Behind walks a stalwart young fisherman, with a boat-hook over his shoulder and a strong rope round his arm, telling how the body of the drowned man was recovered. A few more men follow, and beyond them is a long stretch of hungry, desolate sea, with a battered and forsaken fishing-boat drifting away to the right. There is real dignity in the picture, and an entire absence of sensationalism or

staginess Another work in the same key is "The Share of the Poor:" a little group of poor fisher-folk receiving the waste fish from over the side of a large smack on the beach. There is the same touching resignation and patient dignity in the attitudes and expressions of the figures here, but the painting of the faces is vague and muddy and unpleasant, as, indeed, is too often the case in Israels' work. The stolid little woman in "A Ray of Sunshine" seems a favourite with the painter; she recurs in three pictures in exactly the same attitude. A subject with more stir and movement in it than most of those in the room is "The Flitting," where a poor widow, with her two children, who has evidently been forced to leave her old home, is drawing herself a little cart containing all her household gods along the road. There is a pleasant feeling in the landscape on the right, where in the distance we see the little village from whence the poor toilers have come. "Winter" is another charming subject not connected with seafaring life. Among other striking pictures are "Old and Worn Out," "Grace Before Meat," "Mother and Child," and "La Fête de Jean."

THE inequalities which exist in the Royal Academy and the Government art-schools between male and female students, as regards opportunities of study, are so great as to cause serious feminine discontent. Up to the advanced stages of the life-class the sexes have the same facilities, and accordingly show equal results in progress and success, but at a certain point an arbitrary and sudden distinction is made. The young men enter upon the study of the nude, and the young women are shut out. Of course all the examinations which deal with the higher studies of the figure show the results of the injustice in a marked manner, the girls falling back in the race at the exact point of difference. That the two sexes should work together from the undraped model is by no means necessary; but it is surely not impossible that separate classes should be instituted, nor that the students should draw from the partially draped model. It is only the most arbitrary and unreal conventionality which can blind the public to such an anomaly as that which permits the male student to study the nude model of either sex, and yet forbids women to have the advantages of sittings from a model of their own sex. No false and insincere feeling ought to be allowed to inflict disabilities so real in their consequences. Women may well plead that if their work were judged by a standard lower than that applied to the work of men, they might be less discontented at the inequalities of instruction; but far from this being the case, female work is judged not equally, but somewhat more critically, than male work. The injustice, therefore, is double, while the remedy is easy.

IT is worthy of note that very different results are obtained at the London Slade School, where, under Professor Legros, the system of mixed classes is in full force, and the partially draped model poses for male and female students alike. At the time of writing a young lady is the most promising and accomplished student in the schools.

A CAMBRIAN Academy of Arts has been constituted, with a view to giving "an impetus to the further development of art in connection with the principality." It will hold its first exhibition during the summer months at Llandudno. The exhibition will be restricted to works sent upon invitation, and to works by artists who live, or have studied, in Wales.

THE Christian tomb discovered last year, in a brickfield at Tongres, is the most ancient Christian monument yet found in Belgium. It bears no date, but is believed to belong to the fourth century. It is a double tomb in brickwork, the two chambers, which are separated by a nineteen-inch wall, being covered, one with tiles, the other with large stone slabs. They contained bones, nails, gold and glass beads, the remains of a necklace, a small clasp, and a glass phial containing some red substance the nature of which it is difficult to ascertain. There are traces of four letters and of some frescoes in a tolerably good state of preservation.

PRINCE STIRBEY has presented his fine collection of drawings by the sculptor Carpeaux to the State. It is divided into three parts: one for Valenciennes, the artist's birthplace; the others for the Louvre and the Beaux-Arts.

THE collection of works of art bequeathed to the State by the late M. Thiers has at last been housed at the Louvre, in a gallery apart.

M. MANET, the famous "Impressioniste," and M. Faure, the famous baritone singer, have been made Knights of the Legion of Honour.

AT the Beaux-Arts, the Duchesse de Cambacérès has founded three annual prizes of £40 apiece for painting, sculpture, and engraving.

AMONG new pictures by distinguished foreign painters mention may be made of "Diane," by M. Cabanel; "Bassin de la Villette"—for the Mairie of the Nineteenth Arrondissement—by M. Gervex; "Archimedes" and "Volta," by Professor Barabino; "Visita alla Nonna," by Signor Vinea; a portrait, life-size, of Sarah Bernhardt, and a set of vast frescoes for a Munich dining-room, by Herr Makart; "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," by Herr Piloty; a "Portrait du Peintre"—as an invalid, in a dressing-gown and a great arm-chair—by M. Meissonier, for presentation to the artist's birthplace, the city of Lyons; "Funerailles de Lazare Hoche," by M. Bertin; "Autour de la Lampe," by M. Duez; "Embarquement de Cuirassiers," by M. Berne-Bellecour; "Général Laforet Brûlant ses Drapeaux," by M. Beaumetz; portraits by MM. Lévy and Hamman; "Chemin de la Corniche," by M. Fayen Perrin; "Derniers Moments de l'Empereur Maximilien," by M. J.-P. Laurens; and "Départ de Gambetta en Ballon," by M. Maigret.

IT is said that M. Meissonier—who, by the way, has been seriously ill—intends to bequeath to the Louvre his "Graveur à l'Eau-forte" and his "Cavalier à Sa Fenêtre:" two pictures which he highly esteems, and with which he has always declined, at any price, to part. In this connection it is worthy of note that the other day, at the Hôtel Drouot, the famous painter's "Fumeur," a picture some six or seven inches square, was sold for 34,000 francs, while the "Mare Sous Bois" of Diaz, the "Abreuvoir" of Troyon, and Théodore Rousseau's "Ferme dans le Berry" realised but 18,100 francs, 25,100 francs, and 29,500 francs respectively.

MANY artists have died of late: in England, John Linnell, the *doyen* of English landscape-painters, William Miller, the engraver, and Sir Daniel Macnee, a good portrait-painter and the best teller of Scotch stories of his day; in Florence, Giovanni Dupré, the sculptor; in France, with Charles Blanc, the eminent art-critic, Lavigne, the sculptor, the painter Vély, and the decorative and scene painter Cheret.

SOME of those who have written concerning the late M. Charles Blanc, whose untimely death, in these days of uncertain art-writing, is a loss to be seriously regretted, while speaking warmly of his "Ingres," his "Rembrandt," and his work on the "Histoire des Peintres," appear to have forgotten, or perhaps were not in a position to recall, his admirable "Grammaire du Dessin." This book, starting from first principles, and treating architecture, sculpture, and painting *seriatim*, is one of the most lucid and masterly treatises that have ever been written on the subject; and it is excellently illustrated. When it was first penned in 1860, its author's object was to substitute some sound and definite elementary ideas for the vague and unsatisfactory "each-one-to-his-taste" attitude of mind, which, even among cultured people, prevailed in matters of art. Twenty-two years have elapsed, and art-criticism with the many is still as accidental as ever. Under these circumstances it is surprising, not only that the manual of the eminent Director of the Beaux-Arts should be so little known, but that no one should have thought of translating it into English.

LOVERS of Bewick will be glad to be reminded that his "Memoir," so long supposed by London booksellers to be unprocurable, can be obtained from Messrs. Longmans, or Mr. Robinson, of Pilgrim Street, Newcastle. It may be well to add, as many so-called "Bewick cuts" are in the market, that Mr. Robinson has also some *bonâ fide* impressions of the famous "Chillingham Bull" from the repaired block, and of the "Old Horse Waiting for Death," upon which the artist was engaged in his last days. As regards the other works of Bewick, the fact that the original wood-blocks for his best books are either in the possession of his daughter, Miss Isabella Bewick, of Gateshead, or of collectors in the neighbourhood, should make his admirers cautious in their purchases.

IT is a remarkable fact that the name of the artist of the Nuremberg school of sculpture who carved the finest figure in the early years of the sixteenth century should be quite unknown. The sculpture referred to is the "Nuremberg Madonna," preserved in the German Museum in that town, and recently engraved by us. It clearly formed part of a Crucifixion, with the Virgin and St. John at the foot of the Cross. What has become of the other figures is not recorded. A cast of the figure of the Virgin may be seen in the South Kensington Museum. The style of the workmanship recalls the school of Adam Krafft, but that artist never produced any figure like this for soft feminine beauty and depth of emotion. The material of the original is wood, a substance in which Adam Krafft seldom worked.

THE last literary labour of the late Mr. George E. Street, the distinguished architect, is a history of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, so beautifully restored by the author. It is illustrated by wood-engravings drawn by Mr. H. W. Brewer.

MR. HEATH WILSON'S "Life and Times of Michelangelo" (John Murray) is now in a second and cheaper edition. In its way it is a good and commendable book: an immense improvement on the work of Gotti, and of at least equal merit with Springer's biography and the picturesque essay by Charles Clément. Brilliant and imaginative it is not; but it is full of honest enthusiasm, it embodies a world of patient and original research, and it tells very fairly and soberly the most of what is known about its tremendous subject; so that it will certainly remain the standard work it is until that final "Life of Michelangelo" which has so long been called for—and which does not exist in any language as yet—at last gets written and published. Much may be learned of Michelangelo from Mr. Heath Wilson; much from Springer and Clément; much more, perhaps, from the admirable pages upon him in Mr. Symonds' "Renaissance in Italy" (in "The Fine Arts" volume), and the same accomplished writer's excellent translation (Smith, Elder, and Co.) of the great artist's sonnets. Nor is it doubtful that a flood of light will be thrown upon the man and his times by the publication of the forthcoming selection from the correspondence preserved in the Casa Buonarotti. But anything resembling a final and absolute estimate of this superhuman spirit is lacking; and we must needs be content with our own impressions, and such help as we can get from Alinari's admirable photographs.

WITH a value of its own is Mr. Charles Welsh's reprint in fac-simile (Griffith and Farran) of excellent John Newbery's second or third edition (1766) of "Goody Two-Shoes," a nursery classic of enduring authority and charm. In the first place it is said, and with every appearance of probability, to have been written by Oliver Goldsmith; and for its sound and kindly morality, its sly and pleasant humour, and its sweet and simple and affectionate English, it is by no means unworthy of him. Then, it is illustrated with all the original pictures, and very funny and quaint the original pictures are. In the third place it is a representative children's book, and to look upon the present reprint is to have an exact idea of the way in which the kindliest of publishers was obliged, in his most enterprising and successful vein, to cater for the babies of a century ago. The contrast between the Newbery booklings and the nursery library of to-day is almost bewildering. In a certain sense the advantage remains with Newbery, for he had Goldsmith to write for him, and we have not. But in every other respect, his successors have the better of him.

"THE TYNE AND ITS TRIBUTARIES" (Geo. Bell and Sons), by W. J. Palmer, is a pleasing and an interesting essay in what may be called picturesque topography. It is good reading, for the author knows and loves his subject, and treats of it with a fulness of detail and a richness of reference that are really remarkable. And it is in some ways very well illustrated. Mr. Palmer, who is his own draughtsman and engraver, has the right landscape feeling and the right landscape touch, and very often—as in his "Slaggyford" and "Stannersburn," the admirable tailpiece to his third chapter—succeeds in conveying an impression as complete and characteristic as can well be desired. It must be noted, however, that he is not always at his best, and that he is sometimes unsatisfactory. That his work should be popular is unquestionable. It is a good and thoroughly English book.

ART NOTES.

Mr. Sidney Colvin has been re-elected to the Slade Professorship at Cambridge, for a fourth term of three years.

The four new members of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours are Messrs. Joseph Knight, J. McWhirter, Randolph Caldecott, and Keeley Halswelle. Mr. Robert Gibb, of the Royal Scottish Academy, has been elected an Academician, in the place of the late William Brodie.

Mr. Boehm is at work upon statues of Lords Beaconsfield and Stratford de Redcliffe for Westminster Abbey; on one of the Duchess of Westminster for Eaton Hall; and on a recumbent effigy of Dean Stanley. Mr. Woolner has finished the modelling of his second bust of Mr. Gladstone; the work, which is life-size, is intended for the Guildhall. Mr. Onslow Ford is finishing a life-size replica of his statue of Mr. Irving, as Hamlet.

Mr. Herkomer proposes to protest against the various systems of art-education in vogue by starting a school of his own, on new principles and with new aims. At Bushey, thirteen miles from London and a hundred yards from Mr. Herkomer's own house, there are building three studios, "all lighted from the north"—one with "a special glass arrangement for getting the diffused daylight on the model." Here Mr. Herkomer purposes "to form a little republic," which "honesty of purpose, humility, industry, and the conduct of ladies and gentlemen shall make . . . a joy to those who become members of it." Students who "fail to reach the highest art" will be instructed in "other branches of art, such as etching, mezzo-tint engraving, wood-carving, or chasing in metal." During three months in the year—the holiday months—those properly qualified will be directed "how to get at such an undertaking as painting a picture;" and on Saturdays the students "are to see the galleries in London, or otherwise recreate themselves." The students, to the number of sixty, will be chosen by Mr. Herkomer himself; none will be admitted who cannot already draw creditably from the life. Mr. Herkomer anticipates that the number of applicants will be large; and there is no doubt that his anticipations will be realised. To imagine that a complete change of the conditions of life is a preliminary to achievement is characteristic of those who would and cannot; and in art there are enough of these to fill Mr. Herkomer's three studios three hundred times over.

It is significant that Mr. Herkomer has announced his intention, as a part of his theory of tuition, to cultivate originality in his pupils, before all other qualities. This of itself should be enough to make his scheme immensely successful; for to be an artist is difficult, while to be merely original is easy indeed. Originality is one of our national attributes. We can count our great artists on the fingers of one hand; but of original minds and talents we have scores and scores. Indeed, we are so much in love with originality that we admire it even when it takes the form of eccentricity. We will have it monstrous rather than not have it at all. To the Absolute in art we prefer the Individual—what is matter for an hour to what is matter for all time. It is, in fact, a characteristic of English art—and especially of English art as it is—that it knows too little and presumes too much. There is too much transient and "interesting" effort, and too little enduring achievement. Men paint and write, and sing and carve, before they know the elementary rules of their craft, much less its heroic purposes and capacities; and having begun so, they go on in like wise till the end. They are mannered, peculiar, "original;" and that is enough. What we should now be thinking of Greek and of Italian art, if Phidias and Raphael had been merely original—if Praxiteles and Michelangelo had had their "originality" jealously guarded and exclusively developed—is quite beside the question. Equally so is the truth that genius finds and does for itself, and only accepts of tradition as much as it thinks fit and useful. Just now our men of talent are many; and our men of genius are few. And Mr. Herkomer's announcement is enough to make him the most popular of living teachers.

By the gift of Miss Isabella Bewick, the only surviving daughter of the great engraver, the British Museum—in the Department of Prints and Drawings—is now possessed of a complete series of the water-colour drawings, 165 in number, made by her father for his famous "British Birds:" together with two volumes of proof impressions from the Bewick blocks—the one containing upwards of 3,000 proofs of Bewick's own work, the other about 1,500 examples of the art of J. and R. E. Bewick, the great artist's son and brother. The donation, as will be seen, is one of enduring interest and importance.

The Museum has also become possessed, by purchase, of Dr. Anderson's collection—perhaps the finest ever brought together—of Japanese woodcuts, wall-pictures, and drawings. It is rumoured, however, that the acquisition will be broken up and distributed among several departments.

Mr. Pownoll Williams's water-colours of the Riviera between Marseilles and Mentone (exhibited at Mr. McLean's Gallery) are of considerable merit and charm. The studies of Marseilles Harbour are almost Venetian in colour. Toulon is a less picturesque subject; but the sketches of Nice—especially one (44), with its apparent confusion of shipping—are excellent. Studies of two

palm-trees—one in a garden, the other leaning across one of the old steep streets of Hyères — are very effective, and, regarded simply as sketches, of good technical quality. The agave aloe (45), growing on a bank beside the highway, is a fine realistic bit of work, and the dim suggestion of pale-olive trees beyond is delightful. One strange and pleasing composition (13) shows a straggling foreground of sugar-canes rising high against a grey sky, and seeming to dwarf the noble umbrella pines seen in the distance between their stems. The "View Towards La Rade d'Hyères" is of a plain, rimmed by a pale sea, and sheltered on one side by a sharp rocky promontory, with pairs of clipped cypress-trees parading across the level and along the roadside, like so many couples of friars. In contrast to these peaceful scenes are the views of the magnificent Esterel Mountains. In the group of "The Esterels from Garibondy," the huge peaks are dimly seen, softened below by the moist sunlit atmosphere, while their basin-shaped summits are flooded with pale golden light. In "The Esterels after Rain," the same jagged rocks are painted—this time from their sea side—jutting out, sharp and black, with white clouds clustering about their rugged peaks, and nestling down in their clefts. Other and very different rocks are those at Cagnes, a village near Nice, and at Mont Agel above Mentone. In the latter, the rounded and weather-worn mountain-tops stand boldly out in a fierce red glare of sunshine, while in the valley the crowded olive-trees are still slumbering in the twilight. Mr. Pownoll Williams, in his desire not to paint the Italian sky too blue, must beware of getting it too green.

Among the water-colours exhibited of late at Messrs. Agnew's Old Bond St. Galleries are good examples of Cozens and Cotman. The Turner drawings are either commonplace—as the "Loch Avich," the "Old Hastings," and the "Lac de Joux"—or extravagantly eccentric—as the "Chain Bridge over the Tees," the effect of which is one of rainbows gone chalky and demented. A David Cox, "The Apple Orchard," is excellent in both sentiment and style, though it can hardly be considered completely successful as regards colour, by reason of the painter's reliance on a too liberal and dexterous use of whites. Mr. Anderson's "Waiting for a Nibble," and "Dutchwomen Going to Market," are true water-colour drawings—large in handling, broad and luminous in effect, and quick with the right sentiment of the method. These remarks apply with even greater force to Mr. Edwin Ellis's "Sandhills" and "Taking Fish to Market," the latter of which is perhaps the best and strongest bit of water-colour work in the exhibition. A series of drawings by Signor Luigi Chialiva is very brilliant and pleasant bravura. Most of its numbers—the best of which are "Spring-time" and "Asking the Way"—are evidently inspired by the study of Corot. The fault, if fault it be, is a good one, for the grace and charm of Signor Chialiva's work are undeniable. More interesting, more attractive even, are a number of drawings by Mr. William Wyld. Their method is excellent; so is their colour; so is the feeling they express. Of considerable merit and undeniable accomplishment are the drawings of dogs by M. Olivier de Penne. Mr. Lawson's "Storm Clearing Off" is vigorous and clever, but obviously artificial. A fine example of the pleasant, careful, somewhat mannered art of Copley Fielding is "The Downs Near Eastbourne." There are two brilliant and very masterly drawings by M. Georges Gassier—a true painter in water-colours, if ever there was one; a dashing and vigorous "Arab Minstrels," by Fabre; a sincere and pleasing "Sunny Morning," by Max Ludby; various imitations—of Israels and others; drawings by Chambers, Roeloss, T. M. Richardson, Riviere, McWhirter, Marks, T. S. Cooper, and so forth. A Millet—"A Study in Brittany"—is lacking neither in dignity nor in truth, neither in air and light nor in gesture and sentiment. It would not be Millet if it were. But it is in no sense representative, though it is—very obviously indeed—the work of a great artist. Its qualities are those of sincerity and strength; and though it is by no means good Millet, it is such good and true art that, slight as it is, it is found on consideration to be far the best thing in the exhibition.

The graceful art of Birket Foster has received new impulses, almost new powers, from "foreign parts." The facility of design and amenity of tint which characterise his somewhat mannered views of English scenery do not desert him abroad, and added thereto there is novelty of subject, with greater boldness of presentation, warmth of light, and strength of colour. He has never before appeared to so great advantage as in the loan collection on view at Messrs. Vokins' Gallery in Great Portman Street. Lovers of his well-known style will find many perfect specimens of it, and—besides drawings on a larger scale and with a freer touch than usual—a very elaborate series of little scenes on the Rhine, finished with great delicacy and rich in varied effects of form and atmosphere. In some views in the market-places of France, and some studies in Venice, the artist is at his best.

At the Town Hall, Kensington, Mr. Frederick Treves's admirable lecture, "The Dress of the Period," was an attack in force on the principles of the costume of modern woman. Mr. Treves had no difficulty in showing these to be utterly false and foolish, and proving their application fatal to health and beauty alike. His conclusions are practically those adopted by Mrs. Comyns Carr, in our discussion of "The Artistic Aspect of Modern Dress." It is not likely, however, that views so sane as those advanced by Mr. Treves will find the favour they deserve. Oddly enough, it is announced that small waists and square shoulders are this year to be the mode; and the announcement, which is almost contemporaneous with Mr. Treves's lecture, is significant of much.

At the last Dundee exhibition (the fifth) there were shown close on a thousand pictures, together with some sculpture and a number of etchings and drawings in black-and-white. In admissions, by season ticket and otherwise, there was realised the sum of £1,220—an increase of £250 on the takings in 1880; while the sales amounted to £5,407—an advance of £500 on the sales of last year. In this connection it is worthy of note that at Liverpool, with a population of over half a million, the year's sales amounted to not more than £11,500; that at Glasgow, with a population of upwards of 487,000, they amounted to but £5,900; and that at Edinburgh (and Leith) and Newcastle, with populations of 301,841 and 145,228 respectively, they amounted to no more than £5,350 and £3,000. The population of Dundee is barely 140,000 souls. In spite of this, however, the amount expended—this year as last—on works of art at Dundee is relatively greater than that expended at Glasgow and Liverpool, and actually greater than that disbursed at Newcastle and Edinburgh.

Herr Adolf Menzel, the greatest of modern German artists, is painting the "Market-place at Verona," and M. Carolus Duran, the fashionable portrait-painter, "Christ Après la Descente de la Croix." Both are for exhibition at the Salon. There, too, M. Rodin will exhibit a portrait bust of the painter Laurens; M. Benjamin Constant, "Christ au Tombeau" and "Lendemain d'une Victoire;" M. Jules Breton, a "Portrait de Jeune Fille"—the painter's niece—and a landscape with figures, "Le Soir dans les Hameaux du Finistère;" and M. Paul Dubois, a statue of the Virgin.

The monument to Alexandre Dumas, in the Place Malesherbes, at Paris, will be the work of Gustave Doré.

The decoration of the Panthéon goes on briskly enough. M. P.-J. Laurens, for instance, has finished his four large frescoes on the death of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, while M. Paul Baudry is far advanced with his "Joan of Arc." M. Bonnat has just been commissioned by the Government to paint a "Martyrdom of St. Denis," for 20,000 francs, and M. Meissonnier to execute a large fresco, completing the "St. Geneviève" series, for 50,000 francs. It will be noted that in France bare walls and naked cornices are not—as in England—esteemed essential features in a national monument.

The minor exhibitions in Paris have been of little or no artistic importance. Thus at the Volney, the exhibition of the Cercle Artistique is mainly composed of sketches and *pochades*. The best thing on view is a clever and intelligent little work—"Pas Méché," as it is called; a study of a warlike urchin—by Bastien Lepage; it is remarkable as an arrangement of strong yet subtle tones of grey. Another good picture—attractive alike in sentiment and in colour—is one of breakers at sunset by Alexandre Nayal. Other noticeable works are a Toudouze—"Au Rouet;" some portraits by Giacometti; and a couple of still-lifes by Charles Monginet, called respectively "Emplumés" and "Embrochés," the one showing dead game in their feathers, and the other the same birds trussed and spitted. At the exhibition of the Société des Aquarellistes, in the Rue de Sèze, the best work is contributed by MM. Leloir, Heilbuth, and Detaille. The picture of the year, however, is unquestionably the "Juif de Bagdad" of M. Charles Jacquet. It is a caricature of the younger Dumas, who is hardly less famous as a collector and dealer than as a moralist and dramatist. He is represented as a Bagdad Jew ("La Princesse de Bagdad" is the name of his last play), villainous of aspect and sordid in raiment, the keeper of an old curiosity shop. Among the wares he has on sale are relics of the author of "Monte Cristo," to remind the public of how, when the elder Dumas was dead, young Dumas instantly disposed of his effects by auction. This precious production remained intact for some days, during which all Paris flocked to see. Then, however, it came to grief at the hands of one of the dramatist's sons-in-law, who smashed the glass and poked holes in the picture with his cane. Why M. Jacquet painted and exhibited the thing is not yet clearly understood. His own account of the matter is that he was incensed beyond measure by the knowledge that Dumas had sold for 40,000 francs a picture of his acquired for next to nothing; but this plea is traversed by Dumas victoriously enough, inasmuch as, according to him, Jacquet received his own price—15,000 francs—for the drawing, which, as it was a fair purchase, was also matter for a fair sale. The probability is that, as it is whispered, "il y a une histoire de femme là-dessous," and that Dumas, who is himself somewhat unsparing, has been made to smart in return for some ill-conditioned epigram. That he will ultimately get the better of Jacquet in this disgraceful squabble is highly probable. For the moment, however, the advantage remains with the painter, who has advertised himself magnificently, and made the fortune of M. Georges Petit's exhibition.

An Exhibition of Fine Arts is to be opened at Mons on the 4th of June, for the works of living artists, Belgian and foreign. Pictures intended for this exhibition must be sent before the 15th of May to the Secretary of the Commision of the Museum at Mons, accompanied by a letter stating the name and address of the artist, and giving the notice to be inserted in the catalogue.

The Belgian Government has purchased for 110,000 francs the large painting, "The Plague at Tournay," to which M. Gallait, now more than eighty years old, is giving the finishing touches.

At the winter exhibition of the "Società d'Incoraggiamento delle Belle Arti" in Florence, with less poor stuff than usual, there is still not much that is good. Mention may be made of three masterly Oriental portraits by Professor Ussi: "A Dervish," "An Arab Woman at the Fountain," and "A Tunisian," all of which are fine studies of rich colour. There are, too, some clever sketches in oil of the lagunes and coast of Morocco, by Mr. Bradley and Signor Ciardi. Cavalier Mignaty has treated the same subjects more elaborately—and more heavily. The child in Mr. Craig's "Caffagiuolo Vase" is extremely delicate as colour. Federigo Mazzotto is following Chierici's footsteps, and has produced a successful rustic interior. The brothers Agresti exhibit several reliefs, statuettes, and friezes in imitation of the Della Robbia ware, but neither the art nor the colouring is worthy of the ambition which inspired them.

Pier di Cosimo designed the ghastly pageant of the "King of Death" to temper the Carnival gaieties of his day, and Andrea del Sarto did not disdain to paint the chariots for the races. In the revival of Carnival which has enlivened Florence this year the artists' car won the first prize for its panels—which were painted by Vinea, Andreotti, and Ximenes—and the brilliant costumes of its occupants. With flowers and *confetti* the painters flung about their sketches: to the number, it is said, of 20,000 or more.

The "Vittore Emanuele" monument in Rome is to cost 9,000,000 francs, and the architects who contribute to the exhibition of designs appear to have had no other object in view than to prove that 9,000,000 francs could easily be spent for nothing. Most of them come to grief over magnificence and inutility. Out of more than 200 plans only one includes a hospital; but such is the splendour of its surroundings that the estimate is far in excess of the funds. Some designs take the form of schemes for beautifying and enlarging the Piazzas; for laying out gardens and sprinkling them with marble allegories; for building Houses of Parliament; for throwing a suspen-

sion bridge, with triumphal arches at each end, over the Tiber. There is one mausoleum like the spire of Milan Cathedral; another like the tomb of Cecilia Metella, with Vesuvius at the top; and there are various adaptations of the Pantheon and other edifices which emblematise the unity of Italy. Altogether the exhibition has increased the difficult task of the judges, and the form the monument will ultimately take is as uncertain as ever.

THE Sixth Annual Exhibition of the Otago Art Society has passed off very prosperously and well. The principal exhibitor was Miss J. Wimperis, whom the catalogue records to have contributed no less than thirteen drawings. Among these a "View of Anderson's Bay" and a "Dunedin from the Cliffs" are singled out for special praise. Other exhibitors were Miss Sperrey, with a "Portrait of an Old Lady;" Mr. E. A. Gifford, with several landscapes, in oils and water-colours; Mr. J. Irvine; Mr. Gully, with three landscape drawings; and Mr. William Hodgkins, with a quantity of work in black-and-white. The exhibition, which contained 124 pictures and drawings, included examples by Messrs. Waller H. Paton, J. Gibb, Vallance, Charles Barraud, and Sam Bough.

THE increasing difficulty of obtaining good boxwood is forcing itself seriously on the attention of wood-engravers and all concerned in the art. Wood for blocks must be absolutely first-rate of its kind, as its hardness and its closeness of grain affect the results to a remarkable extent. Latterly a great deal of the material supplied by the dealers and block-manufacturers has been suggestive rather of cork than wood. It is obvious that the best engraver in the world is thus rendered helpless; for, instead of cutting crisply and clearly, the wood crumbles and breaks away before the tool. There is, indeed, some danger of the art being threatened at its very foundations; as, if our information is correct, the box forests of Turkey, upon which we depend for our supplies, are being recklessly demolished without any precaution being taken to continue them by planting new trees in the place of those cut down. This practice has been carried so far that it is a matter of calculation when the resources now remaining will be exhausted.

MR. J. T. REID'S "Pictures from the Orkney Islands" (Edinburgh: Douglas) is an acceptable book. Such letterpress as it contains being merely fragmentary and explanatory, it may be regarded as a picture-book pure and simple. Mr. Reid's draughtsmanship often leaves a good deal to be desired; but he knows his subject, and there is something interesting and appropriate in most of his many sketches. There is little or nothing in Orcadia that he has not seen intelligently and affectionately noted down, so that his work is really a kind of pictorial handbook to the Islands. It will be found not less useful in that capacity than pleasant in itself.

"AUTUMNAL LEAVES" (Sampson Low and Co.) is a sort of picturesque treatise upon the effects of autumn, on the general landscape first of all, and next, on particular leaves and individual trees. It is well and graphically written, with much of genuine and intelligent enthusiasm, and much of sound, varied, and appropriate knowledge. It is divided into two parts. In the first, "The Blossoming of Autumn," Mr. Heath describes the waning of the year in the New Forest—a district which he has travelled "endthwart and overlong," and on which he has much to say that is both new and true, both pleasant and useful. This part is illustrated with some eighteen or twenty designs (of Mr. Cooper's engraving) by Mr. F. G. Short, an artist till now unknown, but evidently capable of good work in landscape, as his natural and graceful vignettes—his full pages are not nearly so persuasive—will show. The second part, "Autumnal Leaves," deals with the varying effects of the season on some nine-and-thirty several sorts of trees. It is illustrated with twelve initials by the author himself, and with a dozen coloured plates, "comprising more than 250 figures of Autumn Leaves and Leaflets," all tinted after nature, and all literal and suggestive in no mean degree.

MR. WOOLNER'S new poem, "Pygmalion" (Macmillan and Co.), is rather interesting work than good literature. It is lacking neither in eloquence and fancy nor in ambition and sincerity; it is full of careful and impressive writing; its cadences and rhythms, if they are seldom musical and often rough and broken, are never lax nor undignified; it contains many polished phrases, serious thoughts, and anxious epithets. But—somehow—it is not exactly poetry. The story of the artist who grew so enamoured of his creation that his love for it endowed it with life is not one of the oldest of antique imaginings, for it does not appear to have found a place in literature until one was made for it in the "Metamorphoses." Not so much myth as allegorical romance, it is rather an ingenious invention than a great imaginative conception; and its meanings, such as they are, seem far more personal and fanciful than heroic and universal. Mr. Woolner's treatment of his story is peculiarly his own. He has handled his materials with a good deal of originality, and the moral he has extracted from the charming and refined old allegory is honest and seemly enough to be generally acceptable. Therein consists the chief merit of his work.

"GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE" (Longmans and Co.), by Walter H. Perry, is, in its useful and unpretending way, a very meritorious piece of book-making. It appears to be a kind of compilation from the German of Overbeck and others. But it is honest and intelligent and thorough; its many inferences are sound and just; it is correct in its innumerable facts; it is clearly and carefully written; and, as far as it pretends to go, it is comprehensive enough to be exhaustive. Mr. Perry, whose worth and authority as a student of antique art are beyond dispute, can hardly be said to have contributed much original matter; on the other hand he has omitted as little that was necessary; so that as his sources are all trustworthy, and his accuracy and diligence are unimpeachable, his work is one that even specialists will find useful, and that to such of the general public as are interested in Greek and Roman sculpture can hardly be too warmly recommended. In the absence of a better book, in fact, it deserves, and is certain to achieve, an enduring popularity. Its illustrations—some two hundred and sixty-eight in number—are not exactly good, and not absolutely suggestive. They are well enough as notes, however, which is all they are meant to be; and they enhance the usefulness and authority of a very useful and authoritative book.

ART NOTES.

THIS is the Year of the Great Unfinished. Mr. Watts will send out nothing at all. Sir Frederick Leighton's most important work remains in the studio; so does Mr. Phil. Morris's; so does Mr. Millais'. Mr. Alma-Tadema is unable to come forward with his "Antony and Cleopatra;" Mr. Fildes has lingered too long over his "Village Wedding;" Mr. Burne-Jones has to keep back his noble "Wheel of Fortune" until next year. Such a cluster of uncompleted brightnesses has not before been visible.

ALL the same there will be much to see. Sir Frederick Leighton, abandoning Hebrew story for the story of Greece, sends in a "Phryne," blonde and white and wonderful, worshipping at Eleusis. Mr. Millais has produced a "Pomona," who is a cousin of "Little Mrs. Gamp," and a sister of the tiny lady in "Cherry Ripe." Mr. Stacy Marks contributes a mediævalism—"Lord Say and Sele Brought Before Jack Cade"—painted for the Lord Mayor; together with "A Song Without Words"—of a student pausing to listen to a singing thrush—and "A Fugitive Thought"—of a person in a library, trying to think of a word. Mr. Robert Browning exhibits a portrait of his father; two pictures, life-size, of labour in the Ardennes; and a smaller canvas called "Vespers." Mr. A. C. Gow has finished a "Jacobite Proclamation"—a kind of costume piece, crowded with figures; and Mr. Long has produced a picture of Sisera's mother—"Why do his Chariots Stay?" Mr. Frank Dicksee exhibits a "Love Story," all moonlight and sentiment and Italy. Mr. Baccani will be represented by portraits of Mr. Henry Labouchere (with a cigarette) and Mrs. Dorian; Mr. John Collier, by portraits of Sir George Campbell and Mr. Darwin, and by a tremendous "Clytemnestra," a Clytemnestra after the murder, axe in hand, exultant, terrible—a trifle realistic; Mr. Oakes, by a "Wastdale," a "Porchester Pool," a "Wild March Morning," and a "Mew Stone;" Mr. Pettie, by a "Eugene Aram," a "Palmer's Tale," and a "Monmouth Begging His Life;" Mr. Leader by a quiet landscape, "In the Evening There is Light;" Mr. McWhirter by a "Grave of Ossian;" and Mr. Henry Moore by a glowing study of surf at sunsetting, and by "Winter and Rough Weather"—a reach of angry water in the North Sea. Then, Mr. Story sends a "Coracle on the Dee," and a couple of studies of English young ladyhood; Mr. Alfred Hunt, a Thames backwater and a view at Sonning; Mr. Phil. Morris, a joyous picture of fisher-life at Wick, a "Sale of the Fishing-Boat," and some portraits; Mr. Whistler, a "nocturne"—of Southampton Harbour—a portrait of Sir Henry Cole, and two "arrangements," one in black and one in pink and white; Mr. Linton, the third of his "Incidents in the Life of a Warrior;" Mr. Keeley Halswelle, a number of landscapes—"Inverlochy," "Shooter's Hill," "The Forest on Fire," and so forth; Mr. Briton Riviere, a "Una," with the traditional escort, and a "Magician's Doorway"—a study of chained leopards; and Mr. Felix Moscheles, a portrait of the late Leonard Montefiore, a battle-piece called "Bulgaria," and a new and original "Daughter of Herodias."

PROFESSOR LEGROS exhibits no pictures this year. He is represented at the Academy by his bronze group, "The Sailor's Wife," and a case of medals, and at the Grosvenor by his bas-relief, "La Source," the plaster sketch, "Le Bûcheron et la Mort," and medals of Mill, Carlyle, and four models. Mr. Thornycroft exhibits bronzes of his "Artemis" and his "Teucer." M. Auguste Rodin is to have on view at the Grosvenor a magnificent "Étude de Tête," and a portrait-bust of Legros, both in bronze. Mr. Linton sends a "Claudio"—a portrait of Hero's lover, the weak-kneed *jeune premier* of "Much Ado about Nothing." Mr. Seymour Lucas exhibits a picture of Cavaliers and Roundheads, and a picture of '98 in Ireland. Mr. Burne-Jones is represented by a "Marriage of Peleus and Thetis," and his notable "Phillis and Demophoön."

OF the hundred and seventy-five canvases exhibited at the French Gallery, the greater number are gimcracks in the style of Meissonnier—enlarged miniatures, whose interest, ostensibly one of character, is really an interest of costume, bright colour, clever handiwork, and high price. Side by side with these are works of greater moment and a sounder ambition. Very prominent in attractiveness are three or four clever and suggestive landscapes by Karl Heffner, the best of which is probably "The Last Glint Before the Gloaming"—a Munthe minus the snow: vigorous, telling, a little artificial. Of great merit are the seascapes of Theodore Weber—a "Tide Coming in at Boulogne," an "Ostend," a "Blankenberghe," and an "After the Wreck"—which are fresh, breezy, and natural. Two pictures of fisher-folk—a "Fisherman's Return," and a "Departure of the Fishing-Boats"—by Ph. Sadée, are good as painting and unaffected as sentiment. An Israels, "The Evening of Life," is neither better nor worse than scores of other works by the same master. Two studies of Amsterdam by J. Maris are sincere and good, and have a quiet charm. A Jules Breton, "The End of the Day," shows three daughters of the plough coming home through a field of poppies grown waist-high; it is sentimental, a trifle mannered, and quite popular. M. Mauve's "Ploughing in Brittany" is an excellent little picture, being clearly seen and neatly painted, and presenting a charming harmony of quiet tones—cool greys, and pale blues, and soft and pleasant whites. Herr Hallatz, in "Forest Labour," is a thought artificial and painty; the work, however, is well composed, well lighted, and pleasant to look upon. An "Annunciation," by M. E. Buland,

might almost be described as a kind of "Maiden's Prayer" in white paint, so young-ladylike are the types it sets forth and the sentiment it expresses. It is skilfully wrought, however, and — considered as a study in tone, as an effect in white—of some merit. Beside it the "Mendiant" of M. Bastien Lepage—brilliantly drawn, excellently painted, good as character and good as gesture; the expression of a frank, sincere, discreet, intelligent naturalism; a piece of painted prose—seems almost great art; it is like a page of Alphonse Daudet after a page of Catulle Mendez. Other works that are worthy of mention are the "Gleaners" and the "Pauvre Aveugle" of Laugée; Dana's "Twilight on the Beach;" Roubaud's "Coursing in Poland;" Gegerfelt's "Forest Scene;" Jacque's "Woodland Flock;" and W. Maris's "Dutch Pastures." Of striking merit and charm—as colour, composition, and sentiment—are a couple of little canvases by Diaz: a study "In the Forest of Fontainebleau," rich, sombre, vigorous; and a grey, still, peaceful pastoral, "Near Bondy." The Daubigny, "A Woodland Pool," is a delicious little landscape: a delightful harmony of peaceful cloud, and still waters, and green leafage, and fresh shadows. Finally, there is a Corot—"Une Idylle," as it is called—which alone is worth a visit to the exhibition, so rich is it in colour, so exquisite in composition, so full of grace and distinction and charm. It is the matchless opening verse of Browning's "Two in the Campagna"—

"Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles"

on canvas; and though it is not very great as Corot, it is great indeed among the painted *bric-à-brac* of Ximenez and Gilardi *et hoc genus omne.*

THE Exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers is disappointing. Most of the ablest artists on copper are represented either poorly or not represented at all. Professor Legros has an admirable portrait of Rodin the sculptor, and a brilliant mezzotint of Dr. Seymour Haden; and M. Rodin contributes a charming sketch, in dry-point, of a band of amorini sporting in space with the great globe itself. Mr. Colin Hunter's "The Island Harvest," again, is free, broad, masterly, and full of light and atmosphere. It is by no means a first-rate example of the artist, but it gains immensely by contrast with the pretentiousness and the elaboration about it. It is as if the majority of the exhibitors had misapprehended the first necessities of their art. What are the qualities of a good etching? Freedom, directness, simplicity, delicacy, and controlled power; above all, freedom and simplicity. But, with two or three exceptions only, these plates are as innocent of simplicity as of freedom. The etcher's spontaneity is exchanged for the studied deliberation of the engraver, directness for hesitation, simplicity for tame involution, delicacy for coarseness, and controlled power for feebleness or melodrama. The Society of Painter-Etchers will do well to look to it, if they value their reputation.

IN the Exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists the still-life and flower subjects are, almost without exception, good; but the landscape and figure-work leave very much to be desired. Miss Clara Montalba's "London Bridge," for instance, is a poor rendering of a fine subject: out of drawing, bad in colour, and quite without sentiment. On the other hand, Miss O'Hara's "White Wings" is a very pleasant, fresh, and breezy sketch; whilst Miss F. Currey's "Carpenter's Cottage" is bright and picturesque, and gains not a little in force and interest by the skilful introduction of the bent old peasant woman toiling up the foreground path. Bertha Newcombe's "Flirtation" is monotonous in tone, but well and harmoniously painted; Florence Reason's "Arab Chieftain" is a well-modelled and intelligent, though rather ugly study; whilst Mrs. Nicholl's "A Portrait" is very bright and vivacious. Miss Macaulay is well represented by several pleasant studies of boats and sea, which, however, lose much in truth and beauty by reason of the chalkiness of her manner. Another rising artist—Linnie Watt—also sends several clever drawings, of which "The Back-Door"—a study at Birchington—is the most artistic, and "Spring-time" the most ambitious. We have reserved Mrs. Anderson's "Mediterranean Fish" for final comment, because it is the strongest and truest, though not the most interesting, work on the walls. It is a remarkably dexterous piece of realism, the iridescent sheen of the fish being rendered with great vigour and brilliancy.

MR. W. L. THOMAS'S drawings of Switzerland form a pleasant exhibition at the *Graphic* Gallery, 190, Strand. The one hundred and twenty odd pictures show the artist's feeling for bright, sunny colour, his conscientiousness, his skilful manipulation, and a certain dry humour he has, to considerable advantage. His subjects take a wide range. In "Doubts," a sketch at Altdorf, we have something like a touch of tragedy: a monk watching, with half bitter, half wistful intentness, a pair of village sweethearts. The painting of the monasterial building in the background of this picture is skilful, whilst the whole is in admirable keeping. The freer and more sketchy works are the best, and of these "An Eye to the Future"—an old priest merrily rolling a barrel of wine up the path to his house—is a good and humorous example. "Boats for Carrying Stone," a study on the Lake of Geneva, too, is an artistic drawing; while "Away to the Mountains," a picture of the "early start" of a party of tourists on a fine morning, is full of light and atmosphere and bright colour. The exhibition includes several works lent by the Queen, and well repays a visit. The proceeds are to be given to an artists' charity.

THE Spring Exhibition of Water-Colour Drawings at the Dudley Gallery contains no striking works by new hands, nor many complete drawings by well-known artists. Mr. Ruskin's "In the Pass of Killiecrankie" may be described as a study in grey contrasted with green. It is a curious and interesting work. At a little distance it attracts attention by its general colour. The grey rocks, however, are flat, and the foliage—except where it is seen against the sky—fails to stand out. Every detail of the rocks—holes, cracks, and weather-stains—is reproduced with a minuteness that is nothing less than bewildering. The whole is killed by its parts. It is not art, but perverted photography. Mr. Herkomer's "Bread and Sunshine," on ivory, shows a young Bavarian peasant seated on a stile cutting a slice of bread. It is a welcome proof that Mr. Herkomer, in his many strivings after effect, has not lost his power of delicate finish. Mr. J. A. Fitz-Gerald's "Conceit"—a mulatto dressing at a mirror—is a fine piece of colour; the dark skin, the puce coat, and the yellow and red accessories, make a novel and agreeable harmony. In Mr. Dollman's "Les Misérables" the scene is laid outside a cottage, the door of which is wide open. On one side lounge a sullen man

and a sullen bulldog, while on the other a cat has taken refuge beside the kettle and fender, amongst the household gods of the English cottage mantelpiece — a brass candlestick and a teapot. Within, through the open door, the goodwife is seen scrubbing, almost ferociously, the wooden floor, while rivulets of water stream down the doorstep. Mr. Walter Severn's "Rising Tide, Sark," shows a rocky promontory, against which a rather hard-looking sea is breaking. Near this hangs Mr. Joseph Knight's "Lingering Light," in which the hill-tops in sunlight are excellent, while the hill-side, in shadow, lacks atmosphere, and the trees are rather woolly than dim. Mr. Arthur Severn's "Monaco" is a tender, gem-like bit of the blue Mediterranean, with a strip of Riviera hills and strand beside it. "Morning-Time," by Mr. Alfred Parsons—a tangle of wild briar roses—is very fresh and delicate. A group of "Nasturtiums" against a grey wooden paling, by Miss Edith Martineau, is as good in colour and crispness as need be.

THE British Artists' Exhibition is crowded and uninteresting. The influence of Mr. Faed is apparent on every wall. Of works inspired by it, Mr. Stacey's "Boys will be Boys," and "The Village Barber" by Mr. John Burr, are two of the best. There is good stuff too in Mr. W. C. Symon's "Polly my Wife and Polly my Ship." Mr. L. C. Henley's "Private View in the Monastery" is a little too clean to be real. Miss Meyer, in "Castles in Spain," shows considerable brush power. The fierce sallow face and the white drapery of Mr. Logsdail's picture are striking. Mr. F. H. Potter's "Attention"—the portrait of a child in black seen against a golden background—is harmonious in tone and is well finished. "A Love Token," by Mr. W. H. Humphris, shows a seated young man presenting a standing young lady with what looks like a bunch of badly-made artificial flowers. Mr. Henry Smith's "A Disputed Passage" —squabbling musicians—is clever. Mr. Blinks's fox hunt, "A Slashing Finish," is full of spirit. Mr. Ludovici's "After a Sitting" is merely frivolous and unattractive. Among landscapes, Mr. Aumonier's "The Closing Day" is a thought too dim and a thought too suggestive of Mr. Boughton. Mr. Buxton Knight's "Fishing-Boats at Rest" is pleasing; Mr. Stuart Loyd's "Green Wheat" is freshly painted, while his "Spring-time" is really attractive; Mr. J. Hine's "Village of Studland" is realistic and harmonious in colour. A narrow canvas, by Miss Annie Wheeler, of meadow-sweet, is delicately painted, and as a decorative panel would be effective. Of thoroughly unsatisfactory pictures the most astonishing is Mr. A. Woolmer's "Thoughts from Shelley;" but the list is a long one.

MR. STILLMAN has brought to light at Zante—in the shop of an Ionian dealer in marine stores—a magnificent bronze cuirass of the sixth century B.C., or earlier. It is in excellent preservation, and is held to be the earliest specimen of Greek bronze-work extant. It is engraved with seven subjects, and comprises full sixteen figures—gods and heroes, leopards and sphinxes, and bulls and lions—of notable workmanship. Its later story is curious. It was hooked up out of the Alpheus by a fisherman some twenty years ago, and sold for old metal; and as old metal it has ever since been treated, until Mr. Stillman caught sight of it, bought it, cleaned and restored it, and sold it to the Greek Government for the Museum at Athens. Of its kind it is a thing unique, both for beauty and interest; and as such it was offered to the British Museum. But the Museum would not, and it is now beyond recovery.

THE Lemmi Botticellis, bought of late by the French Government, were neatly smuggled out of Italy, and are attracting immense attention in their place in the Louvre. It is understood that these works might have been bought for England, had the National Gallery been willing to make the purchase. But the National Gallery was not willing, and—like Mr. Stillman's cuirass—the frescoes are now beyond our reach. It must be owned, however, that the National Gallery is not less unfortunate in its attempts at business than in its lapses from activity. If report speak truly, an embargo has been laid upon a Francia, bought for 50,000 francs from a private gallery at Ferrara, so that there is little chance of the picture ever reaching London. A few more such failures, and the National Gallery will need to retire from business altogether. With its Francia still in Ferrara, and its Botticelli triumphant in the Louvre, there seems little else for it to do.

As a set-off against the loss of the Botticellis, the National Gallery must be credited with the acquisition of a supposed Lorenzo Lotto—a portrait of an Apostolic Prothonotary; of an admirable triptych—of Christ on the Cross—by Niccolà di Foligno; of a triptych by Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, a painter not highly esteemed outside Perugia, his native city; and an "Annunciation," by Gianniccola di Paolo Manni, a not particularly famous pupil of Perugino.

MOST of the Beaconsfield prints and etchings were sold for trifling prices. Among them, however, were a number of the works of Blake, one set of which, "The Songs of Innocence and Songs of Experience," realised £85, while another, the "First Book of Urizen," went for £59. Of all recent picture sales the honours have been Mr. J. C. Hook's, whose "Gathering Seaweed" was knocked down at £913, while his "Sailor's Wedding-Party" and "Home With the Tide" were not to be had under £1,060 and £1,333 respectively. On the same occasion, Mr. Henry Moore's "Outside the Harbour" and "Wreck of the Olympe" sold for £315 each; Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Dawn," for £430; and W. Müller's "Pandy Mill," for £572. At the sale, in the Hôtel Drouot, of the first instalment of the Benjamin Fillon collection, the highest prices realised were 3,975 francs for a bronze statuette of an actor; 3,080 francs for the ring of Dagobert's queen Berthilda; 4,800 francs for the handle of a vase; 5,700 francs for an engraved bronze mirror; and 8,200 francs for a cameo of the Antonine period. None of these prices can compare, however, with that obtained for a Celadon green vase, with ormolu mounting, which was sold not long since for £2,415.

MR. J. C. ROBINSON, in his report on the Art Collections in the Corporation Galleries, Glasgow, esteems the gathering very highly, and thinks that "when better known" it will "take rank as a collection of European importance." It includes 110 works which Mr. Robinson advises the Corporation to get rid of as soon as possible, with a considerable number which, the expert thinks, are only valuable for association's sake. In addition to these, and putting contemporary work out of count, it contains

between 100 and 120 pictures of capital importance. Among these are a superb Giorgione, "The Woman Taken in Adultery;" a "Virgin and Child," which Mr. Robinson is disposed to ascribe to one of the Montagnas; Titian's "Danae" and "Virgin and Child with Saints;" two notable examples of Palma Vecchio; a Paris Bordone; an "Adoration of the Magi," which the expert gives to Antonello da Messina; Sandro Botticelli's excellent "Annunciation;" three Rembrandts (including the "Tobit and the Angel"), five Ruysdaels, six Berghems, five Teniers, a very splendid Rubens—the "Allegory of Abundance;" together with examples by Cuyp, Wynants, Wouvermans, the Van der Veldes, Van Huysum, Netscher, Bakhuysen, Van Dyck, Both, Jan Steen, Eglon, Van der Neer, and Hobbema. It will be seen that Mr. Robinson has hardly over-estimated the merits of the Glasgow collection. Since the coming in of the M'Lellan and Graham-Gilbert bequests, indeed, it has entered on a new phase of existence and become a veritable treasure-house of art. It is earnestly to be hoped that Mr. Robinson's advice will be taken as regards the elimination of the poorer pictures. The Gallery is rich enough to be select, and the less rubbish it contains the more respectable it will be.

At the Salon M. Madrazo will be represented by a portrait of the Duchesse d'Albe; M. Bouguereau, by a "Crépuscule" and a group of children; M. Bonnat, by a portrait of Ruggieri and an "Italienne;" M. Goupil, by a portrait of a child and one of Mme. Camille Sée; M. Carolus Duran, by the "Christ au Tombeau" and a portrait of Mme. Nordheim; M. Ribot by a portrait, and a "Mendiant;" M. Hector Leroux, by a group of "Pêcheurs;" M. Bernier, by an "Étang;" M. Gustave Doré, by a vast religious picture, "Dieu Consolateur"—of Christ in glory, surrounded by a crowd of representative humanity—and a kind of "Temptation of St. Anthony," the "Vision Profane," as it is called, which shows a monk at an organ, disturbed by the apparition, at a window hard by, of a shadowy beauty. Professor Legros exhibits four etchings—his portraits of Dolou, Watts, Poynter, and Rodin—a case of twelve medals, and the plaster of his "Sailor's Wife."

An exhibition in the Rue de Sèze will show the works of certain representative painters of modern Europe. Mr. Millais stands for England; M. Israels for Holland; M. Munkacsy, for Austria; Herr Menzel, for Germany; Signor De Nittis, for Italy; Señor Madrazo, for Spain; M. Alfred Stevens, for Belgium; and MM. Meissonnier, Jules Dupré, Moreau, and Paul Baudry, for France.

Mr. Morris's "Hopes and Fears for Art" (Ellis and White) is in some ways a work of permanent value and importance. Considered as a piece of prose, for instance, it is of really unique interest. Mr. Morris is an admirable poet, of course; but the admirable poets who can write sterling prose are few. Mr. Morris is one, and his prose is a surprise and a delight, its capacities are so many and its qualities so rare and sound. The English—an archaism or two to the contrary—is the strong, sweet, homely, expressive idiom of Bunyan and the translators of the Bible; the rhythms, at once vigorous and musical, and simple and impressive, are the right rhythms of prose, with hardly a beat of verse about them; the style, which is both flexible and robust, and which, for all its honest terseness and lucidity, is full of light and colour, and touched with genuine distinction—a quality not common in modern work—adapts itself with equal readiness and force to all the exigencies of expression, and is humorous, or didactic, or eloquent, at the author's will. In these days of florid writing—when to vocalise is to persuade, and to speak simply is to speak vainly—such a manner as Mr. Morris's, in these "Hopes and Fears" of his, can hardly be too warmly welcomed or too carefully studied. And in a certain sense, his matter is not a whit less interesting and suggestive. He is partial, it is true, and one-sided, and even narrow. But he has a firm grasp of certain elemental truths; he is honest and single-minded, even in his mistakes; he is convinced of the truth of all he says; he is a genuine Englishman and a faithful lover of art; and you feel that he has spoken because he was obliged to speak, and that if he has unpacked his heart in words it is in words that have the weight and authority of deeds. For Mr. Morris, as every one should recognise, is the poet, not only of "The Earthly Paradise," but of "Sigurd the Volsung" as well. Put to the proof, he is "the idle singer of an empty day" no longer. He has perceived the mean and sordid barbarism in modern civilisation, the extinction of the popular sentiment of art, the abominableness of mere money-making; and the thought of these things has moved him to serious and eloquent action. That he is often mistaken, and often unjust, is of little or no consequence. He is so frequently right, and there is in him so much good counsel, both ethical and technical, that he should be read and taken to heart by every one—the artist and the layman alike. His book, which is apparently composed of lectures to mechanics and art-students, is really an utterance *urbi et orbi*, and one of the most important of these times.

The "Triumphzug des Kaiser Maximilian" (Leipzig: Theodor Schuller) is a photographic reproduction—cheap, handy, and excellent—of Dürer's great and famous woodcut, the allegorical "Triumph" of Kaiser Max, the last of the knights-errant, the best-beloved sovereign of mediæval Europe. It is printed on a folding leaf, and is contained in a light quarto cover, so that it may be looked at as a picture and shelved as a book. It is not so large as the original, but it is large enough. The vast composition can be studied from it both as a whole and in detail. It gives not only the lofty chariot, the team of stately horses, the troop of attendant Virtues, but the very qualities that make the woodcut great as art; the life, the movement, the gesture, the rich and potent imagination, the varied eloquence of the master's line, the infinite suggestiveness of the master's touch, are scarcely less evident in the reproduction than in the original itself. The impression produced is one of singular vivacity and charm. The thing approves itself a masterpiece of invention and design in every part. It should be precious to the student and the amateur alike.

In "John Leech and Other Papers" (Edinburgh: David Douglas) we have a number of reprinted pieces by the author of "Our Dogs" and "Rab and His Friends"—two of the most popular essays in the language. They are distinguished by the pleasant charm of diction and style, the inexhaustible kindliness of heart, the unfailing sweetness of temper peculiar to their author; and if they err at all, it is on the score of a certain extravagance of generosity that, in these days of hard-hitting and bitter speaking, is only an attraction the more.

ART NOTES.

MR. ALBERT BRUCE JOY'S colossal statue of Mr. Gladstone unveiled of late at Bow is a satisfactory piece of work. The artist has respected the convention of his art; and he has produced a work that is meritorious as sculpture and as portraiture. The Premier is standing up to speak; his head is bare and somewhat bent; his right hand is outstretched in a familiar oratorical gesture, and in his left, which hangs by his side, he has a bundle of papers. The modelling of the face is careful, intelligent, and sincere; the pose and the action are characteristic and impressive; the costume, which is that of every-day life, is treated with much frankness and simplicity, and with not a little success. Altogether the sculptor may be congratulated.

MR. MILLAIS' portrait of Cardinal Newman, now exhibiting at the Royal Academy, is being engraved by Mr. T. Oldham Barlow.

THE National Portrait Gallery is credited with a sum of not much more than £500 for the current financial year. Among the additions made to it of late, mention may be made of Lord Ronald Gower's statuette of the Earl of Beaconsfield; Chantrey's portrait of himself, in chalk; a bust of Thackeray at fifteen, from a cast from the life; portraits of Bishop King—the "King of Preachers"—and Bishop Berkeley; Reynolds's portrait of Edmund Burke; and a cast from the head of Mr. Boehm's statue of Carlyle.

THE grant to the National Gallery for the current financial year is considerably in excess of £9,000. It is to be noted that the purchase of the Francia, of which we wrote last month, has not yet been completed, that no money has passed on its account, and that it may possibly not get to Trafalgar Square after all. As regards the prices paid by the Gallery for some of its late acquisitions, all of which are of capital interest as illustrations of the development of Italian art, and of great merit in themselves, Nicolà da Foligno's triptych cost £1,200; Fiorenzo di Lorenzo's triptych and Giannicola di Paolo Manni's "Annunciation" cost £1,361 11s.; Lorenzo Lotto's portrait of the Prothonotary Giuliano cost £600; and Longhi's "Rhinoceros," "Domestic Group," and "Portrait of the Chevalier Andrea Tron" cost £400. Two new purchases are announced, one early Italian, the other eminently and typically English. The first is a "Marriage of the Virgin," by Niccolà Buonacorso, a Fourteenth Century Siennese; it is a curious and interesting little picture, and cost no more than £80. The second, once the property of the late Samuel Palmer, is Blake's bewildering allegory, "The Spiritual Form of Pitt Guiding Behemoth," the companion picture to "The Spiritual Form of Nelson Guiding Leviathan." Blake's idea was to figure the famous minister as an angel, who, "pleased to perform the Almighty's order, rides on the Whirlwind, directing the Storms of War." Behemoth's jaws, gaped to their full stretch, are seen to be crowded with symbolical figures; while the Angel-Premier—who, of course, has nothing in common with the Pitt of Gillray's savage etchings—is shown in the act of "ordering the Reaper to reap the Vine of the Earth, and the Ploughman to plough up the Cities and Towers." The daily average of visitors to the Gallery is stated at 4,600, so that its importance as an educational influence is not easily over-estimated. This being the case, it might with advantage so far enlarge its scheme as to include a little modern art, and take cognisance of one or two of the great landscapes that have been painted since Constable and Crome, and some of the figure-work produced since Gainsborough and Haydon.

MUNKACSY'S "Christ Before Pilate," exhibited at the Conduit Street Galleries, is—after a fashion—one of the most remarkable of modern pictures. Its method is so powerful and complete as to make it, in respect of mere technical quality, almost a work of genius. It is over thirty feet long and lofty in proportion; it is crowded with life-size figures; it is full of notable effects of light and shade, and mass and line; and the artist seems to have got over the enormous difficulties of his work almost without an effort. As a composition, for instance, it is a kind of masterpiece; there is not a detail but is necessary to the general effect, not a part but is of vital importance to the rest; the thing has been conceived as a whole, and as produced, is organic throughout. Again, it is painted with the breadth and freedom and assurance of a great *pochade;* and it is finished, after the author's own manner and to the point at which he thought fit to stop, to absolute perfection. The colouring is strong, daring, and true; the draperies are largely handled and finely realised, in texture and in mass; it is the same with the marble of Pilate's chair, the steel of the soldier's helmet, the stone of the walls behind; the effect of the whole is singularly vigorous and just. Nor is the picture less remarkable in respect of character and type, and of action and gesture. Every figure is, in some sort, human and personal—is representative of one or other element in the scene, of one or other of the many passions proper to the drama that is taking place; each is strikingly invented and not less strikingly produced; the Christ and His fierce accuser, the shouting ruffian, the stolid and indifferent governor, the massive and stately soldier, the testifying Rabbis—all are individual and appropriate. And withal there is something wanting. It is needless to quarrel with the picture as archæology or as history; as needless is it to debate the typical fitness and beauty of its central figure. Apart from its method—which is almost one of genius—the "Christ Before Pilate," in spite of its abounding qualities of intelligence and invention and

cleverness, is at best but second-rate art. It is wholly lacking in the highest and noblest attributes: in dignity, in imagination, in distinction, in mystery, in the power of awakening any sort of emotion. It sets forth an event that was a turning-point in human destiny, and about which there has been for twenty centuries an accumulation of all human passion; and, save as workmanship, it leaves its students as it found them. It is a scene from the Divine Tragedy arranged for the modern stage: the divinity has gone out of it, and the tragedy; and it has become mere melodrama, and costume, and consummate *mise-en-scène*. It is a pure expression of the modern mind and the modern spirit. It is extraordinarily able and—its technical interest exhausted—it is uninteresting to a degree. It is worthy of a great deal of praise and admiration and respect; and when all is said, it remains, not only unheroic, but positively common.

At the United Arts Gallery, with a great deal that is merely skilful and vendible, there is not a little good and striking work. The best pictures in the exhibition are probably the ten or a dozen studies of coast and sea, contributed by M. Emile Vernier. This artist is a pupil of the great French *paysagistes*. His work is highly accomplished, excellent for its artistic truth, and charming in its sentiment. His impressions are brilliantly realised and are wonderfully natural and faithful in themselves; in his colour there is something of the elegance and distinction of Corot's; grey skies, and quiet seas, and wet sand, and the aspect of fisher-folk and fishing-boats in their relation to these, have never been more charmingly pictured. In striking contrast with M. Vernier's work are two pictures by M. Bastien Lepage. The more pleasing, which is also the feebler, is "La Petite Coquette;" the stronger and uglier (it is *very* ugly) is called "Pauvre Fauvette." It shows a landscape, and a cow all bemired and real, and a plain little girl, and an unattractive kind of tree; it is painted with surprising intelligence and dexterity; its values are simply transcriptions of nature's own; and in its contempt for the convention of art, its aggressive indifference to everything but fact, it reminds one not a little of a resolute and vigorous attempt to beat photography on its own ground. A very able and determined pupil of M. Lepage—who, by the way, is likened in the catalogue to J.-F. Millet—is Mr. Welden Hawkins, several of whose pictures are here exhibited; they are very clever, very modern, and very prosaic. There are some taking sketches by M. Lobrichon: together with a very pleasant picture—"Le Passage Palpitant," as it is called—which shows a group of urchins of both sexes listening to the story of Bluebeard, and deeply affected, each after his or her fashion, by the heroine's tremendous appeal to Sister Anne. Immediately above this is a pleasant landscape, "The Close of a Warm Summer's Day," by Mr. Charles Estall; and hard by is M. Gabriel's "Stormy Afternoon," an excellent landscape. The "Card Players," by Señor Ramon Ribera, is a good little picture of its kind; so is Mr. Yeend King's "A Question of Rent." The "Normandy Fisherwomen" and the "Arrival of the Fishing-Boats" of M. Victor Gilbert are both admirable—for colour, painting, and sentiment alike. The "Nightfall on a Norwegian Fiord" of A. Normann is very powerfully realised, but awkwardly composed, being too full of parallel lines; there are several other pictures by this artist, all of which will repay examination. Gogarten's "Sunset," the "Under the Willows" of Mdlle. Jeanne Bauch, the "Peasant Life" of Kosakiewicz, Jacobsen's "Night Coming on in the Forest," Liebermann's "Preparations for Dinner," are all remarkable in their several ways and degrees. So, too, are the "Arabs on the Watch" of Villegas, the vivacious and picturesque "Sermon" of Señor Jimenez-Aranda, Cederström's richly and soundly painted "Challenge," and Eugène Jettel's pleasant "Landscape in Brittany." M. Anker's "Lobster Salad" is as fresh and strong a piece of still life as need be. Of the scores and scores of clever pictures on view—lively in colour, obvious in sentiment, and brisk in execution—by Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, Danes, Russians, Poles, and Norwegians—we have no space to speak.

The Exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours is hardly satisfactory. Command of means and technical ability there is in plenty; but of art of the higher sort, the strong expression of noble thought and noble feeling, there is none. Mr. E. H. Corbould's "Mazeppa" is a remarkable combination of gloom and feebleness. An attempt to render the poetry of moonlight and the mystery that dwells in the human records of a bygone age ends in such stippled futility as Mr. Harry Johnson's "Pre-historic Stones," an elaborate study of Stonehenge. Even such an able painter as is Mr. Keeley Halswelle scarcely shows to advantage. His view "On the River Below Sonning" (75) is undoubtedly a subject that in ordinary hands would certainly become commonplace, even dismal; but Mr. Halswelle might have made much more of it. The foreground, of sleepy lilies and reeds and still water, is admirable; but as the eye travels across the stream to the meadows, and then to the hill beyond, one has doubts about the colour and the boldly conceived but very badly executed swirl of stormy clouds. Mr. T. Walter Wilson's "Good-bye" (34) is an instance of a fine conception spoilt by infelicitous attention to detail. The work is an illustration of an incident in "David Copperfield." The drawing is vigorous, the design imaginative and touching, the figures are worthy of the theme; but the solemnity of the scene, and its mystery and pathos, are incompletely expressed; and force and feeling are both sacrificed in an inartistic insistence upon the cold blue reflected lights and shadows of the ship and the water. The most artistic work on the walls is Mr. G. Clausen's "Boy and Man" (138). It is a small drawing; but it is so strong, and at the same time so tender and full of feeling, that it arrests attention more powerfully than all the other pictures together. It is evidently inspired by Millet. Indeed, somebody has objected that it is "clever, but too much like Millet." One might just as well say a poem is clever, but too much like Shakespeare; or that an etching is clever, but too much like Rembrandt or Piranesi. The fact is, Mr. Clausen has imported some of Millet's sentiment into a delightful sketch of English rural life and character, and in doing so he has struck the right road. Other works worth notice are some characteristic drawings by Mr. Orrock, a few charming sketches by Mr. Joseph Knight, a "Boy's School in Algeria" (78), by Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, and some able drawings by Messrs. Charles Green, W. Small, G. S. Elgood, R. Caldecott, W. L. Thomas, and Lionel P. Smythe.

Rosa Bonheur's "Lion at Home," exhibited at Mr. Lefèvre's Gallery, King Street, St. James's, is advertised as a *chef-d'œuvre*, but is really a large and skilful pot-boiler. Strong in draughtsmanship, and dexterous and solid in manipulation, the picture is conventional, and a little false; it savours more of paint than of nature or of art.

The grouping, meant to indicate repose, is lifeless; the composition is feeble and obvious; the colour is harsh and inharmonious. Dignity and grandeur, such as we naturally look for in the king of beasts, are absent. The picture is worth seeing, but is a disappointment.

Miss Isabella Jay's copies of Turner's pictures form an interesting section of the exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery in Bond Street. Miss Jay is championed by no less a personage than Mr. Ruskin, who says, with some truth, that such copies as hers are much more valuable and instructive possessions than the original drawings of second-rate artists. They certainly render the originals with remarkable fidelity, and display more sympathy with the master's intention, and a greater command of means, than such works usually do. Nevertheless we are not inclined to encourage the copying of Turner, particularly when, as in some cases in the collection under notice, it means merely the elaborate reproduction of the effects of time and imperfections of material. It is undoubtedly true that, as Mr. Ruskin says, "many women are now supporting themselves by frivolous and useless art;" but what a fate will be the world's if, taking a hint from Mr. Ruskin's letter to Miss Jay, they make a dead set on Turner, and flood the market with desperate "reproductions"!

After some preliminary difficulties, the Royal Tapestry works at Old Windsor, which owe their origin to the energetic initiative of H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, have got fairly to work, and have lately produced some panels which deserve more than passing attention. They illustrate the "Idylls of the King," and that with feeling, vigour of design, and beauty of colour. Some three thousand shades of wool have been employed; and it would be difficult to excel the blending and gradation of delicate and harmonious tones, while the manner in which intricate problems of light and shade and reflected lights are rendered is surprising. A chief interest of the royal works lies in the fact that English lads are there being trained to the mysteries of tapestry weaving by the original French *employés*, who, headed by M. Brignolas, their chief, took refuge in England during the wild time that succeeded the war of 1870. An English School of Tapestry will thus grow out of the misfortunes of the band of French weavers. The floral borders of the panels under notice have been executed by these English boys; they seem likely to turn out very honourable work.

If anybody wishes to make himself acquainted with the dexterity, the thoroughness, the humour, the originality and the curious variety of Japanese art, he cannot do better than pay a visit to an exhibition at 14, Grafton Street, Bond Street. Porcelain and ivory, cabinet and metal work, embroideries and paintings, are displayed in really choice variety. There are some particularly fine cabinets; some old, some quite modern. The porcelain is very good, much of it being of rare beauty. But the chief glory of the exhibition is the metal-work, which, for beauty of colour, and the artistic combination and manipulation of various metals, far exceeds anything we have seen.

In Dante Gabriel Rossetti artistic England has lost one of its most notable figures. He was in some sort a pupil of Dr. Gordon Hake; but his genius was individual and peculiar, and the path he took was of his own discovery and his own clearing. The influence he exercised over his contemporaries was deep and potent. He wrote little, but he was the teacher of Mr. Morris and Mr. Swinburne; he hardly ever exhibited, but he was the master of no less a man than Mr. Burne-Jones. He was, in fact, a *personnalité marquante*, and English art and letters must show signs of his passage for many years.

Our obituary also includes the names of Ludwig Knaus, the painter of comic and satirical *genre;* of Alexis Perignon, a pupil of Gros, thrice medalled at the Salon, author of a famous portrait of Schneider, as Offenbach's Grande Duchesse; of William Barker, the painter of battles; of E. C. Barnes; of Friedrich Drake, the sculptor, a pupil of Rauch, and author of many public statues and memorial groups; of Hayez, the Italian historical painter; of Henri Lehmann, a pupil of Ingres, a professor in the École des Beaux-Arts, twice medalled at the Salon, and author of many portraits and a great deal of mural painting; of Edouard de Biefve, the painter of "Ugolino," the "Compromis des Nobles," and many other famous Belgian pictures; of Giuseppe Bellucci, author of the "Recognition of the Body of Manfred," one of the best successors of Sabbatelli and Benvenuti; of Bertall, the caricaturist and illustrator of Balzac; of Verhoeven-Ball, an Antwerp painter twice medalled (1873 and 1874) in London; of Harry Hall, the painter of racehorses; and of Sir Henry Cole, C.B., whose share in the establishment of the South Kensington Museum, and whose efforts in the cause of English industrial art, will not soon be forgotten.

The First Autumn Exhibition of modern pictures held last year in the Midland Counties Art Museum, Nottingham Castle, was so thoroughly successful that the committee of the Corporation have decided to make it annual. Nearly 1,000 pictures were exhibited, and the sales were eminently satisfactory. The Second Autumn Exhibition will be contemporaneous with the meeting of the Social Science Congress.

It is stated that upwards of 7,000 pictures and drawings were sent to the Palais de l'Industrie for exhibition at this year's Salon. As only 2,500 or so could possibly be accepted, there must necessarily have been some 4,500 disappointments. At Burlington House the works submitted to the jury are reported to have numbered upwards of 9,000, of which over 7,000 were unfortunate.

The Lemmi Botticellis, now in the Louvre, are understood to be dreadfully the worse for time and wear. It is not doubtful that Mr. Burton did well to decline to compete for them, and allowed them to go to France.

A permanent "Fine Art Committee" has been lately instituted in Italy under the presidency of the Minister of Public Instruction. It is composed of twelve members—four sculptors, four painters, and four architects. The sale and purchase of objects of art and the restoration of public monuments will thus be regulated by a competent council. The committee has recently purchased two very interesting pictures for the Academy at Venice. One is a "Coronation of the Virgin," painted by Jacobello dal Fiore in 1438. It is a noble specimen of the work of Jacobello, who has been called the Venetian Fra Angelico. The composition

contains some two hundred figures, but is eminently harmonious. The other is a "Pax," containing a beautiful "Nativity" on rock crystal, ascribed to Pinturicchio. Prince Giovanelli, President of the Venetian Academy, accompanied by his secretary, went to Vittorio to receive the precious acquisitions and bring them safely to Venice.

Sculptors in Florence are rather morbid in their choice of subjects. Thus, Signor Fortunato Galli lately exhibited a "Satan." Again, a young American named Connell has produced an "Assassin." It is a half-length and in clay; and a very melodramatic half-length in clay it is. A little group called "Morning Glory"—a smiling child peeping out of a convolvulus blossom—shows that Mr. Connell can do better things.

In Florence, Mrs. E. J. Lakey, an American artist, has exhibited three remarkable cattle pieces. They are full of power and freedom, and are impressive, not only as portraitures of animal life, but also as landscapes.

Chiswick Church—Hogarth's parish church—is to be restored; Hammersmith Church is to be abolished altogether. In Italy the "restoration" epidemic is spreading day by day. It is said that a committee will be appointed by King Humbert's Government to see that the destroyers charged with the task of repairing the Basilica of St. Mark at Venice do not presume to alter or improve upon the old work; but the report, so far, wants confirmation. Meanwhile the work goes bravely on elsewhere. In Milan, for instance, the altar and the baldacchino of the church of San Ambrogio—which dates from the ninth century—have been pulled down and corrected; the church of Santa Babila has been completely rebuilt; and the mediæval towers that flanked the Porta Ticinese have been pulled down and set up again in new positions. In addition to this it is proposed to face with new stone the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, which is of brick with ornamentation in terra-cotta; to pull down the portico added by Bramante to the church of San Ambrogio, because it is later in style than the rest of the building; and to reconstruct the churches of Santa Maria Incoronata, San Maurizio—which contains some of Luini's best work—and San Calimero. As for the Certosa at Pavia, it appears to have been restored beyond redemption. The walls, in cloisters and cells alike, have been neatly whitewashed throughout; the pavement in the transepts, which was of terra-cotta mosaic, has been replaced by a brand new flooring of clean and shiny marble; while the exquisite ornamentation without has been carefully and thoroughly bedaubed with red paint. Where and when and at what the craze will stop it is impossible to say. For the moment it seems universal. Mediæval Italy had her Flagellants; modern Italy has her Restorers. Under their action she will soon look as new and uninteresting as Chicago itself.

Those who know the Certosa will be angry enough. Those who do not have only to get the excellent sets of photographs published by Theodore Schuller (Leipzig) to be as angry as those who do. The Schuller photographs, which have been given as prizes at South Kensington, are over fifty in number, and are divided into three series. The first, which deals with the building as a whole, comprizes twenty several views—of the Façade, the Great Door, the Cloisters, the Windows, the Luini Madonna, and so forth; it shows the great church for a marvel of architecture, for one of the most precious legacies of the mediæval to the modern world. The second, of twelve photographs, gives us the wonderful statues, of prophets and Biblical heroes, that ennoble the place, and make it notable even for Italy; they are in some sort anticipations of Michelangelo. The third, of details of ornamentation and subjects in bas-relief, comprises eleven photographs, and conveys perhaps a more striking impression of the beauty and interest of the work that modern Italy has elected to degrade and deform than either of the others. As all three series were taken before the restorer had laid his hand upon the place, they have the worth and importance of historical documents.

Mr. Murray has issued a second edition, in two volumes, of the "Life and Times of Titian," by Messrs. J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. The diction and style are old-fashioned; the authors' touch, whether as biographers or as critics, is a thought heavy and awkward; they lack imagination, and the power of painting a character, or a group, or an age, is not theirs. Still, their work, with all its faults, is an invaluable book. They entered upon their task in the true spirit of critical biography; to their diligence and enthusiasm we owe the discovery of a multitude of interesting facts, the settlement of many vexed and doubtful questions, and the explosion of many fallacies; they brought to light and published numbers of original documents; they set forth the circumstances of Titian's life and time with fulness and comprehensiveness; they did their best to determine the nature and quality of his relations to his epoch and his art. It is hardly likely that their work will be accepted as final; but it is certain that, for the time being, it is the best book about Titian in existence, and that whoso writes of Titian in the future can neither ignore their labours nor do much more than shape and quicken their material. It is interesting, authoritative, full of useful facts and sound deductions. Read in connection with such books as, say, Mr. Symonds' admirable "Renaissance in Italy," it will be found useful and suggestive in no mean degree.

Under the pleasant title of "Round the Yule Log" (Sampson Low and Co.), Mr. H. L. Brækstad has issued a careful and charming translation of a selection from the Norse folk and fairy stories collected and told by Asbjörnsen and Jörgen Moe. The book is excellent reading, and will be a delight to children of all ages, wherever it goes and whenever it is read. It is full of pictures, all of which are the work of Norwegian artists, so that it may be held a fairly representative publication. Among those on whom Mr. Brækstad has drawn for his illustrations are Tidemand, Gude, Vinct St. Lerche, Wergeland, and Sinding. Their work forms as good a running commentary on the text as can be desired. The volume, moreover, is enriched with a preface by Mr. E. W. Gosse, who is an authority on Norse literature, and who writes, in excellent English, with a mixture of point and amiability of which he has the secret.

An exhibition of the collection of pictures formed by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. in the illustration of their fine-art publications will be thrown open to the public at La Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, during the month of June.

ART NOTES.

THERE are some unusually good pictures at the King Street Galleries, St. James's. There are some fine Linnells, for instance—hot in colour, imperfect as to value and tone, full of sentiment and individuality, curiously deficient in certain elementary artistic qualities; in a word, representative English pictures, and types of English art. Then there are some good and interesting examples of David Cox; an admirable Danby—a master not nearly so well known nor so highly appreciated as he deserves; one of the best specimens of the late Sam Bough ever seen this side the Tweed—solid, masterly, and charming; and a "Cow and Sheep in a Stable," which is one of Sidney Cooper's best works. There are likewise some very able canvases of later dates, such as Mr. Oakes' "Fallow Field" and Mr. F. Morgan's "Gleaners," to say nothing of some pleasant work by Mr. Mark Fisher. The picture of the exhibition, however, is John Constable's "White Horse"—the great landscape that, exhibited at Lille some sixty years or so ago, helped to revolutionise French art, and to produce such masters as Rousseau, Millet, and Eugène Delacroix. It is certainly the most remarkable work at present on view in London, and one of the most remarkable exhibited for some time. Singularly large and vigorous in method; composed with a lofty indifference to accident and detail, and with an admirable sense of the use and function of masses; rich, deep, and harmonious in colour; a masterpiece in respect of value and tone; conceived and executed with immense breadth and assurance and with a certain noble simplicity, it is probably as complete an expression of one side of Constable's genius as exists. To study it is to understand how it is that Constable — the manners and modes of Ruskinism notwithstanding—has become the most fruitful and the soundest artistic influence of his time. Why it has not been bought for the Louvre is not readily apprehended, nor is it easy to divine why Mr. Burton has not secured it for the National Gallery. That that is its proper place is unquestionable. It is not only great art, it is a most important document in æsthetic history; and in no great while from now its importance will have increased tenfold. In examples of modern art at its worthiest and best the national collection is very poor; that it should be so is in some sort a national misfortune. The purchase for the nation of the "White Horse," experiment as it is, would be, in its way and degree, a national benefit.

MR. MILLAIS' "Caller Herrin'," at the Fine Art Society's rooms, is rather a disappointment. The pose is graceful; the expression on the little fish-wife's face is fine; the tearful, far-off gaze and quivering, sensitive lips are rendered as only Mr. Millais can render such things. But the execution is in the artist's slightest, cleverest, trickiest manner, and the picture might and ought to have been fifty times better and lovelier than it is. Mr. Herkomer's reproduction of the picture is rather promising.

THE Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours show some very able and attractive work this season. Mr. Wilmot Pilsbury more than justifies his recent election in some singularly delicate and harmonious transcripts of rural scenery of a kind he has distinctly made his own. Mr. Oswald Brierly's illustration of an Armada scene is a really masterly work—elaborate, but not laboured in detail, and conscientiously true and beautiful in gliding lights and shadows on the sea, and in mystery of rain-charged clouds. The mastery and knowledge displayed in the treatment of the ships is remarkable, and throughout the picture is fine alike in atmosphere and feeling. Mr. Gregory does not show to complete advantage; his very good landscapes are, as a rule, completely spoiled by very bad though very popular—very "base, common, and popular"—figures. Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Potato Gatherers" is strong and realistic without being exaggerated. Mr. Parker's "Dame Durden" is a delicate, broadly painted landscape, disfigured by the presence of some affected-looking girls and a grotesque dog. Mr. H. M. Marshall sends in "Westminster," a wet and ruddy sketch of a particularly picturesque and stately scene; it is but fairly good, however, and, like so many similar works, only serves to show that London has yet to be properly interpreted. Adolphe Menzel's "Head of a Knight" proves conclusively the resources and impressive power of body-colour when manipulated by a strong and cunning hand. Mr. Birket Foster is exceptionally well represented. Among other able and attractive works, mention may be made of Miss C. Phillott's "Electra"—delicate in finish and tender in feeling; Mr. E. Buckman's highly realistic "Toast of the Army and Navy;" Mr. A. Goodwin's vigorous and suggestive sketch, "The Invading Army," and his "Nightfall;" and Mr. H. Moore's rough, wet, windy, tumbling "Break in the Storm"—true in sentiment and very true in effect. There are besides some more or less successful drawings by Miss Clara Montalba, Sir John Gilbert, and Messrs. Danby, Fripp, Du Maurier, Hopkins, and Thorne Waite; with a curious and striking example of the late Samuel Palmer. Altogether the exhibition is one of the best of recent years.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club have exhibited in their gallery in Savile Row a series of some hundred and sixty frames, containing examples of all the chief artists in wood-cutting from the middle of the fifteenth to the end of the sixteenth centuries. Cranach, Dürer, the Holbeins, Burgkmair, Hans Baldung, and Erasmus Loy—probably the inventor of the printed wall-paper—are profusely represented, and the birth and development of their styles can be readily traced. It is interesting to note Burgkmair's use of solid blacks, whereby he obtained a richness of effect never equalled by the others. Again, there is one very curious impression of a block by Urse Graf, of Basle, representing a figure symbolical of the Canton of St. Gall.

It is one of a complete set in the Basle Museum; and is remarkable as being probably the earliest existing instance of a design in pure white lines on a black ground. It is impossible to treat of the exhibition as it deserves within the limits of a paragraph. Its interest, to a student of the art, is inexhaustible; its timeliness and importance are great indeed.

THE few remaining works of the late Henry Dawson, exhibited at the Burlington Galleries in Bond Street, are not first rate. The "Durham Cathedral" is faulty in colour, and very unsatisfactory in line; but the light in the sky is successful. "Windsor Forest" is a capital study of a single tree, with the Castle in the distance. There are some thirty odd water-colours, notes and sketches chiefly—slight, and not attractive. Doubtless they were useful to the artist; they are uninteresting to the public.

THE defeat of the Armada was a splendid achievement in an age of great achievements; and Sir Francis Drake was a commanding figure in a period rich in heroes. Neither the deed nor the man, however, has been honoured with due remembrance. This is the tercentenary, not so much of the birth or death of the heroic pirate as of his epoch; and Messrs. Graves, of Pall Mall, have celebrated the event by gathering together a very interesting and curious collection of pictures, prints, arms, armour, banners, and what-not illustrating Armada times. There are three modern pictures: Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Armada in Sight"—a little thin, a little stagey, a little inexpressive; and two large water-colours by Mr. Oswald Brierly, representing, one the departure of the Armada, and the other the decisive battle off Gravelines. Both are learned without being dry, and both are full of good natural effects; but the second is a very powerful picture, quick with the surge and blaze and circumstance, the reel and wreck of a great fight at sea, and yet devoid of all exaggeration.

THE Albert Hall scheme has proved a melancholy failure. Of the seven thousand works which were rejected by the Academy, very few indeed are to be found on the walls of the hall, the bulk of the 662 consisting of stuff the most of which, probably, never entered the doors of Burlington House, though some of it has been on view at various exhibitions during the last two or three years. There is every reason to believe that somewhere there has been gross mismanagement. There is scarcely a picture worthy of serious consideration, while the bulk of the collection is mere twaddle in paint. The chief point, however, is:—that artists who were invited by the council to contribute have had their pictures returned to them, so that whatever *raison d'être* the exhibition had exists no longer.

THE head-quarters of individuality are permanently settled at the Egyptian Hall. There the Dudley Gallery is occupied by M. Tissot, while a section of the hall has been given up to Mr. Andrew MacCallum, and christened "The MacCallum Gallery." M. Tissot's productions are far and away the more worthy of examination. It is something in these days to have re-invented such a process as that of Cloisonné enamel; and though most of M. Tissot's work in this medium can scarcely be described as beautiful, it is undoubtedly interesting and noteworthy. The symbolical "Fortune"—executed partly in bronze—is elaborate, but far from impressive. Some enamelled teapots, however, are pretty enough. As a painter in oil, and as an etcher, M. Tissot is ingenious in a neat, fashionable, realistic, and eminently conscientious manner. His art, like the people he is fond of depicting, is extravagantly respectable; and—perhaps because it is respectable—it has a tendency to be prosaic and monotonous. For all this, however, it is the sort of art which pleases a great many people, and in so far finds ample justification.

MR. ANDREW MACCALLUM, in the preface to his catalogue, claims to achieve "the union of the realistic with the idealistic." As a matter of fact, he is fond of flaming sunsets, and has discovered that in order to get light into his reds and crimsons, it is necessary to put complementary greens in juxtaposition. This, of course, is founded on a natural law; but such greens in nature are always infinitely tender and delicate. The *bonne bouche* of the collection is the "Monarch of the Forests"—a study of one of the great oaks of Sherwood. Here, as everywhere else, the proportion of the subject to its surroundings is increased to the point of caricature. The exhibition gives evidence of great industry and carefulness. But these qualities are not necessarily art.

THE most striking features of the annual exhibition of China paintings by lady amateurs and professionals, at Messrs. Howell and James's Galleries in Regent Street, are the tact and discretion of the judge's awards, the manifest improvement on previous shows, and the artistic superiority of the amateur productions. In this last respect, indeed, the collection is a striking answer to Mr. Ruskin's recent strictures on the "frivolous and useless art" with which so many women are busied. The exhibits are nearly two thousand in number; individual criticism, therefore, is obviously impossible. It must suffice to say that not only have the prize-winners more than merited their rewards, but throughout the show there is noticeable a faculty of linear design, a feeling for colour and harmony of tone, and a very pleasant sense of the proper necessities of decoration.

A GOOD deal has been heard of late about the new French painted tapestries. M. Barthelemy Grénié, who claims, by certain discoveries, to have rendered further experiments in this direction unnecessary, has opened an exhibition at 168, New Bond Street, where his results can be seen and judged for themselves. There is no doubt that the process is of the highest interest, and that in competent hands it might be turned to good artistic account. Unfortunately, however, the specimens on view bear too great a resemblance to very cheap and new lithographs. Thus, to suggest, as M. Grénié does in his rather high-flown prospectus, that his productions will ultimately crush Gobelin tapestries into insignificance, seems a little absurd; but with draughtsmanship, a sense of colour, and right feeling, the process is evidently capable of interesting effects.

AT Messrs. Goupil's Gallery, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, there is an interesting collection of water-colours by modern Dutch painters. They are chiefly sketches, and as such are eminently instructive. Stacquet's work, for instance, is simple, sensitive, and suggestive—in fact, precisely what sketch-work ought to be. Mesdag, too, is well

represented, one or two of his drawings—such as "The Return of the Fishing Boats," and "Evening on the Beach"—displaying a beautiful combination of natural truth and human sentiment. There is, however, a curious monotony in the exhibition—a monotony resulting from a narrow range of subjects, from an exaggeration to the point of gloom of the low tones characteristic of the school, and from an incomplete knowledge of *technique*. It must be added that throughout there is an evident sense of pictorial effect, with a mastery of the subject which should teach much to English artists generally, and to English water-colourists in particular.

THE exhibition of modern English pottery at the rooms of the Society of Arts is disappointing. It is difficult to understand upon what principle the selection of firms was made. If it is a commercial exhibition it should not have been so limited, if an artistic one half the "exhibits" should have been excluded, and the absence of such original art-work as is produced by Mr. de Morgan, Messrs. Martin, Mr. Elton of Clevedon, and Mr. Brannam of Barnstaple, is inexcusable. Although Mr. Doulton's show is, as a whole, a fine one, it is disfigured by some pieces in the newest and worst style of "Barbotine"—amorphous conglomerations of gaudy flowers and marine vegetation, sad instances of misdirected talent. The best "novelties" are some vases with a pale dead ground, and well modelled but not too realistic flowers and leaves in relief. Of Messrs. Wedgewood's products the best are imitations of their old Jaspar ware. Of Messrs. Minton's, with the exception of some of Mr. Solon's pretty work and the perfection of the manufacture, there is little to praise. Of Worcester and Linthorpe there is nothing which may not be seen in Bond Street. Of the rest of the "exhibits" the less said the better.

THE well-known Walker collection of fans, recently exhibited at the Fine Art Society's in New Bond Street, previous to its sale by auction, deserves a passing word, though much more than a word would be required to do justice to it. In addition to the painting of the mounts, the elaborate carvings and enrichments of the sticks and guards were in themselves a study, while the variety of the materials employed also deserved a separate treatment. Speaking generally, the eighteenth century fans were the most attractive, and of those the French specimens were certainly the prettiest. In number the English examples came next, and there was also a fair show of Italian and Chinese fans. Among others of historic interest were two splendid fans supposed to have been designed for La Vallière, on one of which the "Roi-Soleil" was represented as playing Endymion to the lady's Diana. A very beautiful fan painted with a "Happy Marriage," by Lancret, and another ornamented with the "Triumph of Alexander," apparently copied in pen-and-ink from Sebastien le Clerc, were also noticeable. Besides these there was a splendid bridal fan painted by Boucher, in 1725, for Maria Leczinska, Queen of Louis XV.; a second, attributed to Fragonard, which belonged to Marie-Antoinette; and a third representing Jupiter and Calisto, upon which both Greuze and Boucher were alleged to have laboured. We do not vouch for the truth of these statements; but of the beauty and grace of these charming toys there could be no doubt. Much of the openwork was of so fragile and delicate a nature that it became a wonder how it had ever survived the gentlest usage even of feminine fingers. One variety we did not observe in the gallery, and those were the fans which, in Hogarth's days, are said to have been engraved in red with the "Harlot's Progress." It would be interesting to know if there are any still in existence.

FASHION is not less powerful—and not less unreasonable—in art than in other things. The day book of the Hôtel Drouot, the price lists of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, are a proof of it. Thus, for instance, at the Piot sale—of medals—Pisano's magnificent "Alfonso of Aragon" was sold for £320; but the "Guido Pepoli" of Sperandio, a medallist who is to Pisano much as Delaroche is to Delacroix, or Sir George Beaumont to Richard Wilson, sold for precisely the same sum. Pisano's "Sigismund Malatesta" had sold a short time before for a little over £300. Again, at the Fêbvre sale, at the Hôtel Drouot, Lancret's "Ronde Champêtre" realised not less than 51,000 francs, while Boucher's "Toilette de Vénus" and Watteau's "Ile Enchantée" brought in but 21,500 francs and 20,000 francs respectively. On the same occasion one of Nattier's portraits sold for 14,000 francs; Pater's "Fête Galante" realised 21,000 francs; and two sketches by Diaz went for 16,000 francs. At the Arbuthnot sale the picture of pictures was a superb Van Dyck—of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria—which brought in £2,200. Next in order came a Hook, at £966; a Linnell at £798; an Israels at the same price; and a Meissonnier at £545. Mr. Millais' "Effie Deans" was bought in for £892. At the Hermon sale some of the prices obtained are really bewildering. Thus one picture by David Cox sold for £1,050, and another for £1,470; a Faed realised £745; and two pictures by Mr. Peter Graham went for £787 and £798 respectively. Mr. Frank Holl's "Committed for Trial" was priced at £808; Landseer's "Poachers Deer-stalking" at £840; two Millais at £850 and £945 each; and a Pettie, "The State Secret," at £1,050. Then Turner's "Cicero at his Villa at Tusculum" realised close on £1,900, and John Phillip's "Church Porch" within a few shillings of £4,000; while Mr. Edwin Long's "The Suppliants" and "The Babylonian Marriage Market" brought in from Mr. Holloway, the one £4,305, the other the astonishing sum of £6,615. Again, Meissonnier's "Napoleon"—a canvas only twelve inches by nine—brought in £6,880. It would be interesting to know, if to know were possible, what some of the costliest of these works would sell for thirty years hence. Fashion changes in art as in all things. In connection with the Piot sale, it is worthy of note that the British Museum applied for a special grant for the occasion, and was refused. At another sale, later on in the season, Gainsborough's "Miss Tyler" sold for £693, and his "Miss Cholmley" for upwards of £1,120; while a magnificent example of Lenain, one of the rarest of painters, only realised a little over £160. At the same sale, a reputed Bernini—a bust of Cromwell, in armour, and with the Dunbar medal—went for some £550.

THIS year the winner of the Salon medal of honour for painting is M. Puvis de Chavannes, for his "Pro Patriâ Ludus." M. Puvis de Chavannes is a highly respectable painter of highly respectable pictures. His success is paralleled by that of Mr. Marcus Stone, who is this year a hero of the Chantrey Bequest. M. Jules Breton was very poorly supported; and so was M. Bastien Lepage. The medal for engraving—which comprehends etching—fell to M. Waltner, whose pretentious and unveracious transcript from Millet's "Angelus" is better known than esteemed. In the sculpture section no medal was awarded. The votes

were so evenly distributed between MM. Mercié, Lanson, and Idrac, that nothing came of the ballot, no sculptor having votes enough to entitle him to the prize.

At the present Salon M. Van Beers, finding one of his pictures hung high above the line, covered its glass with black varnish, and so withdrew it from the public gaze. Another painter is reported to have been caught—on the top steps of a tall ladder—in the act of cutting out his canvas from its frame, with a view to removing it from the exhibition.

Visitors to Paris and the Salon should not fail to go and see the famous "Enterrement d'Ornans," now in the Louvre, nor to spend some time in the Courbet Exhibition in the École des Beaux-Arts. The exhibition, which is of uncommon interest and importance, comprehends upwards of a hundred and thirty pictures and drawings—portraits, landscape, animals, figures, and water—and may be accepted as absolutely representative of one of the strongest of modern painters. It includes the curious and eccentric "Atelier," the astonishing "Combat des Cerfs," the "Hallali du Cerf," the famous "Femme au Perroquet," the "Baigneuses" (about which the late Proudhon wrote such abominable nonsense), the "Vague," the "Remise des Chevreuils," and many another masterpiece of *technique* and observation besides; and there can be no doubt that it proves Courbet at his best to have been not less masterly as a painter than he was feeble and futile as a politician.

In Florence the American sculptor Mr. R. H. Park has just completed a "Hope" and a "Religion" in marble. The former has both life and expression, together with a pleasing grace of attitude and drapery. The "Religion"—a more abstract idea—is less expressively treated, being somewhat rigid both in position and feature. This fault is intensified by the hard outline of her attributes—a church spire and a Bible. We do not know whether Mr. Park intended to represent the two as twin sisters; if not, their extremely close resemblance and their dress of an almost identical design suggest a want of imagination. Besides these the sculptor has a large "Christ and Mary," in plaster, which is very expressive.

The sculptors who will decorate the new façade of the Duomo of Florence are progressing with their work. Prof. Pietro Costa has recently exhibited his statue of S. Giacomo de Compostela. The composition is bold, the expression rugged and vivid, the drapery in its simple majesty recalls the work of the *quattrocentisti*. The Siennese sculptor Sarrocchi is executing the statue of "S. Antonino," which is to occupy the opposite niche, as well as the tabernacle over the central door which was to have been done by the late Giovanni Duprè.

"L'Art au Dix-Huitième Siècle" (Paris: Quantin), by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, is one of the most famous pieces of criticism of modern times. At the date of its first appearance, eighteenth century art was in the poorest repute. It was not so long since David's pupils had been wont to paint studies on the exquisite canvases of Watteau; since the masterpieces of Chardin and La Tour—both of them great artists in the best sense of the term—were selling at a few francs each. The brothers Goncourt were among the first to see the folly and the flagrant injustice of this; and the series of studies in which they protested against the neglect into which their heroes had fallen were the means of producing a change in public opinion, and restoring them to their true rank in the hierarchy of art. As writers they are types of "preciosity" and literary ingenuity; their style is like a liqueur, it is so heady and subtle and strong; they put a page into a phrase, and compress a lifetime into an allusion; they chase a sentence like a cup, and set their adjectives like jewels. As art-critics they are men of letters first of all, and their judgments are coloured with an enthusiasm that is nothing if not imaginative and romantic. But they are honest and sincere, and they are seldom far astray or very badly at fault; and their work is skilful and exact as well as suggestive and amusing. The present edition of "L'Art au Dix-Huitième Siècle" is the third. It will be completed in fourteen numbers, each one illustrated with five elaborate and careful heliotyped reproductions. Five numbers have already appeared. They deal with Watteau, Chardin, Boucher, La Tour, and Greuze. They are as comely and attractive as their publisher—who is unrivalled in these matters—can make them. And without them no art-library can be considered complete.

A second and cheaper edition of Mr. William Blades' excellent little monograph, "William Caxton" (Trübner and Co.), is now before the public. Mr. Blades is a master of his subject, and writes with all the authority of complete knowledge, both literary and technical. He is deficient in those qualities—of imagination, and the power of revivifying dead years—that make the perfect biographer, it is true; but he has brought to light numbers of curious documents and much valuable information. And his book is hardly less indispensable to the bibliophilist than the student: to those who are interested in the history of printing than to those who practise the book-hunter's art and mystery, as described by Mr. Andrew Lang in his pleasant rondeau (in "The Library;" "Art at Home" series), and that even pleasanter ballade of his in the "Thirty-Five Ballades in Blue China."

Messrs. Mansell and Co. have published a set of reproductions in permanent photography of the fifty-one drawings comprised in Turner's famous "Liber Studiorum." They are excellently produced, and very worthy of popularity. Their size is that of the originals; they give the values and tones which count for so much in Turner's work with admirable fidelity and justness; and to students of Turner they should be helpful and useful in the highest degree.

The Belle Sauvage exhibition of drawings, executed for Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. for their publications, was of great interest. The best of the pictures shown was "The Symbol," exhibited by Mr. Frank Dicksee at the Royal Academy last year. The same artist's "Elijah and Ahab" is a work of great merit. Side by side with these were the photogravures of Mr. Dicksee's charming and expressive designs for "Evangeline"—one of the good things of modern illustration. The bulk of the exhibition consisted of drawings in black and white. Many of them were excellent. The list of artists' names bears ample testimony to the varied interest of the collection in subject, treatment, sentiment, and style.

ART NOTES.

MR. BOEHM'S statue of Lord Lawrence, now on view at the Academy, will add but little to the beauty and interest of Waterloo Place. It has some good qualities, but it is too unconventional to be impressive, or even agreeable. The artist has made so much of his hero's sword and his hero's waistcoat, that the attention is divided between these two tremendous attributes to the exclusion of everything besides.

MR. F. J. WILLIAMSON'S bust of the Duchess of Albany, commissioned by the inhabitants of Esher as a wedding present, is a clever little work. It is a good portrait; but artists will be pleased with the skilful subjection of the details of modern state costume, the dignity of treatment in the face, and the liveliness of the general effect.

THE little collection exhibited at 13, King Street, St. James's, by M. Durand-Ruel, one of the most eminent of French picture-dealers, contained some very striking work. To begin with, there were several examples of the art of Georges Michel—the "Ruysdael of Montmartre," as he is called—one of the *patres conscripti* of modern landscape. Michel's story has been well and pleasantly told by Alfred Sensier, the biographer of Millet; the book, which is published by Lemerre, is a good one, and should be read by everybody interested in modern art and modern artists. So much for the man. His work, which is absolutely unknown in England, is full of honest and attractive sentiment, and its technical qualities are sound and good. Side by side with the Michels was a notable Delacroix, the famous "Convulsionnaires de Tanger:" quite admirably composed, superbly painted, instinct with movement, character, and gesture, and of rare and peculiar merit considered as an achievement in colour. In happy contrast with this representative example of Romantism was Millet's delightful "Mare Aux Oies:" brilliantly soft in colour, cheerful in sentiment, full of animation and the sense of nature—a picture of singular gaiety and charm. Compared with these, the dozen or so of canvases exhibited by M. Durand-Ruel as specimens of what is called "Impressionism" were mere cleverness and novelty. It must be added that among them were one or two exquisite bits of colour from the easel of M. Pissarro, and examples of the vigorous and expressive draughtsmanship and the wonderful sense of values and tones peculiar to M. Degas. Of the others—the work of Mdlle. Cassette and of MM. Brown and Monet and Renoir—we have no space to speak.

A SMALL but extremely interesting exhibition has been on view in one of the rooms of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street. Mr. John A. Lowell has brought from the United States a representative collection of the celebrated Low Tiles; of his own popular black and white Christmas cards, chiefly from the fanciful designs of Mr. G. W. Edwards; and of some monochromatic oil-paintings, produced by a new process invented by Mr. A. H. Bicknell. The Low Tiles are of great decorative beauty and value. They are skilfully modelled in high and low relief; and they are glazed with unusual brilliancy and richness of tone, varying from pale yellow, through several shades of deep brown, red, and olive, to a delicate blue grey. The subjects include medallions, rustic scenes, animals and foliage, and figure-groups; they are designed—chiefly by Mr. A. Osborne—with considerable vigour. The Low Tiles are to some extent a new departure in pottery, as the Lowell cards are a new thing in steel engraving. Mr. Lowell's effort has been to reproduce the freedom and freshness of a sketch in the somewhat cramping medium of a steel plate. In this he has succeeded by a dexterous and ingenious combination of the ruling machine and the acid, his results being delicate and attractive. That they are fine art we cannot admit; but they have their uses as reproductions at once cheap and good.

MR. BICKNELL'S invention is very novel and effective. Erroneously described as an imitation of etching, it is quite distinct from any art-process we know. The design is produced with brushes and prepared oil-colour on a zinc plate. The picture complete, the plate is put in a press, and an impression is taken on India paper. Only one impression can be obtained from a plate, but it possesses qualities that cannot be obtained by any other method. Etching, water-colour, mezzo-tint, and lithography, in certain phases and degrees, approach the new effects; but they do no more. Mr. Bicknell's method, therefore, may be considered as involving a new departure, and one with considerable possibilities. Of course it includes new subtleties of handling and innovations in *technique;* but these once mastered, effects of atmosphere, light and shade, and mystery, can be produced in a manner entirely peculiar. The discovery embodies a selection of qualities peculiar to many processes: the force of oils, the delicacy of water-colours, the suggestiveness of etching, the softness of mezzo-tint, and so forth. Again, it seems in certain ways especially valuable as a medium of design for engraving on wood. It is a new method, in fact, and capable of very great development.

THE object of the City of London Society of Artists was a good one. It seems likely, however, that, unless the Society's affairs are placed under more competent management, the Society will fail. The general complaint seems to be that its exhibitions are not open long enough (though this year a considerable extension has been decided upon), and that the locality is out of the way. This year, too, the management arranged for the press view on the varnishing

day. The galleries were in a state of complete disorganisation. No catalogues were ready, and the critic merely got bumped about by heated persons carrying statuary or hauling ladders. The result was that no complete examination of the pictures was possible. Our impression is, though, that there was very little noticeable work on the walls.

Messrs. Dowdeswell have added two pictures by De Neuville to their collection at 133, New Bond Street, already uninteresting in the presence of his "Cemetery of St. Privat." This would be the painter's worst work, were it not for "Saving the Queen's Colours," and the "Last Sleep of the Brave." Both purport to be illustrations of an heroic incident in the Zulu war—the famous dash with the colours by Coghill and Melville at Isandula; both are daring, clever, melodramatic, and exaggerated; both are sketchy and careless, and one at least is false in point of fact. If the "Cemetery," in spite of its impressive details of fire and carnage, was disappointing, these new pictures are yet more so.

The exhibition of old and modern wrought-iron work at Messrs. Gardners' establishment, West Strand, was of singular variety and interest. The Flemish and French work was specially notable, and there were several specimens from Italy, of very graceful design and delicate workmanship. English work, too, made a very good show, some extremely beautiful brackets of the (so-called) Queen Anne period attracting attention by their harmony of line, and the perfect balance and proportion of their design. There was a fair collection of locks and keys; but none so fine as those included in the loan collection of Spanish and Portuguese art at South Kensington last year. Spain was not well represented.

Mr. Holman Hunt's "Strayed Sheep" sold, at Messrs. Sotheby's, for £700. At the Hôtel Drouot a water-colour by Meissonnier went for 22,000 francs; Bonnat's "Jeune Italienne" for 9,600 francs; Gérôme's "Duo" for 10,000 francs; and a drawing by Detaille for 3,900 francs.

At the sale, by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, of Mr. Robert Walker's collection of fans, the prices realised were disappointingly small. Among English fans, a painted fan, the subject "Æneas and Dido," went for £14 10s.; a fan with a paper mount, and an engraving of the Parades and Assembly Rooms at Bath, for £12; an ivory fan, painted by Cosway—with "subjects of Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage relations with the Prince of Wales"—for £18 18s; a fan, pictured with a "Golden Age," for £15; and a bridal fan in chickenskin, with a stick of mother-of-pearl, for £26. Of the French fans, those dating from the First Empire and the Revolution went very cheaply. The Louis Seize fans were in better demand. Thus two bridal fans, supposed to have belonged to Marie Antoinette, sold for £35 15s. and £37 10s. respectively; while a painted fan, attributed to Greuze, brought as much as £50 8s. Among the Louis Quinze fans the top prices were achieved by one pictured with a "Happy Marriage," attributed to Lancret (£31 10s.), and by the bridal fan of Maria Leczinska (£75). Of the Louis Quatorze fans, one sold for £27 6s.; another, attributed to Chardin, for £29; and a third, a fine example of the Vernis Martin, said to have belonged to the mother of Louis XV., for £87.

Upwards of £10,000 has been subscribed towards the cost of providing the city of Aberdeen with a museum and art gallery. Some time back Mr. Legros presented the institution with upwards of seventy of his etchings and sepias, as a nucleus for the collection. It is greatly to be hoped that other artists may help on the scheme in the same way.

The Menelaus bequest to the Cardiff Free Library contains several notable pictures. The bulk of the collection consists of modern works, chiefly by Peter Graham, T. S. Cooper, J. E. Hodgson, and others; but there are also a fine Strozzi, an interesting Constable, and a moderately good specimen of Corot. Constable's "Brook" is more studied in composition, but less sparkling in effect and less heavy in impasto than usual; still, it is a fairly typical specimen of the painter's style. Happily enough, it is hung—the master with the pupil—beside Corot's "Le Hêtre," delicate, mysterious and suggestive. Some good copies of works by Rubens, Murillo, and Greuze increase the interest of the bequest, which is valued at £10,000. An excellent catalogue has been prepared by Messrs. T. H. Thomas and Edwin Seward of Cardiff.

The existence of local societies of artists is always a promising sign for art. At Nottingham there is one which, if it has not yet a Crome or a Cotman, may be congratulated on the possession of a Black, a Bilbie, a Seymour, a Shaw, and a Crossland. The little exhibition of the Nottingham Society of Artists contains, indeed, many works (especially landscapes) besides those of the artists whose names we have mentioned, which show honest study of nature and considerable technical skill. Among these we noticed three little bits of Scottish scenery by the Rev. A. H. Baynes, remarkable for their beautiful colour and other qualities. Of the figure paintings Mr. Edwin Ward's "Rest" is beautifully drawn, with fine flesh tints, and good in colour generally; and Mr. Neville Wright's "Tired Out" is a work of much promise.

There were 564,933 admissions to the Salon between its opening on the 1st of May and its close on the 30th of June. Of these 294,000 were gratuitous, and there were 232,000 at 1 franc, 24,133 at 2 francs, and 13,800 at 5 francs. The money taken at the doors amounted to 349,266 francs; the total receipts—including the profits on the catalogues and refreshments—to 37,000 francs more. These are greatly in excess of those of 1881. Next year, it may be noted, the annual exhibition will be supplemented by the first of the triennial gatherings, under Government control, which form a part of the new scheme. It will be held during July in the Palais de l'Industrie, and will consist of the most remarkable work exhibited during 1880, 1881, and 1882.

In Florence, Mr. Everard B. Bromfield has exhibited a statue of "The First Murderer," which shows great originality of conception. The face is hidden by the hand. The attitude is that of one paralysed with fear. In spite of a certain flatness in the left arm, there are many very good points of modelling about the figure, which promises well for Mr. Bromfield's career in England.

The splendid collections of artists' studies and drawings in the Uffizzj Gallery have been re-arranged and placed on

view in rooms with a good light. A large apartment has been set apart for students who wish to draw from them. Moreover, the curator of the Uffizzj has published a new classified and chronological catalogue of all the drawings, studies, and engravings contained in the collection.

THE roof of Milan Cathedral is threatened with destruction: not by time, but by the thousands of doves which for centuries have made it their home. It is not wholly a misfortune that the sham groinings which deceive so many admirers of the Gothic interior should be done away with, and not left to fall to pieces as, under pressure from the pigeons, they are doing. But it is certainly a pity that modern art should be incapable of any artistic ideas as to what shall replace them. Two artists and two architects have submitted designs. One proposes an azure roof with golden stars; another, a kaleidoscopic pattern, supposed to repeat the gorgeous effect of the painted windows; the third would like to cover the spaces in the vaulting with a network of pale gold; while the fourth is anxious to introduce a groundwork the colour of antique marble, with foliage along the ribs. Such is the decorative inspiration of United Italy.

THE death, at only thirty years old, of Cecil Lawson, the painter of "Barden Moors" and "The Minister's Garden," is a blow to English landscape. His gifts were many and varied. His colour was rich and solemn; in his practice of composition he displayed such notable qualities as breadth, dignity, and sincerity; his sense of tone and value was not only just and keen in itself, but excellently well educated; he had imagination, and his imagination, melancholy as was its cast, was sound, healthy, and human. Then he had studied painting in the best school of all—the work of men like Rubens and Gainsborough, like Hobbema and Crome and Gaspar Poussin; and the craftsmanship displayed in his better pictures is remarkably solid, vigorous, and accomplished. Working largely under the mingled influences of Gainsborough and the younger Poussin, and with reminiscences—as it seems to us—of the sentiment of Constable and De Wint, he has not, it may be, expressed himself in terms that are absolutely individual and appropriate. But there is no doubt that his talent was one of real originality and charm, and that his achievement, striking as it is, can only be regarded as an earnest of the better and higher work he had not time to do.

THE death is also announced of Charles Lefebvre, the religious and historical painter, a pupil of Gros and Abel de Pujol—in his seventy-seventh year; of Narcisse Lecomte, who engraved the "Dante and Beatrice" of Ary Scheffer, the portraits of Tintoretto and Lamennais, and some notable examples of Raphael—in his eighty-eighth year; of the landscape-painter Gabriele Smargiassi, the drawing-master of Napoleon III.—aged eighty-five; of Henry Simmons, engraver of many famous plates, after Messrs. Millais, Faed, Nicol, Solomons, Holman Hunt, Tissot, Hook, Winterhalter, and Frith, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur—at seventy-two; and of the animal-painter, Jadin, sometimes called "the French Landseer"—in his seventy-seventh year.

THERE are few artistic publications more remarkable than those sent out by Ferdinand Ongania of Venice. As a rule, they are of special and peculiar interest in themselves, and they are of uncommon merit as specimens of printing and production. Of capital importance among them are a set of reproductions of antique books having reference to Venetian lace and Venetian embroidery. Perhaps the most remarkable of these is the "Crown of Noble and Virtuous Ladies" of Cesare Vecellio, author of the famous book of costumes. It is a reproduction in fac-simile of the original edition of 1600, and one of the most interesting and attractive publications we know. The "Crown" is really a book of patterns; but it is a book of patterns that dates from a time when cheap printing was unknown, and when books were books indeed. It is divided into four sections, each with its title-page, its epistle dedicatory, its frontispiece, and its tailpiece, and each containing some seven or eight and twenty patterns, remarkable not only as achievements in design, but also as examples of engraving. There are one hundred and fourteen in all, and there is not one but is a little masterpiece of elegance and invention. That the book is invaluable to all who are interested in lace, whether practically or theoretically, we do not need to say. Of almost equal interest are the several numbers of Alessandro Paganino's "Book of Embroideries," whose originals date from the early years of the fifteenth century. They contain some eighty pages of patterns, of unsurpassed variety and beauty, and of a grace of form and a richness of design that make them worthy of consideration as decorative art. Other numbers of the series are the "Lucretia Romana" (1620), a collection of collars and edgings, "d'infinita bellezza;" Vavassore's "Corona di Recammi"—in which "Worthy Ladies and Maidens will Find various Patterns for Making Collars of Shifts, Covers of Cushions, Silk Coifs of many Kinds," &c.; the "Esamplario," or "Sampler," of Niccolo d'Aristotile, called Zoppino; and Isabella Catanea Parasole's "Gemma Delle Virtuose Donne"—the "Jewel of Virtuous Ladies"—of "Exceeding Handsome Practices in Open Lace, Net Lace, and Bobbins." It will be seen that its interest is practically inexhaustible.

THE "Peintres Modernes" (Paris: Lodovic Baschet) of M. Eugène Montrozier is in all respects a pleasant book. In the first place, it is good to look at and good to handle, for the paper is thick, the type is comely and clear, the illustrations are numerous and suggestive, and the wrapper is of fair parchment inscribed in red ink and in black. Then the matter is almost worthy of the manner in which it is presented. M. Montrozier is a sound critic and a neat and able writer. His style is elegant, spirited, and perspicuous; what he has to say is candid, intelligent, and original. The painters of whom he treats are Ingres, in some respects the greatest draughtsman of the century, the artist of the "Source" and the "Apothéose d'Homère;" Hippolyte Flandrin, the painter of the modern religious sentiment—the Keble of art, so to speak; and Robert-Fleury, one of the hardest workers and the cleverest craftsmen of present times. On each of these he speaks with authority and intelligence and without much prejudice, and in all three cases his opinion may be accepted without difficulty or reserve. And withal he is fortunate in his illustrations. Seven are reproductions in photogravure by the Goupil process; all are well chosen and cleverly executed. The volume is completed by a number of fac-similes of autograph letters—of Decamps, Flandrin, Robert-Fleury, Ingres, and Delacroix—which are of con-

siderable interest and importance. There is no doubt that it is useful, and none that it deserves to be popular.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's "Life of George Cruikshank" (Chatto and Windus), two vols., is a disappointment. Mr. Jerrold is a well-known and accomplished *littérateur;* he appears to have been personally acquainted with Cruikshank, as well as to have enjoyed considerable opportunities of communicating with others in similar case; and lastly, if not (as we believe) a professed critic of art, he has at least lived near art in the person of his friend, M. Gustave Doré, who furnishes a frontispiece ("The Gin-Fiend") to the second of these volumes. Yet with all these advantages, it has seemed good to Mr. Jerrold to put us off with what he terms *mémoires pour servir*, and what in fact is, in the main, little more than a cleverly arranged sequence of quotations from the writers who have preceded him. Thackeray's "Westminster" essay is a genial and appreciative piece of work; but it is surely better read as a whole than cut up into little bits. Of system, save the very elementary division into two epochs, corresponding to what may be called the Alcoholic and Non-Alcoholic periods of Cruikshank's life, there is no special evidence; while of criticism, except of the interjectional and admiring sort, there is little or none. Still, the book is by no means uninteresting, and there is in a certain sense a good deal of "fine, confused feeding" about it. If Mr. Jerrold has quoted largely, he has often quoted effectively, and many of Cruikshank's own utterances are vividly characteristic. The illustrations, whether by process or not, are generally exceedingly good, some of those from the "Comic Almanack" being admirable. Admirable, too, is the woodcut rendering of the "Triumph of Cupid," which may fearlessly be compared with the original etching. It is perhaps to be regretted that nothing from Grimm, "Oliver Twist," or "Jack Sheppard" has been given. In speaking of the "Comic Almanack" it should be added that we do not refer to the small wood-blocks quoted from it, as more than one of these will be found on examination to be by Hine, or some other of Cruikshank's assistants. Those at pages 19 and 197, ii., for instance, have little trace of Cruikshank's manner. In a work of this sort it would be best to rely on signed examples.

In "Albert Dürer: His Life and Works" (John Murray), two vols., we have a very readable translation, revised and edited by Mr. Frederick Eaton, of Dr. Thausing's well-known book. It is a welcome addition to the literature of English art-criticism, for Dr. Thausing has made the subject his own, and writes of Dürer with a combination of insight and authority—of fulness of matter with critical honesty and ingenuity—nothing less than remarkable. His book, indeed, is not only good biography, but good history also. It paints us Dürer as he was, and his times as they were; it enables us to see the epoch in the man, and to perfectly apprehend the relations between the artist and his environment. The illustrations, which are many, are of no extraordinary merit. They are useful and appropriate, however, and they complete the interest of a most interesting publication.

The "Ballads and Sonnets" (Ellis and White) of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti is now in its fourth edition. This is as it should be, for the volume contains some of the writer's best and strongest work. There are passages in the ballad of "Rose Mary," for instance, that Coleridge himself would have been proud to sign; the sonnets in the "House of Life" abound in such monumental lines as, since Milton, have been built up by no poet save Rossetti alone; there is much that is well-wrought and imaginative in both "The White King" and "The King's Tragedy." Still, the effect produced by the collection in its entirety, and by most of the poems as wholes, is fatiguing, and even disappointing. The writer's sense of form appears to have been limited in degree and inferior in kind. When he wrote—at length, as in "Rose Mary;" in brief and within certain prescribed limits, as in the numbers of the "House of Life"—it was not as an artist in form to whom it is absolutely and primarily essential that his work shall be organically complete; it was as one whose imagination is passionately interested in the details of a composition, and but vaguely concerned with the main lines and the general effect. To minds of this class the whole is not nearly so important as are the parts. It follows that they have no clear perception of the master-quality of unity, and that it is almost always absent from their work. Of course, this is as much as to say that nothing they do can be considered right art, and that produce as they may, they cannot justly be criticised from the purely artistic point of view. The interest that attaches to them is a human interest, or an interest of phrases and single verses, or an interest of individuality; artistic—save in a very narrow sense—assuredly it is not. The study of these "Ballads and Sonnets," noteworthy as in some respects they are, permits of no other conclusion.

Messrs. Mansell and Co. have published a set of reproductions in permanent photography, one hundred and four in number, of the principal pictures at Hampton Court. They measure about ten inches by eight, but forty-four have been published in two sizes, the larger fourteen inches by ten. They are excellent photographs, and will be invaluable to art-students and students of history alike. Among the most successful are Van Dyck's noble portraiture of Margaret Lemon; Holbein's portrait of himself; the exquisite "St. Catharine" ascribed to Luini; the "Flora" of Lionardo; Rembrandt's "Jewish Rabbi;" and Pordenone's noble "Italian Knight." One of the most striking of all is Holbein's hideous "François I.," which should be studied in connection with the examples of Titian and the Clouets published by us last month. A Mabuse, too, "The Children of Henry VII.," is of uncommon merit; so is a third Holbein, the portrait of Johannes Frobenius; and so are Janssen's portrait of George Villiers, and the Lelys generally—Nell Gwynn, and the Duchess of Cleveland (as Minerva !), and all the rest of them.

We have received from Theodor Schuller, of Leipzig, a set of reproductions in permanent photography of the principal works of the sculptor Giovanni di Bologna. They include the striking series of bas-reliefs—of motives from the Passion—that adorn the University of Genoa, with half a dozen delightful cherubs from the same place. John of Bologna is hardly a great artist; but his work abounds in grace, charm, and invention, and is accomplished in the good sense of the word. It follows that the Schuller photographs are well worth knowing. They are cheap, engaging, and suggestive; and no scrap-book should be without them.

ART NOTES.

Mr. G. F. Watts has painted a portrait of the Duke of Devonshire for the University of Cambridge.

The Duke of Bedford has commissioned Mr. Boehm to produce a colossal bronze of Sir Francis Drake for Tavistock. Mr. Boehm has also been chosen to produce the subscription memorial to the late Charles Darwin.

Mr. Albert Bruce Joy, whose colossal "Gladstone" we criticised of late, has been commissioned to execute a statue of Lord Frederick Cavendish.

Sir Noel Paton has completed designs for a medal to commemorate the twenty-first anniversary of the volunteer movement. On the reverse is figured a bust of the Queen; on the obverse, with the motto "Pro Aris Et Focis," is a helmeted St. Michael, with groups and objects—a sailing galley, a band of spearmen, a praying mother and her children—symbolical of invasion and defence. Mr. Neil Macphail, of Glasgow, is to be the engraver and publisher.

Mr. Carl Haag has been elected an Honorary Member of the Society of British Artists. Messrs. Frederick Barnard, Brewtnall, Charlton, Marsh, J. D. Watson, T. J. Watson, Woodville, and John Scott, have been elected members of the same society.

Mr. Warrington Wood's bust of the late Frank Buckland, presented to the authorities at South Kensington by the subscribers to the Buckland Memorial Fund, has been placed at the entrance to the Fish Museum.

The value of Mr. Arthur Wells's bequest of carved jade and Oriental crystals to the South Kensington Museum is estimated at between £25,000 and £30,000. The collection comprises some four hundred pieces, among them an inkstand of white jade and green, decorated with rubies, several specimens in white jade and red, and some superb examples of open work. As will be seen, the bequest is one of extraordinary importance.

The exhibition, at the Fine-Art Society's rooms, of pictures from the Salon by American and English artists, was decidedly interesting. Mr. Sargent's exhibits were three in number. Chief among them was "El Jaléo"—the famous dancing gipsy, *Hors Concours* at the Salon, and the most notorious picture of its year. Considered as craftsmanship, the "Jaléo" is almost insolently clever; considered as a work of art, it appears to be what Robert Macaire described as "une immense blague." Very much more satisfactory are Mr. Sargent's two portraits: one of M. Carolus Duran—who, by the way, is made to look a little like a brilliant dentist—and one of a young lady in a black dress and holding a flower. Both are excellently apprehended and painted. Mr. Stott's two landscapes, "The Ferry" and "The Bathers," are fresh and pleasant in sentiment, and of uncommon merit in respect of workmanship and treatment of nature. Mr. Stott (who is a pupil of Gérôme) has been taken, however, with the manner of Bastien Lepage, and is less original and inventive than dexterous and intelligent. Mr. O'Meara's "Reverie" is a careful and intelligent *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole theory and practice of art. The strongest and sincerest work in the exhibition was Mr. Bridgman's "Plantation du Colza," in which the landscape is well lighted and well modelled, while the figures are quick with animation and individuality. Another good picture is Mr. Harrison's "Chateaux en Espagne," charming in colour, sentiment, and handling alike. In addition to all these the exhibition included a clever little portrait by Mr. Kenyon Cox; two vigorous impressions of MM. Detaille and De Neuville by Mr. F. S. Walker; Mr. Ridgway Knight's "After the Funeral"—a very creditable picture indeed; and Mr. Bridgman's "Dame Roumaine," a portrait at once solid and brilliant, at once masterly and engaging.

Several pictures from the Salon were added to the collection in the United Arts Gallery, and were on view there during August. One of the best was "The Sewing Room," by F. Uhde; it is well composed and painted, with a good effect of light and some pleasant and facile characterisation. The most important, however, was Signor Andreotti's "Fête Day in Florence in the Time of Cosimo de' Medici." It is crowded with figures, very cleverly painted, brilliant in colour, and uncommonly well invented. Happily—or the reverse—such a pell-mell of drinkers, flirts, revellers, mountebanks, ruffians, masquers, is not often got together upon canvas.

At Christie's a Romney—the portrait of Miss Ramus—sold of late for £1,386, the highest price yet paid for an example of the painter. At the same sale five of Mr. Ruskin's Turner drawings went for £682, £787, £787, £1,207, and £1,491 respectively. They are said, however, to have been bought in. At the Hôtel Drouot, Courbet's "Aumone à un Mendiant" and his "Baigneuses" sold for 9,000 and 14,000 francs respectively; a Vigée-Lebrun, "Mdlle. Sedaine," for 9,100 francs; a Clouet for 6,000 francs; a Terburg, "Le Concert," for 11,650 francs; a Troyon, "Le Retour du Marché," for 11,100 francs; a Daumier for 5,000 francs; a Decamps for 10,250 francs; and a Jules Dupré, "La Rentrée des Moutons," for 10,605 francs.

THE Hamilton Palace Collection realised, with the Beckford Library, a total of £428,000. Some of the prices were extravagantly high. Thus Mr. Burton paid £6,300 for a large Velasquez, a full-length portrait of Philip IV. of Spain; a Blanchet—a full-length of the Cardinal of York—brought £1,365; Mr. Scharf bought for £2,520 a portrait-piece ascribed both to Martin Gheerardts and to Pantoja de la Cruz; Mr. Wertheimer paid £1,050 for Houdon's statuette of Voltaire, and Mr. Davis the same price for a reduction in bronze of John of Bologna's "Nessus and Deianeira;" while a dubious and insignificant Murillo was taken (for America) at 2,300 guineas, and a miniature portrait of James I., by Nicholas Hilliard, sold for upwards of £2,700.

THROUGHOUT, however, the furniture sold better than the pictures. Thus, a pair of Louis Quinze pier-tables went for some £2,000; a coffer of old Japan lacquer for £682 10s.; a pair of Louis Seize octagonal pedestals for £1,680; a Louis Seize commode of black buhl for £1,312 10s.; a Louis Quatorze writing-table and cartonnière for £3,202 10s.; a Louis Seize cabinet (Gouthière) for £5,460; and a Louis Seize commode and secretaire by the same artist for £9,450 each—the largest sums ever paid for single pieces of furniture.

As a set-off against this, it is to be noted that some of the pictures were sold under their real value. We have already referred to Mr. Ionides' good fortune in securing a perfect specimen of Adrian Brauwer for so small a sum as £600. The one Wilson in the collection—a brilliant example—was cheap at a thousand guineas. David's "Napoleon," a very striking full-length portrait, went for no more than £345; and Poussin's superb "Entombment," one of the noblest and most masterly works in the whole Collection, was secured for the National Gallery of Ireland for only £504.

IT is admitted on all sides that Mr. Scharf's purchase, for the National Portrait Gallery, is an admirable one. The picture, which measures 81 inches by 109 inches, contains portraits of Robert Cecil and the Earls of Dorset, Nottingham, Northampton, and Devonshire, and of six Spanish statesmen besides. Its interest and importance as an historical document are indisputable. On the other hand, Mr. Burton's new Velasquez has been very severely criticised. It is not a good example of the master; it is not interesting nor impressive as portraiture; as a work of art it is immeasurably inferior to the magnificent bust of Philip, already included in the collection. It must be added that the mistake, if mistake it be, is the only one Mr. Burton has made. The Signorelli, the great "Assumption," the so-called Masaccio, the smaller "Botticelli," are masterpieces; there is even something to be said in favour of the reputed Giorgione. Still, 6,000 guineas is a large sum of money. For 6,000 guineas we might have had a Rousseau, a Millet, a Delacroix, a Courbet, and an Ingres; we might even have got half a dozen of Mr. Burton's favourite pre-Raphaelites; and what we have is a "Velasquez," which we did not particularly want, and in which some people hesitate to believe.

MR. RUSKIN has presented his St. George's Museum and all its treasures to the city of Sheffield. New quarters for this noble gift are to be prepared at the cost of the municipality. Moreover, Mr. Ruskin proposes to devote the rest of his life to making the museum the best of its kind in existence. There are no such princes as your plain men of genius after all.

LORD BURY described the Worcestershire Exhibition of Arts and Industry as "an epitome of all the arts and manufactures of the country." It is that and something more. The building covers an acre and a half of ground, and is divided into four several sections:—Fine Arts, Industrial, Historical, and Art Needlework. The Historical Section contains some hundreds of portraits of Worcestershire worthies—Pakingtons, Berkleys, Beauchamps, Lyttletons, Coventrys: including two of "Hudibras" Butler, one lent by the Bodleian Library and the other by Lord Somers, and Zoffany's "Warren Hastings." In the section of Fine Arts, with examples of Boehm, Foley, Marochetti, and Canova, are Mr. Brock's "Moment of Peril," lent by the Academy, and the curious and elaborate fountain designed for Messrs. Doulton by Mr. G. Tinworth. The section also contains Limoges enamels and Sèvres china lent by Earl Beauchamp; some fine Old Worcester lent by the Earl of Dudley; eighty pieces of Oriental wares, lent by Mr. Watkins Old; and between five and six hundred canvases, ancient and modern. Among the contributors to the Art Needlework Section, which has been arranged by Lady Alwine Compton, are Lady Arundel of Wardour, Lady Somers, and Lady Marian Alford. This section is dignified by the presence of a complete set of baby clothes "said to have been worn by Charles I," and some pieces of "underclothing once worn by Marie Antoinette." The exhibition will remain open till the end of October.

M. BONNAT is now a Commander of the Legion of Honour; M. Auguste Cain, the sculptor of animals, has been promoted to the rank of Officer; and MM. Waltner and Laguillermie (engravers), Duthoit (architect), Idrac and Lanson (sculptors), and Cazin, Pille, and Gervex (painters) have been made Knights.

THE Louvre is not much the richer for the Hamilton Sale. MM. Gruyer and Courajod had no money to spend, and Mr. Burton, rich in a special grant, was able to buy as he pleased. The one renowned purchase made for it (by M. Gauchez) was that of the "Four Seasons"—four superb busts in Rouennese faïence. They are generally attributed to the famous Levavasseur; but a writer in the *Chronique des Arts* advances excellent reasons for ascribing them to one of Levavasseur's predecessors, the faïencier Nicolas Fouquay. Be this as it may, they are of extraordinary merit, and the French are glad to have them back again. A companion bust—of Apollo—is included in the collection at South Kensington.

THE fault of M. Hébert's "Rabelais," described in a preceding page, is that it is lacking in imagination and intensity, and suggests a Rabelais a good deal too elegant and refined for the poet of Panurge and the prophet of the Dive Bouteille. In these respects it is necessarily inferior to the ideal Rabelais of Eugène Delacroix, presented to Chinon by M. Piscatory. The great painter's Rabelais, as described by a writer in the *Chronique des Arts*, is a very striking conception. He is bull-necked and vast of brow: with keen large eyes, a mouth at once melancholy

and ribald, the mien and presence of a man of the people; and with all this, "une noble expression, belle, non par la regularité des traits, mais par l'intensité de la vie animale et intellectuelle qu'elle respire." It is evident from this description that Delacroix, one of the most intelligent as well as the most imaginative of painters, had read Rabelais with as much understanding as he read Byron and Scott and Shakespeare and Goethe.

In Mr. Hablot Knight Browne, who died at Hove, near Brighton, on the 8th of July last, aged sixty-seven, a once famous book-illustrator passed away. There was a time—not unknown to those who have come to forty year—when "Phiz" was as familiar a name as "Boz" in the fortunate households as yet uninvaded by the army of modern magazines. But in his later years photography had come, and "processes," and the "leaden-eyed despairs" who now do duty for female loveliness; and the artist had fallen upon evil days, and lost much of his old repute. Still, if his more recent work could scarcely compete in popularity with his earlier efforts, that is no reason for forgetting how much we owe him. After Seymour's death, he took up "Pickwick," and illustrated most of Dickens's books, down to the "Tale of Two Cities." If some of us have definite pictorial ideas of Pecksniff, of Captain Cuttle, of Mrs. Gamp, of Sam Weller, it is to Browne that we are indebted for them; and so firmly are his personages established in our house of memory, that even the compositions of Mr. Barnard and Mr. Charles Green cannot entirely dislodge them. In a few designs the artist varied his method. Some of his compositions for "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," and their successors, are excellent examples of effective black and white: witness, for example, the "Tom All-Alone's" and the "Ghost's Walk" of "Bleak House." These were etchings. Some of Browne's best drawings on the block are in the original edition of "Master Humphrey's Clock," which he illustrated with Cattermole. Who does not recall the scene where Mr. Swiveller plays cribbage with the Marchioness in the palace whose marble floor was "sloppy"? Or Codlin and Short mending their dolls in the churchyard? Or the unimpeachable Miggs sitting up for the intractable Simmuns? Despite all their burlesque extravagance, there is a heartiness of fun and a graphic earnestness about these little pictures which seem to have faded out of our more pretentious contemporary work. Browne illustrated Ainsworth, Lever, and many other authors besides Dickens. But his name will chiefly be remembered in connection with the author of the "Pickwick Papers."

The death is also announced of the Danish painter Schleisener; of the sculptor François Jouffroy; of the comic artist Auguste-François Biard; of Charles Heath Wilson, author of "The Life and Works of Michael Angelo;" of the sculptor William Ellis, associated with Stevens in the production of the Wellington Memorial—in great penury; and of the Belgian sculptor Eugène Simonis.

In "The Funeral Tent of an Egyptian Queen" (John Murray) Mr. Villiers Stuart, M.P., describes minutely one of the most interesting relics of ancient Egypt now in existence. This is the funeral canopy of Queen Is-em-Kheb, discovered at Deir el Bahari, and now in the museum at Boulak. It is a patchwork, or mosaic, of leather, in many thousands of pieces; it measures 22 feet 6 inches by 19 feet 6 inches; it is coloured pink, golden, primrose, blue, green, and pale blue, and where it is not figured with a mere pattern, is beautifully pictured with hieroglyphs and symbols and devices. It was stitched together near three thousand years ago; for it was made as an awning for the funeral barge of one contemporary with Solomon. The queen, indeed, whose mortal spoils it covered on their journey over Nile to the sepulchre of the high priests of Amen, was mother-in-law to the Shishak who seized and took Jerusalem soon after the great king's death—nine hundred and eighty years before the birth of Christ, and only a century after the slaying of Achilles and the downfall of the towers of Ilium. The writing on the canopy proclaims her "enthroned among the Gods of the South" . . . "crowned with flowers" . . . "seated in her beauty in the arms of Khonsou"—Khonsou, the moon god, the type of change and immortality. But M. Maspero has charge of her mummy, and Mr. Villiers Stuart gives a picture of it, and remarks that—"allowing for the shrinking"—the fact that it is 5 feet 5 inches long proves Is-em-Kheb to have been "above the middle height for a woman." *Fugaces labuntur anni;* that was three thousand years ago. The book is ill-arranged and very loosely put together. It is, however, uncommonly interesting to read; and it is crammed with accurate and suggestive plates, both in black and white and in colour, among which is a folding picture (in a pocket) of poor Is-em-Kheb's funeral canopy, tinted and figured from the original, on the scale of 2 inches to the foot.

So many of our poets and poetasters now-a-days speak in feigned or false voices that the sincerity of Mr. William Bell Scott's "A Poet's Harvest Home" (Eliot Stock) is in itself an attraction. Mr. Scott has lived long and seen more than one would-be "school" of poetry grow up and perish, but he has listened mainly to the beating of his own heart. How sound and strong it still is this "Harvest Home" sufficiently proves. In a little poetical prologue, touching by its human-heartedness and its humility, at once he expresses a hope that his brief snatches of melodious thought will give much the same pure quality of pleasure as pretty children give, and prompt the loving encomium of "little dears." This is indeed a title that seems appropriate enough to such slight spontaneous warblings as the "Phemie Blayne," for instance, or the "Little Boy," which has been properly compared to Blake: or even to such charming little poems as "The Offering," or "Rose Leaves." Of deeper tone and rarer quality are the limpid but profound verses on the singer's seventieth birthday, the pathetic lament of Gudrun, and the sonnet called a "Garland for Advancing Years." These are not the best poems in the book; there are a dozen as good, if not better. Indeed, he must have a very fastidious or a very narrow mind who could easily name his favourites.

The new number—a double one—of "L'Art au Dix-Huitième Siècle" (Paris: A. Quantin) is devoted to the Saint-Aubin brothers:—Gabriel, "l'un des plus intrépides dessinateurs du siècle," the painter-reporter, a stenographer in colour and form; Augustin, the draughtsman and etcher and engraver, author of "Le Bal Paré" and "Le Concert;" and Germain, the artist of "Les Papilloneries Humaines," and of innumerable designs for embroidery. They are men of no great importance as artists, and it seems certain that the Goncourts expended too much literary ingenuity upon them, and too many notes of admiration. Still, they

had a pleasant and facile talent, and considered as a bundle of historical documents their work is of considerable interest and authority. Their art was so much graphic journalism; on the manners and humours and scandals of their epoch they etched innumerable leading articles; now-a-days they would be found drawing for comic prints and the magazines. As they were keen observers and—after a fashion—skilful craftsmen, they produced much that is of value even yet. It is more to the purpose, perhaps, that they served the Goncourts as pegs whereon to hang an elegant and ingenious essay. The text is illustrated by ten fac-similes in *héliogravure*. Two are from etchings by Augustin Saint-Aubin. The other eight are of works by Gabriel, who is thus more largely represented than either Chardin or La Tour, than Boucher or Greuze, or Antoine Watteau himself. Such are the ironies of fate.

Mr. Ashton's "Chapbooks of the Eighteenth Century" (Chatto and Windus) is a useful and entertaining book. It is not always accurate, and it is very far indeed from being exhaustive. It is full of matter, however; and until Mr. Halliwell's essay is disinterred from its grave deep down among the transactions of the Percy Society, it must keep its place as the best and fullest account of the subject accessible to the public. Mr. Ashton's introductory essay is hardly so satisfactory as it might have been. His illustrations are numerous and well chosen. Chapbooks were of course the beginnings of cheap literature—of family magazines and railway novels; and very primitive and rudimentary beginnings they were. To study Mr. Ashton's specimens is to be grateful that times have changed, and that, except for a little ballad-mongering and an occasional last dying speech, the flying stationer finds his occupation gone. It is hard to say whether it is the text that is more unlike literature, or the pictures that are more unlike art. Ghosts and witches; Faustus and Tom Hickathrift; Robin Hood and Fortunatus and Long Meg of Westminster; riddles, romances, fables, moralities, "Youth's Warning-Piece" and "Taffy's Progress to London" and "Comical Cheats of Swalpo, a Notorious Pick Pocket"—an uncouth imbecility breathes from them all. The miracle hawked by Autolycus is a type of the species. When not engaged in producing the homespun art which Mr. Morris admires, our forefathers excelled in gullibility and a dulness of the artistic sense. Mr. Ashton's collection proves that much at least, and proves it conclusively.

In "English Etchings" (William Reeves) there is some pleasant and intelligent work. Of the thirty-four etchings it contains many are anything but good, and none are of extraordinary merit. Still, there is much to commend in the volume, especially as the production of a number of craftsmen the majority of whom are young and unfamed. The chief fault of most of the work is a want of force and originality. This being condoned, it is often easy to praise. Among the best, if not actually the best, are Mr. George Stevenson's "A Sheer Hulk" and "The Shimmering Sea;" they are true etchings, and really pleasant to look upon. Mr. Percy Thomas's sketch of Sir Paul Pindar's house has merit, and so has Mr. Currie's "Loch Earn." Of the others—good or bad—we have no space to speak.

Mr. Kennington's little etching, "Dolce Far Niente" (Mansell and Co.), has a pleasant motive and is neatly and cleverly designed. It is the portrait of a large and lazy cavalier lounging against a well, and basking—in an attitude!—in the sun. The pose of the figure is happy, the face is not uninteresting, and the costume is very elaborate indeed. Considered as a specimen of etching the work is not particularly striking. It is ornate and careful; as modern etchings too often are. But it lacks vivacity and spontaneity—the touch of immediate inspiration, the note of unpremeditatedness; as modern etchings too often do.

Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth (Doré Gallery, New Bond Street) publish engravings of two of M. Gustave Doré's most popular pictures—the "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," by M. Alphonse François, and the "Christ Leaving the Prætorium," by Mr. Herbert Bourne. Considered merely as specimens of engraving on steel, they are of remarkable merit. In some ways the engravers have greatly improved upon their painter. M. Doré has a vigorous and abundant invention; but, except in black and white, he is hardly an original workman, much less an accomplished one. The reverse is the case with his two interpreters. They are only translators, it is true; but they are finished craftsmen, and the technical interest of their work is undeniable. The consequence is that M. Doré explaining himself in his own terms is not nearly so impressive as M. Doré expressing himself through the medium of Messrs. Bourne and François. In both engravings the manipulation is delicate yet vigorous and firm; the interpretation is intelligently impersonal; the tone at once soft and brilliant. Of the two we prefer the "Entry into Jerusalem." There is no doubt, however, that both are good.

The Fine Art Society have published a mezzotint, by Mr. Barlow, after Mr. Millais' portrait of the Poet Laureate. It is in many ways a very satisfactory piece of work. Indeed, the painter rather than the engraver is responsible for such defects as it has. In the original, for instance, the arrangement of the drapery, at once mechanical and commonplace, and the vast expanse of space between the hands below and the beard above, are positive eyesores; and they are eyesores in the reproduction. On the other hand it seems certain that Mr. Barlow has in some respects improved upon Mr. Millais. Thus, the somewhat vague and meaningless confusion of colours that does duty for flesh tints in the face of the painted portrait is not apparent in black and white. Thus, too, the modelling, a little loose in the picture, takes on a semblance of firmness and decision in the mezzotint. The technical quality of the work is excellent. Mr. Barlow has the true sentiment of his method, and is besides a master of the means by which it is expressed. He has worked intelligently and adroitly, and the result is both interesting and impressive.

The Fine Art Society also publish a large and skilful mezzotint by Mr. Hubert Herkomer of Mr. Millais' "Caller Herrin'." The picture, as we have had occasion to note, is rather pretty and common than imaginative and good. Mr. Herkomer's translation, however, is satisfactory almost throughout. The background, as with Mr. Millais, remains conventional and uninteresting; but there is an added grace in the face, the figure, the attitude—graceful from the first—of the bonnie little fishwife herself; and the hurried and careless handling and feeble and unsuggestive colour of the original have been replaced by careful modelling, correct design, and excellent and attractive tone. A more charming decoration it would not be easy to procure.

ART NOTES.

On the recommendation of M. Paul Mantz, Director-General of the Beaux-Arts, the French Minister of Public Instruction has appointed Mr. Hamerton an Officier d'Académie.

At the Académie des Inscriptions the biennial Prix Duchalais—for the best work on mediæval numismatics—has been awarded to Mr. Stanley Lane Poole for his "Coins of the Moors of Africa and Spain:"—the fifth part of the "Catalogue of Oriental Coins in the British Museum."

Last winter the hero of the Grosvenor Exhibition was Mr. Watts. The coming exhibition will be composed of pictures by Mr. Alma-Tadema and the late Cecil Lawson. That at Burlington House will include a collection of the works of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti. It is greatly to be hoped that the Rossettis will be carefully chosen, and that the gathering will show the painter at his best and worthiest. Like most of his contemporaries, Rossetti produced a great deal that is comparatively feeble and uninteresting. Unlike these, however, he refrained from publicity, and secluded himself from praise and blame alike. He neither courted criticism with sound and careful work, nor affronted it with work that was hurried and poor; so that the public had opportunities neither of admiration nor forgiveness, and was obliged to take his talent upon trust. As so much has been advanced on his behalf, and as his titles to pre-eminency have been so largely stated and so hotly urged, he must, on what is practically his first introduction to the world at large, be well and nobly represented; or the consequences of the introduction may not be altogether satisfactory.

The National Gallery Loan Bill has only to be properly worked to be productive of great good. The gallery is inconveniently crowded. Indeed, it is hardly less rich in pictures than it is poor in accommodation. With provincial galleries the case is the reverse. They have plenty of space, and but little to put in it; and no better future can well befall them than that they should be chosen to do duty as chapels of ease to the National collection. The relief to the Trustees and the Director, too, will be considerable. Not only will they be able to make a clean sweep of the pictures for which they cannot find room, and empty their lumber rooms to the profit of the nation at large; they will also be able to discharge their walls of a good deal of inferior work, and so provide a clear stage for the display of their greater treasures. In this way there will be a general gain. The National Gallery itself will be lightened of much superfluous canvas, and made at once more choice and more representative; and the provincial collections will cease from being the places of barrenness and desolation they so often are.

During the past year ten portraits have been bequeathed or presented for exhibition in the National Portrait Gallery. The purchases, including those of the Hamilton Sale, are eleven in number. One of the most noteworthy is the Hamilton "James II.," painted by Kneller within two months of the sitter's accession to the throne. The picture of the year, however, is unquestionably the great portrait group secured by Mr. Scharf at the Hamilton Sale. Mr. Scharf has now proved that the ascription of this remarkable work to Pantoja de la Cruz is altogether erroneous, and that it is almost certainly the production of Marc Gheeraedts—painter of the Duke of Portland's "Queen Elizabeth" and of the "Camden" in the Bodleian Library—who came over from Bruges in 1580. The conference it pictures took place at old Somerset House in 1604, and resulted in the conclusion of a treaty of commerce between England, Spain, and Austria. The English statesmen shown in it are the Earl of Nottingham, High Admiral of England—better and more popularly known as that Lord Howard of Effingham who defeated the Armada; Lord Cecil, of Essenden; the Earl of Devonshire, Master of the Ordnance and Governor of Portsmouth; the Earl of Dorset, High Treasurer of England; and the Earl of Northampton, Lord Warden and Admiral of the Cinque Ports. On the opposite side of the table are the Prince of Aremberg, with the Golden Fleece at his neck; Juan de Velasco, Constable of Castile and Leon; the Count of Villa Mediana; John Richardot and Lodovie Verreiken; and Alexander Rodivius, a Milanese professor and senator. Mr. Scharf is of opinion that James I. sent the picture to Spain as a present to the king. This would more or less account for the fact of its attribution to a Spanish painter.

Messrs. Nichols announce a set of etchings of Old Southwark, the work of Mr. Percy Thomas. The subject of the first, which will be issued immediately, is "The Old White Hart Inn Yard." The second and third, of "St. Saviour's Church" and the "George Inn," will be published during the present year.

Mr. Woolner has finished the Landseer memorial for St. Paul's. In France the fashion of monuments is fast becoming a national characteristic. It is proposed to erect subscription statues to Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Ledru-Rollin; a statue to Rude, the sculptor, is to be set up at Dijon; and bronzes of Dante, Bernard Palissy, Voltaire, Etienne Marcel, and Camille Desmoulins, are being made ready for Paris.

At Lucerne, Thorwaldsen's "Lion"—hitherto private property—has passed into the possession of the municipality, and will be cared for and sheltered as a public monument.

THE newly-formed Costume Society will publish a quarterly volume—of prints and chromo-lithographs—of the costumes of the world. Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Godwin, Mr. Boughton, and Mr. Linton are members of the society; and promises of all imaginable assistance have been received from the curators of the libraries and museums of Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Brussels, Florence and other cities.

IN Paris a committee has been formed for the purpose of organising permanent exhibitions of pictures and sculpture in the *foyers* of various theatres. The classification of the work exhibited will be entrusted to a jury of fifteen, chosen by ballot from a body of forty-two, made eligible by election. No medals will be given, but a diploma of honour will be voted every three months, and every exhibitor will be placed on the free list of the playhouse, or playhouses, at which his work is on view.

AT the Salon of 1882 there were in all 4,264 exhibitors. Of these 694 were foreigners. There were 94 Belgians, 86 Americans, 81 Englishmen, 60 Italians, and 53 Germans. Spain sent 39, Holland 35, and Sweden and Russia 31 each. Then there were 14 Austrians, 14 Poles, and 14 Argentine-Republicans: together with 13 Finns, 11 Norwegians, 10 Portuguese, 10 Turks, a Japanese, a native of Java, and representatives of 16 races besides.

TEN pictures have been added to the Luxembourg collection. Nine are purchases from the last Salon; the tenth is Courbet's "L'Homme à la Ceinture de Cuir." Among the pictures of the year the most remarkable is M. Léon Lhermitte's "La Paye des Moissonneurs," which has been hung in the principal gallery, between Lefebvre's "Verité" and the "Moissonneuses" of Jules Breton, and which is to be lithographed for the Government by M. Alexandre Lunois. The others are M. Salmson's "La Première Communion;" M. Quost's "La Saison Nouvelle;" M. Edelfelt's "Le Service Divin;" the "Rivière d'Eure," by Edmond Yon; M. Demon's "Le Moulin;" M. Sautai's "Intérieur d'Eglise;" a good Chaplin; and the "Éventail et Poignard," of M. Falguière.

OF the twelve tapestries ordered by the French Government for the decoration of the Escalier d'Honneur in the Luxembourg, eight will come from Gobelins, and four from Beauvais.

THE exhibition of the Union Centrale des Arts-Décoratifs is exceptionally rich in matter and interest. Contributions have poured in from all quarters—from public galleries and private collections alike—and the gathering is one of unequalled splendour and variety. Of especial interest is the collection of ancient tissues and woven fabrics generally, which is in great measure the work of M. Brossard, the Conservateur du Musée de l'Art et de l'Industrie at Lyons, and which is probably the finest ever got together. Five several galleries have been furnished by the Garde-Meuble National with objects once the property of the Crown: including an unparalleled gathering of the masterpieces of Gouthière, Boulle, and Riesener, and whole acres of the finest tapestries in existence. There is no doubt that the exhibition is, from every point of view, a complete success.

THERE is just a possibility that it may be the last of its kind. France is rich in galleries; but she has not yet a South Kensington. The want is a great one, and a pressing; but there is some likelihood that in a little while it will cease to exist. The Government has authorised the institution of a lottery of 14,000,000 francs, the profits of which are to be devoted to the establishment of an industrial museum—a Musée des Arts-Décoratifs which shall be to France what South Kensington is to Great Britain. The first prize is worth half a million of francs, and it is said that the tickets, at a franc each, have been selling at the rate of 20,000 a day.

AT Rome, under the Minister of Public Instruction, they are clearing away the bank of earth that covers in the Forum between the Arch of Severus and the Capitoline Museum. It is also proposed to pull down the wall of the Farnese Garden, on the Via Sacra, and work down to the original level, which is now some ten feet underground.

THE King of Italy has signed a decree establishing a modern art gallery for the capital. It will be in receipt of a Government grant of £4,000 a year. With prices as they are—in England at all events—it seems improbable that the collection will be wholly composed of masterpieces.

THREE curiously interesting frescoes—now in the Naples Museum—have been discovered at Pompeii. The largest is quadrilateral, and represents a human sacrifice. The treatment is half earnest and half jesting, for the spectators of the ceremony are all grotesque—are pygmies or comic soldiers. Archæologists hold that the work is a Roman "Judgment of Solomon," and are divided in opinion as to whether its purpose is serious or the reverse. It is probably a graphic expression of the feeling which impelled the Romans to fill their tragedy with buffoons, and to traverse their funerals with dwarfs and jackpuddings: of that instinctive abhorrence of depressing influences which is to this day a peculiarity of the Italian character.

THE forthcoming International Exhibition at Rome will be open from 1st December, 1882, to 31st March, 1883. The applications for admission are very numerous—especially those from France.

TABACCHI'S "Arnold of Brescia" has been unveiled at Brescia. At Florence the proposal to erect a statue to Victor Emmanuel has for the moment come to nothing, none of the designs submitted having been found worthy of acceptance. At Urbino a committee has been formed to erect a subscription statue to Raphael.

THIRTY gold medals were given at the International Art Exhibition at Vienna. Among the recipients were the German painters Knaus and Lenbach; the Austro-Hungarian painters Hans Makart and Michael Munkacsy; the French painters Paul Baudry, W. A. Bouguereau, and Henri Harpignies, and the French sculptors Paul Dubois and J.-A.-M. Idrac; the Austro-English sculptor J. E. Boehm; and the Belgian painter Louis Gallait, who declined to receive his award, on the ground that works of art are not to be classified and distinguished like mechanical products.

THE death is announced of Mr. Marshall Wood, the sculptor; of Alexandre Desgoffe, the landscape-painter, a pupil of Ingres; of Mr. Warwick Brookes, the Manchester artist; and of the draughtsman Edmond Morin, a contributor (1851-56) to the *Illustrated London News*, and author of a great deal of work in such journals as *Le Journal Amusant* and *La Vie Parisienne*.

PURITY of style and a knowledge of principles are of so great importance in decorative art that any serious endeavour to increase our acquaintance with them deserves the warmest encouragement. Especially now—when so many unqualified persons of both sexes set up for oracles in ornamental art—is it pleasant to meet with a book which deals in a scholarly and intelligent manner with the grammar of the subject. The ordinary dilettante will perhaps find little to admire in the very carefully selected specimens presented to him in Messrs. Audsley's 'Outlines of Ornament" (Sampson Low and Co.). With a self-denial which is very praiseworthy, the authors have printed them without the attraction of colour, so that the student may devote his attention more strictly to those combinations of curves and straight lines which are the basis of all patterns. Here he will find those varieties of "fret" and "spiral" and "powderings" and "diaper," which are characteristic of the several nations who have worked out systems of ornament for themselves. With the help of the plates and the excellent letterpress which accompanies them it will be his own fault if he does not soon master the peculiarities of the various styles and learn a good deal about their growth. No designer can be considered properly equipped for his profession without a sound knowledge of all this book will teach him. Though the plates are only in black and white, they have been faithfully executed, and the selection could scarcely have been better made or better classified.

IN "The Life and Work of Jacob Thompson" (Virtue and Co.), Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt has done his best to create a kind of posthumous popularity for an artist whose achievement is little known and not generally admired. Everybody is a hero to his biographer—just as nobody is one to his valet; and to Mr. Jewitt the painter of "A Hope Beyond" is heroic in no mean degree. It is hardly probable, however, that he will succeed in persuading the public to share his admiration. He has written of his deceased friend in terms so liberal and sincere as almost to disarm criticism. But it seems certain that the popular interest in Thompson—never a very strong one—is now wholly departed, and that, in spite of the affectionate enthusiasm with which Mr. Jewitt has performed his task, this story of his life and work will prove attractive to but few. It must be added that the book—which is a good-sized quarto, illustrated with many woodcuts and some engravings on steel—is handsomely and effectively presented, and will look well wherever its future sets it down: on library shelf and drawing-room table alike.

THE new edition of the "Imitation of Christ" (Nimmo and Bain) may fairly be regarded as a kind of work of art. It is a little unfortunate in its cover, the effect of which is somewhat tawdry and over-pretty. But it is well and clearly printed; the paper is excellent; each page has its peculiar border, and each chapter its peculiar initial, and both borders and initials are well designed, seemly, and appropriate; the chapter-headings are generally in excellent taste. It is illustrated, moreover, with ten etchings by Flameng after J.-P. Laurens. They have the charm of novelty, and they are well produced as prints; but they are of no great merit as pictures. The artist's talent is essentially popular while that of the unknown author—be it Gerson or another—of the "Imitation" is essentially mystical and contemplative. There is therefore no apparent connection between the illustrations, whose interest is wholly one of more or less skilful melodrama, and the matter of a text whose interest is purely one of morality and the religious sentiment exalted into ecstasy. Further than that the present translation is Mr. Benham's, we need say nothing of the "Imitation" itself. It is a spiritual classic, and one of the most famous in existence.

MR. CALDECOTT'S "Graphic Pictures" (Routledge and Sons) are somewhat disappointing. They are pleasant and graceful work, but they are in nowise worthy of a place beside some of Mr. Caldecott's Christmas books—the immortal "House that Jack Built," for example, or the delightful "Song of Sixpence." The fact is, there is more than one Caldecott, and there is only one good one. There is the original Caldecott, whose fancy is wholly retrospective and wholly charming, and who tells of nothing but the Eighteenth Century; and there is the Caldecott who treats of contemporary character and manners, and is more or less an imitator—and a feeble one—of the late John Leech. It is the first of these who is admirable; it is the second who is responsible for the greater part of the present work. It is only in "Mr. Carlyon's Christmas" that Caldecott the First is at all apparent; and Mr. Carlyon is a contemporary—or thereabouts—of John Gilpin. Everywhere else we are confronted with reminiscences of Leech—of Leech as he appears to Caldecott the Second. *C'est tout dire.* Upon those who like their Caldecott for himself, and prefer pure Leech to Leech *plus* Caldecott, the effect is anything but satisfactory.

THE several numbers in "A Round of Melodies" (Cambridge: Macmillan and Bowes), by R. and M. Farren, are only to be described as so many etchings for music. The work is "an attempt with the needle to show the affinity and harmony that exist between melody, as represented by airs and songs, and such imagery as seems . . . to suit them, and to combine harmoniously with them." In other words, it is an attempt to reproduce by means of lines and the tones of black and white the sentiment and the effect of certain combinations of words and arrangements of sounds. The idea appears far-fetched, and savours a little of an excess of culture. We are obliged to add that, as carried out by Mr. Farren, it is not extraordinarily effective. Mr. Farren has a graceful talent as an etcher, and the gift of a pleasant and simple vein of imagination. Both, however, are a trifle conventional; and Mr. Farren does not often do more than conventionalise his motive. This is especially the case when it is one of uncommon and enduring excellence. In his work, for instance, there is nothing to suggest such qualities as the airy gaiety and charm of Arne and Shakespeare's "When Daisies Pied;" the cheerful pomp of Milton's "Song on May Morning;" the witchery and romance of "Come Unto these Yellow Sands;" the untutored and simple poignancy of such a lyric as "Frenet Ha'." In paraphrasing such merely neat and sprightly stuff as "The Young May Moon"

he is more successful. It must be added that some of his landscape vignettes—as, for example, that one engraved upon his title-page—are very graceful and pretty. On the whole, however, it may be fairly said of him that his intention is better and more interesting than his achievement.

In a recent note upon the late Hablot K. Browne we referred to the fact that of late years his popularity had apparently declined, and his hand lost something of its early cunning. From a little memoir by Mr. F. G. Kitton (Satchell and Co.), it seems there was a physical reason for this, which it is only fair should be remembered. Some fifteen years ago an incautious night's rest in a draughty room brought about incipient paralysis, and though with admirable perseverance the artist still struggled on, he never recovered his former facility. It is well that this should be put on record, as it explains the difference—inexplicable to his old admirers—between the woodcuts in the "Household Edition" of the "Pickwick Papers" and the etchings of 1837. The memoir contains some unpublished letters and sketches by "Phiz," with a portrait, and a list of the principal works he illustrated.

Mr. H. B. Wheatley and Mr. Elliot Stock are to be congratulated on the first volume of the "Bibliographer" (Elliot Stock). If handsome type and good paper are any recommendations, then the "Bibliographer" must command success. But it has also endeavoured to deserve it by a good and varied programme. A notable feature is its careful record of the sales which unhappily have recently become so frequent. Of special interest is a very learned and useful series of papers on the "Wood-cutters of the Netherlands," by Mr. W. M. Conway. It is greatly to be hoped that the editors will continue to preserve the thoroughly bookish flavour of their first issue. Of greater merit still—as represented by its fifth volume—is "The Antiquary" (Elliot Stock). It is really a little mine of quaintnesses and curiosities—the odds and ends of a dozen bygone civilisations, the tattered fripperies of a score of dead societies; and it shows "the gleaners after Time" in a very pleasant light.

An excellent book in all respects is Signor Molmenti's "La Vie Privée à Venise" (Venice: Ferdinand Ongania). On its first appearance, in the original Italian, it was crowned by the Venetian Academy, and ran in no great while through a couple of editions. These distinctions it thoroughly deserves, and its publisher has done well and wisely in presenting it to the world at large through the medium of a French translation. It is not easy to imagine a more interesting book to begin with. Signor Molmenti—who is in some sort a pupil and a disciple of Henri Taine—is absolute master of his subject. Then, he writes clearly and graphically; he is an artist in selection and arrangement; his deductions are not less sound and judicious than his facts are picturesque and appropriate. As his theme is Venice, the whole world's inheritance, it will readily be understood that, having so much to say and saying it all so well, he has produced a work of great and remarkable attractiveness. His essay is divided into three parts. In the first—900 to 1400—he describes the aspect and the uses of mediæval Venice: the community of mariners and traders, the conqueror of Genoa, the chosen city of St. Mark. In the second—1400 to 1600—his story is of the Venice of the Renaissance: the Venice of Carpaccio and Tintoretto and Peter Aretine. In the third—1600 to 1800—he writes of Venice in decay: the Venice of light loves and comedy and the carnival, the Venice of Goldoni and Casanova. Nothing inappropriate is introduced; and nothing pertinent or suggestive is omitted. His survey is at once microscopic and comprehensive; and in his pages there are mirrored the changing aspects of full nine hundred years of the most vivid and romantic life the world has ever seen.

Produced by a provincial bookseller, and dated from a provincial town, the "Œuvre of Maurice-Quentin de La Tour" (St.-Quentin: Triquereux-Devienne. Paris: Dupont) is a publication worthy of Quantin himself. The first instalment appears as a portfolio: with a preface by Paul Lacroix, some thirty pages of text by M. Abel Patoux, and ten etchings by Adolphe Lalauze. There will be seventy etchings in all; and the issue of the work, which has everything to recommend it—paper, type, subject, style, appearance—will be limited to 300 copies. La Tour, the greatest artist in portraiture of the Eighteenth Century, and one of the greatest of all time, is not to be discussed in a single paragraph. Reserving, therefore, our criticism until later on, when we can speak of the publication as a whole, we shall content ourselves with announcing its appearance, and with noting the fact that the ten portraits reproduced by M. Lalauze from the original pastels at St.-Quentin are those of La Tour himself, of D'Alembert, Louis XV., Mdlle. Camargo, Mdlle. Fel, Mdme. Favart, Jean-Jacques, Grimod de la Reynière, Mdme. de Mondonville, and the Marquise de Pompadour. They are the Eighteenth Century in fact: the Eighteenth Century at its wildest, and wickedest, and wittiest; the Golden Age of Charm in some of its most charming representatives.

For a man who was singularly free from any special interest in his personal appearance, Bewick certainly seems to have left a good many pictures of himself behind him. There is one, for example, in the National Portrait Gallery, painted by James Ramsay. Then there is the little full-length by the same artist, which belongs to Mr. R. S. Newall, of Gateshead, and has been made familiar by Bacon's engraving. Another portrait, referred to by Atkinson and Audubon, is the miniature in oil by T. S. Good, of Berwick, which was exhibited in London last year. Besides these there is Baily's characteristic bust, recently reproduced for the *Century Magazine;* and the excellent woodcut after Nicholson, which forms the frontispiece to Charnley's edition of the "Select Fables" of 1820. To this by no means exhaustive list the Fine Art Society has recently added another portrait by Nicholson, which has been effectively etched for them by M. Léopold Flameng. The original is a water-colour belonging to Mr. Thomas E. Crawhall, of Condercum, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Judging from the plate, the head only is at all finished, and this has been carefully rendered by M. Flameng's needle. It represents the famous wood-engraver in the prime of life. The short crisp hair is still dark upon the massive head, and the brown eyes are full of *bonhomie* and intelligent animation. A slight protrusion of the under-lip indicates that habit of the quid which is discernible in Baily's bust. The *remarque* proofs of this very interesting etching bear a clever copy of the little cut by which Bewick first won his spurs, namely, "The Huntsman and Old Hound," for which, in 1775, the Society of Arts awarded him a premium of seven guineas.



DANCING.

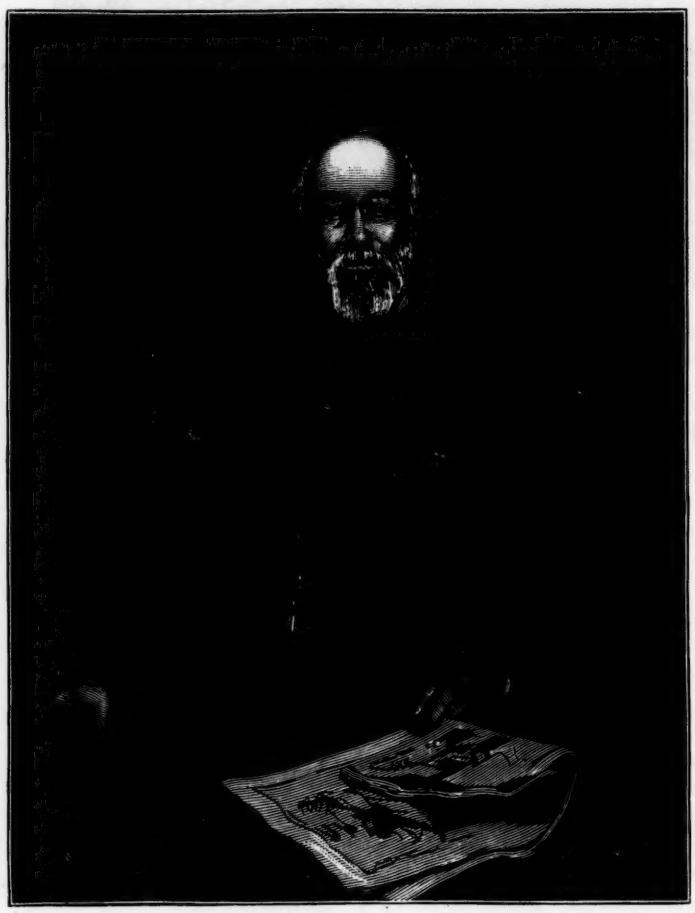
(From the Painting by W. F. Britten, in the Possession of Captain Hill.)

A BRIGHTON TREASURE-HOUSE.

BRIGHTON is not suggestive of art. Philistinism in its most cheerful form reigns supreme on the King's Road and Marine Parade, and even the easiest kind of all art—æstheticism in dress—is not at home in the bleak and busy town, makes little display on the Chain Pier, and is feebly represented in the musters of feminine fashion. The robust advocates of all that is "healthily" tight, trim, British, and usual would perhaps opine that the sea-breezes were too wholesome for the languors of the artistic craze; our own more literal reading of the matter is that the actual breezes that come so freshly from the sea are not friendly to the long and soft draperies and prepared accidents of pseudo-mediæval attire. However this may be, Brighton wears an air of determination to be braced which is distinctly opposed to the recollection and meditation of enthusiastic art. Our preconceived notion of a Brighton picture-gallery would be that of an eminently "healthy" gathering of polished horses and dogs by Landseer, some "legitimate" histrionic compositions of Maclise, studies in contemporary life by Mr. Frith, some of Mr. Vicat Cole's landscapes to remind us of the beauties of inland country, and a few of the many uncompromising sea-pieces by which English art has illustrated the severities of the national climate. Captain Hill's house—one of many on the Marine Parade, bright, white, and unsuggestive—discloses a very different taste. Not that any strong predilection for the work of any of the little schools of modern English art is here obtrusively apparent. The collector has not insisted *quand même* upon Mr. Burne-Jones's ideal, or Mr. Pettie's manner, or Mr. Frank Holl's method; but there is everywhere an impression of good, advanced,

and interesting art, without monotony. A great delight in the works of one or two painters is undoubtedly shown, but without any narrow or exclusive devotedness to the schools and principles of those painters. The impression is not, of course, literally correct, but it would seem at the first glance that all Mr. Phil Morris's most important pictures were assembled here; yet painters of taste and work most opposed to Mr. Morris's are there as well. Captain Hill has, besides, confined himself neither to his own time nor to his own country in his researches.

The collection is gathered into a cluster of moderately-sized, well-lighted rooms, devoted entirely to the purposes of a gallery, except for the presence of a pianoforte *à queue* which suggests a very delightful combination of pleasures—Chopin with Corot, and other happy unions of suggestive art. But the whole house is flowing over with pictures, the drawing-room being hung with them, and even the obscurer walls of an anteroom being covered. Nothing is hung positively too high for a good sight, and some of the more centrally-placed pictures are so advantageously lighted and look so brilliant that they seem to be full of a fresh force. A group of older works claim first attention. These are mostly of small dimensions, and comprise two breezy and fresh sketches by David Cox with low horizons and plenty of sky; a fine and solemn study of trees ("The Old Oak") by Crome, massive in its shadow and light, and grave in its colour-harmonies. A pearly little picture of a farm-yard with a group of men, and an equally rich but less complete picture of an interior, call up some curious memories, for they are George Morland's. Under what circumstances were they painted? Were they let down by the boy-genius out of the window of the room, where his father kept him a close prisoner, and taken by an accomplice to be sold, so that the proceeds might pay for drunken and other orgies? or were they executed in the attic in Martlett Court, Bow Street, where the boy lived when he ran away from home? Or perhaps they belonged to the later period of his life, when his easel was surrounded by horse-dealers and pugilists and potboys, regaling themselves on gin and red herrings, and when—though he often scamped his pictures, and often sold them for less than they were worth—he earned from seventy to one hundred guineas a week, but saved of it not one penny, for he was the victim of the duns when he died at the age of forty in the wretched sponging-house in Air Street, Hatton Garden. Marriage had not sufficed to tame him, except for a brief time. When courtship and the honeymoon were over he returned to the old life of the tavern and the stable. The story is a melancholy one, and does not seem altogether to tally with these views of rural England, which have about them an air of simplicity and of innocence.



PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN HILL.
(By Frank Holl, A.R.A.)

A less painful, though hardly a less pathetic contrast than this between an artist's life and his works is that between age and youth, of which art has taken cognisance in so many ways, and which Mr. Phil Morris delineates with effect in "The Reaper and the Flowers," which is the subject of one of our illustrations. The merry children link hands and form a chain before the old man

on the road, but they will not stay his advance, any more than they will be able to resist the progress of Time, which he symbolises, and which will bring them to be as decrepit as the old woman walking up the hill, and will finally cut them down with the scythe. All this sentiment is well expressed by Mr. Phil Morris on his canvas—one of the many canvases of his in the possession of Captain Hill. At every turn in the galleries the familiar manner of this artist meets the eye. Here is the charming "Cradled in his Calling"—the sailor's baby being carried along the cliffs; and here "The Sailor's Wedding," which visitors to the Royal Academy have not yet had time to forget. "The Sons of the Brave"—a picture which owed much to its title, but which was so good that nobody grudged it the accidental advantage it thereby obtained—is also here, with a smaller replica or study which, except in the motive of the central group, offers curious points of difference, being of another shape—far longer, with extra figures at the sides; and that picture of peace, the "Procession of First Communicants at Dieppe"—girls in white—in that wonderful white drapery of Mr. Morris's, which is used again in the picture of three girls who have been bathing, and whose toilet has been disturbed by a calf, this also being in Captain Hill's collection, with a number of others by the same versatile hand. Very rarely in the history of art has so constant a patron been found by any one artist, and rarely has patronage been so deservedly won.

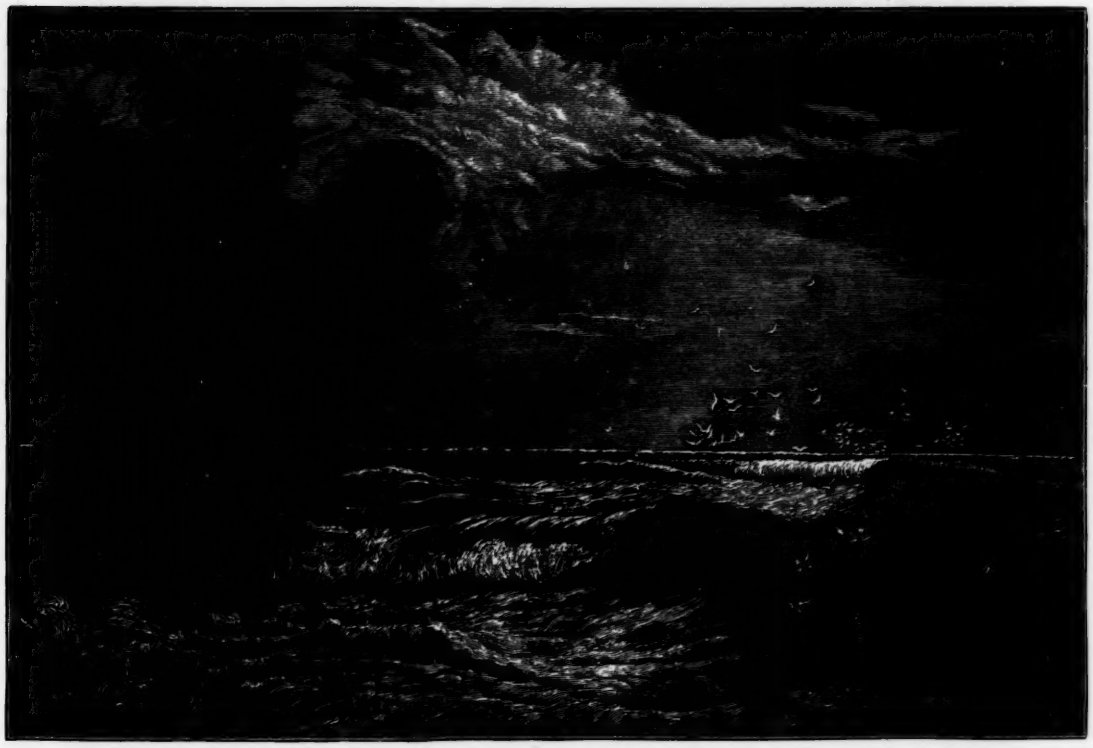
Next in number to the examples of Mr. Phil Morris's work come those of Mr. Frank Holl's; and central among them is the portrait of the owner of the gallery, seated, full-faced, with a very strong and rather cold light upon the flesh, the tints of which are treated with a full, opaque, and diffused effect. The modelling of the head and the solidity of the work throughout place this portrait among the strongest achievements of an artist who, in his portraits especially, never lets the character of his work exaggerate itself into the slightest mannerism. Mr. Holl might easily win a more noisy reputation than that which he enjoys if his work were not so straightly and uncompromisingly honest. Of his imaginative compositions our opinion has never been quite so high; for, whether it is that he bears too faithfully in mind the general artistic dulness of his public, or for some other reason, certain it is that he is somewhat inclined to be insistently and unreservedly obvious in his manner of painting a story and dwelling upon a sentiment. One of Captain Hill's pictures, "The First-born," is a marked example of this temper in the artist. The subject is somewhat trite and very pathetic—so pathetic that great reserve combined with great realism was absolutely necessary for its treatment with force; a less acutely sentimental picture would not need so much tact as this; but Mr. Holl has spared us nothing in his insistence upon his own meaning. The small coffin of a very young child is being carried by four little village girls to the grave in a rural churchyard. The sobbing mother follows with the father; her yearning action towards her child is very true and impulsive, but we are inclined to quarrel with his expression as being too deliberate a study of manly grief for perfect artistic sincerity. In the incident of the two very old men who are accompanying the baby to its grave lies the insistence of which we speak, and there is a lack of realism in the action and character of the peasant-woman's delicate and high-bred hand, as it lies with the conscious pose of the little finger upon her husband's arm. Another Academy picture by the same artist, showing the same merits and the same faults, is "Deserted," an early morning scene in London. Two policemen have picked up a child wrapped in a tarpaulin, and are bearing it away to the tender mercies of the parish; close behind them, and too clearly within their ken, stands the mother clasping her head with a gesture of despair; a compassionate workman stands near, and a flower-woman leans forward to see the foundling, while a little girl close to her shrinks awe-struck from her first experience of a human tragedy. Captain Hill is also the fortunate possessor of a smaller study for the same artist's "Newgate," perhaps of all his compositions the most direct in feeling and the most painter-like in execution. As regards workmanship this study is, to our mind, in some respects preferable to the finished picture.

With regard to landscapes the collection is perhaps less strikingly and unusually good than it is in other branches of art, but it boasts two or three exceptional treasures besides those already mentioned. Four or five examples of Corot are, as is common enough, of unequal merit, one or two being of very great beauty. Nothing could be finer than the small woodland scene, chilly and still with the air of autumn; a slightly violet tinge in the blue of the sky must be accepted as characteristic of the master. Other examples in the room are exquisitely spiritual; nor do we fail to find some charm of delicacy, thought, or tenderness in the veriest *Corot de commerce* which was ever swept up from the old man's studio by an omnivorous dealer. It may well be that his hand and mind had the habit of beauty, and produced it mechanically. It is from an excellent English picture that our illustration—"Toilers of the Sea"—is taken. Mr. G. S. Walters shows here a group of sea-gulls wavering in the wind over a grey and boisterous sea. Of different artistic and natural temper are two of



THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

(From the Painting by Phil Morris, A.R.A., in the Possession of Captain Hill.)



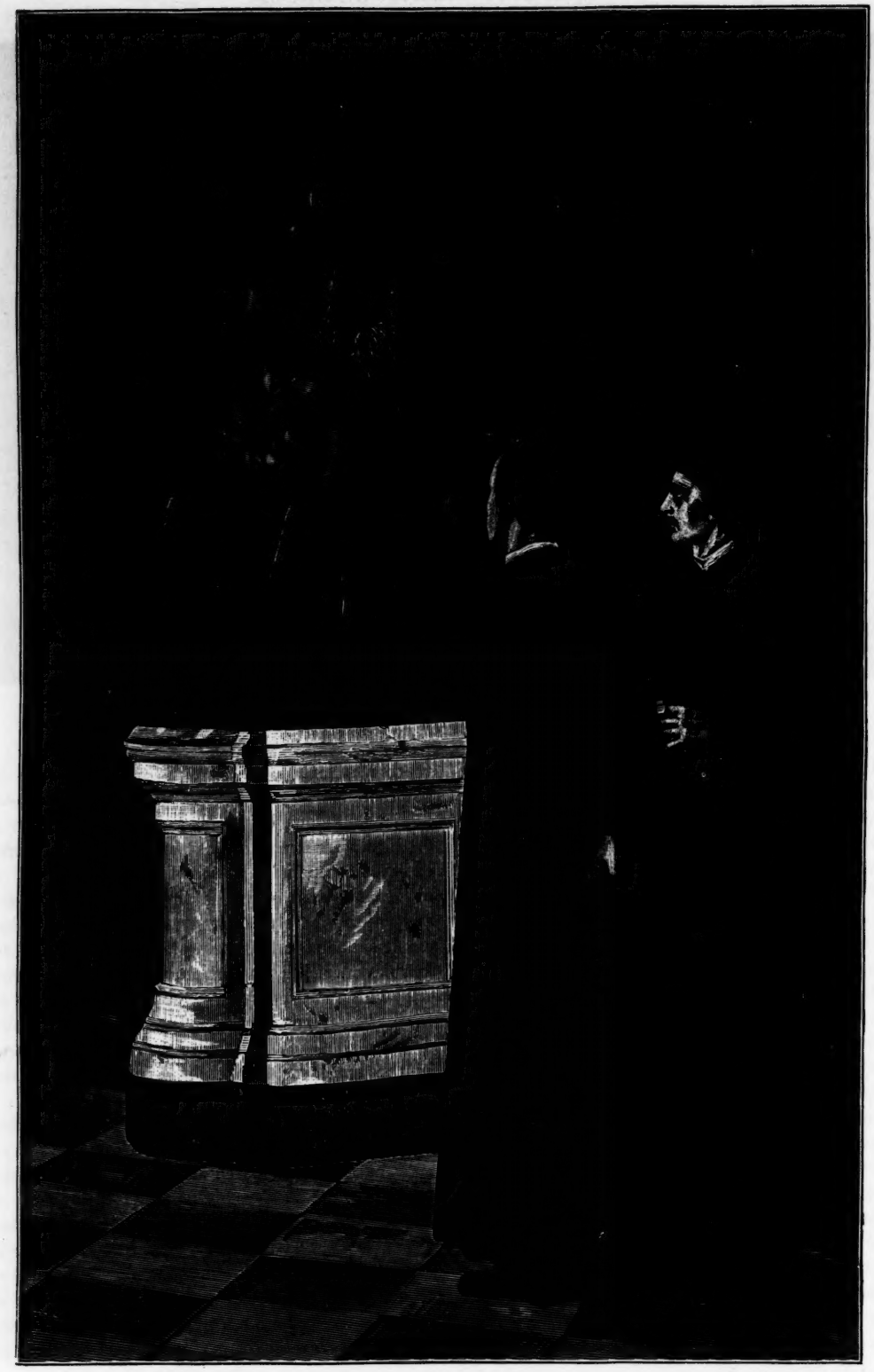
TOILERS OF THE SEA.

(From the Painting by G. S. Walters, in the Possession of Captain Hill.)

Captain Hill's chief possessions—a lovely example of Mason, and the "Right of Way," which was the last, or almost the last, picture exhibited by Frederick Walker at the Academy. The former is a beautiful upright sylvan subject, studied in early autumn; a steep thin wood climbs towards the left; little girls in the light rustic cotton frocks and the white sunbonnets which the artist was so fond of painting—pure, graceful, classic, yet homely figures—are gathering blackberries. There is a chill in the air, the woodland is thinning, and the slender trunks of the trees rising against the sky are drawn with power and subtlety. Everywhere is the rich, indefinite brown of slightly sere bramble-branches, ferns, grasses, and all autumnal undergrowth, without any insistent colour, the chief lights being in the sky and in the glow which rests on the children's dresses and bonnets. The picture is at once "old-masterish" and full of fresh and direct nature. Walker's "Right of Way" is a purely rustic scene of earliest spring, the time when the coming of the buds is rather felt than seen among the "quaint anatomies" of the trees and twigs; there is a sense of vitality about them, though their outline is scarcely yet blunted by the tiny burgeon at the tip. The artist has not invested his spring with a conventional sunshine, but has set it under a low sky heavily raining in the further distance where the clouds are darkened; and the landscape is exquisitely refined in feeling and colour, farms and low hills lying under the quiet grey daylight. A stream winds abruptly down the middle of the composition; the fields are starred with daisies, the size of which the artist has pardonably and affectionately exaggerated for the sake of emphasis, and a menacing sheep, with her fluffy lamb under her protection, disputes the right of way with a little boy, who clings to his elder sister for defence; an expressive little black dog looks on dubiously. The life of the picture is as charming as the landscape, the lambs especially being drawn with great character and feeling.

It is interesting to compare these examples of our two great departed artists with one or two small canvases from the brush of the still greater Millet. One of these is a richly-coloured little study of a single figure of a shepherd, very noble in line, clad in a long mantle, and relieved in light against the dark of trees; a slight and delicate landscape opens to the right, beyond a thick flock of sheep. Still more solemn in effect are a vigorous wood and sea study, and a hasty sketch of a wild peasant girl, an innocent barbarian, a sylvan figure standing shyly but unconsciously in her own appropriate woods.

M. Israels' genius is represented by the well-



IN THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.

(From the Painting by M. Wonnenburg, in the Possession of Captain Hill.)

known subject of two children floating their boat in the shallow sea—one of the very few happy pictures he has painted—and by two others more according to his usual vein. One of these is also a seaside scene: a fisherman's wife, in the large poke-bonnet which the women of Flanders and parts of Holland have clung to for some sixty years, is seated in a stormy evening on the beach waiting for her husband's boat; her little son stands at her side with his hand upon her shoulder. The subject belongs, of course, to the very routine of sentiment, and has probably been painted, with slight varieties, by M. Israels himself so often that the suspicion of manufacture might cling to it—and we might hear of an *Israels de commerce*—but that this master of pathos has given to his work, chiefly by means of undemonstrative quietness, a freshness, sincerity, and realism which constitute the note of modern genius. Another picture by the same hand is still sadder and even simpler; it is an interior. An old woman sits in the dark homely room of a Dutch cottage; within the panelled alcove which contains the bed lies her still older husband, ill. It is the closing of the long companionship, and the two are together in that pathetic repetition of the *tête-à-tête* of newly-married life which occurs towards the end, when the last of the children have long departed, and more than the silence of the honeymoon steals upon the little house. The beauty of M. Israels' colour is very apparent in these smoke-browned and half-lighted interiors, where he suggests and implies a wealth of latent colour in a darkness and dimness full of mystery. Captain Hill has made quite a collection of Mme. Cazin's landscapes. This artist's work was more prominent a few years ago in London than it is now; it has always been unequal—strongly mannered and individual. Her chief merits are great harmony and unity of colour and effect; her chief faults a lack of light, especially in the skies, which are heavy in tone, and a peculiarity of surface suggestive, in the extremest examples, of blotting-paper—a general opaque softness which is very unattractive. When, as is the case notably in one little picture here, she compasses any freshness or luminosity, her manner is very charming and very true. M. Fantin is represented by one strongly-painted bouquet of chrysanthemums in a tall blue and white vase against the usual dark background. Among Captain Hill's water-colours are a series of drawings, chiefly architectural, from the pencil of M. Jules Lessore, an artist who has an unusual aptitude in treating the movement and coming and going of street-life, and who, in these more deliberate and less impressionary scenes, works with great freshness as well as accuracy and vigour. Of a true master of impression—M. Degas—whose pictures, exhibited some years ago in Bond Street, Captain Hill has collected, we must speak at length on another occasion. "The Sculpture Gallery," by M. Wonnenburg, and Mr. Britten's "Dancing," are the subjects of two of our woodcuts. Our readers will not have forgotten the very remarkable "Flight of Helen" by the latter artist in the Grosvenor Gallery of 1881—a brilliant performance, showing rare qualities of dramatic imagination and decorative audacity, with a fine feeling for light. It is interesting to meet the artist in his smaller work. "The Sculpture Gallery" is a good bit of character, the subject being one of those quaint juxtapositions of the modern and the ancient which produce piquant pictures of *genre;* in execution it is singularly complete. From the same artist's hand is a bit of antique life, in which the painting of some white marble rivals that of the very master of white marble—Alma-Tadema.

Mr. Orchardson is represented chiefly by that picture of "Hamlet and the King" which, like all the artist's Hamlet pictures, provoked much controversy and evoked many hostile criticisms in the year of its exhibition. If opinions were divided upon its merits, it may be said that they were divided with very good reason, inasmuch as the two figures are unequal in merit. The one is quite subordinate to the other, and unfortunately it is the subordinate figure which is most felicitous. The prince advances full-face, with his irresolute, meditative head bent, and far to the right, and more in the background, kneels the king in an agony of prayer—and his action, though only seen from behind, is intense and complete. Hamlet is somewhat suggestive of the stage, and the type of head is by no means high in character. It is somewhat paradoxical that whereas no actor entirely fails with Hamlet, no painter has ever entirely succeeded with him—perhaps because the part is so interestingly complex that it acts itself, in spite of the unintelligence of the actor; but in the immobility and singleness of a picture we look for something more like the ideal of our eyes, because the play no longer engrosses us. Mr. Orchardson has apparently aimed at making his hero very human, and with this object has probably painted too faithful a portrait of a model not endowed with the majesty of Denmark.

Mr. Pettie's vigorously and brilliantly-painted group of "Jacobites" is the principal work by that artist in the rooms; it will probably always be one of the best remembered among his dramatic studies in historical *genre*. As a rule, the genius of the house seems to incline rather markedly to the "idyllic" in subject and in feeling; and we are relieved rather than disappointed to find that the costume picture—in less able, strong, and vivid hands than Mr. Pettie's so emptily if not vulgarly romantic a work of art—is rare in this collection.

ALICE MEYNELL.

THE WANING OF THE YEAR.

THE questions that are raised in this paper are amongst the gravest that a painter can ask himself: and I do not claim to give them an exhaustive answer. I do not know, indeed, that I need answer them at all, for the simple asking of them may be sufficient to change the whole current of a man's thoughts, and the answer to them should be wrought out in a life of patient study.

The year is waning. As the days grow shorter for work, so the evenings grow longer for thinking; and I am writing from a little village in Normandy where, if anywhere on the face of this fair earth, the waning of the year is full of tender beauty. A broad river, where the ships, proud of their three tall masts, come sailing lazily down, laden with stuffs from Rouen, to the busy port of Havre; a level sweep of corn-fields, and then hills at either side; a village of quaint timbered houses of many centuries ago, with its church of transcendent beauty reflected in the placid stream. Ah! that church is one of the jewels of "La Belle France;" its tracery is as delicate as the fretwork of forest-trees, its stained glass as translucent as the river, its walls and foundations as strong as the rocks from which they were cut. If I were a landscape-painter I would not only ask questions, but would illustrate them with sketches too.

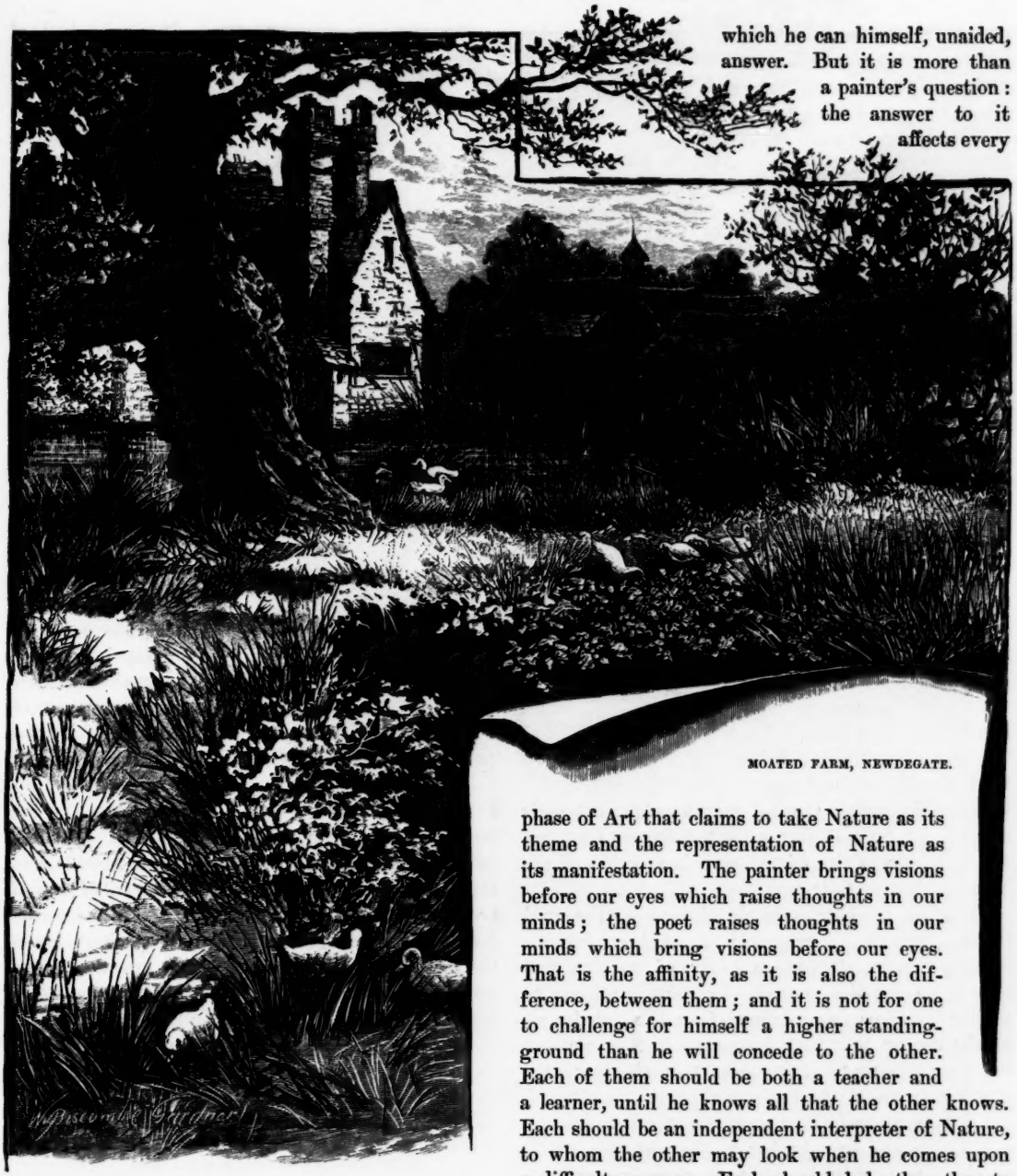
That, however, is not to be; so draw for me—O artist, cunning in the craft—draw for me a village farm in England, with its gabled roof, and stacked chimneys, and outbuildings, and moat, and trees already thinned of leaves but not quite bare, and rank rushes, and faintly-glimmering sky—while I "lie i' the sun" on the long grass by the Seine, and ask questions about the Waning of the Year, and what it means to the artist and to the lover of Art.



THE ROAD THROUGH THE PARK, BETCHWORTH.

For if it is well for the historical painter to know something of the passion of life; if it is well for the painter of a cathedral church to know something of the associations which cling to his subject, and to understand the subtle influence upon the mind of simple lines in their infinite combinations of proportion and curvature; if it is well for the painter of animal life to be able to differentiate the brutes by their fine instincts, and for the painter of flowers to perceive the laws by which their symmetry is maintained; then it is well also for the landscapist to discern the difference between the sound of the wind in a plantation of poplars and in a forest of pine-trees, and to know wherein Autumn is less sad than Spring.

To know *wherein Autumn is less sad than Spring*—these last half-dozen words, which I have italicised, lead to a whole string of questions at once. Is it

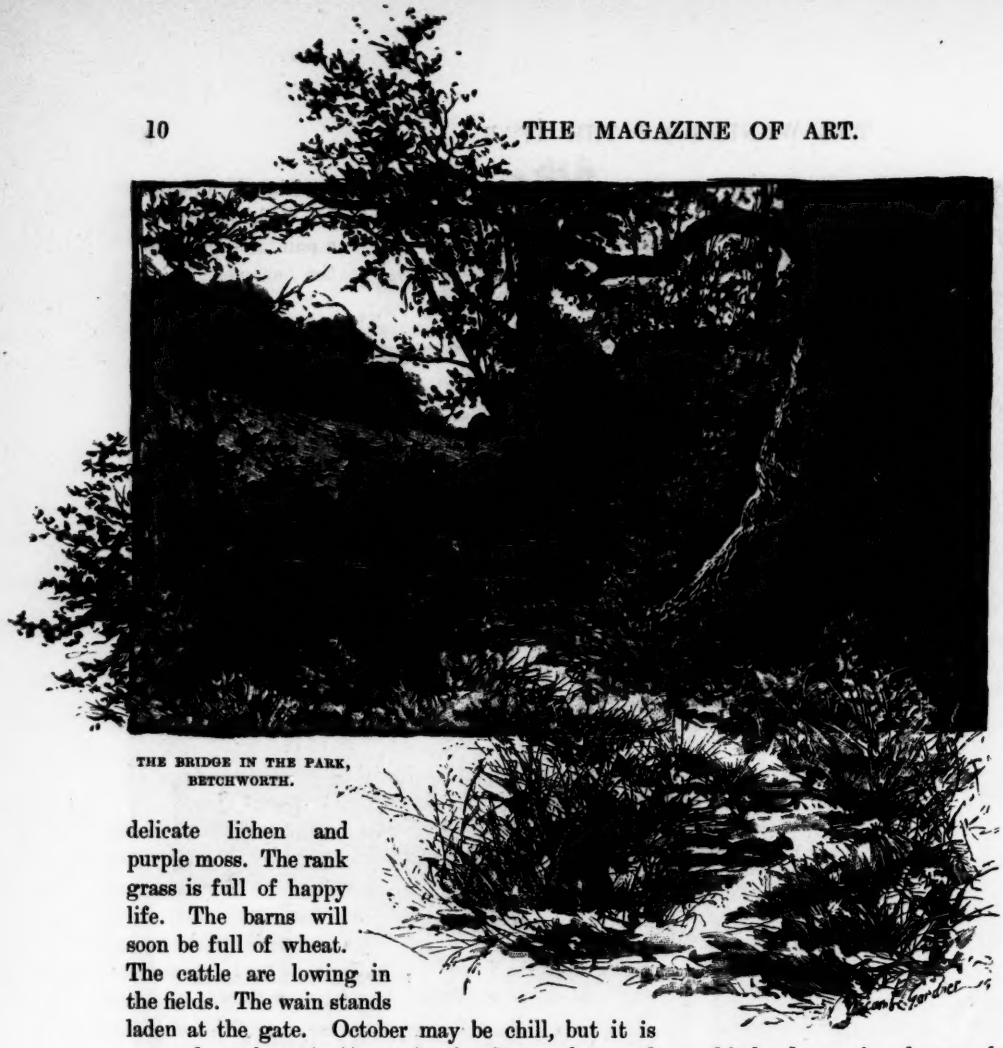


MOATED FARM, NEWDEGATE.

true that Autumn is less sad than Spring? In what sense is Autumn less sad than Spring? And if it is so—what then? This is a very simple formula of cross-examination, but the "what then?" includes a great deal. To the painter it includes the whole question whether there is in Nature any expression of the passion of our lives, and how far it is desirable or possible to embody that expression in his work.

The question, then, is first of all a painter's question; though it is not so certain that it is one which he can himself, unaided, answer. But it is more than a painter's question: the answer to it affects every phase of Art that claims to take Nature as its theme and the representation of Nature as its manifestation. The painter brings visions before our eyes which raise thoughts in our minds; the poet raises thoughts in our minds which bring visions before our eyes. That is the affinity, as it is also the difference, between them; and it is not for one to challenge for himself a higher standing-ground than he will concede to the other. Each of them should be both a teacher and a learner, until he knows all that the other knows. Each should be an independent interpreter of Nature, to whom the other may look when he comes upon a difficult passage. Each should help the other to work out his paradise. Each should strengthen the other in his work. And if Autumn is less sad than Spring, each should declare it, and should be able to tell the other why.

But the year is waning—is the painter sorry or glad? Is it not just what he has been waiting for? The leaves on the oak, have they not budded in the spring, and grown green and full in the long days of summer, all that they may strew the ground a little later, or flutter in crimson and gold for him against the sky? The gabled roof is jewelled with



THE BRIDGE IN THE PARK, BETCHWORTH.

delicate lichen and purple moss. The rank grass is full of happy life. The barns will soon be full of wheat. The cattle are lowing in the fields. The wain stands laden at the gate. October may be chill, but it is not sad, at least it is not in the Surrey farmyard which stands as one of the artist's sketches of the Waning of the Year.

Nor in his first sketch either—of the road through the park; where his footfall among the rustling leaves, startling a covey of rabbits, will save them for the moment, by scuttling them to shelter from imaginary danger, from the real danger of the enemy that lieth in wait. Is Autumn less sad than Spring? Take these two sketches as a first rough answer to the question.

But then, as I have said, the question belongs not to the painter only, but to the poet also. And as these two, alike in so many respects, approach Nature in so very different a manner, it is almost certain that the answer brought by one will be at least helpful to the other. Is Autumn less sad than Spring? Let us ask Robert Burns—

> "In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
> In vain to me the violets spring;
> In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
> The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
> And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
> Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
> And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
> A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide."

It may be doubted whether there can be found in literature words more vividly realistic of the tender loveliness of Spring, or words touched with a deeper melancholy. And then, listen to Shelley—

> "Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
> Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
> Or they dead leaves."

Surely, to our first question, Shelley and Burns give no uncertain answer.

But if that is what the poets have to say of Spring, let us see what they can tell us of Autumn. In the "Faerie Queene" Spring bears in his hand a javelin, and on his head a morion, because he is feared also, even as he is loved. But jolly Autumn carries a sickle, and is crowned with a wreath enrolled with ears of corn of every sort. And this gladness, common to our earlier poets, is in strict agreement with the spirit of one of the last of the band who have passed into the "blind world" of Dante. Hood has left us an Autumn sketch, Ruth gleaning, which if not "full of glee" like the merry October of Spenser, is yet full of the gladness that comes with the beauty of the ripening year.

> "She stood breast high amid the corn,
> Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
> Like the sweetheart of the sun
> Who many a glowing kiss had won.
>
> On her cheek an Autumn flush
> Deeply ripen'd; such a blush
> In the midst of brown was born,
> Like red poppies grown with corn.
>
> Round her eyes her tresses fell,
> Which were blackest none could tell;
> But long lashes veil'd a light,
> That had else been all too bright.
>
> Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean,
> Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,"

—and this is Autumn. What is there in Spring that shall compare with it for gladness!

So the first question is answered. Burns, from the ploughshare and the rough weather of the north; Shelley, from the classic associations and sunny skies of Italy; Spenser, from the Court of Elizabeth and the companionship of Raleigh and Sidney; Hood, from the busy life of a great city—all these, and a hundred more beside—

> "Who dare not trust a larger lay,
> But only loosen from the lip
> Short swallow flights of song, that dip
> Their wings in tears, and skim away"—

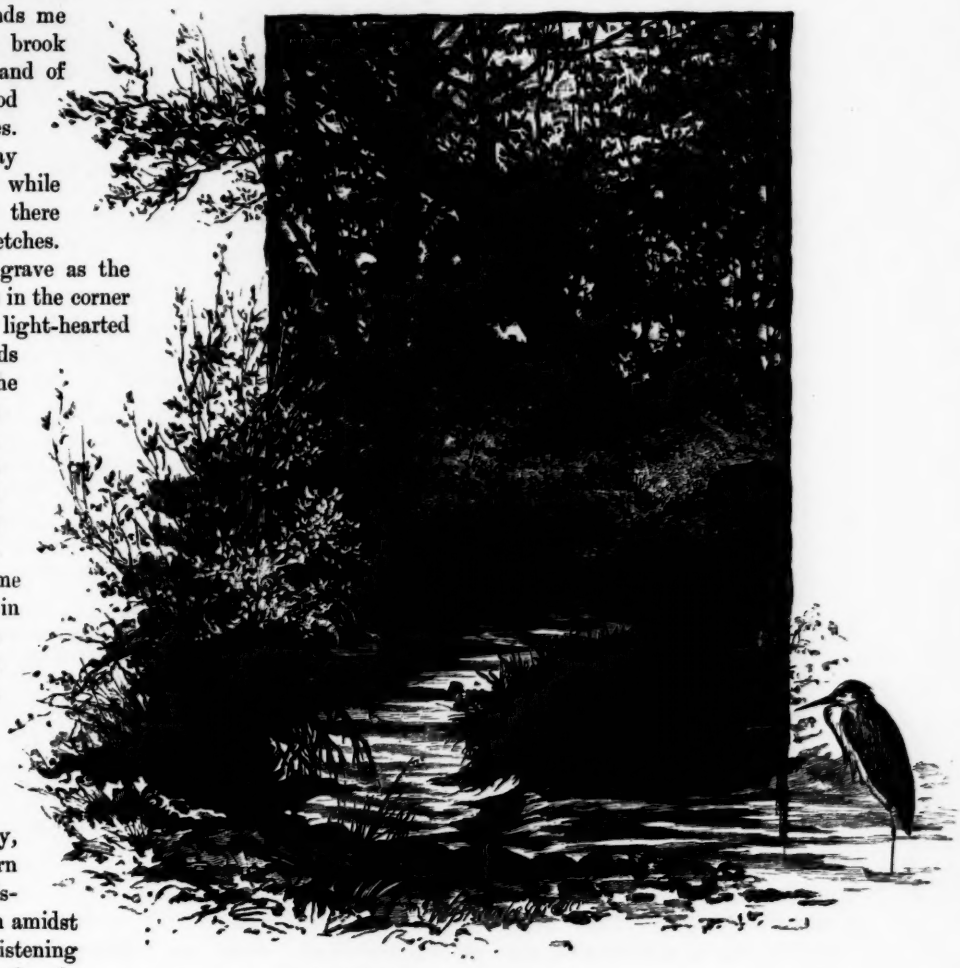
have confessed, not only that they have no bitter lamentations for the declining year, but—

> "That in the very temple of delight
> Veil'd melancholy has her sovran shrine"

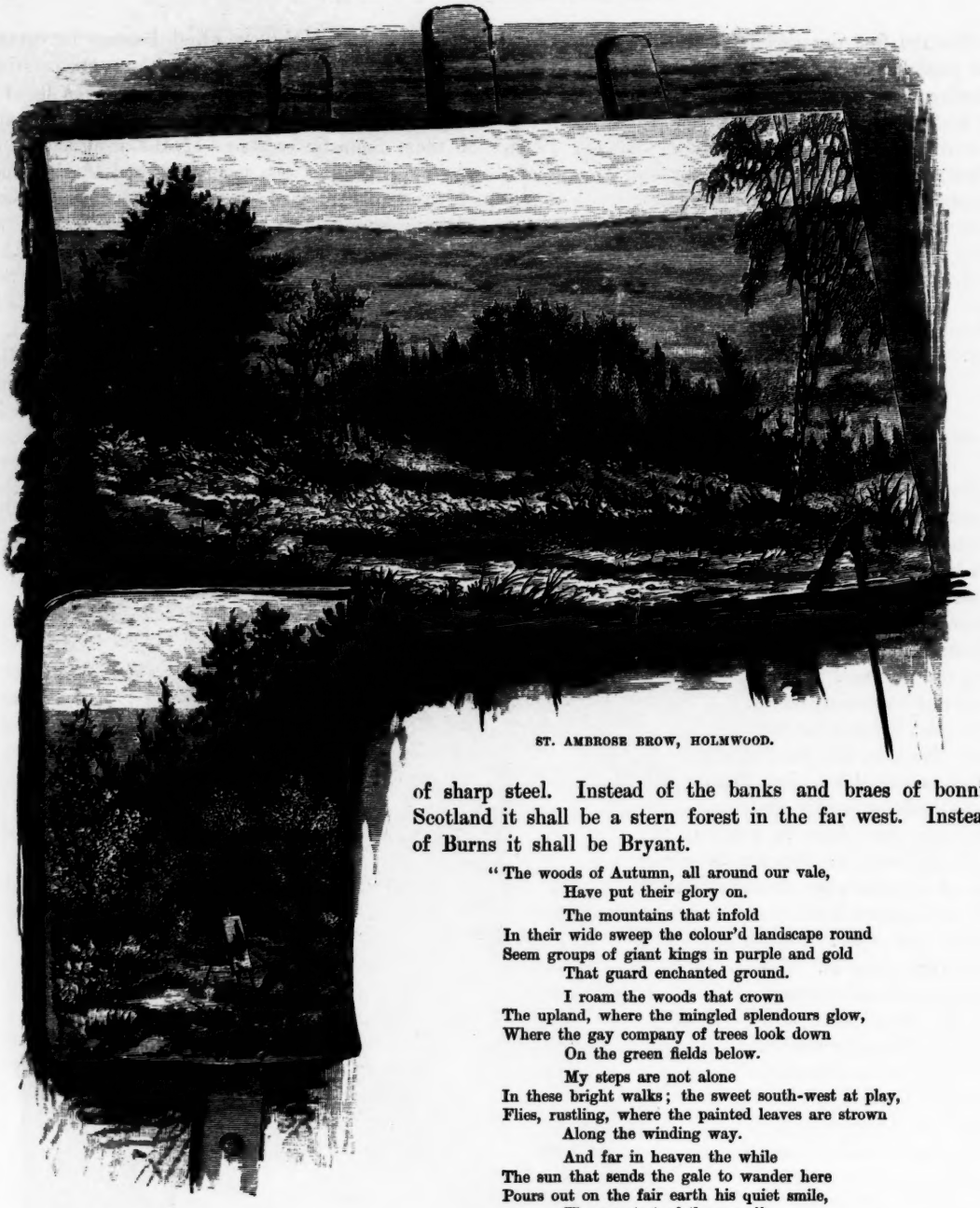
—in a word, that Autumn is less sad than Spring.

But in answering the first question the second is answered too. While I, on the Seine, have been questioning Burns and Shelley, and the rest, my friend the artist has been sketching in Holmwood Park, far away in dear old Surrey, and he now sends me drawings of a purling brook overshadowed by trees, and of a path through a wood strewn with rustling leaves. I do not know what may have been in his heart while he was sketching, but there is no sadness in his sketches. He may have been as grave as the solitary heron that mopes in the corner of one picture, or as light-hearted as the squirrel that scuds across the other. But he does not show it. His sketches are of Autumn, of Holmwood Park, of a rustic bridge, of a wooded stream, of a hundred things, *but not of himself*. If Autumn is to me sad, then I shall be sad in looking on these sketches—as I should be sad in Holmwood Park. But the sadness will be esoteric. For if the very brightest scenes of Nature are thus touched with melancholy, it is a melancholy "born of the secret soul's distrust." Burns, woe-worn amidst the violets and cowslips, listening sadly to the linnet and thrush, gliding homeward like a ghost because he cannot bear to hear the singing of the lark, was not painting from Nature. If the picture he has given us of a May morning is landscape at all, it is like one of those fantastic creations of the imagination in which the lines of the mountains and the branches of the trees are made to serve a double purpose. They represent more than we see in them at first. We look, and look again, until we perceive that they trace out a distinct figure. The figure in this instance is that of a man. We look more closely still, and lo! the man is Burns himself.

This is anthropomorphism pure and simple. But is it an isolated case? Is it peculiar to Burns that he should thus paint himself when he thinks that he is painting Nature? Let us examine a companion picture to that which Burns has given us. Instead of Spring it shall be Autumn; for the javelin that Spring carries is of young wood, and may perhaps bend to the poet's fancy, but the sickle of Autumn is



A QUIET FISHER IN HOLMWOOD PARK.



ST. AMBROSE BROW, HOLMWOOD.

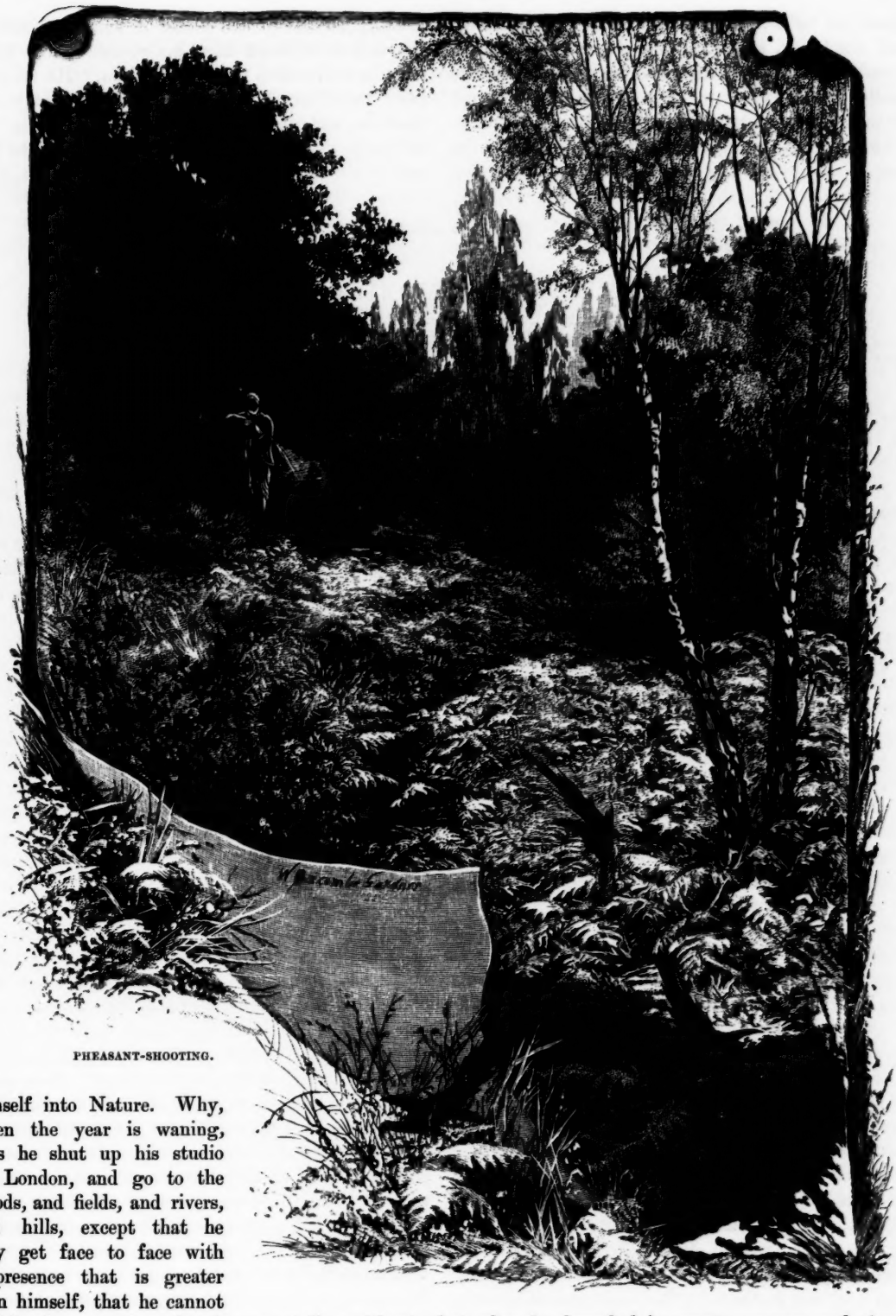
of sharp steel. Instead of the banks and braes of bonnie Scotland it shall be a stern forest in the far west. Instead of Burns it shall be Bryant.

"The woods of Autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.
The mountains that infold
In their wide sweep the colour'd landscape round
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold
That guard enchanted ground.
I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.
My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet south-west at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown
Along the winding way.
And far in heaven the while
The sun that sends the gale to wander here
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,
The sweetest of the year."

Again the occult figure of a man. A man who sees himself projected as a giant on the distant horizon. He lifts his hand—it lifts its hand. He would guard the enchanted ground—it is guarded by the mountains as by giant kings. He looks down with a glad heart on the green fields; the trees are glad with him, and look down also. He smiles with tranquil happiness on the fair earth, and lo! the sun is smiling too. It is Autumn, and he is not sad. Let Burns go home like a ghost on a Spring morning! As for him, in this, the sweetest of the year—

"It were a lot too blest
For ever in its colour'd shades to stay;
Amid the kisses of the soft south-west,
To rove and dream for aye."

And if this is anthropomorphism in art, what then? Only this. The painter must fight against it as the most terrible temptation that can assail him. Whatever the poet may do, the painter must not paint



PHEASANT-SHOOTING.

himself into Nature. Why, when the year is waning, does he shut up his studio in London, and go to the woods, and fields, and rivers, and hills, except that he may get face to face with a presence that is greater than himself, that he cannot find by introspection, that he cannot live without, that when he does find he must reverence and obey? Why does he take with him his easel and canvas, and set them up in that presence, unless he does so with a true heart, as a worshipper before the shrine of One greater than Pan? Let him leave at

home his fancies, and his habits, and his methods, and his tricks, and for once clothe himself with humility. It is only thus that he will ever become exalted. For what we ask of the artist is not Nature as she seems to him, but Nature as she is. I know he can never give us this absolutely, but he can be always striving after it, and the nearer his work approaches it the better it will be. And to approach it he must keep his vision clear. There must be no Brocken upon his horizon. He must so paint that looking upon his pictures we may still question, and at the same time find in them the answer to the question, wherein Autumn may be less sad than Spring.

WYKE BAYLISS.

AN AMERICAN HUMORIST IN PAINT.

WILLIAM H. BEARD, N.A.

IT is to the State of Ohio that we must look for the birthplace of one of the most powerful and original artists America has produced. William H. Beard was born at Painesville, Ohio, in 1821. His grandfather, who was of English descent, was a judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Mr. Beard's father, being of altogether different disposition, went early to sea, and commanded a ship before he was of age. Becoming weary of this, he abandoned a seafaring life and settled in Buffalo, a port on Lake Erie, and married. His wife was Miss McLean, a lady of Scotch descent. From Buffalo Captain Beard removed once more to Painesville, where he died soon after the birth of his son William. The details regarding the early life of Mr. Beard are not as unimportant as they might be in a long-settled country. They have a distinct bearing on his art, and give to it the flavour of originality that it might have lacked under more favourable circumstances. For it is difficult to imagine any civilised community apparently less suited to the encouragement of art than the State of Ohio at that time.

Although at present the mother of two presidents, and in point of thrift and intelligence the central State of the Union, Ohio, in 1821, was but thirty-three years old; the first white settlement was made in 1788. When Captain Beard moved to Painesville he carried his family and chattels across a primeval country in rough canvas-covered waggons, and the wolves yelped at night around the humble cabin he built. Although settlers poured fast into the New State, who carried with them the Bible and Shakespeare, together with the indomitable enterprise and sturdy religious tenets of their ancestry, yet it is not in clearing the wilderness and fighting with savages that the fine arts are stimulated by the influences most favourable to their growth. They are generally the result of an advanced civilisation, and are fostered by the patronage of wealth. And yet it is exactly from such primitive sources that the talents of some of America's ablest artists have sprung into being. Notwithstanding what has been so often urged against the hitherto unæsthetic character of American civilisation, this fact would seem to indicate a decided potential appreciation of art that is destined, with increasing culture, to develop into a controlling national influence.

The impulse to express his thoughts with a pencil sought a vent early in the case of Mr. Beard. But at first it took a turn which one who has only seen his animal paintings would hardly expect to find in his art. It was the mysterious and the horrible that the lad sought to delineate. In a small garret over a shop this uninstructed youth attempted to represent such scenes as the meeting of Satan and Death in "Paradise Lost." But aside from his absolute want of instruction, his representation of the Devil was the traditional grotesque fiend of the Middle Ages, with forked tail and horns. Young Beard's mother, who was a woman of considerable reading and fine natural powers, laughed at this ludicrously lugubrious conception, saying that Milton at least represented Satan as a being of fine person and a gentleman.

About this time Mr. Beard's elder brother James was painting portraits in Buffalo; William followed him thither and took lessons of him. James, who has since then developed into an artist of considerable merit, especially in the painting of dogs, was himself at that time not over well-grounded in the practice of art, nor was there much in Buffalo to encourage the rising artist. A small stockade had been established there in the war of 1812. Population gradually gathered around this nucleus, but the place was not incorporated until 1831; and although to-day a handsome city of nearly two hundred thousand people, it was scarcely more than a large village when William Beard was studying with his brother. Not a very encouraging field this for an ambitious painter!

James Beard next moved to New York City, where he has continued ever since. William followed him, and remained there a short time. After this very moderate foundation for his chosen pursuit, young Beard started out on an itinerant course of

portrait-painting through Ohio, taking the portraits of country clergymen or farmers' wives and daughters for a few dollars a head, or "taking the conceit out of them," as Mr. Beard quaintly observes. This was then quite a common practice with American artists, and some, like J. D. Harding, were remarkably successful in winning both fame and money by that means. But it appears to have been otherwise with Mr. Beard. While he is able to seize a tolerable likeness, yet his fancy teeming with

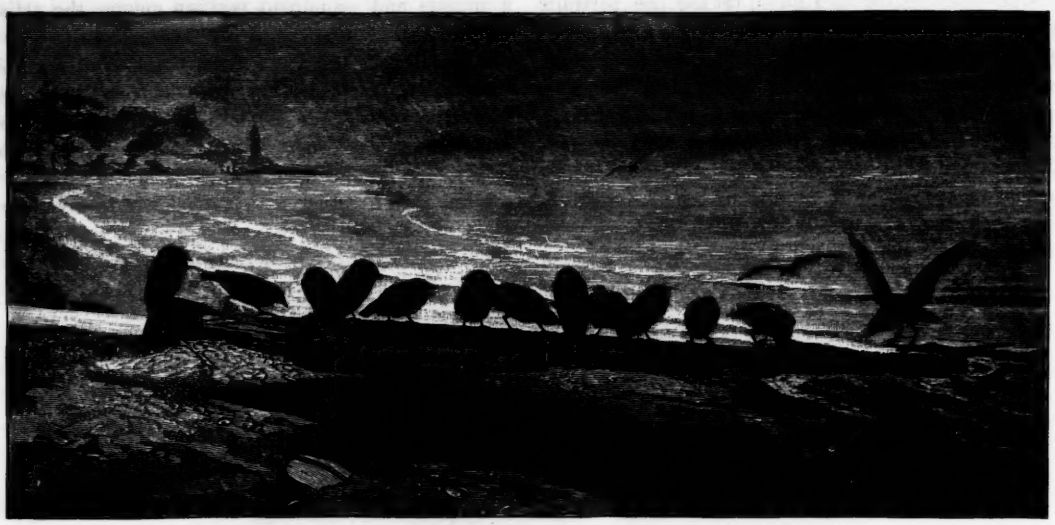


Yours Truly
W. H. Beard

original creations demanding expression, or his too keen perception of the foibles and failings of his sitters, seems to prevent him from achieving full success in this department. The portrait-painter should be able to flatter; the more subtle the flattery the more successful the artist. But it is difficult to imagine Mr. Beard flattering any one with his brush.

Finding this field unprofitable, Mr. Beard no longer hesitated to yield to the imperative impulse of his genius. He returned to Buffalo and boldly commenced a series of masterly compositions in a thoroughly original vein, which have won for him a unique and prominent position among the artists of the age.

Mr. Beard's mind was from the first of a highly imaginative turn, as has been already suggested. Notwithstanding the comic element which has become one of the most conspicuous features of his works, his genius has always been tinged with a sombre cast, together with a tendency to mysticism. It is to this characteristic that we owe such terrible compositions as his well-known "Power of Death." The mighty elephant, the grandest emblem of animal life and power, lies prostrate before the touch of the omnipotent spectre, who without an effort grasps and rends the yelling tiger now impotent in the clutch of the last foe, while the lion looks on appalled by the fearful evidence of a strength that is to paralyse and slay him in turn. There is something Miltonic in the grandeur of this conception. The more forceful scenes from the wonderful pencil of Doré are also suggested by this picture, but it should be added that it was executed before the artist had ever heard of Doré, who was only then becoming known.



THE WRECKERS.

(From the Painting by W. H. Beard, N.A.)

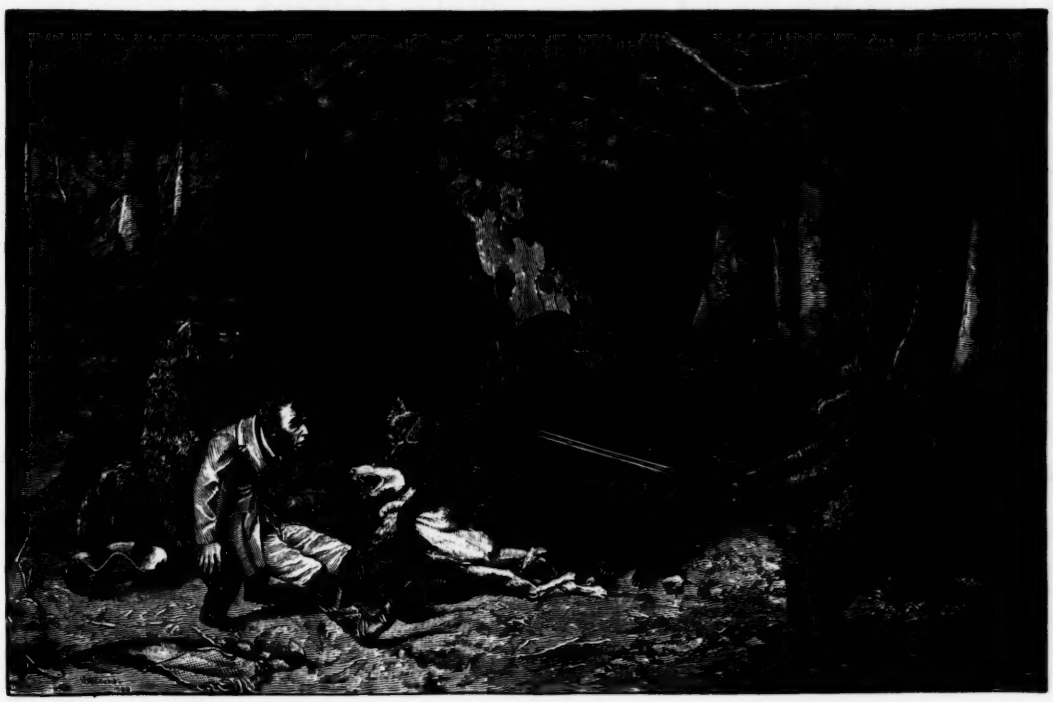
"The Gathering at the Cairn," representing a meeting of witches and hell-cats, is another composition drawn from the same source of inspiration; as the title indicates, this picture is grim and mysterious. We gain a forcible illustration of the wide scope of this artist's powers when we turn from this design to such works as his "Star of Bethlehem," and "He Leadeth Me by the Still Waters." The latter, representing the Divine Shepherd guiding His flock through a pleasant land, is so beautiful and serene in the beatific blessedness it suggests, that it has aroused profound emotion in those who have gazed upon it. "Lo, the Poor Indian," is another very interesting work by this versatile genius. In the early morning, when a wild wind is sweeping over the vast wastes of the prairies, a solitary Indian is seen recumbent on the long herbage. Some unusual sound has aroused him, or perhaps thoughts of the Great Spirit whose form he dimly perceives in the stormy sky walking on the winds. Half resting on his elbow, he gazes astonished. The scene nobly typifies the grandeur of the aboriginal character and the mysterious destiny of the North American Indian. It is a sublime subject treated with admirable success.

But while we desire to emphasise the wide range of subject chosen by Mr. Beard, it still remains true that he is most widely known for his inimitable delineations of animal life. We ought rather to call them satires on the frailties of human nature, for it is under this transparent guise that he has attacked or instructed our race. Sometimes these scenes are wholly humorous, sometimes they are profoundly satirical. Of course, to do this with success, the artist should be a keen observer of the characteristics of both animals and men. At what time Mr. Beard began to give special attention to the drawing of animals he is unable to say. He is an example of the fact that the first attempts of genius do not always foretell the character of the coming man. For, as we have seen, his earliest efforts scarcely suggested the branch of art by which he has since become celebrated. Almost unconsciously to himself he drifted into animal-painting and found the vocation for which he was intended. Spontaneity is a sure accompaniment of genius. It is a noteworthy circumstance that in addition to the fact that the little instruction he had was most rudimentary, Mr. Beard has but very rarely depended upon studies from nature. To a close observation he adds a tenacious memory; thus aided, his imagination has enabled him to represent the essential qualities of his subjects with a fidelity that men of mere talent can never acquire. It has also been his habit for many years to compose his more elaborate groups from plaster models which he has made himself, but for these also he has depended upon memory and logic rather than direct drawings from the life. Logic may seem a singular faculty to employ in art-practice, but it is undoubtedly by conscious or intuitive reasoning regarding the necessary position of the muscles in action that painters who excel in movement are able to reach their results. How otherwise could Rubens or Michael Angelo have represented such astonishing groups of figures in every conceivable posture, often in such positions as it would be impossible for a model to maintain long enough to be portrayed? It is thus in every effect of nature requiring intense action. How shall one draw

a wave rushing by at thirty miles an hour and altering its form every instant? How shall one seize the action of a charge of cavalry, or the varied expressions chasing each other over a face convulsed by a sudden access of passion? One reason why action in painting is so rare in the art of the present day, why figures are so often composed as if standing before a photographic camera, is simply because in the over-study from the life in modern art the memory is allowed no scope for culture, and the imagination, which is founded on memory, is thus made to play quite a secondary part. But that the imagination is the leading factor in the highest art will hardly be disputed. Study nature by all means, but when you have done that, let the imagination take command of your pencil. What we have said is also an argument against those who insist that there is only one way to study nature. There are as many ways as there are artists of genius to make it a study. This may seem a truism, and yet how few artists or critics give it practical acceptance.

After eight years' residence at Buffalo, Mr. Beard, furnished with several important commissions, sailed for Europe, where he passed two years, chiefly at Düsseldorf and Rome. He entered the studio of no master, but applied himself to a general observation and study of art, which seems to have benefited his method of composition, and possibly influenced his eye for colour. Mr. Beard has always painted with a simple palette, chiefly employing ochres. While colour is not an important feature of his art, yet he is not deficient in a perception of chromatic effects. He lays on colour with moderate solidity, sometimes leaving an impression of dryness, but the *motif* of the work generally dominates all other ideas when one is studying his vivid compositions.

On returning from Europe Mr. Beard was made an Associate of the National Academy of Design. This institution was founded in 1828, and in its organisation resembles the Royal Academy of London. Its exhibitions are held in a building of marble modelled after the Venetian style, and it is in a thriving condition. The following year Mr. Beard painted the remarkable picture entitled "The Dance of Silenus." So lively a sensation did it produce that the artist was at once elected an Academician. Praise and abuse were alike called forth from the press by this remarkable work, but the general opinion was favourable. The attacks were based chiefly upon moral grounds. It was urged that the silly expression and attitude of the bear who represented the tipsy demigod, and of the leering goats who danced around him, were of a corrupting nature. We cannot so regard the picture, which in reality inculcated a great lesson in



MAKING GAME OF THE HUNTER.
(From the Painting by W. H. Beard, N.A.)

an inimitable manner. Mr. Beard has executed more attractive works, and indicated more subtlety in his satire, but has never exceeded the originality and power of "The Dance of Silenus."

His rapidly-growing reputation now induced Mr. Beard to leave Buffalo and settle in New York, where the opportunities for art-influences and wealth are much greater than in a provincial town. He established himself in the studio building in Tenth Street, which is a well-known rookery, where many of the best artists of America have collected for years, and which they have enriched with numerous picturesque associations. Far more than in Europe, it is a custom in America to erect large buildings expressly for artists.

In 1867 Mr. Beard painted "Raining Cats and Dogs," a wholly humorous scene, and in 1874 an altogether different picture called "The Wreckers," of which we give an engraving. After the noble ship has yielded at last to the buffeting of the billows and the storms, then the ravens come and croak over its shattered remains and complete the ravages of the destroyer. "Making Game of the Hunter" was painted in 1880, and was exhibited in 1881 at the National Academy of Design. In this recent work he indicates that his faculties show no sign of decay, but with growing maturity continue to display undiminished technical ability and opulence of imagination. The preliminary group of plaster casts which he modelled for this painting is excessively comic. Every painter of the figure ought to be at least a sculptor *in posse*, if not *in esse*. That a sculptor may also be a painter is far less likely; but how one who knows enough to project a figure or a ship in perspective on a plane surface should be unable to model it in wood or plaster seems inconceivable.

No recent work of Mr. Beard's is more elaborate, or more plainly shows the resources of his imagination, than the great painting entitled "Bulls and Bears in Wall Street." Through this thoroughfare, the financial centre of New York and of the United States, we see a vast crowd of struggling bears and bulls rending each other in a tremendous conflict for the mastery. They are all in dead earnest; it is evident that they have serious work on hand. But the severity of the battle is relieved by touches of humour, such as a bear tossed in the air or a bull with a tuft of wool on his horns. In a side eddy a bear is seen sitting on the pavement busily examining the hide of a bull he has slaughtered and plundered; in another corner a bear is observed busily engaged in studying his account book. In the foreground a magnificent bull with triumphant mien stands forward as champion, and seems to claim the battle for his comrades. The hue and cry of the Stock Exchange, the vast nervous energy, the terrific passions and the tragedies and successes of that maelstrom of life in the nineteenth century, have never before been suggested with such vividness and power.

"Bears on a Bender" represents a number of ursines on a spree. Animals possessed of much personal dignity, they have yet in this case forgotten themselves in too liberal potations, and are seen in a greenwood acting very much as a party of gentlemen might under similar circumstances. "The Travelled Fox" takes off a well-known species of traveller, and "The Flaw in the Title" represents a number of apes gravely engaged in endeavouring to break a contract, unfortunately not a rare proceeding in the present age.

"The New Tenant" is a capital bit from everyday life. An old woman returns to her house, and is astonished to find that an owl has taken possession, and proposes to frighten her out of her rights. "The Bore" represents an ape sitting with his elbow firmly planted on a table across which he leans, and, with fixed eye and an air as if he had come to stay, holds another ape while he forces him to listen to his endless chatter.

"The Fallen Landmark," "The Fox-Hunter's Dream," "The End of Time," "Worn Out"—an old master, an old horse, an old everything, replete with a quaint pathos and humour—"The Cattle upon a Thousand Hills," and "Oh, my!" suggest by their titles the scope of this artist's genius and observation. "The Mass Meeting" is a mild satire on the political gatherings which are such a prominent feature of politics in America. We see before us a crowd of monkeys in men's garb, who are so skilfully and individually rendered that each represents a type of human character. Some are collected in knots sagely discussing the questions at issue, while others, again, are listening to the harangue of a demagogue ape who, from the desk on the platform, vehemently hurls a volley of partisan arguments at his audience.

In all these works the *motif* or ruling thought of the picture is so intensely vivid that one is liable to overlook the subtle analysis of character they display, and the likeness which Mr. Beard has discovered between certain animals and their corresponding human types. We have all fancied now and then that we traced the resemblance of a certain dog, horse, sheep, or bird to some acquaintance of ours. Sometimes this likeness is seen in the profile, sometimes in the general expression of the features, or in the movements of the individual. At other times it defies analysis, while we are provokingly conscious of an elusive but undoubted likeness. Now Mr. Beard has carried the matter still further, and discovered that the types of character or physical resemblance

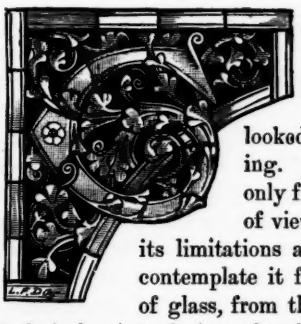
in men have corresponding types in specific races of animals. Thus the ape suggests one class of men, the bear another, the rabbit yet another, while the owl or the cat resembles in turn certain distinct phases of humanity. When we regard his paintings, therefore, we are at once struck with the propriety of the selection he has made from the animal kingdom to convey the moral he had in view.

Another feature of Mr. Beard's paintings is liable to escape attention in the entertainment afforded by the subject. We refer to the cleverness of the art with which he relates a story. Fully recognising the limitations of pictorial art, representing as it does but an instant in a drama, he never undertakes to tell too much, but concentrates the attention on that one leading incident. This, of course, is accomplished by thoroughly artistic composition. The weak points in his work result probably from the lack of early training and the later influence of Düsseldorf. To the former we owe the occasional weakness of his drawing, and to the latter a suspicion of conventionalism in his foliage, and sometimes an unnatural crudeness in the greens of his landscapes. These blemishes, however, are not prominent, nor are they always apparent.

Mr. Beard's position in the ranks of art is of so varied a character that it is somewhat difficult to class him. The prevailing trait of his mind, as we have seen, is imagination. It controls his being; even when he is brought into contact with active life he conveys the impression that his fancy is busily at work. Without saying, perhaps, that he is a dreamer, we are conscious that his thoughts are ready at any moment to wander off into dreamland. It is thus that he assimilates what he observes, and through the imaginative faculty also inclines so often to a poetic view of life. It is through the vividness of his imagination also that he is able to trace such nice distinctions in character. The prominence he has acquired as a satirist or teacher of morals does not, however, lead him to transgress the great law which so many painters of our time, as well as such critics as Taine, insist upon as fundamental—the principle that the true artist has no business to be a teacher, that is, to paint with a direct moral purpose in view. While we cannot accept this general law without reserve, yet it can be said that Mr. Beard has never made it his aim to be either a moralist or a guide. Whatever he has painted has come spontaneously, being simply the expression of feelings naturally suggested to him by his environment and the dramatic turn of his mind. Thus he fulfils the highest art-canon, to which all others yield precedence, that an artist should first of all be true to himself. It is no disparagement to his art, but rather an evidence of the extent of his powers, that in so doing he has by his pictorial apologues allied himself to the great school of teachers and observers of which Æsop, Lafontaine, and Gay are such illustrious examples.

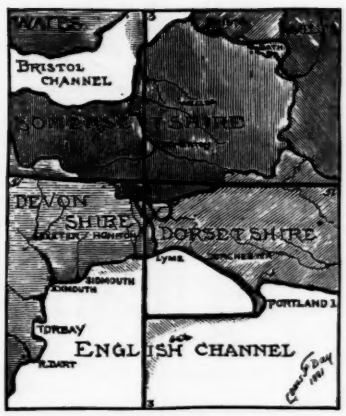
S. G. W. Benjamin.

THE EARLIEST CATHEDRAL WINDOWS.



GLASS-PAINTING may be considered from either of two points. It may be looked at as glass or as painting. Those who consider it only from the painter's point of view never cease to lament its limitations as an art. Those who contemplate it from the point of view of glass, from the decorative and more technical point of view, that is, lament only its perversion into a pictorial channel. And there is this advantage in the latter standpoint, that, while the painter who dabbles in glass is all along impatient of the restraints put upon him by the medium in which he is working, the glazier welcomes the pictorial element as one more source of interest added to his craft.

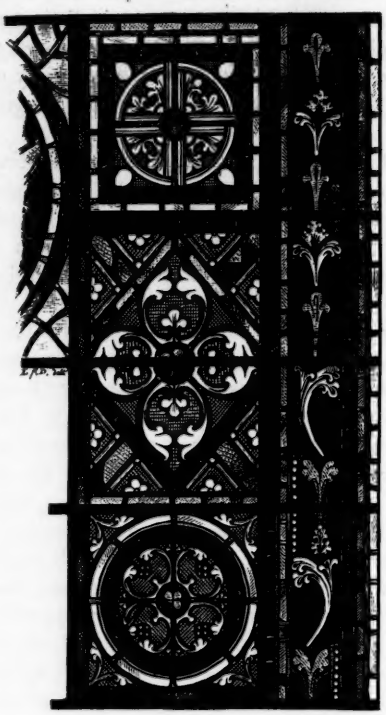
Historically the craftsman's point of view has determined the direction in which the art should be developed. The date at which stained glass was introduced into Europe we may leave to archæologists to determine—each of whom is welcome to his own ingenious theory on the subject. All that appears to be proved is that as early as the twelfth century the art existed in France, if not in England, in a fair state of development. The probability is that no distinct period can be fixed at which



MAP IN STAINED GLASS.

it sprung into existence. More likely it was the result of a species of evolution. The germ of the art was in the fact that glass was originally made in comparatively small pieces (there were no large sheets of plate-glass in those days), and so it was necessary, in order to glaze any but the smallest opening, that these small pieces should be bound together in some way. It followed naturally, in days when art was a matter of every-day concern, the common flower of wayside craftsmanship, that the idea should soon occur that if these pieces must be glazed together, they might as well be arranged in ornamental fashion; and presently the principles already long in use in mosaic-work became grafted into the art of the glazier, which was after all only mosaic of a transparent kind.

We trace the descent of glass-painting, then, not from pictorial art, but from mosaic, and begin the study of it as it began, with what is called *mosaic* glass. In very early windows the glass employed was always self-coloured; that is to say, the colour was given to the glass in its molten state, while it was in the pot, in fact, and for that reason it is technically called "pot-metal." I am not going to tire my readers with technicalities; but it will be worth while to bear in mind this one term of "pot-metal" in order to distinguish it from "enamel" colour, of which we shall have to speak by-and-by in connection with those triumphs of glass-painting which marked the period at which the art began to decline. In mosaic glass the sheets of pot-metal or self-coloured material were broken up into fragments, much as the slabs of marble or opaque glass had already been broken up into tesseræ; and these pieces



EXAMPLE OF GRISAILLE, FROM SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

of coloured glass were bound together by strips of lead, as the tesseræ of a pavement or wall-picture are bound together by cement. The window is, in short, a mosaic of transparent glass. It has even been suggested that in some of the earliest glass the glazing is meant to imitate the tesseræ of mosaic; but an examination of the examples brought forward in corroboration of that theory scarcely affords evidence of such intention on the part of the first glass-painters. Rather, I imagine that the like procedure led in each case to results that are not unlike. Doubtless the first stained windows were simply mosaics of tinted glass, the pieces framed, perhaps in wood or terra-cotta, or plaster, as they are to this day in the mosques of Egypt. Whether the first European examples were altogether unpainted, it is difficult to say. One finds very early patterns of clear glass—there are some at Salisbury Cathedral, and fragments in the clerestory of York Minster; but there is nothing to prove that these are earlier than other windows that are painted. So far as we can judge, our glazing seems, almost from the first, to have been supplemented by painting. The very early glass at St. Denis, and the still earlier at Augsberg, are painted.

This painting, though it is, strictly speaking, enamel, is not the kind of enamel to which allusion



PORTION OF A DIAPER.

was made just now in contradistinction to pot-metal —that is, an enamel *colour* used for *colour's sake;* this was simply an opaque brown or blackish pigment, used to define the *forms* of figures and patterns, and to give minuter detail.

The earliest method may be made clearer by an illustration. Suppose a glass-painter, working according to the principles obeyed in the thirteenth century, were to undertake to depict in stained glass the map of England, he would take for each county a piece of glass of the tint he wanted, and would shape it according to the outline of the county. These pieces he would lay side by side, like the parts of a puzzle, leaving just space enough between them for the core of the lead that was ultimately to bind them together. He would then paint round the edge of each a solid black line, so that the black edge of one piece coming against the black edge of the next would together form a bold divisional line between the counties; this would represent that portion of the glass which would afterwards be covered by the lead. With the same opaque colour he would go on to paint the lesser indentations in the coast and other border lines, the rivers, the mountains, the cities, and the names. This done, the puzzle would be taken asunder again, the glass would be put into a furnace, and burnt till the vitreous colour became fused with the glass, and finally it would be leaded together, the joints soldered, cement rubbed into the crevices between the glass and the lead, in order to make it firm and weather-tight; copper wires would be attached to the leads in places, and by these it would be tied to the iron bars let into the masonry for its support.

Our first illustration explains itself. It will be seen that lines of latitude and longitude come in usefully as lead lines. The line of a river may also occasionally, for part of its length at least, be followed by the lead. The river Dart is turned to account in this way. The only necessary constructional line that is at all noticeable, as not forming part of the drawing at all, is that extending horizontally from Portland Island to the line of longitude.

For some centuries after the introduction of stained glass the only enamel used was this opaque brown or black, and it was employed solely to render the drawing of the forms. In the figure of a saint the head would be cut out of a piece of pinkish glass, and the features only painted upon it in the opaque enamel. In foliage a leaf would be cut from a sheet of green glass; the serrations and the veins would be painted. The colour of the drapery, in like manner, would be in the glass; the folds would be painted on it. The earliest glass-painters are sparing in their use of shadow, but what shading they used was just a thin smear of the same brown pigment on the surface of the glass. It was not till later that it occurred to them that the accidental inequality of the colour in a sheet of glass might be turned to account, and they picked their pieces where they could so as to get a gradation from light to dark without the aid of paint.

Of existing early glass in England there remains more in the choir of Canterbury Cathedral than in any other church in this country—some of it very fine, and all of it representative of the glass of the period.

In the design of a window, as of all surface decoration, the first thing that the artist has to determine is the manner in which he shall break up the surface before him. The early glass-painters were in the habit of breaking up a window in the following manner. They began by marking off a broad border all round it, often as much as one-sixth part of its whole width. This consisted ordinarily of foliated ornament, emphasised at the edges by narrow strips of white and colour. Within this border they would then arrange a series of circles, quatrefoils, or other medallion shapes. These were, for the most part, occupied by figure subjects, the intervening spaces between them being most frequently filled with scroll-work, or in Continental glass by geometric patterns. A diaper of this kind is given on page 20; it is somewhat later in date than the glass under discussion, but it is rather more interesting than a purely geometric design. The scroll-work consisted naturally of the foliated ornament of that date, based usually upon the trefoil, and seldom approaching at all nearly to nature; but there is detail everywhere in Early English, and notably at Canterbury more variety than is commonly supposed. The subjects in the medallions are invariably small in scale, too small to my thinking, either for proportion or edification. Something is, indeed, done towards counteracting this defect by adopting extreme simplicity of composition, and by defining the figures clearly against a strong blue or ruby background; the bishop window given above is an instance of this isolation of the figure from its surroundings; but still they are, for the most



A BISHOP: FROM WINDOW IN SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

part, confused in effect. For example, in the small trefoil-headed lights of the triforium west of the choir transept at Canterbury the general effect of colour is most gem-like; the glass sparkles like gorgeous if barbaric jewellery; but the subjects are on far too minute a scale to be made out by mortals of ordinary patience, or—to speak accurately—impatience. Indeed, in the windows below, already referred to, which come comparatively near the eye, it is only the more conventionally familiar pictures of which one readily discovers the meaning, and those you recognise almost by anticipation. A certain confusion of effect is characteristic of thirteenth-century glass.

There was a very obvious reason for the adoption of a small scale in early glass-work. At that time the use of the diamond was unknown, and the only resource of the glazier was to draw a red-hot iron point along the surface of the glass, which caused it to crack approximately in the direction he desired; and he had then to reduce it to the exact shape by laboriously chipping away its edges with a kind of iron hook, which was called a grozing-iron. Simple forms were thus almost a matter of course, and the smaller they were the less danger there was of breaking them. Naturally the smallness of the pieces of glass employed encouraged, if it did not originate, the use of small figures.

A certain confusion of effect may be considered as characteristic of thirteenth-century glass; and when we remember that most of this minute mosaic-work has, in the course of time, suffered more or less damage, necessitating further leading, which was often done by ignorant and careless glaziers, who have recklessly misplaced portions, and sometimes put in whole subjects upside down, we need scarcely be surprised that so much of the earliest glass is a riddle to the uninitiated. It presents, in fact, very often the effect of colour, and no more; but when it is *such* colour, colour is enough.

When glass like this is framed in a circular opening, or in one of those beautiful wheel or rose windows such as we find in the transepts at Lincoln, for example, it has been compared to the patterns formed by the kaleidoscope. Nothing could have been further from the minds of the thirteenth-century glass-painters than any such mechanical device, for they were lavish of the thought they put into their art. Nevertheless, the result of their labour does, as it happens, charm us something in the same way that the toy amuses children—through the very vagueness of its form and the unintelligibility of its colour.

At a certain point in the enjoyment of beauty we ask for a meaning in it, and feel the want of it if it is not there. And yet, in other moods, we yield to the charm of uncertainty, of mystery, of being at liberty to put our own interpretation upon the beautiful, and to let it sway us without caring to know why. Music stands high among the arts, but we do not ask what it all means.

A somewhat bolder kind of early glass is exemplified in the clerestory windows at Canterbury, where the space within the border is simply divided horizontally into two parts, in each of which sits a saint. But even this bolder work is not bold enough for its position. Really grand and imposing early figure work is to be found mainly in the French cathedrals.

There was yet another kind of early glass which I have not mentioned, namely, those white or silvery pattern windows which are called *grisaille*. The term, though technical, explains itself. It is applied to all windows which consist for the most part of white or whitish glass, where the effect is delicate and grey, instead of being rich. There is a quantity of this kind of glass at Salisbury Cathedral, and much of it in very beautiful patterns. The example given is excellent in detail. But the best known windows of this character are the five long lancets occupying the end of the north transept at York Minster, which go by the name of the "Five Sisters." From their position and size, as well as intrinsic excellence, they give as good an impression of this kind of work as could be wished. If the five sisters give you no gratification, it may safely be said that no early grisaille glass will be likely to interest you. Their size is such that the whole of the end of the transept presents itself as one huge screen of the most delicate and silvery glass. The design is with difficulty to be deciphered; in many places the painted part of the pattern has been obliterated by time; odd pieces of plain glass are mixed up with it here and there; and a perfect network of accidental lead lines (where it has been broken and mended) renders it most intricate. Parts of it almost suggest old cracked china on an impossible scale. Nevertheless, with all its imperfections, and in a manner owing to them, the effect is simply perfect—something to be enjoyed rather than described or criticised. There is a legend concerning the origin of these windows which illustrates amusingly the popular ignorance on the subject of glass-painting. Dickens tells it in all innocence in his "Nicholas Nickleby," attributing the windows to a date at least a hundred years later than belongs to them, and speaking of them as "richly stained," though "time has softened down the colours;" whereas they are, and always must have been, delicately *grey* in tone, and time has only mellowed the tint, not made it a whit less rich than it was from the first.

The story tells how five maiden sisters wrought the designs of these windows in tapestry, and to this day the verger repeats the tale. I ventured to suggest a doubt to him, but he looked at me reproachfully,

"more in sorrow than in anger," and I felt half ashamed of having thrown the shadow of my scepticism across his simple faith.

The fact is that all of these designs are the natural and obvious outcome of the patterns that had been done before. Their parentage is written on the face of them. They are evidently designed by a practical glazier, and one who knew his trade too. No lady, maiden or other, unless she had served her apprenticeship at the glazier's bench, could have designed such glassy glass as that. To any one who recognises this glass-like character of the windows it is wonderful how such a fable can ever have gained currency.

We have nothing in England to compare for *quantity*, and therefore for *effect*, with the early glass to be found in the French cathedrals. It is not generally understood how very greatly the effect of glass depends upon its abundance, or rather upon the absence of any plain windows in its vicinity. Every single ray of light that penetrates into a building excepting through the stained glass itself does injury to the effect of what coloured glass is there. We seldom see glass in its perfection—in England scarcely ever. For the most part we have to form our estimate of windows under conditions which render it impossible for any one but an artist of experience to appreciate them fairly. It is far worse than if we were called upon to judge a picture without its frame. It is more as if we were asked to appreciate a few dissonant chords of music without knowing the harmony which they go to build. Only a musician could in the least apprehend that; and only an expert can at all appreciate an isolated fragment of stained glass with light reflected out of it from all sides. You see and admire the beauty of the windows at Strasburg, probably without realising how much their beauty is due not only to the circumstance that there is no white light, but to the fact that the red sandstone of the cathedral reflects so little light. The windows are seen absolutely at their best.

To be impressed with the grandeur of early coloured glass we must go to Chartres, Le Mans, or Bourges. Each of these cathedrals is a perfect treasure-house of jewels—not any of them of the purest water, but collectively as gorgeous as that Indian jewellery where stones are precious, not according to intrinsic value, but for their colour and effect. There is something barbaric about the brilliancy of this early mosaic, something that perhaps belongs to Byzantine origin. The figures are always rude, often grotesque; the design is wanting in proportion, the detail lacks grace; but the colour, where it has escaped restoration, is splendid, and there is commonly a dignity about the larger figures, for all their faults of drawing, that is little short of majestic.

It is worth a journey to Chartres and back just to spend a summer's afternoon in the cathedral, its solemn aisles deserted by all but a few silent worshippers, no verger to hurry you on and vulgarise the whole impression, magnificent architecture, and all around windows worthy of it, not only in the choir but everywhere. Many a delightful hour may be spent there wandering about and puzzling out the patterns and the subjects of the medallion windows, till one is tired and glad to sit down. Then you may choose a resting-place whence on every side the glow of distant colour falls softly on the senses; or one may contemplate in peace the grand array of saints in the clerestory, or the still grander kings and priests that look down from the transept windows.

To sit before such colour is to be soothed and satisfied. I remember hearing of a child who sat for the first time in his life in some great church, awed by the splendour of the glass before him, when all at once the organ burst into music, and it seemed to him, he said, as if it was the "window that spoke." I am reminded of that story almost as often as I see any early glass. It impresses me always, as the music of the organ does, with its dignity, its richness, its remoteness from every day. They seem to me to strike the same deep chord. Each seems to belong to the other, and both to the solemnity of the church.

LEWIS F. DAY.

DOOR-KNOCKERS.

OF all articles in domestic use, the most direct in its end—and still more direct and simple in the means—is the familiar knocker. This primitive simplicity and directness afford an admirable opportunity for calling out in its most elementary form the true artistic treatment; and a finished artist might not disdain the problem of working out a genuine and perfect knocker, which might stand the test of being tried by genuine artistic standards. Yet the more simple the subject the more difficult the task. We could fancy Mr. Ruskin himself illustrating, in a very agreeable manner and in his choicest language, his most favourite doctrines by an eloquent and judiciously-made knocker. As it is, fancy has run wild in the fantastic varieties of this useful adjunct to the door, which, like Shakespeare's cat, is necessary

though not altogether "harmless"—as the medical student teaches us. Deformity and eccentricity, as well as beauty, have run riot in their varied shapes. The old museums, where elegant iron-work is displayed, show us many ingenious and even astonishing patterns; while every city has its display of mean and even hideous things after a conventional model, from the trim and attenuated brass thing on the lean green door of the country town, to the weak "high-art attempt."



OLD-FASHIONED STRENGTH.

It will be seen how closely the artistic and the useful functions of the knocker are united, and how, where the function of knocking is best and most conveniently accomplished, the more artistic will be the effect. A heavy, highly-wrought knocker, it would be supposed, would do its function best, yet in practice it is found that it is often difficult to bring such down with effect on the knob, and that the operator has to exert himself to supply the extra power. On the other hand, though prompt and free in action, the mean brass knocker will only furnish a sort of tapping, pert and prompt enough, but scarcely sufficient to rouse attention. Then a huge massive ball will fall with a hollow, sepulchral "thud," waking a solemn funereal echo through the mansion, yet uncertain and confused in sound. Again, the too free knocker, where the leverage is abundant, falls with the sharp stroke of a ram, and almost alarms the house. These various effects are owing to deficient construction, and where there is deficient construction the artistic effect is bad, but where the artistic part is good we shall be certain to have a good article.

The points to be aimed at are, first, that the knocker shall move freely, and yet be securely affixed to the door; secondly, that the stroke should be effective and properly modulated. The artist must keep these matters in view if he would succeed; and it could be shown by a very few considerations how even attention to that matter of sound or percussion will help him. The striking portion of the knocker is generally made to fall upon a knob either screwed in specially or joined to the upper part by two meagre descending arms. Now, here is the radical defect—the making two portions of what should be one whole; and the cause too of those diversities of sound which are so astonishing in the family of knockers. The artist finds himself cramped by this division and these awkward elements. Further, the common treatment—of an economical kind, too—is to deal with the "knocking" portion instead of the "knocked" as the most important; and these two radical defects are the cause of the meagre and inefficient result. If we assume that there must be a sort of solid base or plaque fixed to the door, to which the knocker and its knob should be attached, we shall start with a new condition of things, offering room for a secure mechanical arrangement, and giving the artist opportunity for artistic treatment. This shield or plaque would be affixed by screws all round, and supply a good striking surface, and would of itself give a dignity to the various forms of knockers now attempted, and which now appear so poor and precarious in their hold. Thus we see occasionally a good old pattern reproduced with indifferent effect—a sort of plain iron "carrot" hanging by a loop, the very simplest and most primitive form. There is an ugly primeval baldness about this; but if it were furnished with the plaque described it would assume a different air. This is all that is wanting, also, in the two examples of good old knockers reproduced on this page.

Nearly all the existing patterns, if thus tested by these simple elementary principles, would be found to fail, mechanically and artistically. What we have called the "county-town brass knocker" has no weight or substance, and, working on a pin, soon gets loose and awry. The hand holding a substantial garland or wreath of iron flowers has no concentration of percussion, as Dr. Johnson might say, it being so heavy all round that it does not knock conveniently. The back of the hand displayed, and holding a large iron, is another shape, and so heavy that it almost adheres to the knob, and works as stiffly as possible. There is one favourite pattern—no doubt considered of pleasing artistic effect: a smiling face, with iron lappets descending one on each side, and meeting on the chin, where the knocking is performed. A popular "high-art" knocker consists of a simple oval ring, nicely bronzed, and which works from a ring—a feeble, inoffensive thing, which works as feebly as it looks. It is extraordinary what high favour these time-honoured and invariable patterns have enjoyed; and it must be said they have the merit of being in strict harmony with the feebly-conceived doors and doorways, and the poor iron-work of modern days. Finally, there is the handsome brass knocker, which stands out in a sort of crook, and has such satisfactory leverage that a vindictive or excitable person, too long delayed entrance, can batter to the alarm of the whole



OLD-FASHIONED GRACE.

street. This engine works up and down on a perfect hinge, which, again, is screwed into the door, and fixed by a nut behind. But such invite the thief or the medical student, and can be wrenched off with a slight twist. If the owner wishes to retain this ornament, it must be carefully unscrewed and taken into the house every night. This elaborate trouble is fatal to the idea of simplicity. It has a lanky, precarious air; the long screw which has to go through the door is sure to be bent and become unserviceable.

Yet in some of the older London houses dating from the middle of the last century there are to be found excellent specimens: in Berkeley and Cavendish Squares, in Soho, and other districts. In the former of these squares there is a door and doorway well conceived, with florid iron-work on each side, terminating in capital and graceful torch-extinguishers, sound railing work, and a good honest knocker in keeping. It is placed low down, so that it forms a sort of centre for the panelling, and the door seems to be designed for it and it for the door. One conceives the idea, as one stands before it, of its properly awakening echoes through the great hall within—passing beyond the door at the end, downwards and upwards, giving solemn, yet not noisy, notice of the arriving guest. It is simply two semicircles descending from the top and meeting in a heavy boss which forms a knob, and moving freely in another boss above—all supported on a plaque. The whole is a plain, honest iron thing that would knock and has knocked for generations without needing repair. Such a knocker might be taken as the basis of artistic treatment. It is as secure as the Monument; no spoiler or "wrencher" could remove it, or, if he succeeded, he could only take away a worthless ring of iron; though, indeed, only a professional workman could do this—the bulk of the article would remain attached to the door.



A MODERN EXAMPLE.

It is amusing to see how the well-meant efforts at being artistic have succeeded in being as inartistic as possible. The idea of the face with the knocker to hammer on the chin is prompted by the same feeling that portrays a recumbent lion in rich colours on the hearthrug. There is something disagreeable in the notion of a chin being, under any conditions, susceptive of such harsh treatment. The idea, too, of a garland being used to hammer with is surely discordant, even though that garland move in the grasp of an iron hand screwed to the door. It is a well-known law of treatment that such devices are false to art, and to be avoided. There are umbrella stands, highly popular, where the rail which supports the umbrellas and sticks is made out of the likeness of a snake winding graceful, and whose head and tail meet. The hand holding the big ball, too, is utterly disagreeable and ineffective, even for its suggesting the round-about process of one hand taking hold of another hand which again holds the ball, and so producing the knock. It is seldom that the idea of making portions of the living things do duty as mechanical agents pleases the eye. It may be admitted, however, that a good old pattern is that of the lion's head holding the ring of the knocker in his mouth; and the illustration on this page represents a treatment of living form so harmoniously developed that the designer is to be congratulated on producing a piece of creditable and original work. This knocker adorns the door of the house in which a much respected tragedian resides, Mr. William Creswick, who has so long and ably sustained Shakespearian *rôles* on the stage. Mr. Creswick's nephew designed the knocker.

Before artistic treatment can be entered on, the first point is to ascertain the correct and proper mechanical construction. Till this be done, nothing is done. No amount of art could glorify or refine a common English window which slides up and down in pulleys, the mechanical arrangement being forced and bad. We find that a real knocker should be attached to a plaque which forms the knocked portion. Again, the percussion portions should be broad, and not formed by the meeting of two knobs, which latter gives a terrific rat-tat. By the first you knock at the *door*, and the knocking is *on* the door, and reverberates moderately. By the other principles alluded to there is little wear and tear, no starting of rivets or hinges. Given these elements, the artist goes to work and produces some of those simple but most effective objects so often adorning our museums, and well worthy of a place there.

But the cultivation of the knocker can scarcely progress. The nimbler house-bell has supplanted it. Even where the knocker exists now, it submits ingloriously to be helped by the tintinnabulary instrument that affords but little occasion for decorative treatment; and in a few years good knockers will be prized as relics, like the Scottish "tirling-pins"—or too often left to hang as neglected as ivy on the wall. Old-fashioned people sometimes paid no inconsiderable honour to the trusty metal herald which announces so many a wished-for friend. One particular member of the nobility, lately dead, loved his knocker so much—it was a handsome instrument of brass—that he was in the habit of taking it down from the door whenever he left town for a season.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

AN ARTIST'S IDEA OF SKETCHING.

SKETCHING is popularly supposed to be the easiest thing imaginable. One very frequently hears it said, "I only wish I could sketch nicely, I shouldn't care to be able to do more than that;" and the speaker no doubt thinks he has expressed a very modest wish, because he has never taken the trouble to consider what a sketch really is.

The merest tyro in art is credited with the power of sketching, but the ability to make a good sketch is not nearly so general among artists as the outside world imagines. It is either a great natural gift, or else it is the result of much thought and long practice in art. How is a sketch produced? We are in a receptive mood, something strikes our fancy, out comes the sketch-book, and under the impulse of the moment we hurry upon paper an abstract or epitome, as it were, of the object, or group, or gesture, or incident, or effect whose rarity has aroused our attention, or whose beauty has kindled our admiration.

There are, indeed, some gifted amateurs who, properly speaking, have never studied art at all, and who sketch instinctively. Their sketches are often incorrect in form, untrue in colour, false in light and shade, revealing in all directions an utter absence of art-training, and yet they are full of character and spirited suggestiveness. These are the born sketchers, who seem as if they might do almost anything if only they would study; but for the most part they are dreadfully disappointing; their sketches never improve, as one would expect, for they are too indolent to get beyond this easy exercise of an inborn faculty. Sketching, indeed, is just this: the exercise of an inborn faculty that can neither be explained nor communicated; or it is the epitomising of an artist's knowledge of the things which he sketches, and a proof of his power to portray them.

In all rapid sketching—and the very best sketching is done almost at fever-heat—an instant abstract has to be made of the essential characteristics of things, and the result of this mental process has to be emphasised by the sketcher without the slightest hesitation; irresolution and indecision are fatal to all good sketching. A moment's reflection will convince us that brain and eye and hand must be well trained to enable an artist at once to understand and spontaneously to utter in his art-language the fundamental features of anything; and, as a matter of fact, the power of correct and rapid sketching is seldom acquired by an artist except as the result of lengthened experience and hard work. This is evident if we recollect that a painter's sketch is nothing less than a masterly suggestion of the appearance of some object, expressed by such very simple means as a few emphatic strokes of the pencil or a few decided dashes of the brush.

See, for instance, how De Wint has dashed in the masses which make up his sketch of "London from Greenwich Park." The original in the National Gallery is a beautiful harmony of greens and browns and silvery greys, and is painted in the most simple manner and with the fewest pigments possible—probably with three, certainly with not more than four colours—and yet everything is there: St. Paul's



MACCARESE, NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE TIBER.

(A Sketch by J. E. Coleman.)



LONDON FROM GREENWICH PARK.
(A Sketch by De Wint.)

rising above the distant city, with the far-off Middlesex hills behind; the broad river with its shipping in the middle distance; and, nearer, the stately towers of the Seamen's Hospital; and, nearer still, the dark foliage of the park. This is a sketch painted more with the head than with the fingers; and so is the charming sketch by one of our rapidly-rising Anglo-Roman artists—J. E. Coleman—which is an admirable specimen of what an artistic sketch should be.

Amateurs are often anxious to acquire some special method of sketching, and are always trying to find out how professional painters work. A tale is told of a lady who, being introduced to that great master of water-colour manipulation, William Hunt, said to him, "There is one thing I especially want to ask you, Mr. Hunt, and that is, how do you begin your sketches?" Hunt, it is said, scratched his venerable head for a moment, and then characteristically replied, "Well, ma'am, I scarcely know; sometimes in one way, and sometimes in another." And so it is with all genuine artists; they have no pet process, no set style of sketching, but are ever adapting their method to the requirements of the various subjects they sketch. Some things, indeed, are so transitory, so evanescent in their nature—such as effects of atmosphere, clouds, waves, the glow of sunrise and the glory of sunset, for example—that they have to be sketched, if sketched at all, in the readiest and quickest fashion that can be thought of: artists have to make use of all sorts of shorthand notes, and often have to scribble their hasty sketches over with strange memoranda and hieroglyphics in order to recollect facts which, whilst the effect itself lasts, there is no time to indicate by form or colour.

Turner was a notable instance of such sketching, as we see by many of his rough memorandum-sketches exhibited at the National Gallery. So earnest and eager a sketcher, indeed, was the great landscape-painter, that it is said sketches were found stowed away in his portfolios and note-books sufficient to give an average of one or two sketches for every day of the master's long career.

An illustration is given of one of Turner's more elaborate sketches of "Rome from Monte Mario," which is now in the National Gallery. One sees how the master has gone straight at the important parts of the magnificent natural composition, and has got them done first of all, whilst his chosen effect—the broad shadow on the middle distance—was "on;" and how, satisfied with having secured that and the subtly delicate drawing and colour of the distant hills, he has been content merely to indicate the less characteristic parts of the plain, and to leave the foreground trees merely sketched in with a few firm and rapid strokes of his unerring pencil.

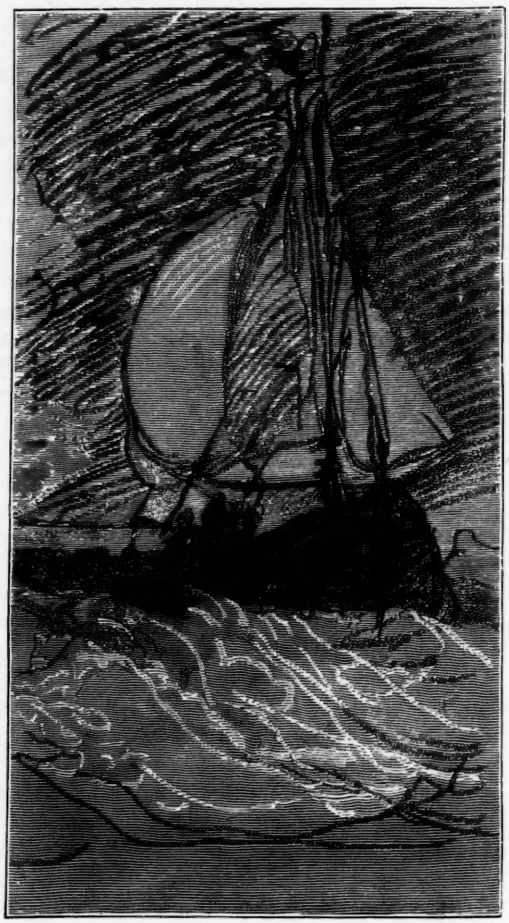
As often as not, amateurs call a study "a sketch." Something that has been done quite slowly and carefully, something that shows to the trained eye of an artist that it is quite a laboriously minute record of facts of detail, the evident result of time and thought, is spoken of by amateurs as if it had been "dashed off" with playful ease, as, indeed, a clever sketch should be.

An artist perhaps will be pardoned for reminding such persons that there are two ways in which painters who are in earnest study their art. First of all, we devote ourselves to the careful, thoughtful, accurate study of the forms and colours of all sorts of objects, in-doors and out-of-doors, doing our very best with all sorts of materials and in all kinds of methods to reproduce on paper, on panel, or on canvas the appearance of those forms and colours under every variety of effect of light and shade, concentrating every thought upon the work in hand, as if that, for the time, were the only work worth doing in the world, and returning day after day to our study until it is finished. By being "finished" artists do not mean that a drawing is neatly stippled and carefully

smoothed and polished to the uttermost detail, but they consider any study in drawing or painting to be finished when careful comparison of it with the object studied assures them that no alteration and no additional labour can improve the essential likeness between the two. This is the more serious and the more necessary way in which the painter studies his art. But by itself it is not enough to develop all his artist faculties. In order to store his memory with natural facts, in order to cultivate his taste, in order to intensify his powers of observation and analysis, in order to stimulate his imagination, an artist also diligently acquires the habit of rapid sketching.

The only way to "learn how to sketch" is thoughtfully and fearlessly to sketch anything and everything that comes in our way, aiming only, or chiefly, at getting general truths of form, colour, or effect, and often trying only for one sort of truth in each sketch. In beginning to learn to sketch, it is a matter of quite secondary importance what we sketch; the chief thing is to sketch something. It is the looking at things keenly enough and often enough to enable us to remember their special characteristics—which we cannot help doing, even though we do it unconsciously, whenever we try to sketch them—which stores our minds with a multitude of general and particular facts and effects of nature, and is the real art-training that we derive from the habit of sketching.

Studies of natural effect of light and shade are particularly necessary, and it is in this that amateurs mostly fail. In a studio the lights and shadows are pretty constant, but out-of-doors, until habit has made us accustomed to nature's vagaries, the ever-changing lights and swiftly-shifting shadows are sometimes little less than distracting. A sketcher looks up from his work and finds everything suddenly changed: objects which when he began to sketch were in deep shadow are now in bright sunshine, whilst other objects that lately were in full light are half veiled in shadow. The new effect may seem more picturesque than the old one, and may tempt the unwary sketcher to alter his sketch to suit the changed conditions of the scenery; but before he can possibly do so nature has arranged a third composition of light and shade which very likely is more fascinating than either. What is to be done? Many a young sketcher thinks he will take the best features of each effect, and probably ends by getting no effect at all into his sketch. It comes about something in this way. The amateur is sketching some scene in Wales or Scotland or Switzerland, some effect whose beauty has struck him, but which he has not experience enough to analyse. The mountain-background opposite looks a beautiful blue mystery in which no particular details are discernible, but whilst he is trying to sketch this, all the slopes and precipices and water-courses of the mountain are suddenly revealed by a burst of sunshine, and, naturally enough, the artistic breadth of the past effect is forgotten, and he works enthusiastically to introduce all this additional beauty. The background finished, he turns his attention to the middle distance, to the tranquil lake that washes the bases of the grassy slopes and mirrors the bold buttresses of the mountain. Perhaps he has a half-recollection that under the original effect which prompted him to sketch, the background was broad and blue, the middle distance was in shadow, and only the foreground in light; but what of that?—now the lake is certainly in full light, the shapes of the banks of reeds and tufts of rushes that fringe its margin and of the big boulder stones in the shallows are all distinctly visible in all the beauty of their local colour, and the sketcher thinks what a pity it would be not to introduce these picturesque forms and



SKETCH OF A BRIGHTON FISHING-BOAT.
(*By J. M. W. Turner.*)



ROME FROM MONTE MARIO.
(A Sketch by J. M. W. Turner.)

charming contrasts of colour into his sketch. And now it is time to attend to the foreground. Spread out between him and the lake is a gorgeous carpet of purple heather, with patches of emerald turf and masses of golden bracken, and here and there groups of lichen-covered rocks. This, too, is now in broad light. The beautiful colours and interesting details of every sort are seen with the utmost distinctness, and of course he must omit nothing that would take away from the completeness of his picture; besides, hasn't he been advised to copy nature and paint "exactly what he sees before him"?

So our sketcher works on diligently for one, two, three, perhaps four hours, if he has had a good breakfast; and all the while the sun is slowly moving westward, and constantly changing all the lights and shadows on every object before him, to say nothing of the passing effects of the cloud-shadows. He conscientiously studies the details one by one, but it never occurs to him to pause in his labour of love and ask himself whether the effect on any object which he is painting at the moment is a suitable one, whether the distance, middle distance, and foreground are all, or any of them, under the same or a similar effect of light and shade as they were when the beauty of the composition first excited his admiration and caused him to begin to sketch. At length he stands up to stretch his cramped limbs, and so gets his first look at his sketch as a whole. What a disappointment! Everything seemed so true, so effective, whilst he was bending over his work, whilst he was looking only at that part of the composition that he was actually painting, but now it all seems as flat, as tame, as lifeless as a Chinese picture. And so it is; and yet there is plenty of honest, conscientious work in it, and it is full of truths of detail, but there is no truth of effect: it is a painstaking series of studies, it is no sketch, as a painter understands the word.

Artists are continually making rapid sketches of action, of colour, of effects of sunshine and shadow, of natural composition, well knowing that they will never be able to make any actual use of the great majority of their sketches. But they go on sketching all the same, for they know by experience how invaluable the slightest honest sketch may be for reference or suggestion, and they remember that the merest "scribble" done from nature has frequently been the starting-point of a famous picture.

What a grand picture, for example, one imagines Turner might have made out of the accompanying sketch, which many a visitor to the National Gallery has before now passed contemptuously by as "only a scribble of black and white chalk on grey paper." Yes, only a scribble, if you like, but what a scribble! and how many men are there who could do one any-

thing like it? Every artist knows that had Turner attempted more "execution" or definition of detail in those five minutes, or less, whilst he was watching that boat come in and working at fever-heat of artistic excitement, he would never have left us this masterly record of all that momentary life and movement on board the boat, in the stormy sky and in the tumbling sea.

Sketching is a faculty to be acquired by training and practice; and, except to the gifted few, is not so easy after all. So it seems that the wish "only to be able to sketch" is not quite so modest a one as at first it seems. But this will be bad news only to those persons who "only want to sketch," and will deter no earnest art-student from the attempt. Rather the contrary will be the case, and the knowledge that the faculty of sketching does not come to all artists as naturally as some outsiders suppose will stimulate all but the indolent and faint-hearted to lose no time in beginning to cultivate the practice. The best of us must crawl before we can walk, and must "feel our feet under us" before we can venture to run—and, artistically speaking, sketching is sometimes running at very full speed—and therefore none of us should allow ourselves to be surprised or discouraged if our early sketches are but feeble affairs, which we are reluctant to show to anybody, "especially to an artist." But that last idea which amateurs indulge in is quite a mistake. Artists, as a rule, are the very persons to whom they need not mind exhibiting their crude attempts; for, knowing themselves the difficulties of art, all true artists are sure to be the most sympathetic and least critical of critics.

BARCLAY DAY.

AN EXHIBITION OF CHRISTMAS CARDS.

THE circular announcements by which good society in France and in Italy announces the betrothal of a daughter of the house have never been used amongst ourselves; nor has the *faire part* which brings from all living relations of the deceased the news of a death, with the order of relationship among the senders set forth with due minuteness and in due precedence, ever formed a feature of insular etiquette. The nearest approach to the latter form of missive exists in the "mortuary cards" which, for some reason, are popular in those strata of society which are not affected by the subtler unwritten laws of fashion. Valentines, revived some years ago for a season or two, have long been banished from the circles of the polite; wedding-cards have disappeared so long that it is not now needful to explain their absence in the marriage advertisements; it is no longer necessary for the happy pair to inflict by post wedges of cake upon their friends; and altogether missives of the circular kind have fallen into complete disuse, with one exception. The Christmas card is altogether rampant and supreme. By what caprice this invention, which until lately has been signalised by every possible variety of bad taste in design and colour, has been welcomed with so wild an enthusiasm, it is impossible to say. Some people may remember the dawn of the Christmas card; sooth to say it was a vulgar little work of art, with lace paper round its edge; but the sentiment of the time was preserved by means of the snowy spray, the robin, and the cluster of hollyberries which generally formed the *motif* of the design. But the tyranny of the Christmas card was not then established; we might send highly-coloured robins to our friends at the festive season, or we might abstain; the Briton's birthright of freedom was not infringed in this matter. Nor was it until the bird, the snow, and the holly had been long superseded that men and women of adult powers and civic rights were constrained to buy Christmas cards in considerable quantities, whether they would or no, and to impart them to equally enslaved and reluctant friends and acquaintances.

The law having gone forth, however, for such time as it shall last, it is desirable that the designs and colours of our missives should be improved. Perhaps only an absolutely fanatical anti-æsthetic person would deny the recent general spread of better taste in the daily life of English people, for every one else is agreed that the details of houses, the trifles of social existence, and the decorative and decorated adjuncts of our homes are all now expressive of reviving taste. Of course the thing was not to be done at once; good colour, for instance, may become the fashion, but immediately the parodies of good colour crowd the shop windows, and the tyrant builders devise caricatures of the dados and tintings dear to the artistic—parodies which are ten times more hideous than the old and familiar and therefore unobservable offences. Such little drawbacks rather emphasise than contradict the general

improvement; and taste being on the increase, there is no reason why Christmas cards, among other things, should not be made a source of positive pleasure by reason of their beauty. To help on this end two short exhibitions have been held during the season, one at the Dudley Gallery, which was a repetition of an already successful trial, and a second one, on a very large scale, in the rooms of the Suffolk Street Gallery, under the auspices of Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner. The collection was stimulated by prizes of such magnitude that they sounded somewhat disproportionate to the kind of competition, but of course the attraction to compete was exceedingly powerful, and the result has been a show which we should take as widely representative of the amateur talent of the country. That some who are artists by profession designed Christmas cards for the occasion is true, but the mass of the 1,150 drawings were plainly the work of amateurs—of women with a little taste and much leisure, and of men of mild ambition with time on their hands. The exhibition, indeed, might be made the text for an instructive homily upon the faults and promises of amateur taste in England. Inasmuch as a large number of the designs were merely drawings like other drawings — landscapes of ordinary exhibition size and character, and studies of flowers—they call for no special remark, having the familiar failings and merits of their class; but where the competitive labour had been undertaken as an exercise in decorative art *par excellence*, more interesting attempts were made. The really beneficent influence of the School of Art Needlework was here everywhere apparent. It has taught colour and decorative composition to Englishwomen as nothing else could have taught them. Another most felicitous influence is, of course, that of Japanese art. A large number of the cards exhibited were mere plagiaristic copies of Japanese designs, or else more or less clever manipulations of Japanese colour ideas, or simply little drawings of groups of Japanese *bric-à-brac*, as it appears in an English drawing-room. Apart from all this there was a quantity of work which may be said to follow the Kate Greenaway manner at second-hand, and outside again was the large and very vulgar and tawdry majority of the competing designs, of which nothing good can be said. Flaccid illustrations from Tennyson; rows of stippled heads of women or children, aiming at excessive prettiness, but achieving utter insipidity; simpering "seasons" by scores; ambitious allegories of classic intention and great disproportion in figure-drawing—such competitive attempts were passed in great numbers by a very tolerant committee. It may be said, regretfully enough, that the really good specimens, showing decision of taste, individuality of choice, or charm of invention, were comprised within little more than a score. To the work of the chief prize-winners must be accorded the place of honour among these. Miss Alice Havers, successful in so many other branches of art, was at the head of the successful competitors, and bore off the prize of £200, her design being distinguished for its attractive grace. A number of prizes—no less than four—were carried off by another lady, Miss Victoria Dubourg, who displayed a striking talent in her uncommonly powerful realistic groups of flowers, vigorous in handling and noble in colour. These pictures, nevertheless—for such they were—could be considered as designs for Christmas cards only in a sense which would comprise any of the water-colour drawings in any exhibition. Mr. E. K. Johnson obtained the second prize of £150 with his fresh and real "Single Figures—Winter Scenes," and Mr. George Marks and A. Glendenning followed in the next degree. Mr. Couldery, whose kittens won the delighted praise of Mr. Ruskin several years ago, and who is one of the very few artists who are able to catch some of the subtler characteristics of a kitten's face, received three awards for groups of his favourites. The first thirty prizes were awarded by the promoters, according to the judgment of Mr. Millais, R.A., Mr. Marcus Stone, A.R.A., and Mr. Storey, A.R.A.; and seventy of somewhat smaller value were given by Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner upon their own choice, in addition to which seventy-four drawings have been bought by them. Of course the great bulk of the designs were unrewarded, even in this most generous arrangement, and must therefore remain in the incognito of competition.

Among these, and altogether distinct and distinguished in style from the hundreds of designs surrounding them, were two or three drawings of single figures surrounded by broad bands of colour and gold by way of frame or enclosure, the splendid eye of a peacock's feather coming in by artistic accident to give accent to the whole. Some hint had been caught from Mr. Whistler as to vagueness of merely impressionary tints, but any resemblance to that artist's works stopped there. The drawing of the figures was excellently indicated, the little glimpses of background landscapes were full of poetic beauty, and the skill of the fortuitous-seeming passages of surrounding colour was remarkably felicitous. These fine and original little works, though not awarded prizes, were among the designs bought by the promoters. Several landscapes of good quality shared in the common disadvantage of lacking any kind of distinctive appropriateness, and the same may be said of less meritorious works — as, for instance, a curiously weak and undramatic series of large monochrome drawings in illustration of the

"Idylls of the King" and of others of the same poet's works; also a large number of water-colour landscapes of unequal value, and such widely inappropriate and unsuggestive designs as a view of two huge and hideous river steamers on the Mississippi, sending forth volumes of black smoke. Surely no one will feel his heart much cheered at Yule-tide by the receipt of a friendly token bearing this device. We have no wish to return to the robin and the holly spray, or to confine the efforts of designers to snowballing subjects, but really Mississippi steamers are rather too far afield. We would require a Christmas card to be gay at all events; and very gay in their pretty fancifulness were the set of drawings marked "Dresden China." The idea is not new, having had its origin in the inventive brain of Andersen, but it was here very brightly rendered. The china figures perched together on a bracket have entered into serious complications with one another in the magical hours after midnight. A lovely shepherd and a gentleman of the court in a brown coat both love a lady in a pink hoop; an inveterate duel results, and the brown gentleman falls headlong from the bracket, run through the heart. The Dresden china has hardly time to whisk back to the attitudes and the pedestals of every day before the housemaid, who is sure to be blamed for the breakage of the unhappy lover, enters with her morning broom. If we except the element of fun which the actions of these little figures expressed, we must pronounce the show of designs to have been absolutely empty of humour. It is scarcely necessary to say that some rather facile fun was attempted—a very long way indeed after Mr. du Maurier—in satire upon the "æsthetics."

Among the very best of the many Japanese imitations or adaptations, special memorial should be made of "Honest Penny's" studies of the designs and colours distinctive of the ware of the five provinces of Japan; each design was arranged into a comprehensive little composition of great beauty, and signed with the seal of its province. Another felicitous Japanese study was marked "Sun and Moon Series," and consisted of very brilliant but subtle passages of blue, silver, and gold in delicate designs; and another still, marked "Juno," showed a peacock composition of uncommon elegance and skill, arranged in gold and silver on grounds of finely aërial blue. "Decorative" was the motto upon another very lovely study in Japanese colour and design. A little group of "Classical Studies" were marred by the weak drawing of the nude, but the landscape distances were exceedingly brilliant and luminous; and a strongly poetical effect was compassed by "Self-Help" in "Animals, Birds, and Fish;" the creatures disported themselves in a lovely twilight against an enormous rising moon.

Taking this curious collection as a whole, it may be decided that the thousand designs which composed it contained materials for a really valuable and very beautiful little album of about twenty cards.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

"YOU ask me, my friend, why Como is ever in my thoughts. It was at Como that, in my most happy youth, I tasted the first real enjoyment of life. I saw stately palaces, beautiful villas, elegant pleasure-boats, a splendid theatre. I thought myself in the midst of the luxuries of fairyland. I saw the urchin, too—young Love—in the act of letting fly an arrow pointed at my breast; but I, a maiden fancy free, avoided the shaft, and it fell harmless. After the lapse of years, the genius that presides over every destiny led me again into this delicious region, where I tasted the delights of friendship with the charms of nature; I listened with deeper joy than ever to the murmur of waves on that unrivalled shore. One day I was walking with agreeable company round one of the most beautiful villas near the lake. In the shadow of a wood I again saw the youthful god slumbering. I approached him. He awakened, looked at me, and, recognising her who had contemned his power, sprang up suddenly, intent on swift revenge. He pursued me; the arrow sped once more, and but by a hair's breadth failed to reach my heart." Thus, in the phrases of her time, and with figures of speech which remind us in their artificiality of the figures which she drew with her pencil, confessed the gentle Angelica Kauffman to two affairs of the heart. Whether it was the same swain who on both occasions preferred his suit can hardly be gathered, though it might be inferred from this recital of the episode; but the faithfulness which in a fickle world could have remained proof against feminine fascinations during the long interval which elapsed between Angelica's first and second visits to Como would surely, one might think, have met with its reward. Nor were the admirers of Angelica so rare as to lend probability, on other grounds, to the identity of the suit at Como, which, however, whether preferred by two persons or by only one, came to nought. Angelica had, indeed, many admirers during

the first half of her long life. Godwin, Shelley's father-in-law, may not have been affected by her charms, as some one has alleged, but as Mr. Kegan Paul—Godwin's biographer—has denied. There can be little doubt, however, that Dance, Fuseli, and Sir Joshua himself—all three her fellow-members of the Royal Academy when it was founded in 1769—were deeply smitten.

Sir Joshua the fair artist had visited when she came to England in 1765, and she had, of course, admired his distinguishing grace. With a woman's receptiveness she regarded his art, and certainly imitated it with effect if she really painted, without his considerable help, the magnificent portrait of himself which is credited to her brush, and which was shown at an Old Master Exhibition at Burlington House several winters ago. To Sir Joshua she also sat, and in his sitters' book her name is sometimes entered by him as Miss Angelica, and at other and tenderer times as Miss Angel, the name which Miss Thackeray adopted for the delightful novel in which—illustrating once more the saying that truth is stranger than fiction—she told the story of the artist's life. Fuseli and Dance Angelica had met in earlier days at Rome, and already they were at her feet. Gossip, with a touch of malice in it, could not let a maiden, so lovely and so much admired, quite alone, and, indeed, it invented for the occasion one of its most marvellous stories. One evening—so the gossips said—Angelica took her station in a conspicuous box at one of the Roman theatres, accompanied by the two artists who were enamoured of her. She sat between the two adorers, and, while her arms were folded before her in front of the box over which she leaned, she managed to press a hand of both, so that each imagined himself the cavalier of her choice. Of course so neat a story could not be let alone, and it was speedily improved upon, until Angelica was credited with having guided the arms of the rival lovers round her waist at the same time. This, however, was all idle talk; and if of this trio there was one who was inclined to play with the feelings of others—to be, in fact, a flirt—it was, we imagine, Henry Fuseli himself. Angelica had learned better things from her mother—a woman of devoted piety, dead, alas! before her daughter had most need of her guidance and support; and those lessons of sweetness, modesty, and dignity acquired in her early childhood, that devotion to duty she practised when, as a young maiden, she rose in the depth of a German winter to trudge for three hours along a country road, nearly up to the knees in snow, to hear her Sunday Mass, were really never obliterated from her heart, either when she was the successful artist and the lion of London



ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

(From a Portrait Painted by Herself.)

seasons, or the betrayed woman of maturity and the lonely lady of advanced age. Her life, when it was gay, had need of all the strength religion could give, and, when it was wrecked, of all the consolation; and this strength and this consolation, if we may judge from words and acts which infer more than they actually declare, were abundantly hers.

Whether Reynolds actually proposed to Miss Angel, as some say, or whether it was Miss Angel who was "dying for Sir Joshua," as Smith declares; whether Nathaniel Dance really offered her his heart before he gave his hand to his Yorkshire heiress with nearly twenty thousand a year; whether the "Principal Hobgoblin Painter to the Devil," in other words, Henry Fuseli, who could swear in eight languages, and who was wont to boast in regard to the fair sex that he "could do very well without them"—whether he would fain in his heart have become the civilised husband of Angelica, if only she had given him a chance—all these things are a matter of conjecture. But this is certain, that Angelica was fascinating both in her looks and in her manners, and that her fascinations made themselves felt. "She was a slender, well-proportioned woman," says Miss Clayton, "of about the middle height. It could not be said that she was a perfect beauty, but she was singularly attractive. Her face was a Greek oval, which inclines to the round; the complexion, more that of the brunette than of the blonde, was fresh and clear; the features regular and delicately cut; the eyes were large, and of a deep blue, sparkling, full of archness, innocence, and purity; her glances were eloquent and strangely captivating. The mouth was exceedingly pretty, and always smiling. It is no great wonder that she liked to paint her own portrait, for she made a charming model." It is not only in her avowed portraits that her lineaments appear, for she was gifted with so little perception of character that they were repeated in all the women and saints and nymphs she ever drew. "Her heroines are herself," said Fuseli, adding, "and while suavity of countenance and alluring graces shall be able to divert the general eye from the sterner demands of character and expression, can never fail to please." Charmed by Angelica, Lady Wentworth, who met her abroad, invited her to England, where she came in the June of 1765, and took up her residence with her friend in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Here acquaintances and patrons gathered round her rapidly enough. The Queen and the Duchess of Brunswick, the King's sister, sat to her; the Princess of Wales visited her studio, setting an example which all "society" followed; and Angelica was declared to be "the most fascinating woman in Europe." "Such honour was surely never done painter before," she wrote to her father, the good John Joseph Kauffman, an artist himself, who shortly afterwards joined his daughter in London in a house of her own in Golden Square. It was in that house that the tragedy of her life occurred.

Among the many men whom Angelica met in society was one who was introduced to her as the Count Frederic de Horn, but who was really a mere villain, personating the distinguished Swede whose name he assumed. His real name was Burckle; under many aliases he had perpetrated frauds in various continental towns, and he had already been at least once married—to a German girl, whom he had heartlessly deserted. What his origin was does not appear; some say he had been the real Count Frederic de Horn's *valet;* but, be that as it may, he was the master of manners which—making allowances for foreign birth and breeding—gave colour, or, at any rate, did not prove fatal to his pretensions. He was handsome, agreeable, apparently educated, and rich, as became the high title that he bore. Alas for Angelica! whom nature had made pretty, and whom art was making rich! Neither the face nor the fortune was lost on the adventurer. He came, he saw, and he conquered—conquered the woman who had refused the offers of eligible men who might have made her happy, to be linked with a scoundrel who could not give her a home, or a heart, or a name.

A tangled web, indeed, did the sham Count weave, "when first he practised to deceive" Angelica. She should be a countess—an ambassadress even—as his wife, beloved, honoured, and happy. But she must consent to a private marriage—private even to her father. And still Angelica suspected nothing, so ingenious was his pleading. His life, he said, was in danger; the Swedish court was about to demand his person from the British Government; but if, he urged, she, as his wife, interceded for him with the Royal Family, he would be saved and secure, for "they would never suffer her husband to be unjustly punished;" and she, yielding to the most tender of infatuations, took him at his word. It was probably in the old Catholic chapel still standing in Warwick Street that the ceremony of marriage was performed—the bride's very celebrity probably enabling her to dispense with any inconvenient witnesses or attestations. The truth, however, could not be long hidden. Whispers of the marriage got about; John Joseph, the most devoted of fathers, began to fear that something was wrong, and Angelica, throwing herself at his feet, confessed she was a bride. The supposed Count grew uneasy and irritable, and he urged Angelica to fly with him from English shores. Fortunately she refused, and also defeated a plot by which he meant to remove her by force. Rumours of the marriage reached the Queen, and Her Majesty

invited to Buckingham Palace Angelica and "her husband, the Count." To that individual the invitation gave no pleasure, and he postponed its acceptance until the real Count de Horn arrived at Court, and was received on all hands with congratulations on his marriage. That was the beginning of the end. The Queen herself is said to have borne to Angelica the bitter news that she had been duped, and a little later came the yet bitterer news that she had never been a wife. Death was the punishment the law then dealt to bigamy, but Angelica, still tender, would not prosecute. "He has betrayed me," she said, "but God will judge him—let me never hear his name again." Burckle escaped from England early in 1768, carrying with him some three hundred of Angelica's pounds, and probably she heard little or nothing of him again, except, about eight years afterwards, that he was dead.

No doubt Angelica thought that life had no more love or joy in it for her, henceforth and for ever. But time is a great healer, and so is labour; and as the years passed, Angelica worked harder and harder, producing those almost innumerable pictures, numbers of which were engraved by Bartolozzi, Ryland, and Burke, and sixty of which were published by that great print publisher, Alderman Boydell. Moreover, she decorated rooms, as at Frogmore, and painted ceilings, as in the Council Room of the Royal Academy. Soon a new anxiety took the place of the old sorrow in Angelica's heart—her father's health began to break down; and the new anxiety gave birth to a new love. The father, who felt his life ebbing away, feared to leave his daughter alone in the world, even at the age of forty; hence he advised her to consider the suit, long urged, of a Venetian artist, settled in London, and an Associate of the Royal Academy—Antonio Zucchi—a fresco-painter. In 1781 Angelica became his wife; and, five days after the wedding, she left England for ever, in company with her husband and her father. By that time, as Miss Clayton tells us, "anguish of mind as well as advancing years had told on the fresh, delicate beauty of Angelica. The frank, magnetic smile, the rose tints, the gay laughter in the bright blue eyes, the dimpling charm had vanished." Her portrait, painted by herself about this time, shows the alterations, and has been described as that of "a woman still in the bloom of life, but destitute of all brilliancy of colouring, with an expression grave and pensive almost to melancholy." Ten or a dozen years later she painted yet another autograph portrait. "What a sad and weary old face"—again to quote Miss Clayton, "how full of resignation but little removed from despair the blue eyes are—how utterly the thin lips have forgotten to smile! 'All is vanity and vexation of spirit' might fitly be scribbled on the background. The visage is lean and worn, the features are sharp and harshly defined, the early pleasant gaiety and attractive beauty gone, washed away by one surging wave of sorrow." But other sorrows had befallen Angelica during those ten years, the chief being caused by the death, in 1782, of her faithful father. At Rome the middle-aged couple, united, as Rossi comfortably says, "not by the fervour of inconsiderate passion, but by rational prudent reflection," henceforth abode in a charming house, enjoying a tolerable sort of happiness. Her *salon* was frequented by great men—Goethe among the rest, who still admired her talent, and who could see what her beauty had been by Sir Joshua's portrait of her—the one engraved by Bartolozzi—which hung on the walls. Royal and other commissions and honours followed her yet, till in 1795, when she was fifty-five years old, her life entered on a new phase. Her husband died, and the French invaded Rome, with this result to the lonely widow, that her fortune, mostly lodged in the Bank of Rome, was swept away. Still she worked on, and was brave enough to write that "a resigned mind is enabled to endure the distresses of this world." For a few years longer was the trial to last. In 1801 began a consumption, which finally cost her her life. Patient in her illness, she was happy in her death, and her funeral was magnificent. The church of S. Andrea delle Fratte was decorated for the solemn occasion; Canova, the great sculptor, took charge of the arrangements, and a huge procession accompanied the coffin. The corners of the pall were borne by four young girls dressed in white, and its tassels were carried by the four first members of the Academy; while two of her own pictures were held aloft in triumph. She was beloved by the poor during her life, and in her death they were not forgotten. If the Italian Government's general expropriation has spared them, some alms must still be distributed every year, under the provisions of her will, to the miserable and the needy.

A sad impression is left upon the mind by this life, successful and brilliant as it was—perhaps because we cannot deny that the over-praised and long-flattered artist had not the genius which could make her career triumphant to after-times. She was a mere woman, and yet she left behind her not children but pictures, and if these pictures had been a precious heritage to the world, to no one would her childless life seem incomplete. As it is, her biographers are inclined to echo the words placed in the mouth of the poetess by Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "What's art for a woman?" For Angelica Kauffman was not great enough to leave a sexless fame.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.

"THE FISHER-FOLKS' HARVEST."

By G. P. Jacomb Hood.

ALL the harvests are picturesque. It would be difficult to give the preference to those of land or sea. The deep, which is not ploughed or reaped, has yet a beauty of the seasons, the strange vegetation of the ocean springs and flowers under the universal vernal change. Shelley sings of

> "The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
> The sapless foliage of the ocean."

These hear, he says, the voice of the wild west wind, the breath of Autumn's being, the destroyer and preserver, and grow grey with fear and despoil themselves. And the surface of the sea has its seasons—the blue of a still, sunny winter day, so unlike the blue of the middle summer, the grey of the autumnal storm and the grey of the July thunder—changes as subtle but as sure as those which pass over the distant treeless plain and the barren hill, where the long monotony of green is seen to quicken in spring, and then to flush faintly with what we know to be myriad flowers, and later to grow more dun with seeds. The lovely vicissitudes of heat and cold, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest show everywhere—except, perhaps, in a coal-mine. But the crops of the sea are no growth to be watched and tended until their yielding-time; they cost man no labour except the happy labour of ingathering; they come like a surprise. Silver shines suddenly in the distance of the summer waves, and the fisher-folk forthwith may spend their days and nights in sweeping in the fish.

Among all the harvests wheat-harvest is assuredly the king—gold as compared to this silver. Then comes the vintage; and the olive-gathering, when the hot autumnal sun is beginning to grow languid and weak along the mountain-sides of Italy; the cocoon-harvest, when the luminous yellow balls are heaped under the sheds; the harvest of maize—a fuller glow of gold; our own hay-harvest in the richest time of flowers, perhaps the most fragrant of all the crops; the hop-harvest in the Kentish fields, when the beautiful odorous trailer is shorn of its graceful bells—the prettiest harvest this of all, but somewhat marred as to its sentiment; for the fancy, which follows the dust of Cæsar to ignominious uses, cannot refrain from tracing the delicate hop to the vulgar beer of a reeking public-house. Of the rose-harvest in the East, experience is less common, but its very name is a delight.

Mr. Jacomb Hood has chosen not only a picturesque incident, but a picturesque calling, for the subject of his beautiful etching. All those callings are eminently poetical and artistic which deal with the more elementary labours of man. The husbandman, the shepherd, the fisherman, the hunter, are foremost in this respect; then the builder, the weaver, the carpenter, who produce necessaries; but no one could make anything, æsthetically, of the labourer who deals with the more complex wants of life, and the more complex the wants which he supplies, the less artistic is his vocation. For instance, much as art has made of late—and justly—of the dignity of labour, it is not easy to find nobility in the grocer's shop, or in the pin-factory, or among the processes of the production of buttons. The nearer we get back to elementary feeling and elementary emotions the better for art, and so in an especial manner with elementary necessities. Happily the labour which supplies these goes on in spite of all complexities. The thousand artificial requirements of modern life do not destroy its primitive needs; moreover, Nature is always elementary, and always simple; her large and noble ways by earth and sea do not alter, nor can they be hastened.

Especially must the coming of the plenty of the sea be waited for, for it cannot be advanced or in any way prospered by man's anxieties or labour. When, on some sunny morning, such as this in the etching, the news of "mackerel in the harbour" rings from the beach, the gift is felt to be freely given. The old man, too old to join in the harvesting, looks out from his net-mending towards the shining sea; the old wife, whose sphere narrows itself day by day to her little house—for while old peasant-men seek the air of out-of-doors, old peasant-women sit within—peers out into the light; the young daughter throws her arm about her father's neck with the affectionateness of pleasure. The young fellows of the village stride over the shingle to their boats, in the undemonstrative happiness of work.

The artist has filled his plate with sun. Cobbett, who waxes so strongly, seriously, and roughly emphatic — almost eloquent — on the wholesome effects of plenty in the cottager's home, when the pig is slain and *the house is full of meat* (the impressive italics are his own), might have drawn a picture of the village when it is full of fish.



THE CLOCK TOWER.

THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.



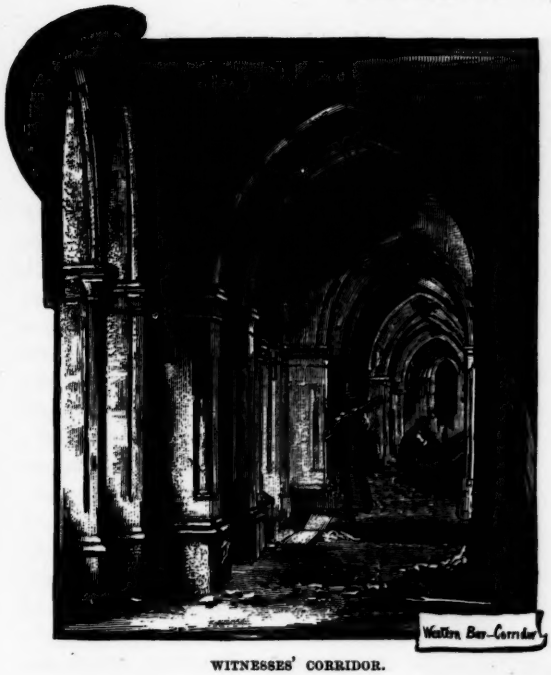
COLUMN ON BAR-ROOM BALCONY.

IT is hoped and believed that the Royal Courts of Justice, now rapidly approaching completion, will be ready for use by Easter in next year, and that, at last, the administration of British justice will possess a local habitation not unworthy of its name. The long years of discussion, of argument, and counter-argument between the advocates of rival sites, and of competition between rival architects, must be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers; but they will not be referred to by us further than to state the bold facts which every one knows, that Mr. Street finally obtained the much-coveted commission, and that the building has been erected from the modified plans which were forced upon him by the economy which was in fashion in the early years of the administration then in power. We purpose to describe the more public parts of this building in as much detail as our space will allow, omitting all notice of the eastern block, which has now been so long in use that most people have made acquaintance with it for themselves.

The main building of the Royal Courts of Justice may be roughly divided into three parts. Firstly, the great hall in the centre, which is to serve the same purpose as the hall at Westminster, and the almost equally famous "Salle des Pas Perdus," in Paris. Secondly, the encircling line of courts, eighteen in number, to which the hall gives common access. Thirdly, the great quadrangular building which surrounds the courts, and offers façades to the Strand, Clement's Inn, Carey Street, and the

Eastern Quadrangle. This part of the building contains the rooms for the judges and for the numberless registrars, clerks, masters, and other officials, without whom the great legal machine would, we suppose, come to a standstill altogether. The dimensions, on plan, of the whole building, including the eastern block of offices, are, speaking roughly, 470 feet from east to west, by 462 from north to south. It covers, therefore, about one-sixth less ground than the New Palace at Westminster, better known as the Houses of Parliament. The width of the main block is 292 feet. In the matter of height the measurements are much less imposing. The loftiest point of the whole building, the finial of the metal flèche which is to crown the central hall, will be no more than 243 feet 6 inches above the Strand level, or about 100 feet lower than the Victoria Tower at Westminster.

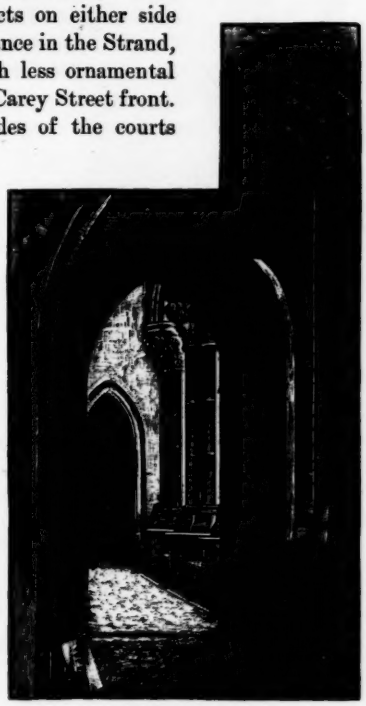
The chief feature of the building is, of course, the Central Hall. It will be approached from the Strand almost as directly as Westminster Hall is entered from New Palace Yard. Nothing intervenes between its south end and the street but two vaulted porches, the outer one of which will be left without gates. In dimensions it is about equal to the nave of a first-class English cathedral. In height and width it comes between those of York and Lincoln. The nave of York Minster is 93 feet high to the cap of the groining, and 51 feet wide; that of Lincoln 82 feet high and 39 feet wide, while Mr. Street's hall is 82 feet high and 48 feet wide. In length it is 231 feet, against the 225 feet of York and the 182 of Lincoln. It will thus be seen that its dimensions are as imposing as could be desired, and the simplicity of the purpose which it has to serve, added to the absence of side aisles, has enabled the architect to give it a dignity which is hardly possible in the case of a cathedral nave. The walls internally are divided vertically into nine bays, and horizontally into three storeys, which roughly correspond to the nave arcade, the triforium, and the clerestory of a Gothic cathedral. The absence of aisles has allowed, however, of a clerestory descending much lower than that of any cathedral, and giving to the hall rather the appearance of a huge college chapel. It is, in fact, pretty much what the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, would probably have been had it been built two hundred years earlier than its actual date. The windows occupy rather more than half the total height of the wall. They are nine in number, and being all of one design, except in the details of the carving, they form an imposing wall of glass and slender shafts. Immediately below them runs a band of plain wall-space, 16 feet deep, which looks as if it had been designedly left for the painter, and below that again comes a band of Gothic arcading, through which are pierced doorways leading to the staircases which communicate with the courts on the floor above. As the vaulting shafts are brought down to the ground, these two horizontal divisions are divided vertically into nine quadrangular sections. At the south end of the hall is the huge five-lighted window, of simple design, which is seen from the Strand, while at the north end there are three lancets. The roof is a quadripartite stone vault, the ribs being of Portland and the filling-in of Bath stone. It was originally intended that the flooring, of varied marbles, should rest upon a crypt of vaulted brickwork, but the arrangements for heating and ventilation have compelled the architect to make use of a system of girders instead. The whole of the architectural details of the hall are of an early "middle-pointed" character. Mr. Street has here depended for effect more upon the simplicity of his general design and the justness of his proportions than upon ornament. The required points of richness are given by carved capitals, string-courses, and labels, by the use of different kinds of granite in the clustered engaged columns between the windows, and by some features of semi-Venetian ornateness in the galleries which look down into the hall at either end. In its present unfinished state, and encumbered as it is with scaffolding, it would be rash to form a final opinion as to the measure of success which Mr. Street has achieved in this, the main feature of his building. But perhaps we may venture to express our belief that when all obstacles to a fair judgment are removed, the proportion of height to width will appear too small. The ratio is as 1 for the width, to slightly more than $1\frac{3}{4}$ for the height, which is considerably lower than that of York Minster—the lowest, proportionately, of English cathedrals—where the width of the nave has generally been thought excessive. Externally, the great slated roof of the hall, with its pinnacled gables and slender flèche, will be the most conspicuous feature in the building, and, from either the roadway of the Strand or from more distant points of view, will help to give to the design the dignity and height which, in other ways, it so sadly lacks. The flèche has been designed upon lines not dissimilar to those of the famous one which crowns the intersection of nave and transepts at Amiens Cathedral. It will be of lead, partly gilded, over a core of oak and pine. Gold-leaf, unfortunately, does not long retain its brilliance in the London atmosphere, and it may fairly be asserted that copper—which, under all circumstances, retains a fairly agreeable colour—would have been preferable to lead as a covering. Mr. Street's intentions as to this spire have been greatly modified since the commencement of the works. It was originally intended to make it of a more massive and less lofty character, to place it in the centre of the roof-ridge, and to support it



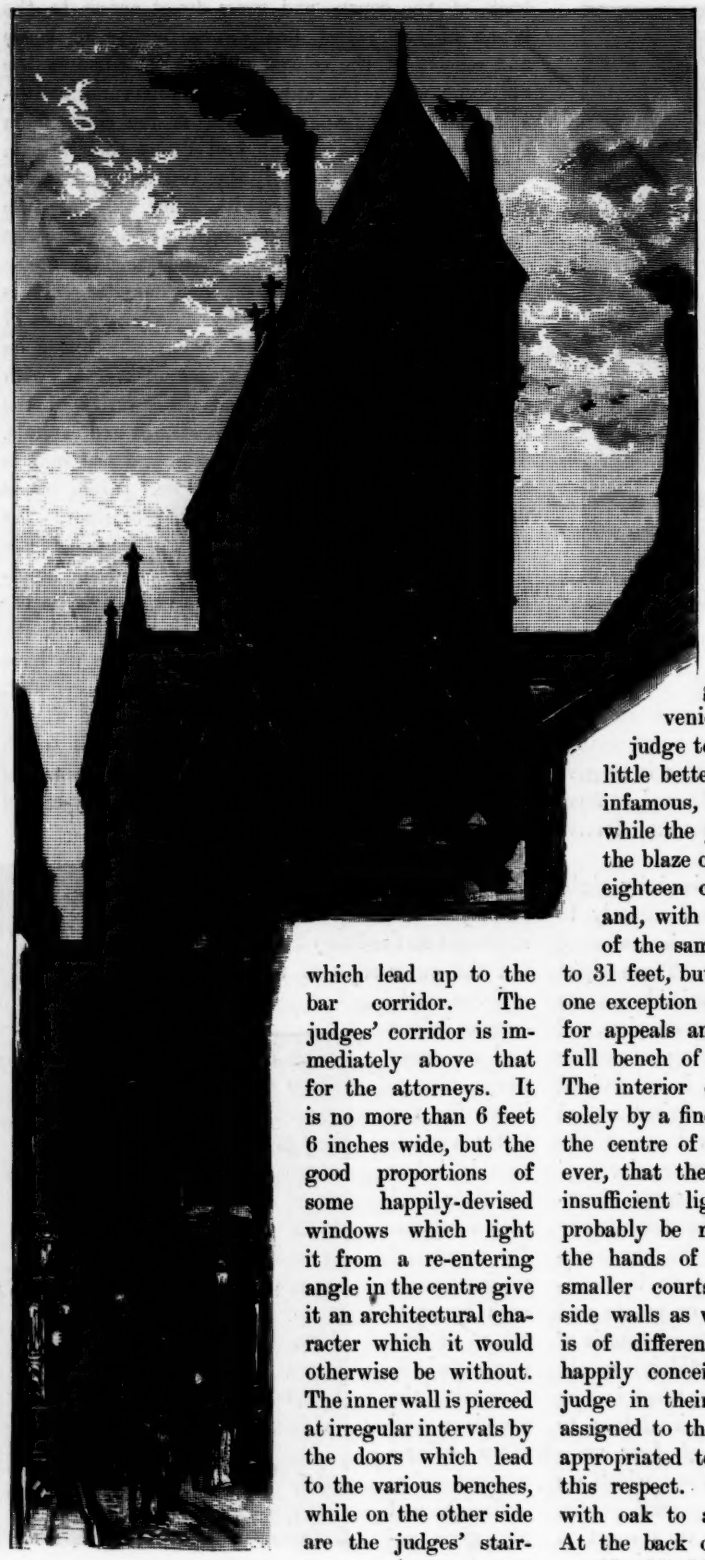
WITNESSES' CORRIDOR.

upon ribs in the vaulting of the hall. Its actual position, immediately in rear of the great southern gable, is a great improvement, as it not only makes it more conspicuous in itself, but enables it to give accent and meaning to the chief façade, and to form the principal member of what is now an effective group of pinnacles.

Access to the court floor is obtained by eight staircases of similar design, which lead directly to the bar corridor, and by two others which commence right and left of the main entrance. These eight staircases form, perhaps, the most remarkable feature in the building. They are semicircular on plan, and wind round a central column containing a smaller staircase for service purposes. They have groined stone roofs, and are well lighted by two-light traceried windows, which look into the areas between the courts. Four of them lead into the bar or witnesses' corridor through the angles of the courts themselves, in a fashion which seems to be gratuitously destructive to internal effect. Had the communication been direct, it would have been no less convenient either to barristers, witnesses, or public, and as it would have allowed the architectural details of the staircases to be seen from the corridor, it would have given greater space and variety to what is now a rather monotonous passage. The circulation to and from the courts is carried through four main arteries. One for barristers and witnesses, which we have already mentioned; one for the general public, leading to the galleries, with which each court is provided; one for the judges, which runs along the back of the courts, and gives direct access to the bench of each; and, finally, one for the attorneys and officers of the courts. Of these corridors the only one which has any great architectural pretensions is the first-named. Into it the eight main staircases from the central hall direct their stream of traffic. The floors of the courts are directly reached from it, and, on its inner side, are the cloister-like windows which light it, and a series of consultation-rooms and lavatories. Its architecture is of the most masculine character. It is broken at frequent intervals by transverse arches of severe design, as may be seen by our illustration on this page; their piers are square in section, with sunk shafts at the angles, and the severity of the details is only relieved by carved strings and capitals. The flooring is of English marble, and the roof is a framed one of oak, except at six points, where minor flights of stairs open into the corridor. At those points a stone vault takes the place of the oak. This corridor extends entirely round the building, and undergoes more than one vicissitude, in the matter of design, on its journey, but for much the greater part of its length its details are as we have described them. Above it runs the public corridor, a passage 6 feet wide, and with little in the way of ornament, communicating with the galleries which face the bench of each court. Access to it is obtained by the staircases enclosed in the two richly-carved octagonal towers, which are such conspicuous objects on either side of the main entrance in the Strand, and by two much less ornamental staircases on the Carey Street front. On the outer sides of the courts run the corridors for judges and attorneys respectively. That for the latter is considerably below the floor level of the courts. By means of passages under each bench it allows of free communication with the associates and other officers without disturbance, and also gives access to stairs



BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE STRAND.



CLOCK TOWER FROM BELL YARD.

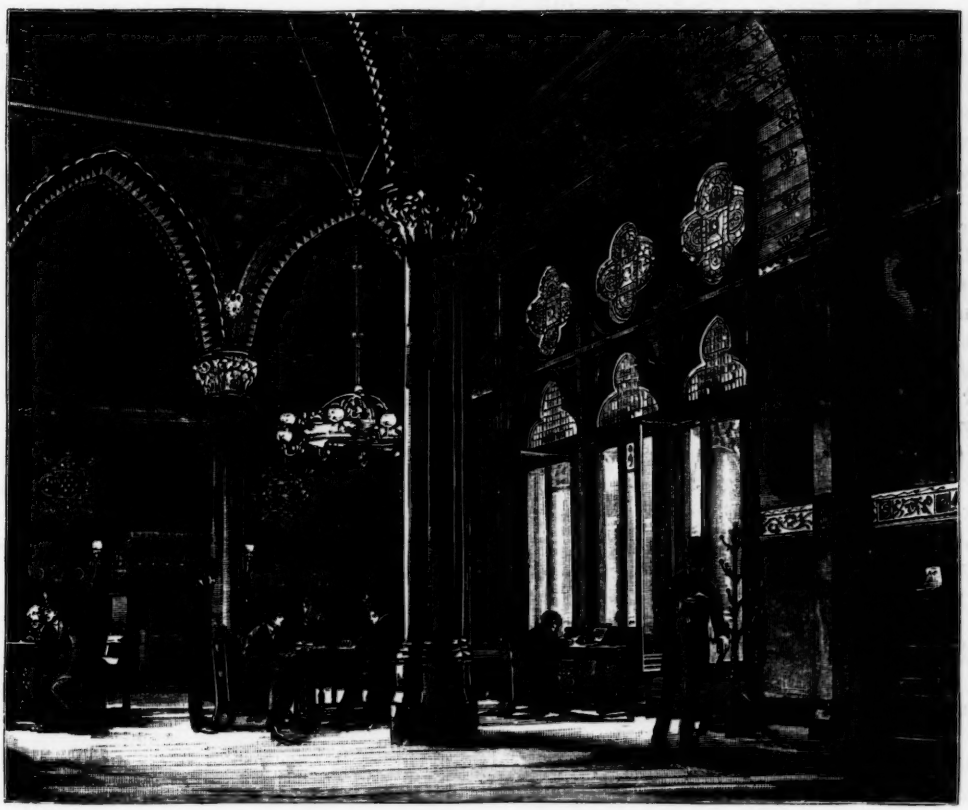
which lead up to the bar corridor. The judges' corridor is immediately above that for the attorneys. It is no more than 6 feet 6 inches wide, but the good proportions of some happily-devised windows which light it from a re-entering angle in the centre give it an architectural character which it would otherwise be without. The inner wall is pierced at irregular intervals by the doors which lead to the various benches, while on the other side are the judges' staircases, private rooms, and robing rooms. These staircases, especially that which opens upon the Eastern Quadrangle, and is lighted by two beautifully-proportioned windows, are among the pleasantest features of the building.

We now come to the courts themselves, the centres of the circulation for which all these great arteries provide. The original plans contained twenty-four of these, a number which would have given sufficient accommodation for all the present wants of our judicature, and would have provided for some moderate expansion. But, in the never-to-be-forgotten reign of Mr. Ayrton, they were cut down to eighteen—a number which is already so clearly seen to be inadequate that orders have been given to convert one of the bar common rooms into an additional court. This room, which was thoroughly well adapted for its original purpose, will make a most inconvenient and uncomfortable place for a judge to do his work in. The entrances will be little better than those of the famous, or rather infamous, Exchequer Chamber at Westminster, while the judge will have to sit squarely facing the blaze of light from five huge windows. The eighteen courts proper are all upon one level, and, with a single exception, are practically all of the same size. They vary in width from 29 to 31 feet, but are all of one depth—39 feet. The one exception to these measurements is a large court for appeals and for other purposes which require a full bench of judges; it measures 49 feet by 42. The interior of this court is, at present, lighted solely by a finely-designed lantern, framed in oak, in the centre of the roof. It seems so obvious, however, that the arrangement in question will give insufficient light, at least in winter, that it will probably be modified before the building is out of the hands of the contractor. The whole of the smaller courts are lighted from windows in the side walls as well as from the roof. Each of these is of different design, and some are much more happily conceived than others. So far as we can judge in their unfinished state, No. 6, at present assigned to the Common Pleas division, and No. 15, appropriated to Appeals in Equity, are the best in this respect. The court walls are to be panelled with oak to a height of 15 feet from the floor. At the back of the benches the framing will rise considerably higher than this, and will be balanced

by the oak galleries for the public on the opposite side. As the ceilings and all seats and fittings are also to be of oak, the sum of £70,000 which has been spent on that material alone is easily accounted for. There is at least one detail in these courts which we regret to see. The jury-boxes are of the time-honoured pattern which has tortured so many generations of long-suffering Englishmen. Beyond a slight sloping of the seat and back, nothing has been done to render the enforced benevolence of the juryman less irksome to him. As the one man who spends hour after hour in a civil court without hope of gain, he might at least be afforded arms and cushions to his seat. Large rooms for male and female witnesses and for jurymen in waiting are provided under the courts. For the latter there are also little galleries with private approaches, from which they can enjoy a bird's-eye view of the proceedings.

The main block of the Carey Street façade contains three fine rooms for the bar, one of them, unhappily, now turned into an inconvenient court; also two large jury-halls, with refreshment-rooms and lavatories. Immediately behind this block runs a transverse three-aisled corridor or crypt, vaulted with Portland stone and red brick. It is on the same level as the floor of the central hall, and consequently several feet below the roadway of Carey Street. Its purpose is to provide for the cross-traffic between the eastern and western portions of the building. The room for counsel—of which we give an illustration—which is placed over the gateway into the Eastern Quadrangle, has been decorated in colour from the architect's designs. The tints used have little in common with the dreary tones which are advocated by a certain school of modern ornamentists; they form, on the contrary, a very successful attempt to produce something worthy of the brilliant colour-harmonies of which so many vestiges are to be found in our ancient Gothic buildings. We only hope that official parsimony will not prevent Mr. Street's skill in the use of colour from being exercised upon more important parts of the work.

We have now given a superficial account of the more public parts of this great building. We have still to offer in all humility a few criticisms upon what we conceive to be its architectural merits and demerits. To begin with the latter, it seems to us that Mr. Street's creation lays itself fairly open to the charge which has more than once been brought against it—of a perverse disregard of balance and



THE BAR-ROOM.

symmetry in its masses. With the single exception of that part of the Strand elevation which is included between the two octagonal stair towers, there is not an instance of symmetrical repetition on a large scale in the whole exterior. On the other hand, there are many instances of what looks like carelessness, but is, in fact, studious—almost malicious—disregard of symmetry; and these are terribly destructive of architectural effect. Perhaps the most provoking of them is to be found on the Carey Street front, where the apex of the carved label over the central doorway cuts the sill of the great window above it into two very unequal parts. Similar failures of coincidence occur here and there throughout the building, and help to call attention to the lack of any governing artistic motive in the general design. There are six towers all different, though all of very squat proportions; there are eight façades, counting those in the great, or eastern, quadrangle, and they are all, with the doubtful exception of that which faces Clement's Inn, broken up into so many parts and into such unsymmetrical masses, that no one of them is much more expressive than if it were made up of half a dozen buildings by as many different architects.

Such want of coherence was appropriate enough in the great mediæval buildings upon which Mr. Street has modelled his art. They were usually the work of several generations, and as they received successively the impress of many directing minds, their irregularity was a natural growth, and was as true in expression as it was picturesque. In these days of what may be called Romantic architecture it is too often forgotten that a picturesque *ensemble* is in its very nature irreconcilable with a great artistic conception. The latter cannot exist without unity, symmetry—in a word, without individuality; but the qualities which make a building picturesque are identical with those which deprive it of individual expression. A picturesque thing is one which lends itself to pictorial treatment, that is, one which, being without any inseparable unique expression of its own, can be clothed in the personality of the painter, etcher, or other artist who may treat it. In this way our new Palace of Justice is more picturesque, perhaps, than any other modern building of equal importance. It would not be a hopeless task to make a good picture of it, because, by careful selection of the point of view, by combining the lights and shadows, by repressing a little here and accenting a little there, it could be turned, by the utterance of some painters' individuality, into a synthetic work at last. And we must admit that Mr. Street's analytical method has its compensations. In these courts of justice there is none of the thoughtless repetition of detail which disfigures so many great buildings. The sections of every door or window moulding, the designs for each carved capital, string course, label, or dripstone, for each stair balustrade and stone chimney-piece, for every detail of groining or oak framing, have been the objects of his separate and individual attention. In this respect his work contrasts very greatly with that of many other architects. He appears to have a perfect horror of monotony, and to aim at making his building look as if its decorative details had been left to a crowd of separate and independent designers. Many of these details, however, are very beautiful. We may give, as an instance, the balustrades round the galleries in the central hall. These are Venetian rather than English in design, and are carried out in a warm grey Derbyshire marble from Hopton Wood, a large quantity of which is used for similar purposes in the building. One of these galleries—that at the northern end of the hall—seems to have been suggested to Mr. Street by a curious balcony or canopy which occurs in the Church of St. Peter, at Maid's Morton, in Buckinghamshire. The balcony in question is over the west door of the church. It is supported by two brackets, which are similar in form and detail to the pendentives of such fan-vaults as the roof of St. George's at Windsor, or King's College Chapel at Cambridge. These brackets rest upon engaged shafts, and the space enclosed by the whole is filled up by the doorway. Mr. Street's gallery is a repetition of this arrangement, with the exception that it is supported by three brackets instead of two, that there are two doorways between them, and that the details are, of course, Edwardian, while those of the Buckinghamshire church are Perpendicular. The way in which the gallery at the south end is supported is, on the other hand, clumsy in the extreme; it rests upon two huge and heavy stone corbels, which, in their turn, are each supported by a comparatively slender shaft of English marble, which appears quite unequal to the work which it has to do; but the minor details of the building are generally both beautiful and appropriate; and although the work, as a whole, must be denied the glory which belongs to a great artistic conception, it certainly deserves that which should be given to the effects of a severe taste and of an extraordinary power of work.

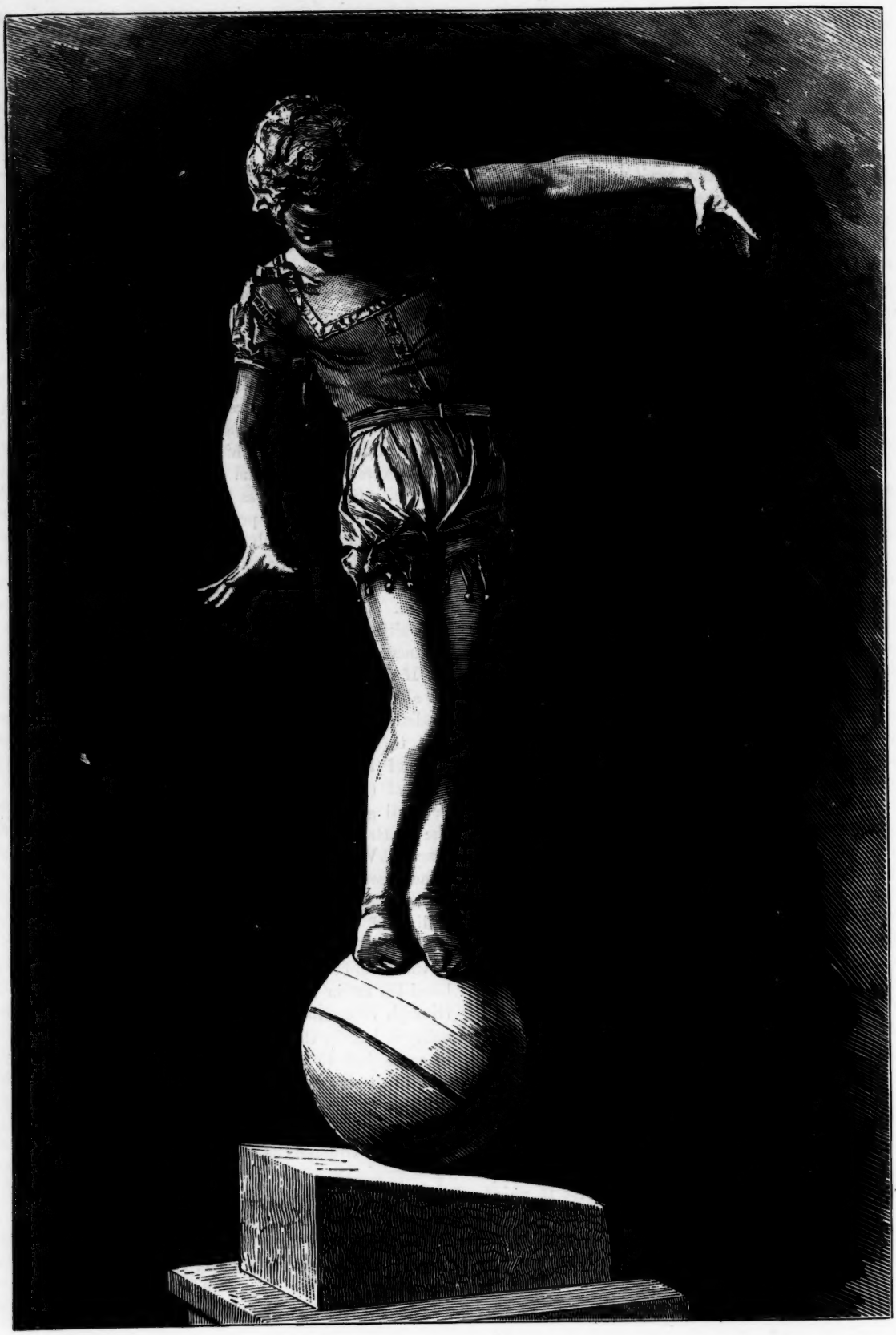
It is at present intended to lay out as a garden the space which intervenes between the western façade of the Royal Courts, and Clement's Inn, but it is certain that before many years have passed over us further court accommodation will be required, and an opportunity, which we sincerely hope may not be thrown away, will then be given of adding to the monumental effect of the Strand front by repeating its eastern wing.

W. Armstrong.

"EQUILIBRIUM." Statue by Signor Ettore Ximenes.

THE sculptor of this work is, notwithstanding his Spanish name, a Palermitan, and may be taken as in every respect Italianissimo in his art. In this figure he has carried the modern idea of sculpture so completely to its extreme that he has made revolution against former canons not only a part of his statue but its very motive. He has produced a figure so precarious in action and so violent in tension that a sensitive person finds it difficult to look at it without a sensible sympathetic affection of his own nerves and muscles. No more complete antithesis could be found to—say, the Egyptian sphinx, than this momentary and hazardous type of modern unrest. And not only is it a defiance to the art of repose of Egypt; it is almost equally rebellious against the art of action of Greece, and against that of Italy—as well by the manner and measure of its movement, as by its insistently realistic denial of beauty, and—in our opinion—by its disregard of sympathetic sentiment. The panegyrists of the statue (which was exhibited in life-size at the Paris International of 1878, and in the form of a small bronze replica at Milan in 1881) make much of what they consider the pathos of the work; for, according to them, Signor Ximenes has painfully elaborated a painful subject with the object of arousing emotion. A critic, writing in 1878 of the work, then called "The Clown's Son," considers that childish suffering, physical and mental, is expressed in every limb and line of the body, in the emaciation of the forms, in the anxiety of the face—telling of fasts, labours, weariness, and the fear of the whip. The artist's intention is better understood, probably, if we take the figure to express intentness upon the action of the moment and nothing else—no terrible drama of untimely tragedy, but merely a passage of keen childish effort. The forms are not thinner than those of an active boy should be, nor does the intense face show more than the interested anxiety of achievement. Effort, indeed, is the whole intention of the statue, and is expressed to the utmost—in the wariness of the eye, the involuntary strain of the facial muscles, and the trepidation of the body. The legs are sensitive, and seem to feel the instability of their standing; the knees and the feet cling; there is no rest to muscle or tendon even in the fingers. The sculptor has shown not only effort, but contradictory effort, the child's labour being at once progressive and stationary—that is, he must urge his ball upon its incline and keep his place upon the ball, so that the balance, combination, and antithesis of motion unite to produce that feeling of extreme unrest which has been Signor Ximenes' aim. He has also strained the lines of his figure in the double effort of conscious and unconscious movement—the child's attention being fixed upon his feet, while the balance of his arms and shoulders is governed altogether by instinct. In the matter of modelling the work is excellent—not the least successful passage, in the original, being the treatment of the feet, which, though quieter than the rest of the figure, and moreover covered by the clumsy stockings of the poor street athlete, through which their action is shown, are admirably studied and completed with fine correction. Swift progress would undoubtedly have been far more easily expressed in art than this swaying, tremulous, difficult advance, mingled so intimately with retardation and with a precarious pause in which there is not the fraction of an instant of repose. The work is eminently the expression of difficulty—difficulty is its theme and difficulty the manner of its execution.

If difficult achievement is the aim and the boast of all art—even the most dignified and the most modest—it may be said that the classics were content to make no direct appeal to wonder, to think more of their end and less of their way, and, in fine, more of their subject and less of themselves. Such personal glories, vanities, and efforts as they felt in the matter were veiled with self-respect and reticence. Who would guess, for instance—for the same reserve is found in early and pure mediæval art as in classic sculpture—how keen and strong the feeling of personality, or artistic self-love, was in the apparently selfless painter Perugino? History, or tradition, or calumny, it may be, tells us that he loved his art in a way which made the mastery and triumph of another bitter to him, but such personality is lost in the dignity of his work. It would be more just to say that Michael Angelo was the first to display self-preoccupation than that he was the first to display himself in his art, though the distinction is slight enough. The modern Italians, with their triumphs of cleverness, are saved from the degradation of the art of vanity by one thing—their realism. Their intention is fixed so singly and simply on representing the thing as it is, that we can hardly accuse them of "producing themselves" vulgarly in the way they reach their end. And in this realism they are true men, being so eminently true to the spirit of their time.



EQUILIBRIUM. *(From the Statue by Signor Ettore Ximenes.)*



A SOUVENIR OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

(From the Painting by Rosa Bonheur. By Permission of Messrs. Goupil & Co.)

ROSA BONHEUR.

THE proud and almost unique position which Rosa Bonheur occupies in the world of art has not been won without patient labour and much individual daring. One less resolute and heroic would have succumbed under the continued pressure—not so much, perhaps, of absolute poverty as of stinted means—which Rosa Bonheur bore so cheerfully during the first five-and-twenty years of her life; but filial love and ardent loyalty to her home and family made the burden light, and enabled her to hold on her laborious course with a ceaseless hand and a merry heart, till such time as her own fine nature and artistic genius brought fame and fortune to the domestic hearth.

This sentiment of family love and unity, which is by no means without sundry pleasing precedents in the history of art, was a peculiarly grateful inheritance of the Bonheurs, and was the simple and natural outcome of the mutual affection of their parents.

Raymond Bonheur was a young painter of no mean merit pursuing his profession at Bordeaux in 1820. He had already gained several prizes for drawing, and by giving lessons in the art he was able to support his aged parents. Among his pupils was a young lady whose beauty and gentle disposition did not long escape the eye of the master. Naturally ardent in temperament, he soon became enamoured of his pupil, and she in her turn was not slow in reciprocating the passion of which he betrayed so many proofs.

Falling in love in this irregular, anti-French fashion seems to have exasperated the father of the lady; and, when the young couple were married, he refused all assistance, and left them to such resources

as courage, industry, and mutual devotion could supply.

The firstfruits of this happy union was Rosa Bonheur, who was born at Bordeaux on March 25th, 1822. With a gathering family, daily-increasing expenses, and ever-lessening means, Raymond Bonheur, when his daughter was about four years of age, resolved to remove to Paris, the sanctuary of the arts, the ideal home of the bold and hopeful.

But for all their courage and industry—the wife giving lessons on the piano, and the husband doing all that possibly could be done at his profession—the young couple were sore beset. The period of 1829 and 1830 was a most difficult time; pictures did not sell, portrait-commissions were few, and lessons failed. To pecuniary pressure was added domestic bereavement, and Raymond Bonheur lost his loyal companion, the loving wife who had shared his labours and sustained his courage. She died in the August of 1833, leaving four little ones behind her.

Independent in spirit, kindly and generous in disposition, Rosa Bonheur, as a little girl, much preferred dabbling her little fat hands in the clay of the *atelier* and making small figures of it, to opening a grammar and learning her lessons. As the father with much courage and perseverance gradually surmounted his difficulties, he was able to place his children under the care of a nurse in the Champs Elysées, who sent them to school, and, being a woman of a practical habit of mind, insisted on close attention to lessons. But Rosa, at that period of her life, cared little for books, and in spite of "Nurse Catherine" preferred sauntering through the green avenues of the Bois de Boulogne to see the horses exercise. These defiant wanderings of our heroine led to many a grave reproof from the nurse; but on the whole those two years of loitering were years of happiness, and no one may say how much this solitary and independent communing with nature in the bosky depths of the Bois de Boulogne may have influenced the character and directed the tastes of the youthful Rosa.

In the meantime she was placed with a sempstress to learn to sew, but the awkwardness she displayed in the management of her needle showed how utterly distasteful the occupation was to her. Far otherwise was it when she could succeed in escaping from the work-room, and slily skip into that of the needlewoman's husband, who possessed a lathe. "If he was at work," to quote a biographer to whom we have repeatedly had recourse, "she would beg the favour of being allowed to turn the wheel for him;" if he was absent, she would do her best to set the machinery in motion on her own account, and the result was that sometimes in her eagerness she would spoil the good man's tools.

Such opportunities, however, were rare, and the drudgery of the needle being extremely irksome to her, she was by no means loth to leave it for residence in a boarding-school where her father was drawing-master, and where her companions belonged to wealthy families. For a like exchange of lessons Raymond Bonheur had already succeeded in placing his two boys in a similar school, and like them Rosa was to have equal advantages with the other pupils.

In spite of her want of fortune, which subjected her sometimes to humiliations, she speedily became the best at all the games, and the enthusiastic ringleader in all the mischief. The teachers lost all hope, and were often annoyed at the tricks she played them. She had sufficient talents to learn rapidly and well when she chose; but her disposition was turbulent—indeed, a little fierce—and she submitted with difficulty to educational restraint.

But ever and anon came to her the pain of wounded pride inflicted by her rich companions, sometimes accidentally and sometimes purposely; for young girls, when congregated in schools, are not overmerciful, and delight not so much in simply showing the poor ones of the herd the wide disparity of their condition, as in making them feel it.

These mortifications, little in our eyes, but of portentous magnitude in those of the youthful sufferer, ultimately drove Rosa back upon herself. She withdrew from the society of her companions, and as she communed with herself, the ambition to be great took possession of her soul. In her mental gropings for direction in the path she should go, she became troubled in spirit and ungovernable in temper, and at last so enraged the masters that her father was obliged to take her from the school.

Having returned to her home, she found that for which her soul panted: her ideas expanded in the silence of her father's painting-room, and with joy she at last descried the path she was to pursue. The guiding light of heaven illumined both it and her, and she drew and modelled with all the fresh enthusiasm of an artist's youth.

Delightedly Raymond Bonheur marked the indications of his daughter's talents, which he cultivated with care, and placed under educational discipline in whatever pertained to the *technique* of art. After this he sent her to the Louvre that she might form her taste upon the masterpieces of antiquity; and such was her ardour and constancy that she was the first at the opening of the museum and the last to leave it.

With such energetic industry her progress was rapid, and the copies she produced were worthy the inspiration under which she worked. One day, when she had finished "Les Bergers d'Arcadie," an old man approached, and, examining carefully the picture as it lay on the easel, said, "Do you know, my dear, that

this copy is admirable, irreproachable! Continue your studies thus, and I predict that you will become a great artist." That evening, when the doors of the gallery closed, Rosa Bonheur returned home with joy in her heart, for she felt now that her ardent hope for future fame might be realised. Anxiously desirous to be of service to her father, she worked incessantly. The moment a copy was finished, it was disposed of for whatever could be obtained for it, in order that the domestic means might be enlarged.

As in the case of his other children, Rosa's father was her only teacher. M. Léon Cogniet showed her great kindness, and gave her valuable encouragement in the progress of her labours, but he was never her master. Her knowledge of *technique* came solely from her father, her inspiration as entirely from nature. To pursue the latter untrammelled, she had the courage to attend daily the Roule slaughter-house, and the rough men by whom she was surrounded, whose gross manners and repulsive trade would have



Having attained her seventeenth year, Rosa Bonheur commenced the study of animal forms. Her first effort was a goat executed from nature. Delighted with the new path in art opened to her, she sought subjects on all sides, and made frequent excursions into the country on foot, her colours in her hand, or laden with several pounds' weight of modelling clay. Unable to afford anything in the shape of a conveyance, she often returned to her father's house broken down by over-exertion; but nothing could damp the ardour or subdue the energy of one whose object was thus to master the mysteries of art and unlock thereby the secrets of nature.

daunted a less resolute nature, soon learned to respect and admire her. Some say that it was in these *abattoirs* she first assumed male attire, and that it was to avoid the rude behaviour of the slaughtermen that she did so.

So assiduously did she carry on her studies in these reeking shambles, and so absorbingly did she identify herself with her subject, that she frequently forgot to take the refreshment she carried with her, which generally consisted of a piece of bread carried in her pocket. When she returned home in the evening her bonnet, her sketch-book, and studies, all indicated the presence of the myriads of flies that

always congregate where animals are confined and slaughtered.

According to F. Lepelle de Bois-Gallais, whose admirable biography, written a quarter of a century ago, we have frequently quoted, subject to such correction as Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur has herself very kindly suggested to us, her father at length took a second wife, and this new marriage added two more children to the domestic circle. It became therefore absolutely necessary that redoubled exertions should be made. A spirit of emulation accordingly took possession of the whole family. United in the same painting-room, like a young covey, they all worked away ardently and merrily under the wing of their father, the master and friend who shared their hard labours and joined in their innocent games. "I have been told," continues M. de Bois-Gallais, "that nothing could be more delightful or more touching than that picture. Auguste and Isidore studied without ceasing, and Rosa, the first at her easel, sang from morning till night. They were disheartened by no misfortune, and often after the fatigues of the day our young artist spent the evening by the fitful light of the lamp in making designs for the morrow's sale."

This happy little home was situated on the sixth floor of a house in the Rue Rumfort. The birds of which Rosa was so fond, instead of being confined in a cage, had something like the semblance of liberty in enjoying the range of the room, a piece of network made by her brother preventing their escape by the window. The existence of a sheep, which also shared her affections, could not be made quite so comfortable on the sixth floor of a Paris house; but it was a docile model and always at hand, and Isidore Bonheur would often laughingly place it on his shoulders, and, descending the long stairs, carry it to a neighbouring meadow to graze on the fresh grass.

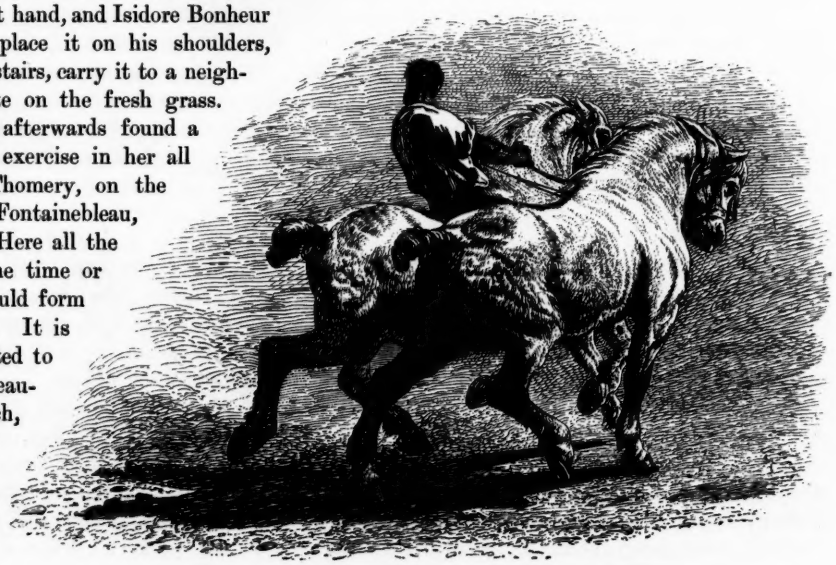
This love of animals afterwards found a more fitting field for its exercise in her all but baronial home at Thomery, on the confines of the Forest of Fontainebleau, where she now resides. Here all the beasts she has had at one time or another under her care would form a considerable menagerie. It is not long since she presented to the Jardin des Plantes a beautiful lion and lioness, which, when in her keeping, used to come up to the bars of the cage to be stroked and patted by her sympathetic little hand.

Her first picture was that of a pair of rabbits which figured in the Salon of 1840. The Salon of 1841 accepted and hung two charming little pictures of sheep and goats; and the following year furnished it with three, entitled "Animals in a Meadow" under an evening effect, "A Cow Lying in a Meadow," and "This Horse to be Sold." In 1843 were exhibited "Horses Leaving the Watering-Place" and "Horses in a Field." When sent the same year to Rouen these pictures obtained the bronze medal. In the exhibition of 1844 she had five pictures, and a bull modelled in clay, and this time the city of Rouen awarded her the silver medal. Each year added to her renown, and in due time she received from Paris the gold medal.

In 1847 all the family were still in the Rue Rumfort, working together heartily as of yore. Auguste and Isidore had already obtained some distinction, the former as a painter, the latter as a sculptor, and Juliette, now Madame Peyrol, was endeavouring with no little success to tread in the steps of her sister. About this time Paul Delaroche visited Rosa, and the kindliness of his manner and the encouraging character of his words made a deep impression on her mind.

The Revolution of 1848, with its terrible excitement and confusion, did not for a moment interrupt the studies of our young artist. She had exhibited some magnificent "Bulls of Cantal," which were purchased for England, and which laid the foundation of her fame in this country.

With her fortunes rose those of her father, and the heroic man, after all these years of incessant labour and anxiety, was appointed by the Government



GROUP FROM "THE HORSE FAIR," PAINTED BY ROSA BONHEUR.
(By Permission of Mr. L. H. Lefèvre.)



PLOUGHING IN THE NIVERNAIS.
(*From the Painting by Rosa Bonheur.*)

Director of the Female School of Design. But life's burden had been too heavy for him, and incessant struggles left him at last so prostrate that he was not able to share with his family the joys of triumph. He died on the 24th March, 1849, and from what has been said it may easily be imagined with what profound grief the family was overwhelmed.

Rosa succeeded her father in the direction of the school, and had during his illness painted the magnificent picture of "Ploughing in the Nivernais." When exhibited it made a great sensation, and was bought by the Government, who complimented the artist, and honoured the work by hanging it in the Luxembourg.

Rosa Bonheur's compositions now followed each other without interruption, and consisted of such subjects as "Weary Oxen Going to Water," "Cows with their Playful Calves," "Ewe and her Lamb Surprised by a Storm," "A Farmer of Auvergne" —mounted on his nag, accompanied by his man driving to market a herd of animals—"Chalk Waggon of the Limousin," "Young Shepherd of the Pyrenees Guarding his Flock," "Charcoal-Burning in a Forest," and the like. These works attracted the critical admiration of the finest judges in Paris, and France felt that she had in Rosa Bonheur another Troyon. In force of conception and vigour of brushwork there was no indication of her sex on the canvases of our heroine.

Hitherto Rosa Bonheur's fame had been mainly confined to France, but now it was about to cross the Channel, and, through England, to become world-wide. When in 1856 her famous "Horse Fair" was exhibited by M. Gambart in the French Gallery, the artists and connoisseurs of this country could scarcely realise the fact that they were looking on the work of a woman; and the gallery, we well remember, was crowded daily for months by those who wished to satisfy themselves as to the merits of the picture. Neither James Ward, R.A., nor Sir Edward Landseer, who for many years followed that artist's method, had ever produced a group of horses like this, so natural, so rampant, and so life-like. Rosa Bonheur's triumph, in short, was complete, and henceforth her name in England was a household word.

Since then, now about a quarter of a century ago, Rosa Bonheur has gone quietly on pursuing her profession with unabated ardour in the seclusion of her forest château, enriching the world and extending her fame. There is no animal subject, from lions to lambs, which she has not touched, and touching ennobled; few countries where shepherds wander with their flocks, from the Pyrenees to the Grampians, or where the lowland hind follows the laborious steer and the furrow-cleaving plough, which she has not made as lovingly her own as if the incidents depicted were a group of grazing or of startled deer within her own noble forest of Fontainebleau; for that, too, is peculiarly hers.

Rosa Bonheur is below the average height of her sex, but she is robustly and broadly built, and she carries her head with an air of freedom, and when a younger woman, almost of defiance. The carnation has not yet left her cheek, and her comely face speaks of health and vigour. Her hair, however, is fast turning grey, and she still wears it cut and parted like a man's. When in her studio and at home, her attire also follows that of the sterner sex; but, as a clever contemporary remarks, "her face restores a perfect womanliness to the whole figure—small regular features, soft hazel eyes, and a dignified benignity of expression. The manner matches the face. She has a low pleasant voice, and a direct sincerity of speech most agreeably free from the artifices of compliment." When she goes to Paris she dresses in the uniform of her own sex; but she never assumes petticoats without deprecating the custom, and complaining of their interfering with the freedom of the limbs, and thereby impeding the power of locomotion.

The work on which she is at present engaged is one of life-size, and represents horses trampling out corn, as seen in the south of France and in Italy. It is doubtful whether she will ever have leisure to finish this colossal picture; if she does, she will probably form a collection of her works in painting and sculpture, which will be submitted to the public.

A list of the published engravings from her works, chronologically arranged, may not be unacceptable to

the reader. "The Horse Fair in Paris," engraved by Thomas Landseer, A.R.A., was published by M. Gambart in 1856. In the meantime the artist visited Scotland, to her great delight, and the next year saw published "Morning in the Highlands," engraved by Charles G. Lewis. In 1858 appeared "Landais Peasants Going to Market," by H. T. Ryall; which was followed in 1859 by "Bouricairos Crossing the Pyrenees," by C. G. Lewis. In 1860 Thomas Landseer finished a large plate of "Denizens of the Highlands," and C. G. Lewis a small one of the same subject. Indeed, so popular are the themes handled by Rosa Bonheur, that most of them are engraved in two sizes. In 1861 the last-named engraver produced plates of "Huntsmen Taking Hounds to Cover," and "A Highland Shepherd;" and in the year following, "A Scottish Raid." The last-named was also engraved by Charles Mottram, only in a smaller size. Five years elapsed before the services of the engraver were called into requisition. In 1867 C. G. Lewis reproduced in black and white the "Family of Deer Crossing the Summit of the Long Rocks, in the Forest of Fontainebleau;" H. T. Ryall producing the same year "Changing Pasture." Leaping over another gap, this time of eight years, we have in 1875 "A Stampede," engraved by Thomas Landseer, and "The Straits of Ballachulish," by Charles Mottram. The plate of "Les Longs Rochers de Fontainebleau," published in 1877, is the joint work of Charles Mottram and Leopold Lowenstam.

During the present year M. L. H. Lefèvre, the worthy successor of his uncle, M. Gambart, now Spanish Consul at Nice, has published "An Old Monarch," the head of a magnificent Nubian lion, the same which used to come up to the bars of his cage, when in the possession of Rosa Bonheur, that he might be stroked and fondled by her hand. W. H. Simmons is the engraver. There have also appeared a stag "On the Alert," and its companion picture, a couple of wild boars roaming through a wintry forest. These have been most successfully etched by A. Gilbert, and the original paintings have been exhibited during the season at the gallery of M. Lefèvre.

And thus, as we have seen, Rosa Bonheur's life has been one long devotion to art and nature. She has triumphed over every difficulty, and lived to realise to its fullest extent her ideal of an artist's life.

JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON.

THE VENICE OF TITIAN.

VENICE—it is one of those little words which the lips refuse to utter alone; or rather, the utterance of which wakes so many echoes that there is no telling where they begin or end—echoes that bring to our remembrance happy days of travel, that chase each other through the pages of our favourite authors, that play hide-and-seek among the chapters of history.

For Venice is to each of her visitors a different city. There are Shylocks to whom she is only the Rialto; there are Bassanios to whom she is a place of perpetual festival; there are Antonios to whom she is an altar of sacrifice; there are Jessicas who run from her for love; and Portias who visit her by stealth. There are poets—see now, how even men of the same craft will differ from each other in their account of her! Dante, casting about for a simile for the blackness of his Malebolge, can think of nothing grim enough but—

> "The great arsenal of the Venetians, where
> Seethes in its furnaces the burning pitch."

Nor, except in two very uncomplimentary passages in the "Paradiso," does he care to make of Venice anything better than a background for a picture of

> "A black devil of ferocious aspect
> Running along a crag"

—and yet Dante knew Venice in the very zenith of her greatness; when her Doges had just given shelter to a Pope flying from the fury of a Barbarossa, had held Otho prisoner, had dictated terms at the gates of Constantinople, had annexed the islands of Greece, and claimed entire dominion of the sea.

But hear now what another poet says of her:

> "A sea
> Of glory streams along the Alpine heights
> Of blue Friuli's mountains."

And again:

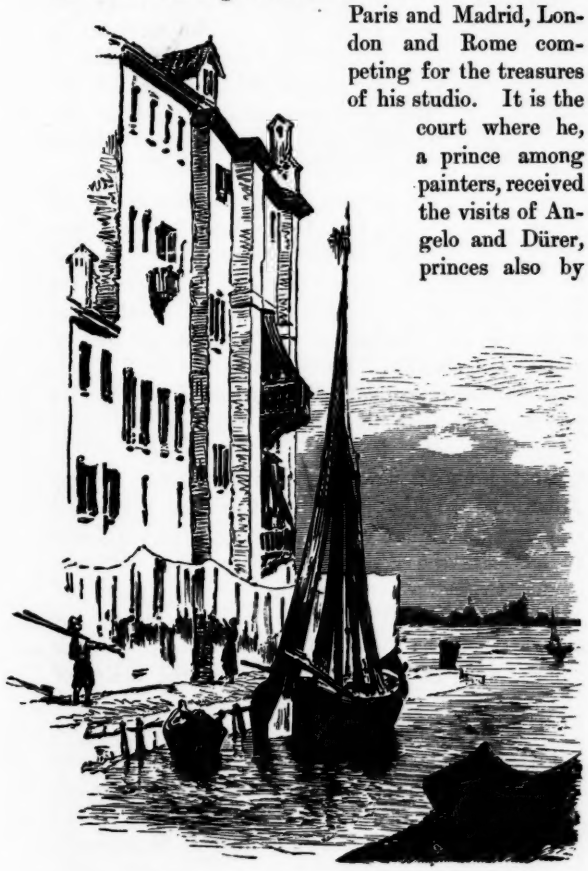
> "A dying glory smiles
> O'er the far times when many a subject land
> Looked to the winged lion's marble piles
> Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles"

—and yet Lord Byron knew her only in her desolation, despoiled and trampled underfoot by Napoleon, ceded as merchandise to the Austrians, her children sealing their own shame by the abdication of her

senators with the declaration amidst tears and blood that "Venice was no more."

So, standing apart from each other by the space of six centuries, these two men looked upon our beautiful city. But neither of them beheld Venice. The one saw only her cradle, rocked by the tempests of passion and war; the other—her empty place, after that she had arisen, and had reigned a queen, and had passed away.

The Venice of which I write, however, is the Venice, not of the poet, the statesman, or the soldier, but of the painter. In a word, it is the Venice of Titian. It is the busy world, full of peril, but full also of life and light and action, and therefore bright with hope, to which he came, a simple lad, from the Alpine village of Cadore. It is the school where he found a master in Bellini, and companions in Giorgione and Palma Vecchio. It is the home where he entertained his friends in a pleasant garden, or showed them the beautiful pictures that filled his house, or feasted them with rare viands and costly wines. It is the arena where he struggled hard for mastery with craftsmen only less great than himself. It is the exchange where he made the world rich—Paris and Madrid, London and Rome competing for the treasures of his studio. It is the court where he, a prince among painters, received the visits of Angelo and Dürer, princes also by the same right of pre-eminence in their own lands. It is the city of palaces that he made more splendid; of shrines that he made more sacred; and having chosen for himself a grave there, in the stately Church of the Frari, and fallen stricken by the plague, it is now his mausoleum, where, after nearly a hundred years of toil, and ambition, and defeat, and glory, he at last sleeps.



THE CANAL OF SAN TROVASO.

The Venice of Titian is the Venice of a century; and, in Art at least, that century was the epoch of her greatest splendour. If the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape, a few years after his birth, marked the beginning of her decline, that decline can scarcely be said to have become manifest when, a few years before his death, the Moslem fleet was scattered and destroyed at the battle of Lepanto. During the life of Titian Venice was a great power in Europe, both on land and sea. Let us take the century of his life, decade by decade, illustrating each by a characteristic sketch, as one would develop a story by a series of outlines. At the best they must be slight, but the value of a sketch does not depend on its elaboration—it is sufficient for its purpose if it be true.

I.

Our first sketch shall be of the child's home, a village in the mountainous district of Cadore, about seventy miles from Venice. There, at Pieve, Titian was born in the year 1477, and the earliest years of his childhood were passed face to face with Nature in perhaps the grandest of the many aspects she can assume. The castellated rocks of porphyry, the weird dragon's-teeth of the dolomites, the snow mingled with fire as the sun rose or set beyond the hills, the rushing waters of the Piave, the dark forests from which the trees came crashing down to be floated away in rafts for the ship-builders of the lagoons, the low murmer of the wind creeping up the valleys, or the thunder of it when tempests brake upon the mountains—these were among the sights and sounds familiar to his boyhood, and they form the background of our picture. If our picture seems altogether background, we must remember that in such scenery the small figure of a child is but of little account. Very little is known of the childhood of Titian. There is a legend of a Madonna painted by him, with colours expressed from flowers, on the walls of his father's cottage; but of this it is sufficient to say that it is a legend. We know only that at the age of nine the story of his child-life may be said to close, for he was then sent to Venice to be apprenticed as a painter; but we may well believe that the impressions he received during these the first nine years of his life were of a nature that the ninety years which followed served rather to deepen than to efface.

II.

Our second sketch is of a youth at Venice. Titian was of a good family, and it was not without due consideration that he was permitted to pursue the study of art, instead of arms or of law. This in itself indicates that the painter held no mean position in the Republic. At the time of his apprenticeship there were many masters in Venice of great eminence. The two Bellini, Antonello, Cima, Sebastian Zuccato (engaged in the restoration, which was even then going on, of the mosaics of St. Mark's), Carpaccio, and Vivarini—these were among the chief painters, not of the place only, but of the age. And just as in our own day we may hear the students at Heatherly's, in Newman Street, or at the schools of the Academy, talk over the "Daphnephoria" of Leighton, or the "North-West Passage" of Millais, so in the workshops of the Bellini we may see the youthful Titian and Giorgione and Palma Vecchio, with their companions, descanting on the merits of Gentile's "Procession of the Relic," or Carpaccio's "St. Ursula." But besides the merits of the masters, these students near the Rialto have subject for discussion in the question of the styles. Tempera is still taught in the schools, but the great painters are beginning to discard it. Some of the old frescoes are still standing on the walls of the great council chamber. The pale "Paradise" of Guariento has not been covered by the more splendid "Paradise" of Tintoretto; but Vivarini has exhibited the first oil-painting in Venice, and the old style, so long clung to by the Venetians, is fast giving place to the new. In the midst of such a movement, among companions so worthy of him—and of whom one at least, if only he might live, will prove a formidable rival—taught by such masters as Zuccato and the Bellini, fascinated with the beauty of the loveliest city in the world, filled with tender memories of the home which lies hidden in the blue line of the distant Alps, it is thus that Titian begins his artist-life. And if in this second sketch, as in the first, we see but little of Titian himself, yet for the sake



A CORNER OF THE DUCAL PALACE.

> "Of the fair town's face, yonder river's line,
> The mountains round it and the sky above,"

the sketch must stand. There will not be wanting presently the interest that attaches to the living man.

III.

If in the later schools of Venetian art we see the scattering of the gifts of Titian amongst his successors, we see in the art of Titian himself the gathering into one of the many excellences of his contemporaries and of those who preceded him. And it is in the works of his early manhood that this gathering of his forces is most apparent. The daring and dangerous facility that seemed natural to him was held in check, but not destroyed, by the careful and minute draughtsmanship insisted upon by Giovanni Bellini. The result was strength, with refinement, based upon knowledge. How much the similarity between his work and that of Giorgione or of Palma Vecchio is due to mastery, or to assimilation, would be impossible to determine. A corresponding agreement will often be found between young painters who work much together. Millais and Rossetti and Holman Hunt, whose names were once associated in this manner, are wide enough apart now, nevertheless they have not been without influence upon each other. We know that Titian and Giorgione entered early into partnership, and that though Giorgione (the senior of Titian by two years) took the lead, yet before Titian was thirty years old he was recognised as a master even amongst the great painters of Venice. He had visited the court of Ferrara, and painted the picture of the "Tribute-money," now in the gallery at Dresden, and the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of our own national collection. We must think of him also in connection with the stirring events of the time. Now there were leagues with Rome and Milan against France: now leagues with France against Milan and Naples. So-called Christian popes and emperors and kings were intriguing with the Turks to let loose the hell of slaughter upon Christendom. Crusades were preached on the piazza of St. Mark's, and fifty thousand voices yelled for the slaughter of the Turks. Can we conceive of these things, and the young painter in the midst of them, without seeing the colour they would give to his life? So our third sketch should close, but that against the lurid glare of it appears one beautiful figure. It is said that he loved Violante, the daughter of his friend Palma Vecchio. The story is not verified, and it is difficult to reconcile it with certain dates which appear to be sufficiently attested; nevertheless, we trace the delicate outline

of a woman, like the dream that comes to most men at some time of their lives, the dream that is not always realised. Violante, however, did not become the wife of Titian, and we know her only by the soft lustre of her eyes and the white garments folded across her bosom.



VIEW FROM THE RIVA DEGLI SCHIAVONI.

IV.

At the age of thirty Titian was assisting Giorgione in the decoration of the Fondaco, a government building that had been re-constructed after a great fire. They painted in fresco; but Venice, with its burning summers and keen winters, its humid and salt atmosphere, can be as cruel as our London of yellow fog and black smoke. There is little left at the Fondaco to tell us whether, while working together as friends, they were pursuing the same path as painters, or were gradually differentiating their styles. It is said that Giorgione drew his inspiration from the antique, while Titian relied less on classic beauty and more on the faithful representation of Nature. We know what Titian accomplished, but to what splendours his companion might have attained we shall never know. The face of Giorgione fades out of our picture at this time. He died in 1511, at the early age of thirty-three. But if the Venice of Titian in the first years of the century is touched with the melancholy of the death of one great painter, it rings with the light-hearted laughter of another. At the very time that Giorgione and Titian were preparing for the last work they should execute together, Albert Dürer, then on a visit to Venice, was corresponding with his friend, "good master Pirkheimer," of Nuremberg. "My French mantle and my Italian coat greet you, both of them," he writes; "I wish you were in Venice. There are many fine fellows here among the painters, who get more and more friendly with me; it holds one's heart up. Well brought-up folks, good lute-players, skilled pipers, and many noble and excellent people are in the company. On the other hand, there are the falsest, most lying, thievish villains in the whole world, I believe, appearing to the unwary the pleasantest possible fellows. I laugh to myself when they try it with me. They say my art is not on the antique, and therefore not good. But Giovanni Bellini, who has praised me much before many gentlemen, wishes to have something from my hand. He has come himself and asked me, and he will pay me handsomely for it. I understand he is a pious man. He is very old indeed, and yet the best amongst them. But what pleased me eleven years ago does not give me the same pleasure now; there are better painters here." Thus writes Albert Dürer, of the Venice of Titian, living amongst the people, visiting the studies, quarrelling

with the painters; and we can find no picture more faithful than that which he has thus sketched for us, and playfully signed—"Given at Venice, at 9 of the evening, Saturday after Candlemas in the year 1506." How he did quarrel, how carefully he counted his ducats, how bright a place Venice seemed to him, how keenly he felt the splendour of Venetian colour, how susceptible he was as an artist, how intractable as a man—all this comes out so naïvely in his correspondence with his friend, and at the same time gives so vivid an impression of Venice as he knew it, that I will lay down my pen for the moment that he may finish the sketch in his own words:—"The painters are becoming very obnoxious to me. They have had me before the courts three times, and compelled me to pay four good florins to their guild. All the world wishes me well except the painters! You would give a ducat to see my picture, it is so good and rich in colour. I have silenced all the painters who say 'he composes well, but knows little about colour.' Indeed, every one praises my colour. But I must tell you, I have actually been to learn dancing here, and have been twice to the school. I must pay the master a ducat. Nobody could get me into it, however, so I have lost all my trouble, and can do nothing, alas! How shall I live in Nuremberg after the bright sun of Venice?"

V.

Our fifth sketch shows us a painter's studio in Venice, into which the sunshine of a spring morning is streaming. A man of grave mien is standing there; he is reading a letter, and as he reads, his brow knits, and he is angry. It is Titian, and the letter in his hand is from Alphonso, the great Duke of Ferrara, upbraiding him wrathfully, and threatening the direst displeasure if he does not make haste to finish a picture he has promised. Presently the painter turns to some canvases and unfinished sketches, and, bringing them to the light, examines them carefully. There is the portrait of Lucretia Borgia, and of Laura Dianti, and of the Duke himself, with "black, curly locks, pointed moustache, and well-trimmed beard of chestnut, with broad forehead, arched brow, and clear eye, altogether noble in attitude and proportion." As Titian looks at the face, his anger cools, and he resolves to propitiate his friend. But there are other portraits there, of senators, doges, fair youths, beautiful women, and chief amongst them that of Ariosto the poet, dignified, serene, yet full of the brilliancy of intellectual life—"a figure of noble port, with neck and throat exposed, fine features, handsomely set off by a spare beard and long chestnut hair divided in the middle." Suddenly is heard the sound of church bells clashing through the bright air, and Titian, hastily replacing the canvases and laying aside the Duke's letter, prepares to leave the studio. Passing through the busy crowds on the Rialto, he enters a gondola, which, threading its way amongst the pleasure-boats on the Grand Canal, turns into one of the narrow waterways on the right, and soon reaches the steps of a great church. It is the Church of the Frari, and a great company are assembled to witness the unveiling of a new altar-piece. There, in the rich gloom of the great chancel-arches, is the figure of the Virgin borne on a cloud of angels, her face uplifted to the Eternal, who bends over her from the empyrean; beneath are the Apostles, lost in wonder at the glory of her assumption. It is a masterpiece of art, and the people are stirred to enthusiasm. The music thunders through the aisles of the Frari and creeps along the vaulted roof, where the incense has already climbed to meet it. And as Titian stands amongst the crowd, looking at his own painting, and listening to their murmurs of delight, he knows that after the patient toil of nearly half a century he has reached the first great triumph of his life.

VI.

Let us picture to ourselves a meeting of the guild of painters in the Venice of Titian. It is about the year 1532, and their new hall has just been erected through the munificent bequest of Catena, a painter, who has just died. In this hall are assembled not painters only, but designers, gilders, embroiderers, and men of every craft in which the leading idea is Art. Among the first to enter we may imagine the young Moroni, and perhaps Bassano; they are of the same age, about twenty-two years; and they have caught so much of the spirit of Titian that the time may come when some of their work may be mistaken for that of the great master. As they enter, they are speaking of the recent death of Palma Vecchio, in whose workshops they were perhaps students. They are presently joined by Paris Bordone, their senior by a few years, but still young—one who had studied under Giorgione, and can tell them much about the splendid young genius who (had he lived) would have made the greatest tremble for their laurels; as to himself, he is expecting shortly to be invited to the French Court. And if he asks them "whether Pordenone is coming to-night," they may perhaps tell him "no," for he is at Piacenza, painting frescoes for the Church of Santa Maria; and one of them may suggest the question whether he, Pordenone, may not get himself into trouble with the pious monks there, if he persists in mixing up his virgins and nymphs, satyrs and saints, all on the same canvas. And now other painters crowd into the assembly—Bonifazio, who is

late (for he has been working long hours at his painting of "The Cleansing of the Temple" in the Ducal Palace), and, it may be, Carpaccio and Tintoretto; but if so, the one will be a venerable senior, and the other a stripling not yet out of his teens, but such a stripling in art as was David in war. There are many more of the guild, but we take note only of the painters. Of all the company, however (painters or craftsmen of whatever sort), there are two men standing in their midst to whom we turn with the deepest interest. They are nearly of the same age, between fifty and sixty, and both of them are of grave countenance. The one is Titian, the glory of Venice; the other is Michael Angelo, the glory of Florence and Rome. Titian is a man strongly built, full of life and movement; the proportions of his face are perfect, the forehead high, the brow bold and projecting, the features finely chiselled. Round his neck is the chain which indicates his knightly rank. He is dressed in a closely-buttoned doublet, over which is cast an ample cloak, showing beneath it a broad white collar, and sleeves of silver damask. There is a marked likeness between these two men—Titian and Angelo—in the fire of their eyes, the boldness of their brows, even in the lines of their beards, worn a little short and pointed, and the fineness of the hands which grasp each other in friendship. Angelo is visiting Venice, and is greeted by Titian, as Gérôme or Meissonier might be greeted by Leighton or Millais if they visited us. And when the last gracious words have been spoken, and the assembly is dissolved, these two return to Titian's house. They stand for a moment looking into each other's eyes before they separate for the night, and Angelo says some words which we cannot hear. If we could hear them we should know why Titian turns so sadly away to his solitary chamber, for they would tell us that another face has faded out of the picture of his life, that the years which have brought riches and honour have taken from him his wife and the mother of his children.

VII.

Extract from a letter written by Priscianese to a friend in Rome, in the year 1540, Priscianese being at that time a visitor in Venice. It comes from "Titian, his Life and Times," by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, ii. 40, 41:—

"I was invited on the day of the calends of August to celebrate a sort of Bacchanalian feast in a pleasant garden belonging to Messer Tiziano Vecellio, an excellent painter, as every one knows, and a person really fitted to season by his courtesies any distinguished entertainment. There were assembled with the said M. Tiziano, as like desires like, some of the most celebrated characters that are now in this city, and of ours chiefly M. Pietro Aretino, a new miracle of nature; and next to him as great an imitator of nature with the chisel as the master of the feast is with the pencil, Messer Jacopo Tatti, called Il Sansovino; and M. Jacopo Nardi, and I; so that I made the fourth amidst so much wisdom. Here, before the tables were set out, because the sun, in spite of the shade, still made his heat much felt, we spent the time in looking at the lively figures in the excellent pictures of which the house was full, and in discussing the real beauty and charm of the garden, with singular pleasure and note of admiration of all of us. It is situated in the extreme part of Venice, upon the sea, and from it one sees the pretty little island of Murano and other beautiful places. This part of the sea, as soon as the sun went down, swarmed with gondolas adorned with beautiful women, and resounded with the varied harmony and music of voices and instruments, which till midnight accompanied our delightful supper. But to return to the garden. It was so well laid out and so beautiful, and consequently so much praised, that the resemblance which it offered to the delicious retreat of St. Agata refreshed my memory and my wish to see you, and it was hard for me, dearest friends, during the greater part of the evening to realise whether I was at Rome or at Venice. In the meanwhile came the hour for supper, which was no less beautiful and well arranged than copious and well provided. Besides the most delicate viands and precious wines, there were all those pleasures and amusements that are suited to the season, the guests, and the feast. Having just arrived at the fruit, your letter came, and because in praising the Latin language the Tuscan was reproved, Aretino became exceedingly angry, and, if he had not been prevented, he would have indited one of the most cruel invectives in the world, calling out furiously for paper and inkstand, though he did not fail to do a good deal in words. Finally the supper ended most gaily."

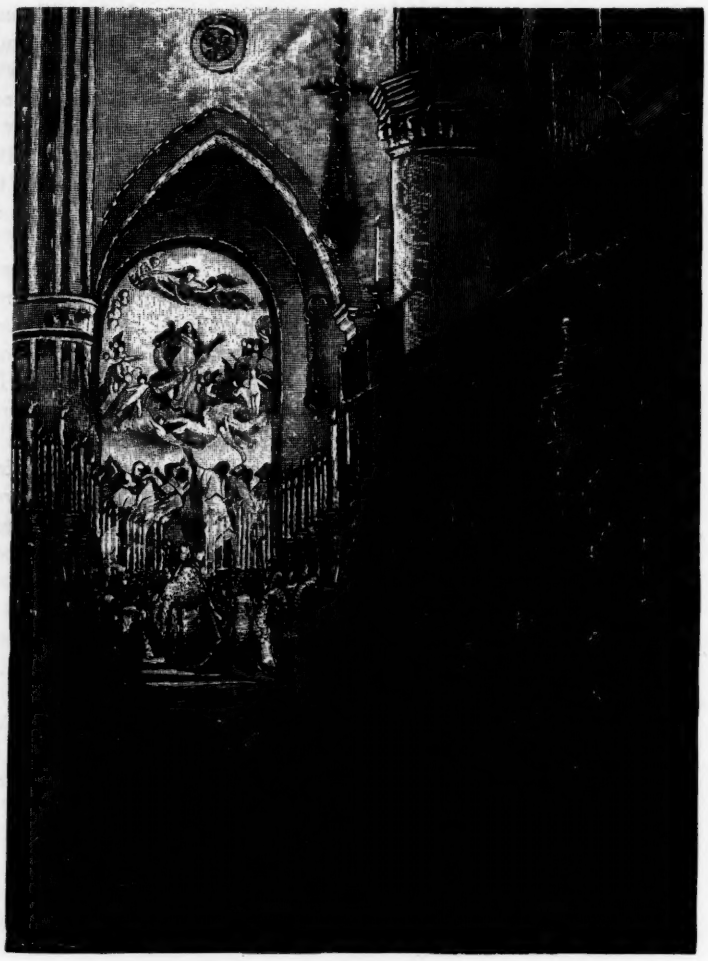
VIII.

And still the Venice of Titian is growing more beautiful under the touch of this magician's hand. "Justitia" with the waving sword has for a long time been a familiar sight at the Fondaco, and the "Assumption of the Virgin" over the altar in the Church of the Frari, lighted by a thousand tapers, glows with a splendour almost inconceivable. But how many more splendours have been added to these. The "Christ Bearing the Cross" at the monastery of St. Andrea; the organ frontal at the Gesuati (long since, like so many other of his works, destroyed by fire); the "Jerome" of St. Fantino; the "Annunciation" and the "St. Peter Martyr" at

SS. Giovanni e Paolo; the "Angel and Tobit" at Santa Caterina; the "Descent of the Holy Ghost" in San Spirito; to say nothing of the mosaics of St. Mark's, for which he made the cartoons, and the great canvases of the Ducal Palace. Titian, during the eighth decade of his life, is like a star in a constellation still shining after its fellows have set. Raphael has died, Correggio has died, Da Vinci has died, and though Angelo lingers in Rome, he has for a long time painted only for the Imperial city. Madrid and Paris and Augsburg clamour for the work of Titian, alternately threatening and persuading because his pencil cannot satisfy all their demands. The grave ecclesiastics at the Council of Trent turn from their anathemas to scan the last canvas from his hand; while in London the foreign prince, mated to an English queen whom he does not love, amuses himself with the "Magdalens" and "Antiopes," who do not fret him with complainings. As for Titian himself, he is getting old; his house has been twice desolated, first by the marriage of his daughter, then by her death; and his son, Pomponio, the canon, there is trouble for him there, for he is a spendthrift. And then, that young painter Tintoretto, who is at work in the Ducal Palace!—is it not time to begin to ask what will the end be?

IX.

But the end is not yet. Ten more years have passed away, and Vasari is a visitor in Venice. As we have read from the letters of Dürer the painter, and of Priscianese the scholar, so let us turn for a moment to the record of the historian. "Titian has enjoyed health and happiness unequalled, and has never received from Heaven anything but favour and felicity. His house has been visited by all the princes, men of letters, and gentlemen who ever came to Venice. Besides being excellent in art, he is pleasant company, of fine deportment and agreeable manners. He has had rivals in Venice, but none of any great talent. His earnings have been large, because his works were always well paid; but it would have been well for him if in these the later years of his life he had only laboured for a pastime, in order not to lose, by works of declining value, the reputation gained in earlier days. When Vasari, writer of this history, came to Venice in 1566, he went to pay a visit to Titian as a friend, and he found him, though very aged, with the brushes in his hand painting, and had much pleasure in seeing his pictures and conversing with him. Titian having decorated Venice, and indeed Italy and other parts of the world with admirable pictures, deserves to be loved and studied by artists, as one who has done and is still doing works deserving of praise, which will last as long as the memory of illustrious men."



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE FRARI.

X.

The last sketch—and it is once more in the Church of the Frari. Troubles are gathering heavily on the Venice of Titian. The Great Council have, indeed, ordered that a picture of the victory of Lepanto shall be painted; but that victory has cost Venice her life-blood. And now Pestilence, following

the footsteps of War, is wielding its bloody scourge, and nearly a third of the citizens have been swept into the charnel-house. An old man, bent with the weight of ninety-and-nine years, is in the sacristy, talking with the monks. He is pleading with them, he is disputing with them. "Dear to me," he says—"dear to me are the mountains of Cadore, and the rushing waters of the Piave, and the murmur of the wind in the pine-trees, where my home lies far away. But not there! In the city where I have laboured; in the church where I achieved my first triumph—bury me there! Promise to bury me there, and I will yet live to paint for you another 'Christ,' a 'Christ of Pity,' that shall be more near to what He is, than any that has yet been painted, even as I am by so many years the nearer to seeing Him myself."

The plague struck him down before the "Pieta" was finished, but the promise was redeemed. Titian lies beneath the crucifix in the Church of the Frari at Venice.

With Titian died the glory of Venetian art. But as the setting sun is sometimes followed by an after-glow—a lingering that is of light, not really brighter than the horizon has been during the day, but seeming brighter because the rest of the firmament is darkening into night—so, after Titian, we still turn towards Venice for the sake of two painters who were at least worthy to be his companions to the last, and who, in surviving him, arrested for another decade the extinction of the great Venetian school. Twelve years after Titian, in 1588, Paul Veronese died, and in another six years, Tintoretto. Then even the short after-glow faded, and the night set in. A night that the pale starlight of Salviati, Giovane, Padovanino, Canaletto, and Tiepolo could not illuminate; a night not pleasant to look back upon; a night disturbed by evil dreams; but happily a night that has at last ended. In 1645 Venice was again at war. The old enemy, the Turk, had descended upon Candia, and for twenty-four years the nation which had been so great in art became the cynosure of Europe for its feats in arms. Volunteers from every country came there to exercise their valour, to acquire the military art, and to assist a brave people. The siege cost the lives of two hundred thousand Moslems, but the Venetians capitulated at last. A few years of respite followed, and then another war, in which, though the Republic was victorious, her resources were exhausted; and finally, while the dawn was still far distant, at the close of the eighteenth century, Venice, which had sold its nobility as merchandise, was itself sold as merchandise to the Austrians.



TINTORETTO'S HOUSE.

It is a terrible story, and belongs rather to the pages of History than to the literature of Art. But when the unworthy descendants of a Dandolo surrender without a struggle the independence of a thousand years, it is vain to look amongst them for men more worthy to be the successors of a Titian. When the Queen of the Adriatic is content to see her "Golden Book," the record of her senators, burned in the market-place, it is time for "three ships of the line and two frigates" to sail out of her harbours laden with spoils of the richest of her treasures of Art. Is there—can there be—an ending to such a night as this?

Yes, the dawn has come at last. Venice has been redeemed. It is indeed no more the Venice of Titian, any more than it is the Venice of Dante or of Byron. It is the Venice of the new world, not of the old. It is the Venice of Italy. All that is beautiful in the eyes of the painter is still there; all that is dear to the poet is to be remembered of her. But the glory which streams along the heights of blue Friuli's mountains is no longer a dying glory, but a living. For the sons of Italy are once more united and strong. How then can it be otherwise with her daughters than that they shall be happy and safe?

WYKE BAYLISS.

HOW TO HANG PICTURES.

IF, as was contended in a recent article in these pages, the ideal way of introducing pictures into the decoration of a room is to have them painted for the prominent places they are to occupy, the actual practice of to-day is quite contrary to this. Permanent decoration is rather shunned than sought. We seem to be reverting to the original type, and becoming more and more nomadic in our mode of life. The modern notion of a dwelling-house is something very far removed from an epic in stone or an idyll in brick—rather it takes the shape of a roof over one's head and a momentary resting-place. We may not be altogether satisfied with this solution of the building question, but neither can we ignore the fact that we live in an age when things appear to be in that state of transition which does not encourage art of anything like a monumental character; and, if the house of the future is to be only a kind of more substantial tent, cabinet pictures will form the most portable, and therefore the fittest, decoration for it.

In hanging pictures in a room we have to consider two things—the pictures and the room. A painter might, perhaps, be found rash enough to say that only the pictures deserve to be taken into consideration; but no artist would say so. That the room alone should be thought of is an absurdity beyond the conception even of a nineteenth century æsthete. Whether the effect of the pictures or of the room is of more importance will depend upon the quality of the pictures, and the value attached to them by the owner. But the very fact that the pictures are to be hung, presupposes that they are, in the owner's eyes, at least, worth hanging, and that being so, they ought by no means to be sacrificed to the general decorative effect. If they were of no more importance than that, the whole advice to those who contemplated hanging them would best be summed up in a recommendation to leave them unhung.

Assuming that pictures are to be hung, we must assume also, for argument's sake, however little the assumption may be justified by the facts, that the owner is interested in them, and would like to see them to advantage. The question is, how can this best be done without sacrificing the room to them altogether? He may well want to have his pictures about him without being prepared to make them his only care, however good they may be. The problem of how to hang pictures may be amplified into this:—How, in a moderate-sized room, lighted probably from one side by one or more windows, which do not extend quite up to the cornice, the walls pierced by one or more doors, and in places occupied by necessary furniture, *so* to arrange a certain number of pictures that individually each is placed in a good light, and collectively they contribute to the decorative effect of the room?

The first step towards a solution of the difficulty will be to inquire as to how much of the wall-space is sufficiently lighted; that alone is available for pictures. Decoration may be painted in any key, subdued in the light to almost tenderness, or forced up in dark corners to a pitch of brightness that would be unendurable in ordinary daylight; but a picture in order to be seen must be in a good light, and it is a cruel injustice to the artist to hang it in any other. About the lightest place in such a room as has just been described is usually the floor, but we cannot very well put our pictures there. Nor can we hang them on the lowermost part of the walls, where, though the light is good enough, they would be occasionally hidden by the furniture, and perpetually subject to injury. Excepting in a gallery, we do not find pictures "floored" in this manner, but very often we do find them placed so high up in a room as to be what artists call "skied," when such a fate happens to their works in an exhibition. There is no excuse for this. It is more tiresome to look at them in such a position than if they were next the floor; and instead of the light reflected from the floor, they get all the shadow of the ceiling. It will not do to dogmatise—a room may be so situated that light is reflected into it in the most unexpected manner. It may, for example, face a white wall, on which the sun shines, and is reflected thence on to the ceiling in such a way that that is the lightest part of the room; but, as a rule, there is in a room only a horizontal band of wall-space between the ceiling and the floor fit for the hanging of pictures. This band is further removed from the ceiling than from the floor; the centre of it is about on a level with the eye of the spectator as he stands, say five feet or five feet six inches from the ground. The blunder of hanging pictures too high is as common as that of hanging them too low is rare. The picture-hanger who hesitates between two levels will be tolerably safe in deciding upon the lower. It will be all the better for the paintings if there is only a single row of them on the line. They will then, of course, be fixed on the exact level that suits them, and the eye will not be diverted to other works above or below them. Whether there is room, however, for two or three tiers of frames, will depend upon the

height and lighting of the room, and the size of the works themselves. It is not often that there is space for a triple band, even where the works are small. The smaller they are, the less will they bear to be removed very far from the level of the eye. Now and then a bolder painting than the rest will hold its own even when placed above the line that suits them; and such a deviation from the formal arrangement prescribed by practical considerations forms a welcome break in the monotony of the wall-surface; but for the most part, if pictures are to be seen, and well seen, they must be on the line of sight. The danger of monotony in this arrangement is not so great as might be feared. The picture-band cannot, under any circumstances, run right round the room. Not only do windows, doors, and furniture intervene, but there are spaces between the windows and at their sides, as well as in the angles of the room, into which the light does not penetrate fully, where it would be sheer waste to hide pictures. On the wall opposite the light, also, there is usually a space, more especially if there be two windows and consequent cross-lights, where a painting is not fairly seen, and where it would be better to place a mirror, or a cabinet, or whatever else may be convenient. There is in most rooms less wall-space fit for oil-paintings than for water-colours. The latter, being usually brighter and purer in colour, absorb less light and are less difficult to place. Water-colours, moreover, are, by consent of custom, more habitually placed in the drawing-room—a light room in itself—where the pictures are chiefly seen by what we shall call "candle-light," though it is commonly gas; so that the consideration of daylight-effect is of less consequence. If there is injustice to the art of the water-colour painter in thus assuming that his works may with propriety be placed so as best to be seen by a light for which they were not painted, the injustice is on the part of those who so place them. It is not fair to a fine picture to banish it to a room where you seldom sit by day. But neither is it altogether logical, if you do hang paintings in a room that you only inhabit by night, to hang them according to the light under which you never see them. The man who has purchased a picture usually thinks that when he has paid for it he owes nothing to the artist, and that he is at liberty to put it to the use that best pleases himself. We have no right to expect of men the sentiment of gratitude to the painter, or of tenderness for his repute. Many a busy man, again, has little or no opportunity of enjoying his art-treasures by day: should he, therefore, be debarred from the pleasure of possessing them? All things considered, there may be just excuse for hanging pictures for night effect; but fuller justice will naturally be done to them, and further enjoyment, of course, afforded by them, when they are arranged so as to be seen under the most favourable conditions of ordinary daylight.

An important consideration is the treatment of the wall-space between the frames. The character and colour that best suits the pictures is not at all, as a matter of course, that which is most desirable for the rest of the wall-surface. Almost as a rule, it will be convenient to have a slightly darker colour below the pictures; indeed, the dado may often be considerably deeper in colour; and even when the tint that forms the background to the pictures is best carried up to the cornice, the *pattern* which is appropriate as a mere filling between the frames may be too insignificant and uninteresting for the breadth of wall above.

A very good plan is to separate the picture belt from the upper and lower wall-spaces by simple mouldings of wood, and the more deliberately we do this, the more safely we can treat it with a view to the value of the pictures. The colour that helps them may absorb so much light that if it were carried all over the walls we should feel the want of the rays that a lighter upper wall would reflect. On the other hand, the light wall-colour that alone would make white picture mounts endurable would in many instances be too cold and naked-looking as it neared the floor, and every article of furniture stood out in sharp relief against it. Painters differ as to the colour that is safest as a background for oil-paintings. Deep dull red was for many years the tone most in vogue; of late there has been a re-action in favour of neutral green. A yellowish-brown, as nearly as possible the equivalent to gold in shadow, serves the purpose admirably; some shades of the common brown paper used for parcels are not far removed from the colour that is meant, and artists have sometimes dared to cover the walls on which their pictures hang with that very material. Whatever the colour adopted, it is easier to arrive at a satisfactory effect by *breaking* it. This is easily done by the use of a somewhat vague pattern in a tint only slightly removed from the ground. What is known as a damask pattern will suggest the character of design. This may be either stencilled or printed, according as the wall is painted or papered. Anything more than stencilling as a background to pictures is labour lost; and by stencilling, the softest effects of diapering may be produced. An artist will sometimes dab down part of the pattern here and there, leaving it blurred, indistinct, sometimes almost obliterated, so producing an effect of softly varied colour that could be produced by no merely mechanical process. What is known as "painted flock" serves also admirably as a background. This has most of the artistic advantages without the disadvantages which medical science has discovered

in the ordinary flock. It is in the first instance flock paper, only printed three or four times over until the pattern is raised considerably above the ground. After it is fixed on the walls it is painted. The flock absorbs several coats of paint, but when one that is well dry it is as hard as the wall itself and may be scrubbed if necessary. It has the economic advantage that at any time a coat of paint will bring it back to its original freshness, and the artistic merit that the inequality of its surface insures "broken" colour; the pattern is sufficiently shown without asserting itself.

If only the picture band is to be treated it would really not be a great extravagance to *gild* the wall between the pictures. This is at once the most obvious way of connecting the gold frames, the richest decoration for the walls, and the most sympathetic setting for pictures. If the surface of the wall were first sanded, or in any other way roughened, the effect would not appear too gorgeous, where the pictures were tolerably close together. And there would not be much of it to be done. There would be no occasion to gild the wall behind the pictures. As a principle of decoration one would not advocate the leaving undone any small wall-space that might be hidden—but the filling up of the interstices between pictures is quite another thing from the scamping of wall-spaces that may not be seen. It might be desirable to diaper such a gold ground as has been described; or the entire wall could be painted gold-colour, and only the spaces between the frames diapered with a pattern in gold.

In a drawing-room in which the pictures were set in gold frames with white mounts, the wall-surface about them might be white or white and gold, the space above being still white with ornament in delicate shades of pure colour. These might be made tolerably bright without danger of offence, for the shadow in which the cornice and upper walls are thrown would soften them considerably.

One can conceive an effect of decoration where the pictures are so closely put together (exhibition fashion) that they form a kind of Venetian mosaic in which the slabs are not of marble, but of canvas. But it would be a degradation of the art of the painter to reduce it to the value of a mere patch of colour on the wall, and a needless one when that effect may be produced by such very simple means indeed. The appearance of lavishness is sometimes gratifying, but the evidence of waste is always offensive.

The custom still lingers among us of tilting pictures forward. So placed they get the advantage of some light reflected from the floor upon them. The effect of the over-hanging frames is, however, so objectionable that it must be indeed a fine picture that will justify such a sacrifice of all decorative effect to it. Where a great number of pictures are concerned, it would be worth while, perhaps, to try the experiment of a sloping wall-space between dado and upper wall. The pictures placed upon this would not, individually, have the unpleasant effect of falling forward, and the frames would not cast gigantic shadows on the wall. The slight slope of the wall itself would, in all probability, be scarcely noticeable. There would, it is true, be a ledge above it which might be gratefully accepted as an opportune shelf for porcelain, terra-cotta, and the like, or condemned from the beginning as a "dust trap," according as one were bitten with the æsthetic or the sanitary mania. But this last objection might be overcome at the sacrifice of a few inches of the room by bringing the wall above it forward. This would necessitate a new cornice to the room, the old one being hidden, but it is not often that a room is crowned with a cornice that we need have any qualms about sacrificing. Of course there would needs be a small cornice (perhaps gilded) to mark the termination of the picture band, as well as a chair-rail below it. If these were skilfully managed, the transition from perpendicular to slanting could scarcely offend; and the pictures would certainly benefit by the expedient. The consideration of expense stands in the way of this experiment being tried; but it would not be a very ruinous operation. In comparison with the cost of a single picture it would be almost inappreciable. One is inclined to marvel how a man who pays princely prices for paintings can be so little princely as to begrudge them a fair setting. But wonder ceases when we reflect how few pictures are bought for the love of them, how few come into the possession of those who would appreciate them at their real value, without reference to the name of the painter or the security of the investment. The hanging of every picture should be matter of actual experiment; mere consideration is not enough. A wise picture-lover would seldom purchase a picture without having a clear notion of where he could hang it, and trying the effect of it in a light similar to that for which he intended it.

It may be said, in conclusion, that to hang pictures fairly, we must limit the number of them in our rooms. Does any one really want his walls plastered with them like a patchwork of big postage stamps? It is seldom that a man finds at a modern exhibition more than a few pictures that he really and lastingly longs to possess. Of these, some prove to be already sold, others are perhaps beyond his means, so that the number of works interesting him intensely, which he can possibly acquire, is reduced to a minimum. It may be some consolation to think that this minimum of pictures he will probably find no difficulty in placing advantageously on his walls.

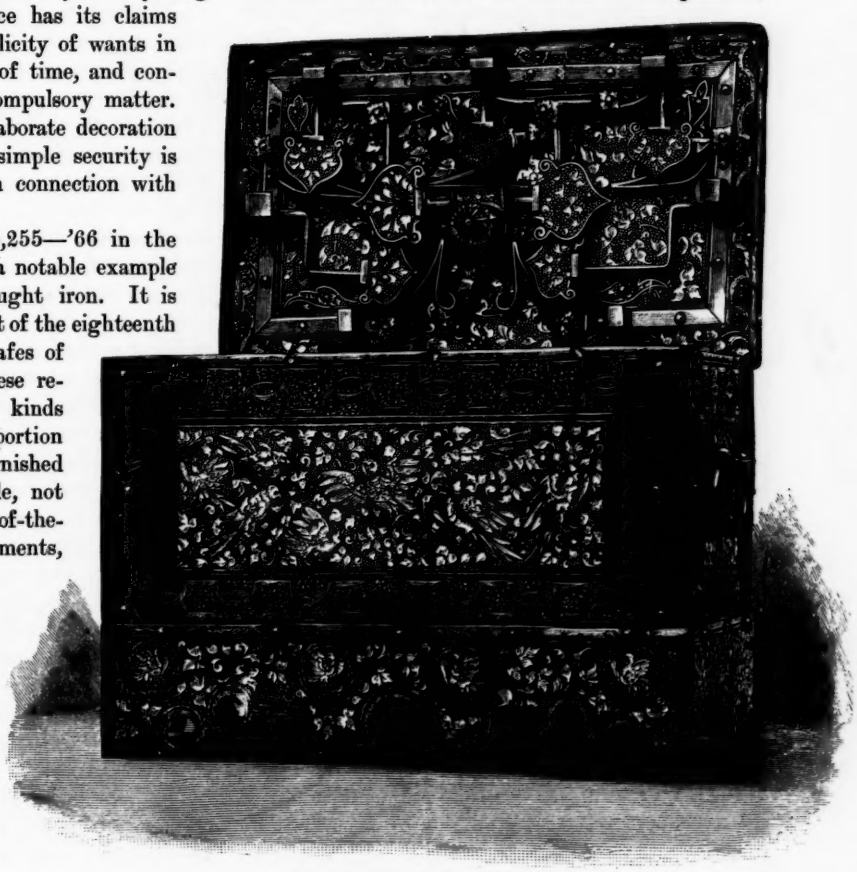
LEWIS F. DAY.

DECORATIVE IRON-WORK.

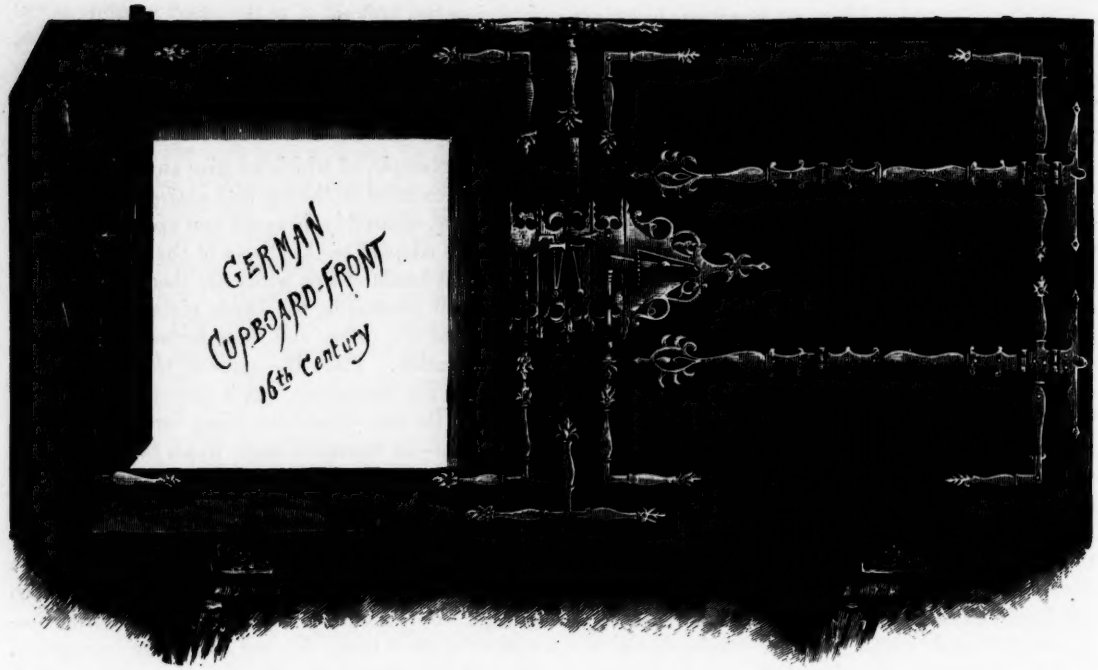
IRON-WORK for domestic use in the internal arrangements, and in a measure as part of the furniture, or at least the fittings, of the houses of the period included within the dates from the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries, presents many valuable and interesting features alike to the artist as to the archæologist. No doubt many of the objects then in every-day use, and almost necessary to the comfort of the class of society in which the best examples were to be found, have been superseded by articles of a more convenient construction, made of materials more suitable to their use. Jewel-caskets and iron chests, for example, may be quoted as not at all likely to have any revival in these days. Something equally—possibly even more—secure from surreptitious investigation has taken the place of the cumbrous objects belonging to the periods above mentioned; and whilst the art displayed in the modern decoration of such objects may be anything but satisfactory, yet convenience has its claims to attention, and in the multiplicity of wants in an age like our own, economy of time, and consequently of cost, becomes a compulsory matter. Hence we dispense with the elaborate decoration of a deed or plate chest, and simple security is all that we care to think of in connection with a repository for our valuables.

The iron coffer numbered 4,255—'66 in the South Kensington Museum is a notable example of this class of decorative wrought iron. It is Nuremberg work of the early part of the eighteenth century, and illustrates the "safes of the period." It shows how these repositories for valuables of all kinds were regarded as essentially a portion of the furniture of a well-garnished house, and that they were made, not to put away in corners or out-of-the-way places, but to stand as ornaments, as well as objects of use, in prominent positions; the locks, bolts, and bars with which they were furnished being a sufficient justification for regarding them as safe from prying curiosity or the arts of the thief in relation to their contents. Such objects were thought worthy of the best ability of the artist-smiths of the centuries we have already indicated.

This example, of which we give an illustration on p. 64, is decorated on the top with *appliqué* scroll-work in *repoussé*, admirably designed and executed. These scrolls are adapted to the shapes of the panels formed by the flat bands of iron which are themselves incised with scroll ornaments, the bands giving strength to the top of the coffer, and thus forming a detail in the decoration. From the cover of the key-hole, or rather of the escutcheon which surrounds it in the centre of the top—this cover being formed of a mask in *repoussé*—an ornament starts which forms a rosette. The scrolled details of this ornament run into the four panels constituting the central compartments, two panels at each end of the lid completing the design. The border-band of each is decorated with scroll-work and rosettes in bold relief; and studs, also in high relief, complete the details of the ornamentation—the effect being rich and singularly appropriate. The sides and ends are also decorated and panelled,



GERMAN CASKET. (*16th Century.*)

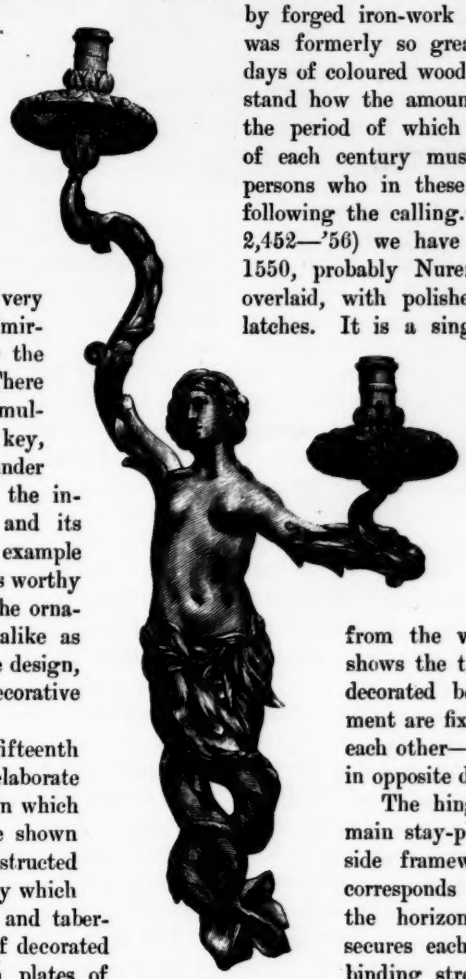


the panel-bands being incised and studded. Boldly designed forged handles complete the two ends. The front is of the same character, while two ornamental clasps in chiselled iron-work form an excellent padlock staple. Both angles of the front are decorated with forged spirals fixed as columns, and rising from brackets resting on the front feet. The body of the coffer is supported on a stand admirably designed and executed; it is composed of four feet with chiselled iron scrolls in forged work issuing from the angles formed by each foot, which at once strengthen the support and add to the decorative effect of the work. The lock is, as usual in these coffers, inside the lid, and covers the whole space except the margin corresponding to the rim round the inside of the upper edges of the chest. This margin is decorated with a foliated tooth-like ornament, the lock itself projecting from it. The design of the lock-plate is executed in perforated sheet-iron, polished, and is divided into two panels, with a boss in the centre corresponding to the key-hole. In one panel is a double-headed eagle with an imperial crown, surrounded by a bold foliated ornament. The breast of the eagle bears a shield charged with two keys crossed and a hammer—a device of the maker. Engraved on the outer rim in German is, "This lock has been made by Benedict Hild, locksmith." In the other panel a similar ornament surrounds the façade of a palace. The details of these ornaments, as also of the eagle and palace, are admirably etched. The date is quoted inside, 1716. The lock has eighteen bolts, which shoot under the inside rim already mentioned.

The coffers of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and early part of the eighteenth centuries differed considerably in various countries and localities, alike in construction and decoration. The example just quoted is of a class in which the whole design is legitimately adapted to iron, alike in construction and decoration. In Germany, Flanders, and sometimes in England, coffers of comparatively plain construction, being simply an iron chest body, bound round by broad bands of iron riveted through the construction plates, were in common use. Not unfrequently they were painted and gilt, the bands being of one colour, and the panels formed by these bands being of another; the rivets were gilt, and the edges of the bands "picked out" either in gold or in some darker colour than that of the panels or the bands themselves. Sometimes the panels were filled with painted devices, heraldic or symbolical, and at others a series of heads formed the decoration. Occasionally a whole subject, historical or religious, was represented, and intercepted only by the bands passing over it; for, as already stated, these chests were important pieces of furniture in well-appointed houses, and were rendered as decorative as possible, the finest being invariably those which, like our illustrative example, were the work of artist-smiths, and iron-work alike in construction and ornamentation.

As another example of this class, the casket figured on page 61 (No. 396—'54), of sixteenth century German work, is of great interest. It is formed of plates of metal riveted together at the angles,

these angles being covered with decorated framing plates, cut to an ornamental profile, which unite with broader plates of a similar character running round the base of the casket, and form an ornamental foot or rest for the whole. The surface decorations consist of an elaborate series of floriated designs with birds introduced in the central portion, the borders consisting of cartouches. The top is decorated in a similar manner, the whole having been bitten into the surface with a strong acid in the manner of etching, and suggesting a damascened effect, but without the insertion of gold or silver. The angle plates and the foot plates are riveted upon the panels, and the rivets are so distributed as to aid the ornamental effect as studs. The lock is in the inside of the top, covering the whole surface, the key-hole being in the middle. The details of this lock are very decorative, being cut into admirably designed plates covering the angles of the bolt springs. There are seven bolts, all being shot simultaneously by the turn of the key, and they act as claw bolts under the inside projecting rim of the interior, and make the casket and its contents very secure. As an example of workmanship this specimen is worthy of special examination, whilst the ornamentation is very suggestive alike as regards the art displayed in the design, and the method by which the decorative effect is realised.



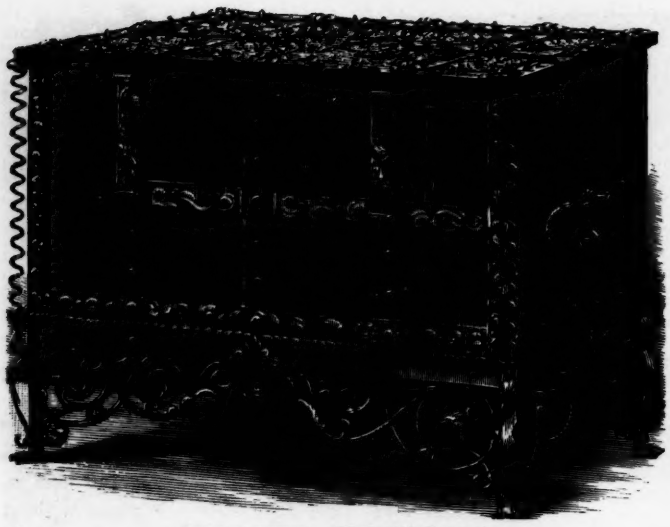
FRENCH GIRANDOLE.
(*17th Century.*)

Many jewel-caskets of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were elaborate examples of geometric design, in which great ingenuity and skill were shown by those who designed and constructed them. Following the system by which the panelling, window tracery, and tabernacle work of the best period of decorated Gothic were constructed, thin plates of metal were perforated by drilling, cutting, and filing into tracery so adapted that when a series of plates were laid over each other they formed complete Gothic panels, producing a charming effect of light and shade. These perforated plates, drilled at proper points in the design—a plain plate as the back being drilled to correspond—were riveted together, and formed the sides and top of the casket. The rivet-heads were chiselled into decorative forms, and chased as rosettes in a variety of ways. Nothing in the way of decorative iron-work could be more simple than the method of construction; and the ingenuity shown in the designs, and the perfect adaptation of the series of plates to the completion of the full effect, exercised the skill and tested the knowledge of graphic geometry of the mediæval worker in iron, to the full as much as the elaborate carvings in wood and stone exercised the workers in those materials.

The extent to which certain fixed articles of furniture were at once strengthened and decorated by forged iron-work of a highly artistic character was formerly so great that it is difficult in these days of coloured woods and French polish to understand how the amount of work was done; but in the period of which we are treating, the smiths of each century must have been as abundant as persons who in these days bear the name without following the calling. In the cupboard front (No. 2,452—'56) we have a German example of about 1550, probably Nuremberg work. It is of oak, overlaid, with polished iron mounts, hinges, and latches. It is a singularly perfect illustration of the adaptation of the metal mounts to the doors of a cupboard, or possibly a cabinet fixed in a wall. The design is divided into four spaces by the framed work of the sides and a vertical and horizontal cross-bar, thus forming four doors, each pair having a double fastening working from the vertical bar. The illustration shows the two lower doors only. Highly decorated bolt-plates of perforated ornament are fixed upon each door—balancing each other—and the bolts of each pair work in opposite directions upon this cross-bar.

The hinges are so arranged that the main stay-plates are attached to the outside framework, and the hinge proper corresponds with the fit of the door, as the horizontal decoration crosses and secures each door in parallel lines. The binding strength of these decorations is very great. Nothing can be more simple in form and detail than these decorative adjuncts, and yet the ornamental effect is practically perfect. The finish of the iron-work by polishing contrasts admirably with the dark wood on which the iron-work is fixed, but we can conceive that when the whole was new the new oak harmonised with excellent effect with the polished mounts.

The introduction of gilt, brass, or ormolu mounts on furniture in the period and style now known



GERMAN COFFER. (*Early 18th Century.*)

as Louis Quatorze superseded the modest but more legitimate iron mounts of a simpler and less ostentatious age, in which utility, strength, and solidity were aimed at as the true basis on which decorative effects were produced. In these constructions we had science as a basis, and the ornamentation was invariably designed so as to embellish and enhance the essential construction and form to the eye, and in no sense to conceal, but rather to display the construction. The debased style of ornamentation which came into vogue with the fripperies of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century French art ignored all science in construction, and undoubtedly led to the utter neglect of all true design, and the final obliteration of the workman-designer alike in wood and metal work.

Our next subject scarcely comes within the range of wrought iron-work proper, although it is certainly decorated iron-work. This is a girandole of two lights (No. 2,397a—'55). It consists of the figure of a female Triton holding a pair of sconces. The figure is in cast iron, produced after the Italian manner, although French of the seventeenth century, by the method used in bronze casting *à la cere perdue*. The ornaments on which the sconces are fixed, as also the sconces themselves, are of forged iron. The double fish-tails or basements to the figure are cast solid with the figure itself. The whole work is admirably executed in its style—that is, of bronze work rather than iron. The figure and cast portions are chiselled and finished with a polish which renders the whole an admirable adjunct to a fireplace, or a mirror, or as a bracket. A companion work has a male Triton as the subject of the figure.

As a matter of *technique* the combination of wrought and cast iron in this work is interesting, but the more legitimate method is to construct the work as a whole of wrought iron, and then to add the figures in cast iron in such a position in the design that the riveting or screwing on of details is not necessary. The cast portions then take their places as an adjunct to the wrought-iron framework and decoration.

The lock and hasp engraved on the next page (No. 4,850a—'58) are of a very different character, being Italian work of the late sixteenth or early seventeenth century. These are examples of the elaborate manner in which locks and door-handle plates were decorated during the later part of the fifteenth, the whole of the sixteenth, and early part of the seventeenth centuries. The plates of flat forged iron are chiselled into the geometric forms necessary to give effect to the decorations and security to the lock, handle, or hasp, of which it is at once the ornament and means of attachment. The plates are perforated by drilling and chiselling into the chequered or foliated designs. These are assisted in the details by incised work, giving the venations of the foliage, and further decorated by punching up from the back studs at stated intervals, in the manner of *repoussé*. The plates are arranged into the form of a St. Andrew's cross, with the locks in the centre, the locks being also decorated with incised panel-work.

The effect here obtained by flat plates perforated and chiselled has a richer, but certainly a less architectural effect than that adopted by the old English workers in iron of our Decorated Gothic periods already alluded to in the remarks on the iron casket, by which an ornamental effect was built up, so to speak, by a series of perforated plates of thin metal worked out geometrically from the plain plate, the general form of the perforations and so on, to the more complicated details of the top plate, all riveted together in such a manner as to make the heads of the rivets the finishing detail of the whole.

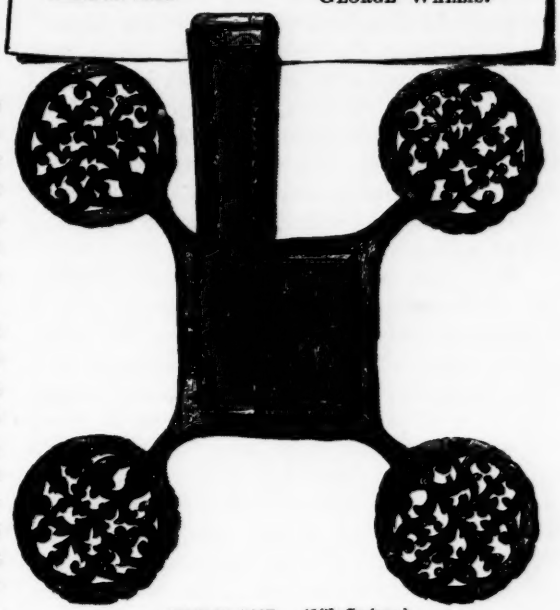
The neglect into which the decorative iron-work of the periods we have endeavoured to illustrate has fallen is not only to be regretted, but appears to be quite phenomenal, when we consider the skill and dexterity to which the artist-smiths of the seventeenth and early portion of the eighteenth centuries had attained. Change of fashion scarcely seems to account for the facts, and one had only, even within the last quarter of a century, to walk through some of the older quarters of Chelsea and Kensington to discover examples of wrought iron-work—gates, pediments, and railings—which were alike admirable in design and

execution. Even at the present time a drive through the eastern suburbs of London rewards the admirer of this species of decorative art, so thoroughly English in character, by the discovery of examples, especially gates and pediments, which it would be a difficult matter to copy, without consideration of the ability which originally designed the forms, all thoroughly adapted to the *technique* of the productions.

Strangely enough, the French appear to have taken a very decided step towards a revival of wrought iron-work for ornamental purposes, and it appears, so far, to be chiefly upon the lines of the old English methods, rather than of the Italian, Flemish, or German. Whether this will stimulate the half-realised attempts to bring back this old English art-industry to the smithies of our own country it is difficult to say. Hitherto the attempts have been mostly over-done, and the simplicity of construction and the ornamentation actually growing out of that construction of the old examples appear not to have been understood; and "stuck on" details intended for ornament, but having little relation to a true *ensemble*, have degraded some really good work, as regards manipulation and finish.

The commercial aspect of such a revival is not a cheering one. The fact that very decorative works in iron can be produced in malleable cast iron is decidedly against the economic use of ornamental wrought iron, except in cases where a single work, or at most a very few repetitions of the same design may be wanted. When the design is available for extended application—such as when applied to railings and decorative mounts for copings—malleable wrought iron has the advantage; and when the design is really adapted to casting, and is not a mere slavish imitation of wrought iron details, no sound or common-sense æsthetic objection can be taken to its use. The material is tough, and therefore not easily broken. Its surface is even, and it can be cast sufficiently thin with safety to give much of the effect of wrought iron when forged hot. Of course the more delicate details of forged iron-work, such as tendrils, rosettes in *repoussé*, and even the admirable decorative effects produced by rivets in the older works, are impossible. This, however, is the penalty which Art has to pay so frequently for the advance of science as applied to the industrial arts.

GEORGE WALLIS.



ITALIAN LOCK. (*14th Century.*)

NOTTINGHAM CASTLE MUSEUM.

THE Midland Counties Art Museum at the Castle, Nottingham, does not deteriorate in quality, although the position it took up on the day of its opening was of exceptionally high standard, and the changes in the exhibits are many and frequent. The annual report submitted to the Nottingham Corporation is a statement of success encouraging to that municipal body; and there can be little doubt that the Castle Museum remains no longer an experiment, but that it has taken up a permanent place among the foremost art-institutions in the United Kingdom. The valuable Clumber collection, lent by the Duke of Newcastle, continues to enrich the principal gallery, and few private collectors can boast of such a superb array of all that is unique in art. There are Venetian scenes by Caliavari and Canaletti; landscapes by Claude Lorraine and Poussin; portraits by Holbein, Sir Peter Lely, and Gainsborough; peasants by Teniers; hunting incidents by Wouvermans; gallants and merry-makers by Rubens; specimens of the genius of Correggio and Salvator Rosa, Velasquez, Van Os, and Kauffman. Here are Vandyck's deathless "Charles I.," and Gainsborough's "Beggar Boys"—two innocent boy-faces, with rough hair and unkempt clothes, but with expressive brown eyes of unconscious sweetness. The faces are, perhaps, too round and plump to associate with pleading poverty. Contrast them with Dickens's description of "poor Joe's" pinched face. Next is a ghastly picture full of power,

attributed to Correggio or Furini. It is depictive of Sigismunda, daughter of Tancred, King of Italy, mourning over the heart of her murdered lover. The tragic maiden contemplates a human heart—anatomists would protest that it is far too large even to belong to a lover. The subject is morbid, and savours of the dissecting-room. But the painting is put in with masterly handling, and the expression is instinct with energy and emotion. Specially to be looked for in the Duke's collection are some artistic gems that are liable to be missed, because they are so small. These are six miniatures by Boucher, a few inches square, with scenes from Arcadia; four by Moreau, "La Nuit" and "Le Jour," "Les Adieux" and "La Dame du Palais"—little larger than cabinet photographs, yet crowded with incident and figures, strong in character, and masterly in colour; a garden scene by Watteau, and a Cupid and Fountains by Fragonard. All these specimens afford a surpassing study of greatness in little things. They are large paintings looked at through the wrong end of opera-glasses.

Among the modern paintings there is an admirable concentration of much that has been notable in achievement during the last few years. To confine our inspection to the exhibits in the principal *salon*—a stately gallery, perfect as to lighting and hanging—there is a picture that is calculated to arrest the attention of the most cursory visitors. It is "The Long Sleep," by Briton Riviere, in which the artist seems to have thrown all his power and pathos. To those who can call to mind the pictures of the Royal Academy of 1867, this composition will stand out with pleasant distinctness. The story is very simple, as all pathetic stories are. An old man, with furrowed cheeks and withered tresses, sits as if asleep in his chair. The head droops slightly and naturally forward; the hands are clasped in mute prayer; a clay pipe has fallen broken on the floor; the fire in the grate has gone out. Two collie dogs—evidently the only companions in his lonely widowed life—cannot understand their master's long slumber. One of these faithful animals stands on its haunches, and with a strange strained earnestness looks wonderingly up at the bowed and silent head; the other dog has its paws in close pathetic pressure on his knees, and is peering pleadingly into his face with a wistful intelligence that seems human in its aching anxiety. The picture challenges Sir Edwin Landseer's "Shepherd's Chief Mourner" in expressive grief. Another picture that holds the artistic eye captive is "La Schiava," by B. Amiconi. It is an exquisite painting, alike in composition and execution. A beautiful maiden, whose years scarcely belong to the fragility of girlhood, and have not yet entered upon the fuller and more vigorous beauty of womanhood, half sits, half reclines upon gorgeous cushions and glowing drapery. The bosom is bare; there is the gleam of jewels; the attitude of the figure is grace itself; and the hand is drawn with poetry of pose across the neck. The bare arm seems to thus divide body and soul. It is the unconscious but implied partition, separating an angel's face from voluptuous draperies and the slavery of sensual surroundings. The face belongs to no artist's model. It is a revelation. A pretty, pensive face, tender, tremulous, and timid, soft and sensitive as that of a child; the eyes watchful and apprehensive, and full of a vague alarm. They are heavy with unshed tears, and dark with tears that have just been shed. The expression in these eloquent orbs constitutes the chief triumph of the painter. The spectator cannot tear himself away from their sad, sweet, sorrowful appeal. They haunt him as do those of Guido's so-called "Beatrice di Cenci" in the Palazzo Barberini, or those of his "Mater Dolorosa" at Dresden. Another noteworthy painting of a different kind is a large canvas by J. F. Peele, inscribed "On Guard." Mr. Ruskin has pleaded for painting that it is "nothing but a noble and expressive language, invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but of itself nothing." "On Guard" excels in this "language of lines;" and it is interesting to know that the picture is one of Mr. Ruskin's favourites. It depicts a rustic interior painted with Dutch attention to microscopic detail, and yet with an idyllic suggestiveness that is all the artist's own. A chubby-faced English baby sleeps in a big old-fashioned wooden cradle—a very different piece of upholstery to the fashionable bassinette of to-day. An elder sister—a child of seven—who has been bidden to watch the little one sleep, is likewise in the land of dreams. A collie dog, who had evidently deputed to himself the vigilant duty of guarding both, has also fallen fast asleep with his nose on the floor in an attitude of helpless watchfulness. Both sentinels are overcome with slumber, and a trio of sleeping beauties is presented. The picture is as droll as it is pretty.

Mr. F. D. Hardy has a picture entitled "Music at the Parsonage." "Sweetness and light" are the prevailing characteristics of this clever composition. The painting might be a passage from one of the earlier and idyllic chapters of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." There is an old-fashioned atmosphere, an unstudied simplicity, an unsullied innocence in the picture. The dress is of the last century. The fresh beauty on the face of the maiden presiding at the harpsichord can only belong to Olivia. The Vicar is surely Dr. Primrose. That is the philosophical Mr. Burchell scraping the violin. The ornate lover is playing the flute. An elder sister is admonishing the noisy young members of the family on

the merry swing at the open door. The picture repays special study. The *tout ensemble* is perfectly harmonious, and yet it may be divided, and each component part furnishes a picture of itself—whether we take the little concert party that surrounds the old world instrument, from whose ivory keys the sweet-faced daughter is eliciting a silvery melody, or the carefully painted interior with its subdued furniture, or the joyous life of the little ones swinging under the glancing green of the trees at the door, or the view of the trim garden revealed through the open casement. Mr. James Webb has a picture of the Seine at Paris remarkable for the liquidness of the light; and there is an evening lake scene by Mr. J. P. Pettitt, in which the mountains seem to die away in the tender pathetic atmosphere, the birch-trees in the foreground being painted with subtle skill. An emphatic success in *genre* is the "Old Man's Treasure," by Carl Gussow—a picture of an unwieldy old man, with a heavy Dutch face, fondling a mere mite of a kitten. The amused expression on his face is a revelation of tenderness and youthful vivacity wedded to wrinkled care and age, while the contrast between the soft little toy of a kitten with the great work-grimed hands that caress it is forcibly illustrated. "Away with Melancholy: Dick Swiveller," by Mr. J. T. Lucas, represents a middle-aged man in old-fashioned dress playing a flute. The serio-comic face is at once humorous and pathetic, but it will not be the common acceptation of Charles Dickens's impecunious hero. There are several pictures of genius by Mr. H. Clarence Whaite, full of the mannerisms and beauties of that ambitious artist. "Your pictures are undoubtedly splendid works, but I never saw such landscapes in Nature as you paint." "No," said Turner to this candid critic; "don't you wish you had?" The eyes of the Philistines have not been permitted to behold outward Nature as it has been revealed to Mr. H. Clarence Whaite. Perhaps his best picture in the present collection is a big, bold composition entitled "The Rainbow." The vivid arch strides in a dream of colour at once soft and brilliant across a romantic valley, and seems to stand out from the canvas. "War Time, 1871," by Munkacsy, is a sombre but strong picture, showing the seamy side of "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The solemn tragedy, the sober truth, and the silent terror of the scene are unrelieved by one gleam of gladness. An anxious domestic group are engaged in picking lint. There is a wounded soldier with empty sleeve and pallid face in the room; but the most pathetic figure in the picture is that of a pensive-faced woman, young and widowed. A solemn silence adds to the reality of this dolorous scene of domestic sadness. "Remembered," by Mr. J. S. Noble, recalls the 109th Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Gustave Doré is represented by three fine pictures. Two are full-length figures of Italian character—one a tambourine girl and child, a beautiful picture, full of tender poetry and repose; the other strong in energy, and representing a lissom-limbed tambourine girl playing, while a wrinkled old witch of a mother regards the performance with a greedy mercenary gaze. The third picture by this gifted Frenchman is a Spanish fortune-telling scene. It is a large and splendid composition, introducing a score or more figures. A rich and stately young Spanish lady is crossing a crafty old crone's hand with silver under the lee of a country wall, on which some dead bats are nailed. Conspicuous is the strong contrast between the refined lady and her two attendants in rippling mantillas and the picturesque squalor and bright rags of the gipsy group. The detail in the picture is carefully conceived. Observe the happy effect produced in the foreground by the satirical magpie consulting a droll destiny in the scattered playing cards.

One of the most striking of the pictures by the late Mr. Henry Dawson is "Below Waterloo Bridge." This is almost worthy of Turner's genius. It contains much of the atmospheric glamour for which Turner was famous, together with some of his stage trickery of colouring. There is a wild conflagration in the sky. St. Paul's stands out in startling relief in the background; the river is somewhat idealised; and yet it is the Thames and London presented in splendid reality. The great hard-working city presents picturesque beauties that our artists somewhat fail to seize. The vulgar uncommercial Thames is as paintable as the Arno or the Elbe. Paris can afford no picture equal to the view looking down the river from Waterloo Bridge, with the fine façade of Somerset House, the broken Temple Buildings, the forest of chimneys, the steeples of Sir Christopher Wren's churches, with the grand dome of St. Paul's over all. Even the fog and mist of the city atmosphere are favourable to artistic effects. The same subject is to be found treated in the same room by Mr. E. J. Niemann. His style, however, differs largely from Dawson's, and the picture can scarcely be said to be in Niemann's best manner. There is a creamy smoothness in the stone-work of Somerset House that might belong to a Venetian *palazzo*, and a tranquil blue placidity prevails in atmosphere and water. St. Paul's is clear cut with a pearly background.

Water-colours are well represented at Nottingham. There is a large gallery with scarcely a weak picture in the collection. Note the delicacy and finish in the two little river pictures, "Willow,

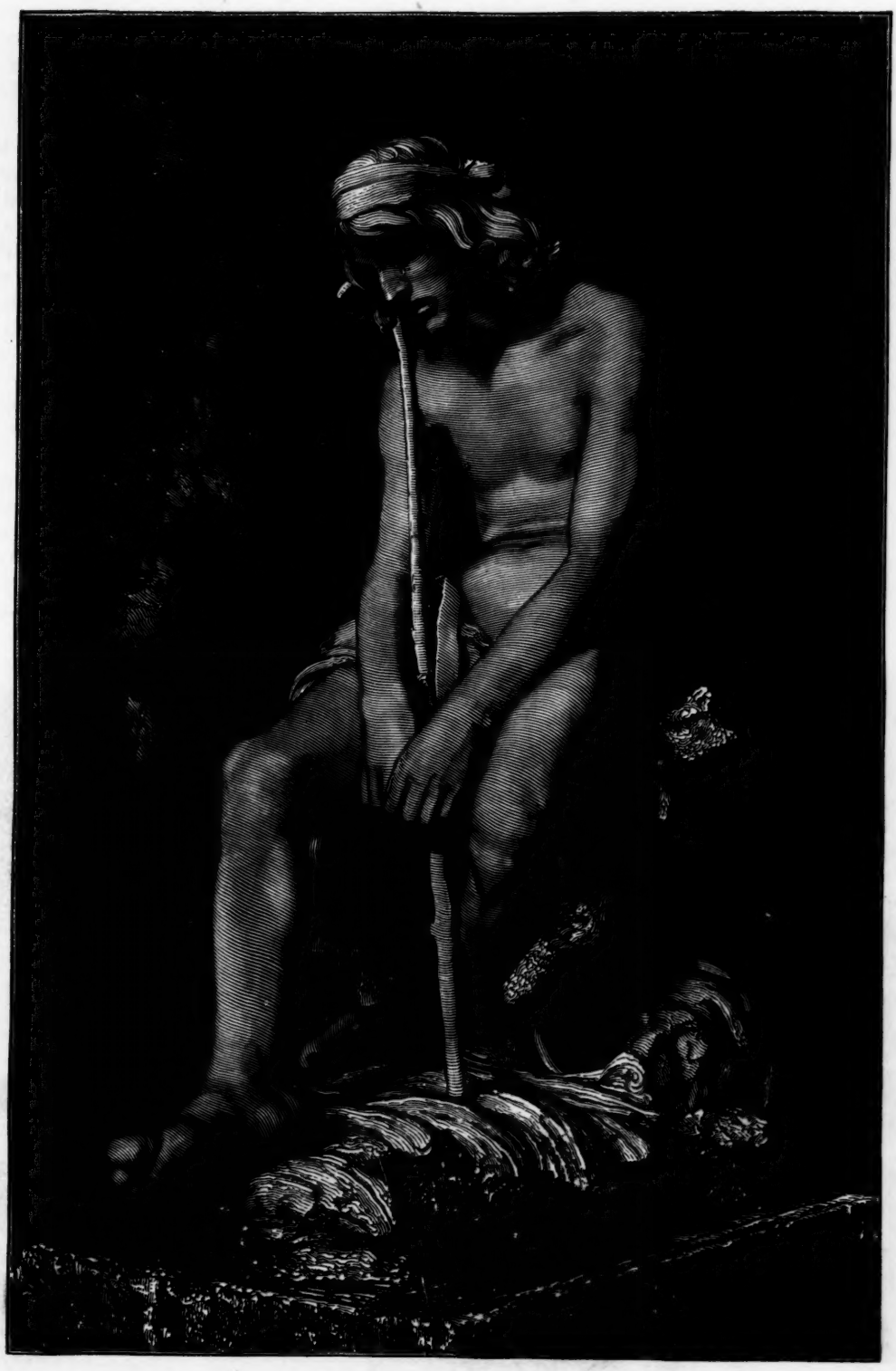
Willow," and "Landscape with Figure," by Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A.; the three exquisite water-colours by Mr. J. B. Pyne; and the very large water-colour by Copley Fielding of Tintern Abbey, a picture that might have been produced in oils, so deep is it in tone, and so rich and strong in mellow effects. The "Antwerp" by Mr. T. Walter Wilson is remarkable for intricate detail, the lace-like spire of the cathedral being rendered with surpassing success. A cordial word of praise cannot be denied Mr. Wyke Bayliss's "Interior of Strasburg Cathedral," the attention to minute detail in this picture being strengthened with wonderful mastery over contrasted colours.

In the galleries downstairs devoted to exhibits from the South Kensington Museum are some interesting additions. Among the recent loans from South Kensington to Nottingham is an iron gate screen from Hampton Court, made by Huntingdon Shaw, a Nottingham craftsman. It is from one of twelve of forged iron, wrought into scrolls and tendrils, shell-work of *repoussé*. Though not displaying the consummate art which distinguished the work of Quentin Matsys, it is a fine example of what English workers could accomplish in the seventeenth century. Poor Shaw received his commission for the gates from William the Dutchman. The King died before it was executed. Parliament repudiated the artist's account, and he died from disappointment. There is likewise in this connection a notable loan, made by Mr. Joseph Bond—a well-known collector—of silversmith's work: vases and candlesticks, beakers, goblets, and ewers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which show that the English workmen of the past were delicate and expert artists. In this series is a finely-finished silver salver, remarkable not only for its own beauty, but because it was engraved by William Hogarth. It is, no doubt, the work of the latter part of his seven years' 'prentice servitude with Mr. Ellis Gamble, "goldsmith, at the Golden Angel in Cranbourn Street, Leicester Fields," whom superfine Mr. Horace Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," disdainfully describes as "a mean engraver of arms upon plate," little thinking—supercilious man!—that the same cunning calling was followed by one Benvenuto Cellini, and another Marc Antonio Raimondi, and a third Albert Dürer.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

"THE PRODIGAL SON." STATUE BY M. PEYNOT.

THE serious and solid work of sculpture which is the subject of our illustration was awarded, in 1880, the Prix de Rome of the Academy of Fine Arts. It is a quiet and sound work of the kind which deserves such recognition all the more that it does not make any noisy claim to it. The nude form has been studied with great care from a too well-nourished model, it may be said, but the distress which the figure itself hardly embodies is perfectly expressed in the attitude, eloquent of self-abandonment and languor, and in the features, full of memories and melancholy. No freak of art is perceptible anywhere, except perhaps in the size of the extremities, and especially of the feet. Unless this is a delusive effect of the reproduction, the sculptor has allowed himself a more than classic licence. The Greeks, it is scarcely necessary to say, had none of our modern love of small feet—a love belonging rather to a tailor's ideal, perhaps, among ourselves—but considered that the human figure should stand upon an ample natural pedestal. The extreme length of the feet in the Medici "Venus" must assuredly have struck every one who has looked at the original—and they are among the unrestored and authentic portions of the statue—for the goddess who "loves in marble" has feet which a sculptor or painter of Venus, as the modern taste conceives her, would consider impossible. But M. Peynot has given his hero extremities still more heroic. His subject is perhaps one of the most lastingly useful and well-used in all the range of sacred and secular story. Painters more than sculptors have illustrated the most human of the parables ever since painting became historical, and it was especially in the later developments of the schools, when art grew more romantic, illustrative, and anecdotal, that the Prodigal Son carousing (in the company of sixteenth-century ladies in stiff brocades and pointed waists), the Prodigal Son repenting among the husks, and the Prodigal Son returning to his father's roof, were the themes of dozens of the picturesque canvases of the Renaissance. Every pause and every incident of the story is so striking and so dramatic as well to warrant this choice. The pathos of confidence and contrition enhances that of physical misery, but it is upon the latter, as Mr. Ruskin has observed, that the Prodigal's fortune turns; not sorrow for evil done, but the bitter sense of hunger and desolation first touches his heart, and Mr. Ruskin expects many devout persons to complain of him for spoiling their favourite parable by his insistence upon this; but it is precisely on this account that we have called the subject the most human of parabolic themes.



THE PRODIGAL SON. (*From the Statue by M. Peynot.*)

INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHY.

ALTHOUGH it is the practice to speak of instantaneous photography now-a-days with a good deal of assurance, to any one who gives himself the trouble to think, the term is a very indefinite one. To take a photograph in the tenth part of a second would by many people be deemed instantaneous, and yet if it were so described, what should we call the exposures made by the French astronomer M. Janssen, who takes pictures of the sun by submitting a sensitive plate to the solar rays for the brief space of $\frac{1}{3000}$ of a second? The phrase "instantaneous photography," then, is simply a term of convenience, and to speak of rapid photography, as distinguished from ordinary operations, would be at once more correct and more intelligible.

Although feats of rapid photography were familiar enough in the Daguerreotype and collodion days, it is only since the introduction of gelatine plates that such work has grown into importance. Within the space of this brief article we cannot explain wherefore the sensitive salts of silver, when enclosed in a film of gelatine, should be more readily acted upon by light than when contained in collodion; we must refer the reader to the pages of the more technical journals in which the chemical and physical aspects of photography receive the attention they deserve. Our endeavour here will be simply to show in what way instantaneous photography may be made use of by painters and draughtsmen, and also to point out that, with an artist behind the camera, it is possible to secure a photograph which has some claim to be considered an art-production.

Our illustrations will explain in a measure how helpful the camera may be to the artist. Take Mr. Mayland's "Shipping and Smoke" as an example. An artist sent from abroad to obtain sketches of the busy Thames, with a view to producing a work on London, or a painter desirous of depicting upon canvas

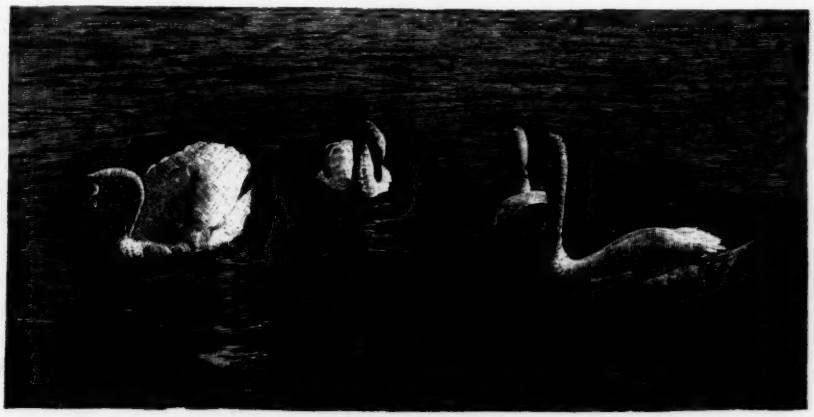


HENLEY REGATTA.

(From an Instantaneous Photograph by Messrs. Marsh Brothers.)

the crowded highway so indicative of our commercial prosperity, would value a photographic sketch of this nature very highly. Half a dozen such pictures, supplemented by a few rough drawings in his note-book, would amply suffice for his purpose. The massive screw-steamer gliding swiftly down the river, the dark-sailed barges, the black smoke from funnel and factory indicate an amount of "life" which, if he had been able to grasp it at the moment, could not have been set down in black and white without much labour. But, in all probability, it would have been impossible to seize the effect with a pencil; the heaving water as the huge screw swings quickly round, the dense curl of black smoke blotting out portions of the sky, the barge tacking to avoid the steamer, the belching chimneys in the background—not one, but all of these effects go to make up the picture.

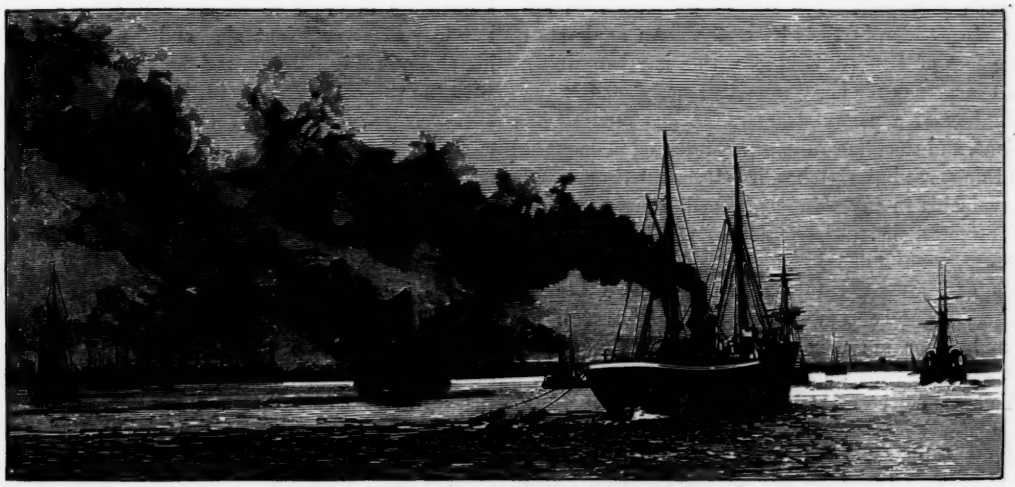
Another example of rapid work by which the artist may benefit is the "Swans" of Messrs. Marsh Brothers. It would need a quick eye to seize either the vivid movement of the fast-turning birds, or the iridescent effect upon the water, which has almost the viscid appearance of molten metal. Mr. Mayland's flock of sheep, full of life and animation, cropping the grass among gorse and heather as they advance, is another study that animal-painters would make good use of; while "Henley Regatta" and the "Cricket Match" are of a class which special correspondents and artists for the weekly illustrated newspapers will best appreciate.



SWANS.

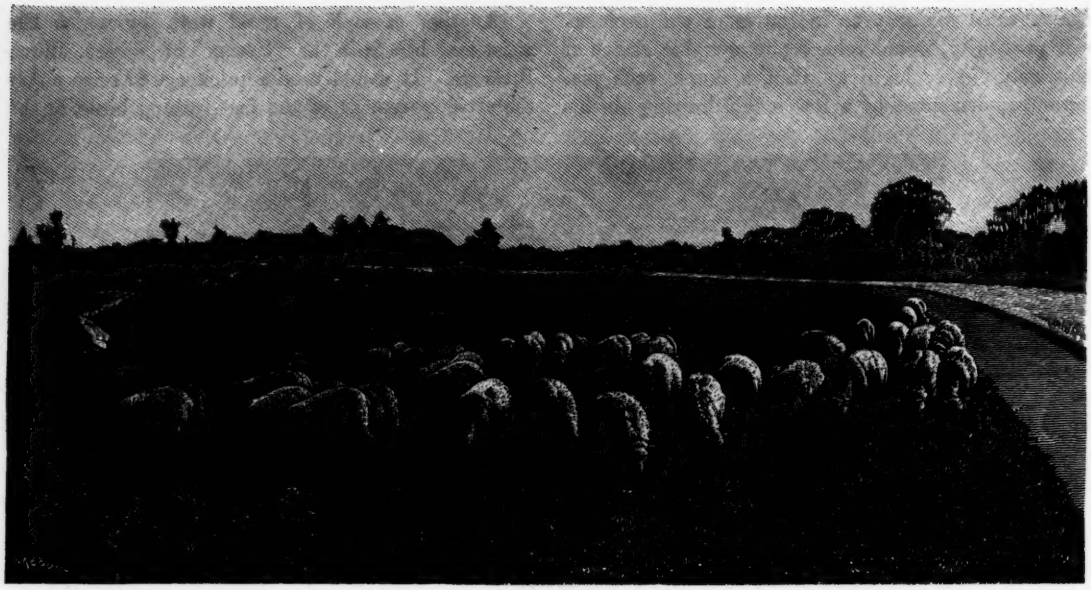
(From an Instantaneous Photograph by Messrs. Marsh Brothers.)

The rapid gelatine plates permit much that was impossible before, and for this reason it is that painter and draughtsman will be able to derive greater assistance from the camera. Street scenes are not



SHIPPING AND SMOKE.

(From an Instantaneous Photograph by Mr. W. Mayland.)



AT PASTURE.

(From an Instantaneous Photograph by Mr. W. Mayland.)

only capable of depiction, but by the aid of a clever apparatus recently constructed by Mr. Bolas, and which has received the name of "Detective Camera," they can be secured without the presence of the photographer being dreamt of. The camera, which was recently described in the photographic journals, is to all outward appearance a small portmanteau, a hand-bag, or even a boot-black's block, as the case may be, and this is set down for an instant on the pavement, the parapet of a bridge, or any eligible site. The photographer rapidly takes account of his lighting, his distance, and foreground, makes his exposure, and is away with the instrument before even his sojourn has been remarked. The results we have seen are quite Hogarthian in their character. An apple-stall at the foot of London Bridge, with a boy bargaining with the woman for her wares; two men seated on the paddle-box of a penny-steamer, the one relating an incident, and the other rubbing his forehead in doubt—such things are but sketches, it is true, but they would be invaluable to any painter of the life and manners of our metropolis. The rapidity of gelatine plates, therefore, permits of taking something more than set scenes and arranged tableaux, with which photographers formerly treated us; photographs full of life and being are now attainable, and this quality must ever be valuable to the artist.

To come to the second point of our paper. Now and again, as everybody knows, a most excellent result is achieved by the ordinary photographer; but if he is to produce you a photo-picture every time he sets up his camera, he must understand something more than the technicalities of his calling. We will go to Mr. Mayland's picture of the Thames once more. A similar scene may be frequently witnessed on our river, yet such pictures as his are scarce. To secure the result, the photographer had not only to wait until a disposition of the shipping proper to the exigencies of art was before him, but he had also to judge of the lighting, so that the massive shadows of vessel and smoke came between him and the sun, to produce due contrast, while at the same time the technical excellence of his photographic plate should not be marred. Nay, more; it was necessary for him not only to have some art-knowledge in order to choose and seize a picture, but to possess sufficient skill and wisdom to produce his shadows, high lights, and half tones in harmony with the subject. In a word, he must so understand the *development* of the plate that he can give due effect to lights, shadows, and distance.

This endeavour to get something of fine art into camera pictures is successfully achieved in many of the photographs of to-day. At the last Paris Exhibition, indeed, one of our English photographers, Mr. H. P. Robinson, of Tunbridge Wells, was granted the gold medal for the art-qualities of the fine photographs he exhibited. It is perhaps only fair to say that Mr. Robinson, as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, has claims to be considered a painter as well, but still it is on the ground of art-photography that he has gained distinction; and we will here try to show how it is that an artist who is also a practised photographer secures very

different results to one who understands but the technicalities of the matter.

Given a landscape and given a photographer, who is so far a photographer only, that he can perform all the technical operations satisfactorily. There is a patch of black firs in the foreground, there is a grey castle high upon an eminence, there is a slope of brown woods in the distance. It has been argued many a time that the camera is but a mechanical instrument that cannot go wrong, but must perforce reproduce any scene that happens to be in front of it. Very good. The exposure is made, the plate is developed, and we look at the result. The negative is clear and bright, and lacks nothing as a chemical result; but the brambles in the foreground look like dried faggots, the castle on the hill is only half the height it is in nature, the pines are represented by pitchy darkness on one edge of the picture, and the woods in the distance are lost in the bright sky-line. The technical photographer has a reason for all this; he will say that the brambles were so close that they were out of focus, the lowness of the hill is simply due to the lens, for all objectives have a tendency to depress the horizon, the pines are black in nature, and if the plate had been sufficiently exposed to photograph them properly, the sky-line would have fogged. In all these explanations he is right, but for all that a photographer with some pretensions to art-knowledge would have made a very different thing of it. Mr. Robinson, Mr. Mayland, Mr. England, Mr. Bedford, Mr. Payne Jennings, Mr. Harvey Barton—to take half a dozen names at random of our best landscape photographers—would have made a picture. The brambles, boldly limned in the foreground, would have contrasted with the soft brown woodland on the horizon, the castle walls of silver-grey would rise sharply against the sky-line, while the pines, with their clear dark shadows in middle distance, would complete the picture. If he were an artist as well as a photographer, he would first know what is required to make a picture, and then be able to make it. As a painter has to begin by choosing his pigments and mixing them, so in a measure he must bend his apparatus to his requirements. At the outset of his work he knows that if one lens will not fulfil his requirements, another will; he is aware that if he raises it a little out of the centre he will correct that tendency to depression we were speaking about; but what lens he uses, and how he manipulates it, is all a matter of judgment. Next, to light the scene with effect, so as to secure massive yet transparent shadows, to decide which shall be the high lights of his picture, to produce an effective rendering of this object, while another shall not unduly suffer, are all points to be considered. We need not dwell upon choice of foreground, or upon the composition of the picture, for it is only too evident that the photographer must study these, if he is to produce anything of an artistic nature; but in the *development* of the plate, the knowing exactly what he wants and what he is working for, there is again considerable scope for taste and judgment. He will strive to produce a negative which, while vigorous in part, shall yet show the gentle haze in the distance, and furnish a print so soft and harmonious in colour that it looks like a sepia or charcoal drawing. He must, we repeat, know what is wanted in a picture, and be able to produce it. H. Baden Pritchard.



A CRICKET MATCH.

(From an Instantaneous Photograph by Messrs. Marsh Brothers.)



ROCKY CLOSE still retains the characteristics of an old English farm, and until Simeon Harlin is gathered to his fathers, which must be soon now, nothing will be changed, save that which Nature changes in the ordinary course of her seasons. The old man still mounts his cob, but he has to use the chipped and weather-stained horse-block in the yard. He still rides at an easy pace round about the farm, and boasts that he alone in that part of the county has stood out against modern innovations in farming. His only trouble is the fear which creeps over him very often that his son and heir, to whom the snug freehold will descend, will, like his neighbours, depart from the ancient ways. It is not for me to show how well grounded are those fears, and how probable it is that when Harlin junior becomes the yeoman owner of Rocky Close, there will be claret and champagne where the foaming ale-jug now stands, a red coat and spotless tops in lieu of a velveteen shooting-jacket with pockets made to pouch a hare, and a "gentleman's estate" in place of an old-fashioned farm. The modest freehold takes its name from a field, only ten acres in extent, which is in fact a slice out of the side of a stiff hill, and is at the further corner thickly studded with grizzled heads of rock obtruding from the ground. Here, if, after a disappointing day with the single-barrelled gun, the youngsters on their way home at dusk creep quietly through the hedge on the top of the ridge, they may generally get a chance at a rabbit, albeit the veteran donkey that has been depastured in the close since his infancy has latterly seemed to take an asinine pleasure in giving the alarm, upon what is evidently some common understanding between him and the frisky conies.

I cannot tell to-day the history of the Harlins in this place. It has had its beauty and its sorrows recorded upon dark grey headstones under the three hoary-stemmed yew-trees of the village churchyard in the simplest of records and humblest of epitaphs. My theme is the farm itself, and of that I do not write as an expert learned in agricultural science, and viewing everything with the practical eye which searches for theories, and sees, beyond the sweet sights that greet him as he saunters round about the farm, a prosaic account of profit and loss. It concerns me not that this or that manure is the most to be desired. Should the land be laid down to the wrong crop (according to the teaching of modern agriculturists), it troubles me not; and I must confess that the cattle, sheep, and pigs are rather to me objects placed by Providence to complete a picture, than things to be punched, pinched, and prodded to settle a question of gross weight. The reader who will accompany me in my gossip about Rocky Close

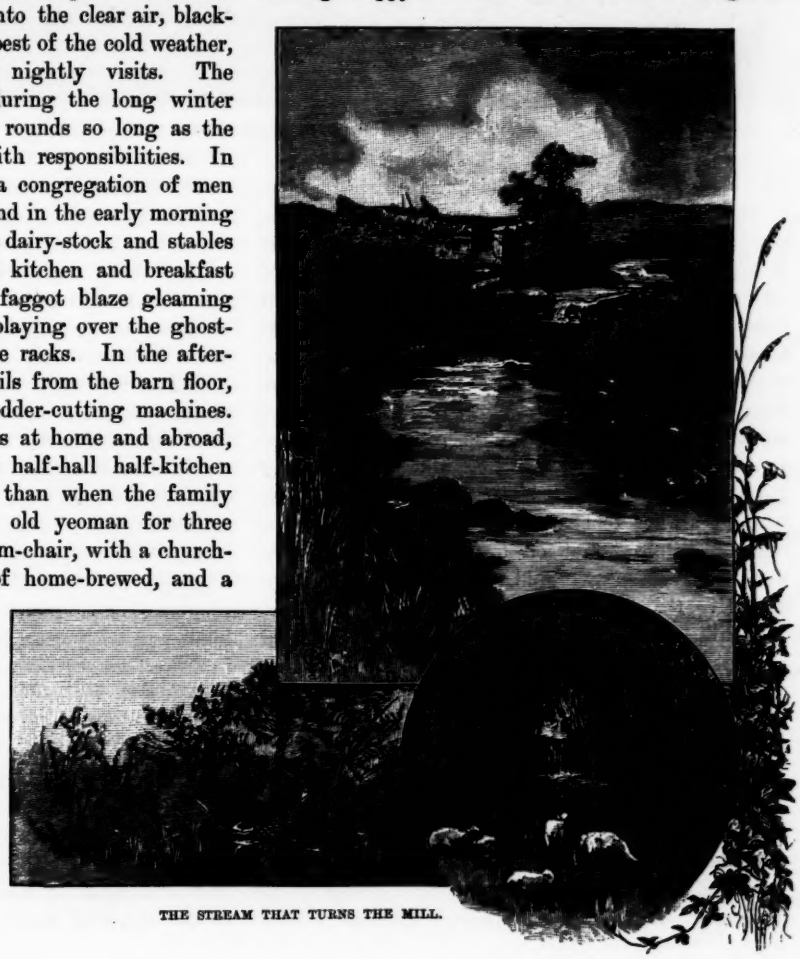
must be prepared, therefore, for a companion who sets forth with a predisposition to indiscriminate enjoyment, rather than primed with technical information, or running over with wise judgments. For aught I know or care, Rocky Close may be a model of bad farming, with hedges and subsoil and methods all awry. Yet it is a dear old retreat for a town sinner weary of racket and rush, and quite worthy of such immortality as the artist may bestow upon it.

In this chill winter-time it no doubt requires robust health to enjoy life about a farm, and a capacity for entering into even the humblest of field sports. When the furrows are iron-hard, and even the marshy bottom has become firm ground, a sharp tramp to the ice-fringed rill which still trickles down to the mill-stream, and may yet harbour a vagrant snipe, is no hardship, though

> "No mark of vegetable life is seen,
> No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call,
> Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
> Save the lone redbreast on the moss-grown wall.'

In the long orchard, entered by a rude wicket from the farmyard, where knee-deep in straw the kine send their iced breath into the clear air, blackbirds and thrushes make the best of the cold weather, and hares and rabbits pay nightly visits. The shepherd has a busy time during the long winter nights, and makes his slow rounds so long as the lambing season loads him with responsibilities. In the day-time you may find a congregation of men in the barns and outhouses, and in the early morning the people concerned with the dairy-stock and stables gather in the great raftered kitchen and breakfast by candle-light, the mighty faggot blaze gleaming upon the black rafters, and playing over the ghost-white flitches of bacon in the racks. In the afternoon comes the music of flails from the barn floor, and the sharp note of the fodder-cutting machines. At night an early quiet reigns at home and abroad, though at Rocky Close the half-hall half-kitchen is never brighter or warmer than when the family meets at high tea, and the old yeoman for three hours afterwards sits in his arm-chair, with a church-warden pipe, a brown jug of home-brewed, and a worn-out setter dozing at his footstool. In the chimney-corner, which is the traditional site for this scene, we cannot sit when the ashen faggot is of mature proportions, for the heat drives us back in gradual retreat. Here you may learn what cider, heated in its own pail, and curiously flavoured upon ancient recipes, may become; also the virtues of mulled elder wine, made from berries from the famous tree in the corner of the herb-garden. Yet, notwithstanding the tramps through the fields, and the cosy, sober evenings, winter is to the farm what night is to humanity—the time to sleep.

Spring is the time of waking, and my friend Harlin, who takes his milestones of time from the calendar, and is delightfully learned and reverent in his talk about them, holds that the real farmer will find it worth his while to keep as keen an eye on his men from Candlemas to Midsummer as at any of the more bustling seasons when the fruits of the earth are ingathered. "Take care of your seed-time, and harvest will take care of itself," almost seems to be his creed. Woe to the ploughman whose hand neglects its cunning, and to the sower who scatters ill. The farmer himself looks after these operations as keenly as the impudent, black-feathered rascals who follow the plough and make amends for the short-commons of winter. The world hereabouts is stirring at Shrovetide, and is waxing happy as the March winds strengthen.



THE STREAM THAT TURNS THE MILL.



IN HARVEST HEAT.

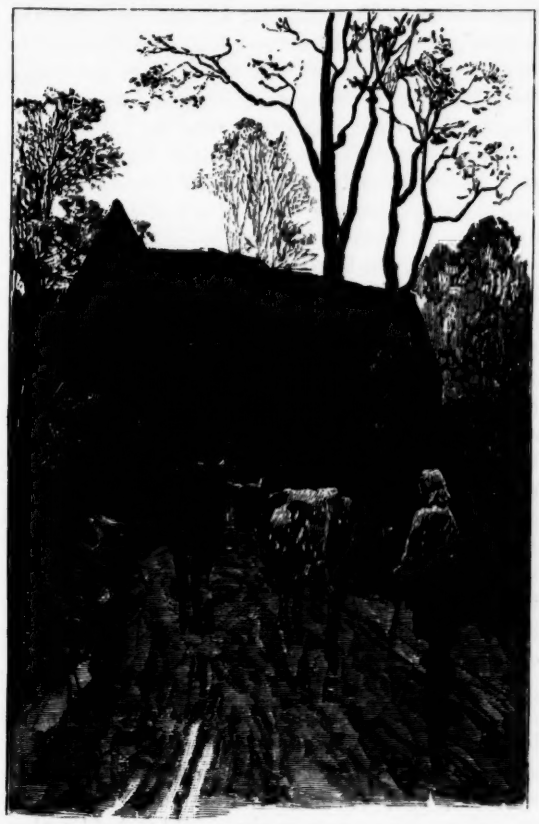
The birds seem to enjoy those warm, westerly, blustering March winds, which dry the sodden earth, and sweep and garnish the hedgerows. Master Robin Redbreast was humble enough at Christmas, and so were the other wild birds that forced their company amongst the barn-door fowl at feeding-time; but they all, the robin especially, are impertinent enough now, and it is not the "wanton lapwing" alone that gets another crest. The days lengthen rapidly, and in the hedgerows appear the well-known spring flowers. At the lower part of Rocky Close the ground levels and hollows, and here are always to be found early daffodils in magnificent patches, first of tender green, and then a glorious sheen of gold. The cottage children still give them the old-fashioned name of "daffy-downdillies." And with the April showers what a blessed, free-handed, tranquillising, hope-inspiring unsealing there is of the earth and its produce!

> "Who loves not spring's voluptuous hours,
> The carnival of birds and flowers?"

Who, indeed? In the city pent, should winter still linger on the verge of spring, perchance the hapless toiler, who wots not of birds and flowers, may put in an unfavourable reply to the poetess. Round about the farm, however, the spring is an inspiration in which all share. Simeon Harlin wears a smile of content, the maids are blithe and bonny, the domesticated beasts and fowls come under the influence of the beneficent revival. Cuckoo and swallow have come, and down in the osier bed, in the bend of the small stream where, wet with dew or hoar, we used to land our brilliantly-vestured perch in the young morning, while the teamsman whistled his horses along the path through the plantation, the nimble willow-wren is taking up his lodgings for the season.

In that same mill-stream to which I have made passing reference there are trout, but it only touches the Rocky Close Farm, running round a small tongue of land at one extremity, and giving not more than a couple of hundred yards of fishing. But that tongue of land makes the fishing excellent of its kind, and to this I owe a special love for the farm in May-time. The water is half a mile from the house, and under the thatched eaves, over our morning pipes, we put our rods and tackle together. From a farmer's point of view, May, I fancy, is a sort of "off" month, but from mine it is the most fascinating of the year. There are always gay familiar blossoms in the well-kept flower-garden, such as pansies, gillyflowers, peonies, and auriculas, and a murmur of bees maintaining a busy traffic in the sunshine between the flower-beds and their

hives to the rear of the broad rhubarb leaves. The pigeons coo at the dovecote entrances; there is a placid lowing of kine from the farmyard, separated from the kitchen garden by a low wall; and there is, bordering the footpath by which we get to the trout, a tall hawthorn hedge, whose perfume hangs about you from morn to eve. The meadows set apart for hay, intersected by rills, and therefore prolific in cuckoo flowers, forget-me-nots, and marsh marigolds, are truly "painted with delight." Before you reach the hurdles, your boots will be yellow with the shed gold of the blossoms. Cowslips and oxslips, too, wait to be plucked, and will be trampled. I can take you to the higher uplands to challenge comparison between the bramble and wild strawberry blossoms and any flower that grows; and on our return show you such a variety of wild roses as perhaps you never dreamt of, and dells carpeted with wild hyacinth. Then in the evening from the squire's woods comes the trill of the nightingale, and bats wheel silently and night-moths drum heavily around your head, as Farmer Harlin indulges in prospects of hay and corn and roots, while the bark of dogs and bleating of sheep, with mellow chimes from the village steeple (when the wind sets in the right quarter), come with the twilight, as we lean in lazy enjoyment over the gate of the orchard, whose blossoms this year have been a marvel of beauty.



"WHEN THE KYE COME HAME."

83

At certain times of the year Simeon Harlin, of Rocky Close, yeoman, plays the *rôle* of patriarch with admirable effect. He is fond of telling you that he lives amongst his own people, and that his people are content. Agitators came into yonder village, at the starting of a movement to better the condition of the agricultural labourer, to teach them that they had no right to be content. For a while the newfangled notions disturbed them not a little, but they somehow, of their own accord, arrived at a tacit understanding that they had nothing to complain of, and the only recruit won over was an under-shepherd who required more shepherding than the sheep, and whose emigration to New Zealand made a decided difference in the death-roll of the next season's lambs. The farmer, in truth, knows his people, and takes a bluffly sincere interest in their affairs. Shirkers only give Rocky Close a bad name, which is natural, seeing that their tenure of service thereon is of the briefest.

At fragrant haymaking, mark the joviality of the men, women, and children. The whetstones seem to scream up and down the edge of the scythe with an extra meaning when the master looks on, and the familiar figure and the dappled iron-grey cob are as welcome as the presence of a good employer should be, but too often is not. He has his cheery words as to the quality of the swathe, his joke for the lasses handling the rakes, his jibe at the youth who seems afraid his pitchfork will burn him, and his encouragement for the children coming down with the black-oak flagons of cider or small beer. Nay, you may find him sitting with them, sharing their noonday repast under the big sycamore, the cob cast loose, and the worn-out setter dozing somewhere in the vicinity. Sheep-shearing is another patriarchal episode, the scene being now changed to the sheep-wash fed by the mill-stream. Harlin makes it a boast that his wool has been purchased by one Leicestershire merchant for the past twenty years, and he chuckles as he adds that the buyer knows what he is about. In other respects our farmer is made to feel that he is an established favourite. His corn goes off at market without trouble; the rector makes much of him, though he *does* sleep through the sermons in the dog-days; the squire swears there is not such a farmer in the three kingdoms, and the squire's son not only pays court to the father, but consistently carries it on to the daughter—the child of his old age—to saucy, nut-brown Bertha, who daily puts the flowers on the window-sills, twines honeysuckles

in her hair, prevents the gardener from clearing the jessamine from the window-panes, scents the linen high and low with lavender, and when the dainty Smith-Smythe girls profess horror at homely Rocky Close, protests that the smell of apples, onions, and cheese—to be encountered in some of the rambling stairways—is the groundwork of all manufactured essences, and the original of many natural perfumes.

Harvest proper, however, is the season *par excellence* in which Simeon Harlin makes his triumphal progresses round about the farm. The bad years of the last decade have been gentle with him, and he amuses himself by ridiculing the philosophers who torture themselves in discovering reasons for the disastrous failures. "If you will take it out in style," says he to his smart but desponding neighbour, "you can't expect to put it into bank balance."

The grain at Rocky Close is cut to this day, and bound, and threshed, and winnowed in the old-fashioned methods. The scythe and the sickle lay the corn and poppies low; the women and children bind the sheaves. The poor do well at gleaning Harlin's stubbles. His countenance, by the time the soft-faced hunter's moon is due, has become warm-hued and russet-tinted, and until the last wain is loaded—an operation performed with much rejoicing and ceremony—no man is earlier or later afield. The great barn, upon whose ponderous doors the pelt of many a specimen of vermin has been nailed during the past quarter of a century, is converted into a festive hall, and a smoking harvest-home supper is laid upon the long row of planks and trestles. The farmer sits at the head of the table, with the king of joints before him, and the son and heir—tolerating the office, I fear, more out of love to his sire than appreciation of the position—faces him at the other end of the barn. The girls and younger boys wait upon the labourers, and it is the saucy Bertha, you may be sure, who has twined the hop-tendrils and clematis over the beam, and included in the decorations as many "cluster fives" as she could gather in the shady hazel copse.

Keats must have been round about such a farm as Rocky Close, and at harvest-time. Can my readers have forgotten his invocation?—

> "Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
> Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
> Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
> Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
> Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
> Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
> Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
> And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
> Steady thy laden head across a brook;
> Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
> Thou watchest the last oozings, hour by hour."

And the poet's reference to the cider-press reminds me of the merry time when, after the field-work is done, in the short, dark soughing November days, the press in the cider-house creaks and strains. This is a special treat for the privileged lads who gain admission to the mouldy, windy house where the candles gutter, and the juice runs gurgling out as the pulp is squeezed from its layers of straw by each descent of the press. In a corner is a gigantic heap of apples, of all sizes, colours, and conditions. While more important work was on hand, the women and children had heaped up the fruit to rest in the orchard, and much of it has come to press in an apparently rotten state. But this is no detriment, and I am not sure that it does not give "tone" to the ultimate beverage. The youngsters in the cider-house pounce upon the select qualities from the apple heap, and, spite of warnings from their elders, as to not very remote stomachic consequences, suck delicious draughts of sweet juice through casual straws. The cider produced by some farmers should be made an offence by Act of Parliament; the Rocky Close cider is in high repute throughout the whole country-side. The squire and rector, regularly as the season comes round, are presented with a cask for their own consumption, and when a certain distinguished personage shot in my lord's covers, at that memorable battue when the pheasants were driven to the slaughter by thwacks from the beaters' sticks, the beverage which was observed to sparkle like champagne, and to be more refreshing than the choice vintages of Epernay, was simply Rocky Close cider judiciously bottled.

From one of the eminences upon the farm there peep through the beech-trees, after the leaves have fallen, the picturesque ruins of a castle. They are about a mile distant, and on the estate of the lord of the manor, a noble earl who has never been heard in the House of Lords, and who lives the life of a recluse. The local legend runs that the castle was battered by Cromwell's cannon, and a curious depression of the earth near the grizzled rock-head of the field, which gives a name to the farm, is pointed out as the spot where the artillery was planted. From the closely-preserved woods and coppices a good many birds, after a day's carnival by his lordship's guests, are frightened over to the farm, and Simeon Harlin might, if he chose, have excellent sport, and keep not a little game in the larder. But he has no taste that way. The English farmer is almost invariably a born sportsman, but our friend is the exception. As a boy he learned to scare the birds from the corn, and kill vermin, but the only amusement in this direction he has allowed himself since he came into possession is rook-shooting in May. Around the aforesaid ruins there are venerable rookeries, and, at the invitation of the steward, on a given day every year the neighbourhood makes

holiday, and gathers to thin out the young rooks from the topmost branches. The birds, as they are tumbled down, are put into a common heap, and at the end of the day there is an equal division of the spoil. In this way the old man is able to boast that when he does go shooting he always returns with a good bag.

At Rocky Close Farm there is no bailiff and no overseer. The heads of departments are, all and several, bound in one within the farmer's capacious waistcoat, and it is probable that the invariable success of his farming is due to the undivided control which enforces his careful judgment. Yet there are three men who privately give themselves the airs of overseers, and who, in their way, are practically leaders of their fellows. First comes the shepherd, who is an old and valued servant. He and Harlin were boys together, and there is a deep mutual respect between them. A taciturn man, never in a hurry, very weatherwise, full of folk-lore, but seldom in the humour to unburden himself, this shepherd is a familiar figure about the farm and at the house, where, when he trudges up for orders, he is treated with more deference than the other men. One of his dogmatic theories is, that the smell of a sheepfold in the late autumn is good for pulmonary complaints, and that the virtue lies in the combined odour of turnip and sheep. The next man of importance is the head carter, as he calls himself out of his master's hearing; a good man for horses, and a reliable, but densely stupid and ignorant in all else. The next is a pompous little fuzzy-headed fellow, who does what gardening is necessary, looks after the gates, and is generally to be found pottering about the brewhouse or rickyard, and doing odd errands for the house. There are two occasional visitors, who, by the regularity of their itineraries, almost seem to be in Harlin's constant employment. They are the machinist and the ratcatcher. The machinist is one of the olden type, mostly a worker in wood, and not versed in the modern style of machinery. In his younger days he made a capital living by going from farm to farm repairing such machines as were in use, and combining the crafts of carpenter and wheelwright. But the march of science has left him high and dry, and he is, in his declining days, at best a dismal visitor. The ratcatcher is a bird of another feather. Everybody knows his perky dogs, and his ferret-bag, and the fur cap on his head. Once upon a time he went his rounds with a team of four dogs harnessed to a tiny cart, and when this method of travel was put down by law, he allowed himself to be twice imprisoned before he would succumb to the new order of things.

Before the autumn has quite gone, the Harlin girls, and a sprinkling of grandchildren, if the whole truth must be told, have a grand gipsy-party. This is the name of the entertainment, for the farmer was so put out at the proposition to dub it "picnic," that the young people cheerfully yielded, and have even admitted that it is by far the better name. On the other side of the ridge of Rocky Close the farm slopes down to a copse, full of hazel bushes. At the further side is a large pond or lake, well stocked with pike, tench, and perch. Those of us who have no longer a penchant for flirting, and have consequently eschewed such aids to flirting-made-easy as nutting, push through the clump of alders, and leave the others to hook down the nuts. The veteran is enthroned on the most mossy part of the knoll, and smokes the pipe of peace, and pending the disappearance of our floats, we entice him into conversation. Harvest is over, the shouts of the children echo towards us, and he is supremely happy.

Bless his fresh heart and stalwart old age! May he long live to jog round about the farm; and when the yule log and holly and mistletoe (of which there is a rare growth in the orchard awaiting Christmas) are shining at Rocky Close, may I be there to share.

RED SPINNER.



GLEANING.

PICTURES FROM THE HILL COLLECTION.

CAPTAIN HILL has mingled studies among his pictures in a very interesting and pleasant manner; it is not only the artist who cares to see an artist's sketches, for often to the veriest *idiotes* they have a charm beyond that of finished work. It is well to see not only what an artist does, but how he does it, and there is besides a beauty in chance passages of landscape which evades the artist when he makes nature pose to him. From the hand of Mr. G. D. Leslie are a couple of pleasant garden studies—one a quaint composition of a square flower-bed full of pink carnations and their grey leaves, with a yellow corn-field beyond. A scrap, also in the way of a study, by Mr. E. A. Waterlow, is of very great beauty; this is an evening effect, with a country lane in cool transparent grey shadow, and a rosy glow of delicate light upon a hay-rick on the little hill beyond; still further off shines and blushes a rounded cloud; a few of those artistically useful birds—white geese—are going up, some having their plumage in the shadow and some in the light. Several of Mr. Phil Morris's sketches and studies of landscape are very fresh and artistic, and one or two have caught—without the deliberate imitation which is never happily or successfully applied to that particular master's exceedingly individual manner—some of the lightness, impulse, and sweetness of Corot.

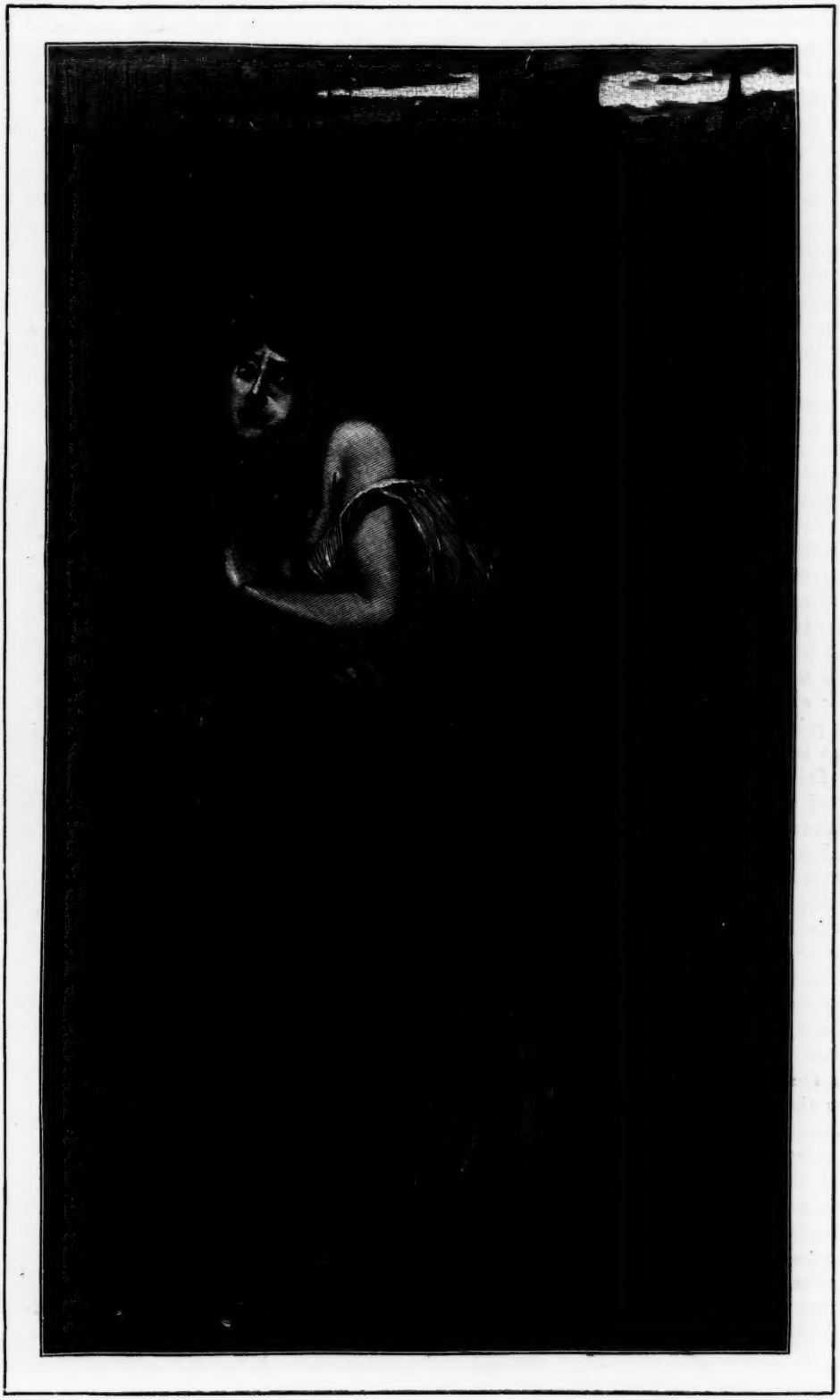
Among the more dramatic figure compositions of the English school is Mr. Val Prinsep's "Jane Shore"—the subject of one of our illustrations. The picture is eminently characteristic of the painter, especially as regards the tendency to minimise the head and maximise the development of shoulder, neck, and arm. The figure is expressive and powerfully modelled; the woman crouches among the rank growth under the arches of a bridge, the brambles catching at her wild garments, and her hair loose about her panting breast—a hunted creature—while the soldiers in search of her pass above in a long line against the sky.



A FLOOD IN THE FENS.

(From the Painting by R. W. Macbeth, in the Possession of Captain Hill.)

Such romantic interest as attaches to these passages of history is studiously eschewed by M. Degas, who may be taken as a typical realist and impressionist of his time. The union of these titles may be a puzzle to those who see nothing but detail in the realistic school, and nothing but vagueness in the impressionist; and in effect the extreme precision and deliberation of the realistic would seem to place it altogether on different lines from those of the vivid but momentary and optically confused manner of impressionist painting. But in fact there is an essential unity in the aims of impressionary art and naturalistic literature, inasmuch as both proclaim a complete denial of the ideal; and through the uncertainties of the mannered and fantastic painter may be seen

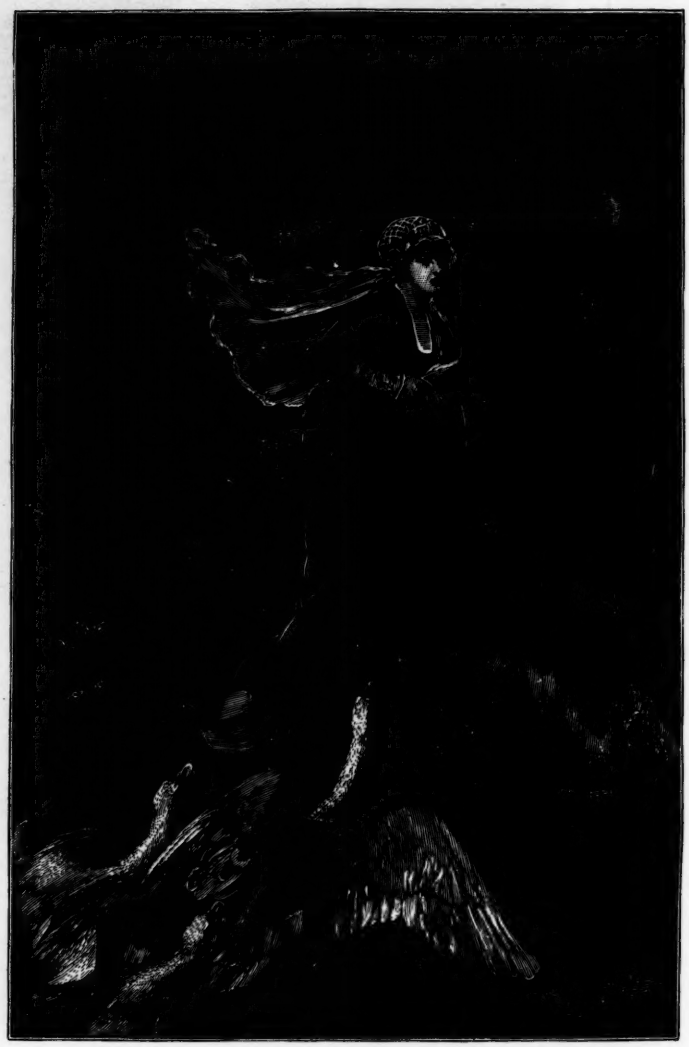


JANE SHORE.

(From the Painting by Val Prinsep, A.R.A., in the Possession of Captain Hill.)

the intelligently-seized truth, the low or painful or humiliating facts, of the novelist. M. Degas is by no means extreme in his dislike of precision, outline, or explanation; he is, in fact, a master of his *technique*, but no artist has ever gone further in his refusal of beauty or the ideal. Most of his supremely clever canvases collected by Captain Hill are studies on the daylight stage of the opera and in the practising rooms and the green-rooms of the *corps de ballet*. He shows us the women working chillily at their profession in the dreary grey daylight—women of all ages, thin, undersized, bony, long-elbowed, with the abnormal development of the leg-muscles adding dismally to the imperfections of the unidealised form, their hair raised in the huge chignons of some years ago—not a line of natural grace in their attitudes, nor a hint of beauty in face, dress, or figure, but only the taught sprightliness of the ugly dance forced into their tired limbs. In one picture a business-like and ineffably insensitive old ruffian in slippers puts the women through their ghastly drill; in another two dilettanti of the boulevard stretch themselves at ease to watch the work. The subjects have a peculiar cool cruelty which is indefinably painful. A sketch brushed in half an hour by M. Degas would be more finished than a less admirably lighted and balanced work with the additions and super-impositions of the labour of months and years. In the matter of action his figures are exceedingly true: the gesture of a girl who holds on to the pillar while she practises standing on her toes—she is in a depressing and discouraging stage of her novitiate—may especially be noted; and in all the apparent roughness of the manner in which the painter "blocks out" his forms there lurk a great power and certainty of draughtsmanship, the muscular tension and the accentuation of the joints being always intelligent and true. One of these compositions is, as we have said, studied on the stage, where the dusty blue-green scenery stands mistily in the background, and the huge top of a double-bass rises in front from the pit of the unseen orchestra. An eye which understands anything of the characteristics of vulgar millinery will appreciate the tact which has seized the blue effect produced by the cheap white muslin of the women's dresses. But we must not linger too long over works which assuredly have no charm of beauty wherewith to fascinate us. In contrast to them there hangs over one ballet subject a charming garden-orchard scene by M. Monet, full of blossoms and spring feeling; a pretty, delicate distance, poplars, and a tender sky combine to make a most attractive picture.

Mr. Macbeth's "Flood in the Fens" will be clearly remembered as one of the artist's quite recent Academy pictures. His pencil has for some years found happy subjects, full of novelty, breadth, and light, in the Fen country, with its levels, its height and width of sky, its spaces of water, and the incidents



A MIDSUMMER DAY IN THE FOREST.

(From the Painting by Val Bromley, in the Possession of Captain Hill.)



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE OF MAMMON.

(From the Painting by J. Poole, R.A., in the Possession of Captain Hill.)

of its industries. In so far as concerns nature only, the artist at work in England may still follow the facts to his heart's content. The national manner of money-making has not yet changed the face of the country so that art cannot deal with it until such time as vanished prosperity may restore the blue, the gold, the green, and the crystal to sky, sunshine, sward, and brook. Not that a true artist would wish —patriotism apart—to see that time; he would not wish to separate humanity from nature, and he knows that the sights and sounds and scents of labour—the husbandman at toil, the sound of a pickaxe in some distant quarry of the hills, the odour of the smouldering weeds and leaves—should add to a landscape almost all its meaning and pathos. He would not banish the peasant from the land. But happily he has not to wait for so sad a consummation as the disindustrialisation of England, for so much of her fair expanse is in a state of absolute beauty—the scene of labour, yet unmarred, as regards the landscape itself, by labour's grimmer forms. He may, as we have said, be as true to facts as he likes while he is dealing with the water, the meadows, and the hills. But it is otherwise when he comes to figures for his interest. Man's rural labour does not disfigure the land, but man himself—English man, at least—undoubtedly requires idealising, unless our national sentiment will allow us to reach M. Degas' point of stoical indifference to the beautiful. Mr. Macbeth is, of course, a figure-painter, and he deals with the British peasant in a manner which would fain be realistic but cannot; the subject is too unmanageably unpicturesque. In his studies of working gangs aroused from rest for the day's toil, of men and women at work ingathering the potato-harvest, and of people, cattle, and pigs taking refuge from a flood, he has striven hard for realism of subject, and has succeeded with very pleasant effect; but in the figures themselves, in the types of feature and the character of expression, in the mould of limb and the turn of gesture, he has assuredly relied on other memories or other models than those of the Fen country. Slight reminiscences of Mr. Frederick Walker's faces and figures are not unusual in his work; and although he avoids, with an artist's tact, any absurdity of false refinement or prettiness, he has not been able to deny himself a certain refinement of his own, no less unreal, if more judicious. One of the great charms of his picture of "A Flood in the Fens" is its pleasing harmony of colours and its extreme brightness of tone; in the latter respect it is pushed up to a high point, the colours and tones striking a chord like that of an orchestra where the instruments are tuned up above concert-pitch.

Brilliant in the French group on Captain Hill's walls are the rich interiors of M. Duez, whose usual realistic studies of *femmes du monde* in strong effects of daylight and no less strong effects of costume are less charming than the mellowed illumination of these compositions. "Three Weeks After" is of course a honeymoon group, graceful, but quite sufficiently unsentimental. The *tête-à-tête* coffee service stands on its little French table; Monsieur is reading the morning paper to his more demonstrative bride, whose ample white wrapper lights the picture. The faces are in grey half-shadow, the background is a wall of gold-stamped Spanish leather, and the china is blue. The tone and colour of the picture throughout are cool and strong.

Short was the career and limited the work of the young artist Val Bromley, who showed a certain promise which the fact of his early death has perhaps very naturally and justifiably exaggerated. "A Midsummer Day in the Forest" is a pretty specimen of his talent, and has a sprightliness in its subject

which is very attractive. The mediæval dame scudding over the heather and fern of woodland undergrowth before the menaces of a flock of geese is graceful in outline and charmingly costumed. Evidently she considers the onslaught doubly terrific on account of the usually peaceful character of the pursuers, and the complete mystery which shrouds their too evidently hostile intentions. It is so difficult to guess what a goose means to do to you if it catches you, or what form the unexpected and obscure malignities of an ordinary pig would take if they had full play, that such enemies are the most uncomfortable which a stranger meets in field or farmyard.

Mr. Frank Holl's "Leaving Home," the subject of our larger illustration, contains a varied interest, among few figures. The old man, uprooted by we know not what chance from the place where for seventy years he has grown with the trees and watched the harvests, the young soldier parting from his wife, the widow alone in the world for the first time, are at once united by a common pathos and divided by the difference of their sorrows.

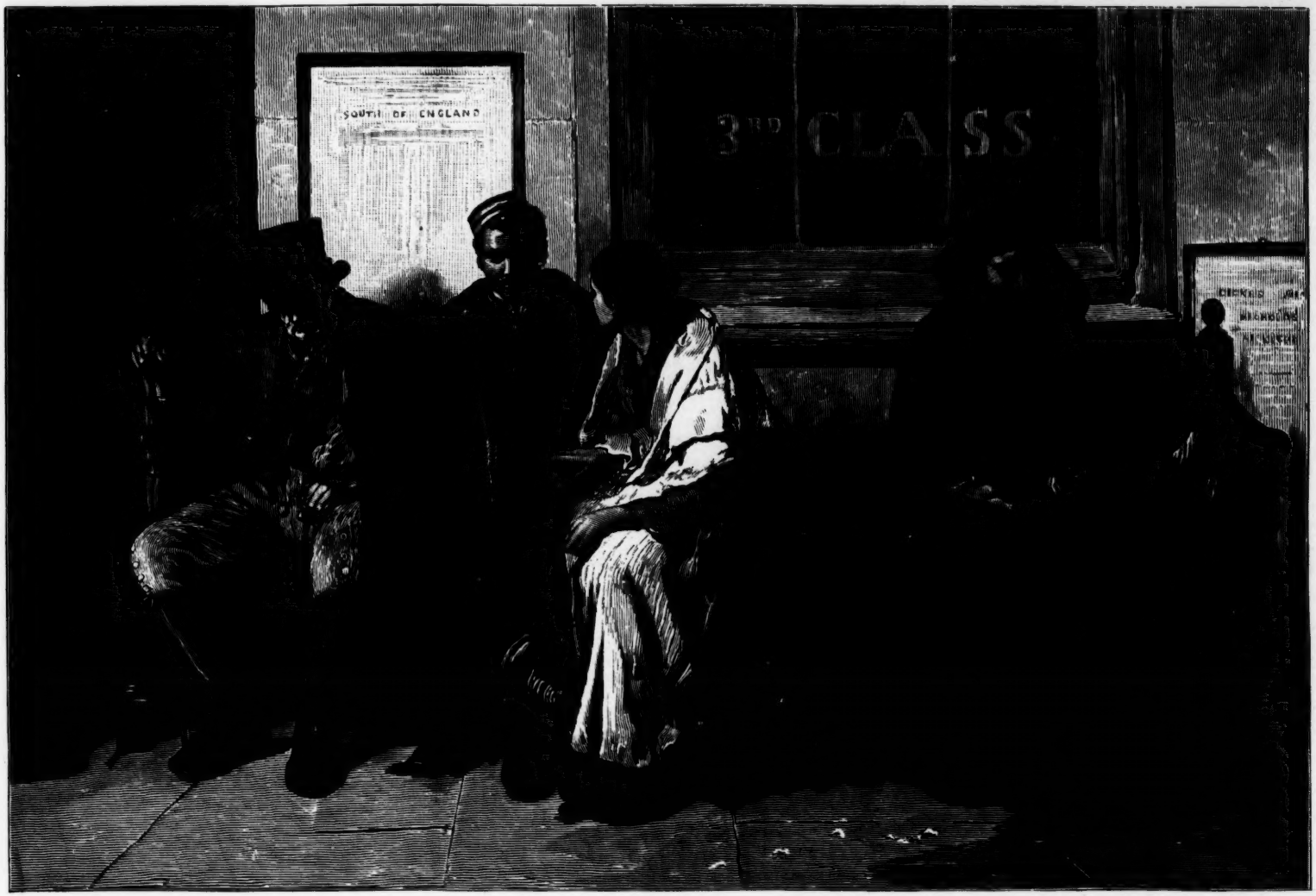
A smaller woodcut illustrates Mr. Poole's "Cave of Mammon." The late Academician was one of the very few artists of the modern school who practised romantic landscape. The anecdotal and the realistic were not in his genius. When at their height his powers were in a high sense poetical, a fact which may be questioned by those who knew his work only in the later pictures in recent Academies. Mr. Poole's manner was such as could escape the notice of nobody; his sameness of tone, a certain unreality of light, and the metallic glare of the colour—an effect invariable in his pictures, to whatever time of day or effect of weather they related—were always evident enough; nevertheless some of the recent International Exhibitions brought to light old examples of this Academician's work in which such mannerisms were lost in the imagination and the sweetness of the thought and treatment. It has been the fate of several of our painters, now very aged or recently deceased, to be represented in these more artistic times by their least artistic work.

ALICE MEYNELL.



THREE WEEKS AFTER.

(From the Painting by Duez, in the Possession of Captain Hill.)



LEAVING HOME.

(From the Painting by Frank Holl, A.R.A., in the Possession of Captain Hill, Brighton.)

HOMAGE TO THE ARTS.



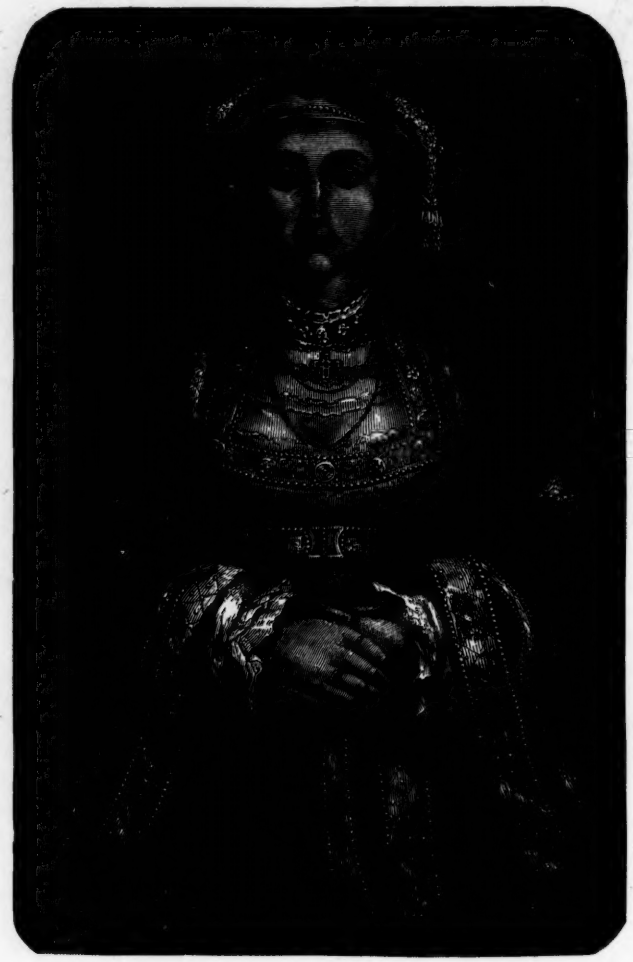
AT all times there has been a notable sympathy between the great Conquerors and the great Artists of the world. A cynic might account for it by the vanity which is the characteristic of the conqueror. Alexander the Great was an appreciative patron of the famous sculptor and painter of his age, but he seems to have admired them most, after all, for their portraits of himself. The statue by Lysippus, which represented him grasping a spear and looking up to the heavens, pleased him greatly, and with somewhat barbaric taste he ordered the marble to be encased in gold. Apelles produced an allegorical picture of the conqueror wielding a thunderbolt; the great warrior was delighted, and exclaimed, "There are two Alexanders in the world: the son of Philip and the inimitable Alexander of Apelles." The warrior, however, was no great critic; and when he ventured some remarks in the painter's studio, Apelles advised him to be silent, as the colour-grinders were laughing at him. Alexander had sufficient admiration for the artist to accept the rebuke with goodwill. A still deeper homage was paid to Art by Demetrius Poliorcetes. When Demetrius laid siege to the town of Rhodes, he found himself unable to attack except upon the side where the studio of Protogenes would have been exposed to danger; he chose then to renounce the glory of his conquest rather than risk the destruction of the famous picture of Jalisus, a notable hunter upon which the painter was engaged. L. Mummius, after his capture of Corinth, carried off many pictures, statues, and other works of art to Rome. The dispersion of the Corinthian treasures created a great sensation amongst the men of the day. Attalus, King of Pergamus, offered Mummius nearly £5,000 for the "Bacchus" of Aristides; but Mummius, believing some hidden virtue must be in the picture to make it worth such a sum, refused to part with it, and placed it in the Temple of Ceres. The immense sums paid for statues and paintings in that age give good proof of the respect in which the Arts were held. Attalus paid nearly £20,000 for another picture he coveted amongst the spoils of Mummius; Julius Cæsar paid £15,000 for the "Medea" and "Ajax" of Timomachus; while the "Aphrodite Anadyomene," Apelles' masterpiece, cost Augustus £20,000.

Those were the bright days for artists, but their inspiration died away in the decay of society which followed, and taste itself departed. It was not till the revival of Italian painting that a picture again commanded the homage of a conqueror. Who has not heard of Cimabue's masterpiece, the colossal Rucellaï "Madonna," in the Church of Sta. Maria Novella at Florence? The painter had allowed no one to see it during its progress, but when Charles of Anjou entered Florence, he threw open his doors and permitted the monarch to enter. Charles and the Florentines were entranced; and such was the delight and gladness occasioned by the sight of the picture, that the quarter in which the painter lived was thenceforward called the Borgo Allegri. The picture was carried in grand procession from the studio to the church. Leighton's fine picture of this incident earned him his first fame in England, and was purchased by Her Majesty.

Such honour, however, was by no means the general fortune of the *quattro-centisti*. For many years, in some parts, at least, of Italy, their position was not very greatly superior to that of a skilled mechanic. Pictures are not infrequent which are signed with three signatures—those of the painter, the carver of the frame, and the gilder, showing they were all rated much upon an equality by their contemporaries. The artist, indeed, was still held little better than a decorator. He was expected to turn from an altar-piece or a ceiling to paint armour, banners, coaches, or furniture. He was not generally paid as for a work of art, but hired by the time, at so much a day, like any journeyman.

A common title amongst the early Flemish painters was that of *varlet de chambre* to some great lord their patron. Jan van Eyck was painter *varlet de chambre* to Duke John of Bavaria. Though this was held as a post of honour, its duties included work that falls in these days—perhaps unfortunately—to the upholsterer. He planned the jousts, he ordered the revels, he marshalled the processions, which brightened the life of the Middle Ages. The title of Sergeant-Painter to the King recalls a no less miscellaneous office at the English Court. In the reign of Henry VIII., Harry Blankston, of London, was employed to paint the chapel at Hampton Court with

angels holding escutcheons and boys playing on instruments of music—the whole very splendid, according to Hentzner (writing in 1598); at another time he receives nineteen pence for painting a butt for the King to shoot pellets at. So in the time of Charles I., John de Cretz, sergeant-painter, paints a ceiling in the Royal residence at Oatlands, and later on receives a considerable payment for painting, gilding, and beautifying the state barge. The latter labour, as well as that of decorating the state coaches, was a special duty of the office. The decoration of coaches, indeed, was always accounted artistic work; and John Baker, a flower-painter, and a foundation member of the Royal Academy, found his principal employment therein.



ANNE OF CLEVES.
(From the Painting by Holbein.)

Never, perhaps, in the world's history did Art win a more genuine and discriminating homage than in the Italian cities of the Renaissance. Leonardo da Vinci was invited to France by Francis I.; he did not live long enough, however, to enjoy that monarch's patronage. He is, indeed, said to have died in his arms; but the story has been long since disproved. Leonardo died at Cloux; Francis I. lived at the time at Germain-en-Laye, and various circumstances made it impossible for the King to be absent from his Court. Many years after, another invader from France renewed his homage to Leonardo. When Napoleon Buonaparte entered Milan, he stood before the painter's noble masterpiece, the "Last Supper," in the Refectory of Sta. Maria delle Grazie, and tearing a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote out an order exempting the convent from military occupation. His followers interpreted the command after a fashion of their own, for they converted the refectory into a forage warehouse, and amused themselves by making a target of the head of Leonardo's Judas.

Of the honours showered upon Titian we have told elsewhere. The monarchs of France, Germany, and Spain expressed their reverence for his splendid talents by gifts and titles and courtesies. The intimacy of princes, however, had its disadvantages in those days of despotism. Antonis de Mor (Sir Antonio Moro, as he is commonly called) was upon the most familiar terms with Philip II. of Spain, the husband of our Queen Mary. On one occasion Philip playfully slapped the painter on the back, and De Mor retorted by rubbing some colour on His Majesty's hand. The King treated the matter as a joke, warranted by his own conduct; but being warned that the Inquisition took a more serious view of this affront to his sacred Majesty, he dismissed him his service. De Mor retired to Antwerp, where he was received into favour by the Duke of Alva, the terrible tyrant whose very frown is said to have killed the painter William Kay. Antonis de Mor remained at Antwerp until his death in 1581, notwithstanding pressing invitations from Philip to return to Spain. He had been knighted by our own Henry VIII., to whom he had been sent by Charles V.

Till the reign of King Hal, England had remained almost untouched by the artistic feeling that moved her neighbours. But the Tudor nobility travelled in Italy, and shared in the pageants of the

French Court; and they caught something of the universal taste for letters, culture, and beauty. Henry himself had a real passion for the arts, and made efforts to attract Raphael, Primaticcio, and others to his Court; but the reputation of our country was barbarous, and only second-rate men would let themselves be persuaded. Holbein was an exception. He arrived in England in 1526, was lodged in the Royal palace, and treated with much honour. His portrait of Anne of Cleves is well known. It is said that Holbein being once annoyed by the impertinence of a young noble, summarily ejected him by kicking him out of the room. The youth, smarting with the insult and the pain, complained of his treatment to the King, who, however, sided with Holbein, and observing that he could easily make half a dozen nobles out of as many ploughboys, but he could never succeed in making a Holbein out of six nobles. Charles I., too, well knew how to value the true artist when he found him. For his guest Rubens no honour seemed to him too great. He knighted him, presented him with the sword employed in the ceremony (the hilt studded with diamonds), and added to his arms "a lion or, on a canton gules." Vandyck, again, he lodged at the national expense in a house at Blackfriars built for him by Inigo Jones. Him, too, he knighted. The painter received a gold collar with the King's portrait set in diamonds. He married the Queen's maid-in-waiting; was treated *en camarade* by the King and the aristocracy; and, finally, was buried in Old St. Paul's, beside the tomb of John of Gaunt.

Verrio was much employed by Charles II., and was evidently treated with familiarity by the King. He was a wasteful and extravagant man. On one occasion, when he asked for a further advance, the King objected that he had only very recently given him a large sum. The painter answered that that was all gone, and that he had no money to pay his workmen. "Why," returned the King, "your expenditure must be greater than mine." "That is very possible," answered the privileged painter, "for your Majesty does not keep open table as I do." George III. maintained Biagio Rebecca, now forgotten, on similar terms of familiarity. Rebecca was fond of employing his art in practical jokes; he used to paint imitation half-crowns, drop them on the floor, and wait for his enjoyment in the chagrin of the disappointed finder, and was especially delighted if the King himself proved the victim of his babyish tricks.

In contrast to the artists already mentioned, the lack of Royal favour which was the lot of Sir Joshua Reynolds was remarkable. He did, however, receive an invitation to paint the King and Queen upon his acceptance of the Presidentship of the new Academy. Two other portraits of Queen Charlotte by Reynolds are known—a three-quarter length at Queen's College, Oxford, and a whole-length at Sion House. This was the extent of the patronage he received from the Court. The reasons for this disfavour and neglect are not far to seek; his vigorous and rapid execution appeared coarse and unfinished to the King, who was very short-sighted, and was compelled to post himself close to the canvas, so that he was unable to appreciate the effect as a whole. But early in his career Reynolds had given grave offence to His Majesty. A messenger came to him, inviting him to make a drawing of the coronation procession, with a view to a commission from the King. Reynolds replied that he was not fond of making drawings, but that he would make an oil sketch, provided a thousand guineas were guaranteed him for the picture. The messenger remonstrated with him for this want of faith in the honour of a Royal personage, and Reynolds heard nothing further of this commission, nor, indeed, of any other from the Court. The inhabitants of his native town of Plympton did their best to honour their one great man; they elected him alderman in 1772, and mayor in 1773, and greatly pleased him thereby. Meeting the King one morning in Richmond Gardens, he told him that his new dignity had given him greater pleasure than any other in his life, "except," said he, recollecting himself, "that which your Majesty was pleased to confer upon me." Of Northcote, his principal pupil, we have a characteristic anecdote. When the Prince Regent told him that the King had in conversation claimed the painter as his friend, Northcote replied that if His Majesty had said so, it was only his brag.

Artists are now-a-days more independent than ever. About 1835, when it was decided to decorate the Madeleine, Thiers consulted with Paul Delaroche. The painter strongly urged that the whole work should be given to one man, and enlarged upon the danger of incongruity resulting from the employment of several palettes. Thiers, convinced by his arguments, gave him the whole work, with 25,000 francs for preliminary expenses; and he went off to Italy to prepare his cartoons. Two years after, he was informed that Ziegler had been commissioned to paint in his stead. He returned to Paris, threw up his commission, and refunded the 25,000 francs. Louis Philippe interfered, and after trying in vain to persuade him either to paint the cupola or to take back the 25,000 francs, prevailed upon him to undertake the decoration of the hemicycle of the Palais des Beaux-Arts. Delaroche was not exactly a great painter, but his loyalty to his conceptions of his art won him the lasting respect of the French sovereign.

"THE BURGOMASTER." FROM THE PAINTING BY H. KOTSCHENREITER.

NOTHING is more striking in contemporary German art than its extraordinary success in realising the humours of daily life. When, on the other hand, it has attempted "history" in the ordinary artistic sense, it has produced those deliberate, determined, and utterly uninspired works of the grand school which cover the complacent acreages of wall-space in the modern Pinacothek at Munich. If steadfast resolve and well-placed ambition were indeed as powerful as they are sometimes proclaimed to be, Bavaria would certainly have produced in her capital the younger Athens at which she aimed; but perhaps nowhere and at no time in the history of Art has the indispensability of genius been established and proved at a greater expense of human labour and strain than in late times in modern Munich. There we have ingenuity in place of imagination, posture in place of impulse, effort in place of action, and eyes askance in place of expression. The learned little crowd of resolute German "masters," welcomed and liberally patronised by the "cultivated Court" of the former King of Bavaria, produced less, as regards the vital quality of art, than did some quasi-barbarous beginner in Siena before Giotto had painted the walls of Assisi. On the other hand, there is a yet later development of German art—realistic, like almost all the living art of our day, rather than imaginative—which contains essentially that very element of vitality. This is an art which is not that of "masters," which deals with subjects from the life of the people, and which is informed with an exquisite and powerful intelligence in the apprehension of character, type, action, and expression. At the same time its technical methods are so excellent and so learned, and its draughtsmanship so strong, that it is in no disparaging sense that we characterise it as homely. In fact, the heroic pictures of the more ambitious painters to whom we have alluded are, by some curious chance, really weaker in drawing than is the work of those eminently sure and observant artists who study daily life in Germany with so keen a glance and so intense an understanding. For the "masters" of Munich are too academic to be in the highest sense correct; their anatomy is studied in the schools, not in strenuous and unconscious action, and they know more of the structure of the forms in pose, repose, or death, than of their infinite modifications, accidents, and energies in life and action.



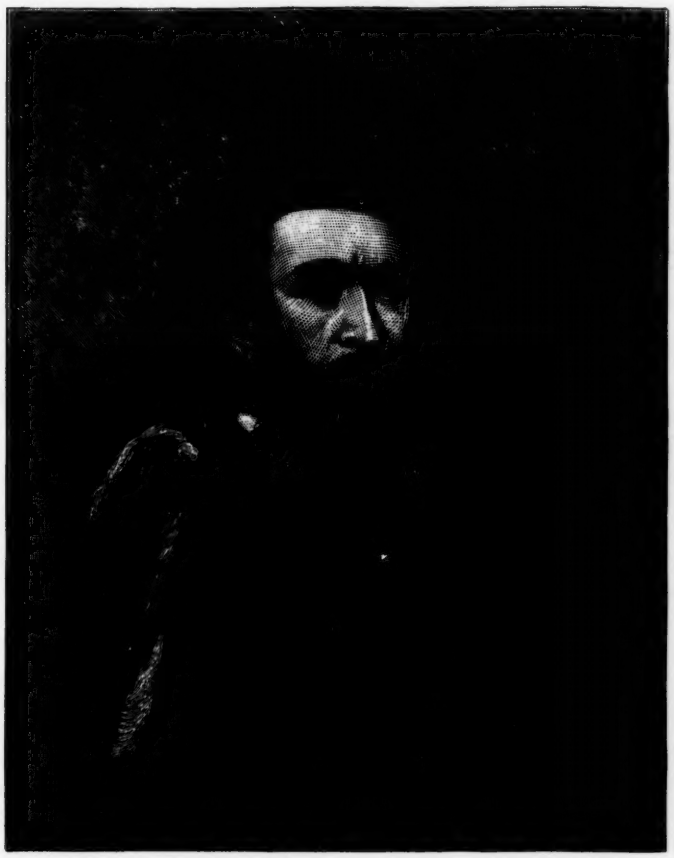
THE BURGOMASTER.
(From the Painting by H. Kotschenreiter.)

Herr Kotschenreiter's "Burgomaster" is an excellent example of the realistic art of Germany. It is studied from a type of Bavarian villager fast disappearing in the universal change which is passing over burgher and peasant. Times alter, however, more slowly in rural Bavaria and in the neighbouring Tyrol than in many other parts of the world, and this type is essentially South-German, the very character of the hands having been studied with great intelligence.

A PIONEER OF THE PALETTE.

THOMAS MORAN.

AMERICAN art has until recently been most distinguished, both at home and abroad, for its success in the department of landscape. This has been not so much because landscape has had no rivals in portraiture and *genre*, but because it has been followed by a much larger number of painters, who have displayed an originality and power that have justly merited popular applause. Nor is this at all singular. It is but another exemplification of the fact that art is based on utility, and that in the development of a nation the various faculties of the mind are unconsciously swayed by higher laws which lead them to combine in harmonious action to one common end. Up to this time the thought uppermost among Americans has been to explore the vast territory which Providence has entrusted to their care, to discover its hidden resources, and bring them into practical use in strengthening and welding together the multitudes who are flocking to the Western Continent from all parts of the earth.



(From the Painting by Hamilton Hamilton.)

Led by an unseen hand, the landscape-painters of America have contributed to further this grand result; and never before has there been a nobler opportunity afforded the artist to aid in the growth of his native

land, and to feel that, while ministering to his own love of the sublime and the beautiful, he was at the same time a teacher and a co-worker with the pioneer, the man of science, and the soldier, who cleared, surveyed, and held this mighty continent, and brought it under the mild sway of civilisation. The people aspired to learn not only statistical facts regarding their heritage, but also its scenic attractions. Nothing was amiss which could add to the sum of their knowledge of the subject. And thus the artist had a mission marked out for him magnificent in the possibilities it offered.

When landscape-painting first began to find expression in America with Doughty, Cole, and Durand it was naturally faltering, and felt its way slowly. The means for traversing the great spaces of the country were limited and tedious; but as steamboats began to navigate the rivers, and railways covered the land with a network of steel, the landscape-painters kept pace with the march of improvement. At that time the great modern school of European landscape-painting, headed by such men as Turner, David Cox, Constable, Dupré, Corot, Daubigny, and Rousseau, was in its infancy, and its influence has not been felt in America until within a few years.

The American artists were acquainted only with such landscape art as that of Salvator, Claude, or Ruisdael. We see suggestions of them all in the works of Cole, who, however, made a number of successful efforts at an original style. But Durand from the first abandoned the conventional style of such painters, and expressed a sturdy realism, softened by a rugged poetic sentiment. He loved the woods and waters of his own country sincerely, and he clearly saw that the art of America was struggling for expression under new conditions. His numerous successors have recognised the same fact, and in representing the varied scenery of America have adapted their style to what they saw before them. When one considers that the great majority have had the most meagre opportunities of art-education, compared with those enjoyed by the students of Paris and London, who have been nurtured in the very atmosphere of art, the wonder is, not that they sometimes exhibit technical weakness, but that they have so often produced works creditable to the artist and the country alike.

And what a field American landscape-painters have had from which to choose material for their works! All the world has heard of the paintings of Frederick E. Church, who has so nobly illustrated the scenery of both North and South America.

One of the most distinguished of those painters who have demonstrated the quality of American art and the grandeur of American scenery is Thomas Moran. He was born in Bolton, Lancashire, in 1837. His father was of Irish extraction, and his mother was an Englishwoman. She must have been a woman of remarkable force and character, when we consider the talent her sons have inherited from their mother. One of them is a great landscape-painter, another has distinguished himself as an animal-painter, while yet another has won reputation in marine-painting. Her grandchildren are likewise rapidly winning position in *genre*. It is noteworthy that the brothers are married to ladies who are well known as painters and etchers. The family, therefore, already includes nine living artists of more than average ability.

When Thomas Moran was seven years of age his parents crossed the Atlantic and settled in Philadelphia. He received a fair education at school, and was then placed with a wood-engraver, with whom he remained two years, and acquired a good knowledge of the art. This has undoubtedly been of the greatest service to him, for it gave him firmness and steadiness of touch, together with accuracy and persistent effort. It may be said to constitute all the direct art-education Mr. Moran has ever received.

But, while he never took lessons in a studio, he was quick at observing, and was happily so situated as to be brought into contact with a number of able artists, at a time when Philadelphia was scarcely behind New York in richness of art influences and facilities. Chief among the artists with whom young Moran associated was James Hamilton, the marine-painter, who was one of the most imaginative artists of this century. Hamilton lived next door to the Morans, and took a great interest in the early efforts of Thomas Moran. Not only did he aid him with wholesome advice, but out of his scanty purse he sometimes purchased some of the young artist's water-colours; for after leaving the engraver's, Mr. Moran had devoted himself to water-colour painting, and with such success that he was soon able to find a rapid sale for his sketches.

At the age of twenty-three, Mr. Moran took up oil-colours, and painted a scene from Shelley's "Alastor." The subject was highly characteristic of his mental cast, for imagination is perhaps his master quality. He sailed for England in 1862, thirsting for larger opportunities of self-improvement. While in London he made a special study of Turner's works in the National Gallery, several of which he carefully copied. His admiration for Turner has undoubtedly influenced him as a colourist, being quite traceable in some of his works, though never to such a degree as to indicate the effacement of his own individuality. On his return to America, Mr. Moran's remarkable fertility of fancy, aided by his great technical skill and rapidity of execution, brought numerous demands on his pencil, and he soon acquired repute as an illustrator of books and magazines.

It was this which eventually led him to settle in New York; *Scribner's Monthly* gave him so many commissions that in order to be near the publishers he removed to that city. As a proof of his readiness and popularity, it may be stated that during the last eight years, in addition to the large number of paintings and etchings he has produced, he has designed over 2,000 illustrations.

Mr. Moran re-visited Europe in 1866, and made a careful study of the works of the masters in France, Italy, and Germany. On his return in 1871 an opportunity was offered him of accompanying the United States' exploring expedition conducted by Professor Hayden to the Yellowstone River in Wyoming territory. This river courses through a most extraordinary region. It is of sulphureous formation. Hot springs and geysers abound, and the sulphur rocks and cliffs assume the most fantastic shapes, and are tinted with vivid blue, red, and especially yellow colours. Sometimes one can, without any stretch of fancy, imagine himself in some deserted city of the orient, whose highly-coloured walls, battlements, palaces, minarets, and towers yet remain, while all the inhabitants are gone except the vulture and the kite and the lizard. Through a narrow tortuous seam in this singular country winds the Yellowstone River; the gorge is often 1,000 feet deep. Mr. Moran took many careful sketches, chiefly in water-colours, of these impressive scenes, some of which, I believe, are now owned at Salisbury, England. On his return to New York he resumed his impressions upon a canvas 12 feet long and 7 feet broad. It was called "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone." The extraordinary forms and colours it contained were a revelation to the public. No such scenery had ever been discovered or imagined before. The terrible desolation, the appalling magnificence and grandeur of these castellated cliffs, draped with the hues of the rainbow, were bewilderingly fascinating. The representative character of the work, as well as its artistic merit, gave it a national importance. It was purchased by Congress for 10,000 dollars, and hung in the Capitol at Washington.

The following year Mr. Moran made a trip to the famous valley of the Yosemite in California, where he made many interesting studies. In 1873 he accompanied the expedition conducted by Major Powell under the auspices of the Government, to explore the little known country through which rolls the Colorado River. The tremendous character of this part of America may be gathered from the fact that for 200 miles the stream descends at the rate of 500 to 200 feet a mile through a chasm averaging less than 300 feet in width. The walls of this awful gorge are 7,000 feet in depth, the cliffs seeming to close in overhead and to leave only a faint crack through which the sky dimly appears.

The descent of this terrible river, to which the Acheron of the ancients in Acarnania is a mere summer rivulet, has only twice been made. The first time it was accomplished by James White, in 1867. He had several companions who were traversing the west with him. Being pursued by the Indians, their only hope of escape was to betake themselves to the waters of this unknown river, of whose appalling character they had only the faintest idea. Hastily constructing a frail raft, and trusting themselves to Providence, they launched on the turbulent tide. The provisions and all on board the raft were washed off in descending one of the rapids, excepting White alone. For ten days after that he drifted with the river, through that subterranean chasm, in a solitude such as no human being has probably ever experienced before, and with scarce any expectation of ever re-visiting the glimpses of the moon. But destiny was in his favour —the world needed to know of this wonderful river. Almost dead with hunger and terror, he at last arrived at the settlement of Collville, after a voyage that eclipses the exploits of Sinbad the Sailor.

It is one of the most picturesque and least forbidding aspects of this river that appears in the painting made by Mr. Moran on his return from this expedition. It is of the same size as his Yellowstone picture; and he calls it the "Grand Chasm of the Colorado." This also was purchased by Congress for 10,000 dollars.

The formation of the Colorado cliffs is altogether different from that of those along the Yellowstone. They are of red sandstone; and the geologist in studying them can follow all the processes by which Nature constructs her rock-fortresses through the long procession of the ages. Major Powell's expedition, in boats especially constructed for the purpose, succeeded James White in tracing the course of the Colorado, and made such a scientific study of its character as the terrible difficulties they had to encounter would permit. It hardly seems probable that the Colorado will ever become a resort for picnic parties or the followers of the rod.

Mr. Moran's zest of travel and exploration, his enthusiasm for the grander aspects of nature, had been, not satisfied, but stimulated by what he had already seen, and urged him to further adventure. Therefore he turned his face westward again in the following year. This time it was to the Rocky Mountains that he directed his attention. The result was, if less startling, perhaps more pleasing than that of his previous expeditions. He brought home with him studies which matured into a painting of marked

originality and power. It was called "The Mountain of the Holy Cross," and represents one of the most remarkable peaks of the great range which forms the water-shed of North America.

This mountain lies about 150 miles west of Denver. Its name is due to the early Spanish missionaries, and was suggested by a curious phenomenon at the summit. Two rifts or clefts in the rock several hundred feet in length bisect each other in such wise as to form a cross. In these clefts the snow lies eternal; when it melts and flows from the great mountain in summer, it remains in that vast sculptured cross, a white mark visible from a long distance. Who shall say that there is not a symbolical meaning here? Who can affirm that it is accident alone which placed the sacred sign on the brow of the Mountain of the Holy Cross?

Nor has Mr. Moran's genius confined itself to the delineation of the sublime scenery of the great west. He has also visited the south, and revelled in its gorgeous colours and its affluence of tropic vegetation. The music of the palm has touched his soul, and the tender azure of the skies which overarch Mexico's Gulf has kindled his fancy. Among the number of admirable paintings suggested by such scenes may be mentioned his "Ponce de Leon in Florida." This is a large canvas, and represents a clearing, or rather an opening, in a dense, luxuriant grove of palms and oaks, draped with the long festoons of Spanish moss. A little on one side of this clearing De Leon and his companions are seen coming to a halt. The grouping of the figures is excellent and attractive; but the chief merit of the painting is the poetic faithfulness with which the character of a southern forest is suggested. The pendulous masses of graceful foliage are most effectively rendered, and make this one of Mr. Moran's finest works.

His versatility appears again in the representation of quiet woodland scenes about home, or oozy flats near Brooklyn, above which loom, half hidden in mist, the warehouses and wharves of a great city on a sullen, melancholy day in October. Few artists, again, have undertaken to paint so many varieties of cloud-scenery. Indeed, there is scarcely an effect of nature which Mr. Moran has not represented, and generally with excellent success. While he reverences the local truth of a scene, conscious that it is impossible for man to improve the creations of the Almighty, he so renders it as to give it the unmistakable stamp of his own mind and style, and invests it with the poetic sentiment of a highly-wrought imagination. At the same time there is little, if any, of the subtle feeling of impressionism in his method. While there is sufficient breadth in his treatment; while details, although abundantly given, are subordinated to the central idea; there is little of that suggestiveness in his work which is so highly esteemed at the present day. He makes a frank statement of what he sees or desires to express. The imagination of the beholder is in no sense over-taxed before his paintings. This, perhaps, is the true way when one is giving a representation of an actual scene with strongly-marked features of its own; and it must be admitted that such a method is far more likely to win popular interest than one that is more subtle and refined.

Mr. Moran employs colour with great mastery; there is no thinness or weakness evident in his paintings. The texture of rocks and foliage is carefully and truthfully reproduced. He is partial to the brighter aspects of nature, and succeeds in representing them without conveying the impression of garishness. A painting he has recently completed shows a sublime, isolated peak, cloven in the centre, that soars like a Titanic feudal tower above the banks of the Green River, a tributary of the Colorado. The colours of this natural fortress are vivid copper, streaked with vermilion, and merging into leaden-grey. It is painted sun-smitten against the foreboding gloom of a coming storm. The broad river flows grandly at its base through an endless plain that fades off like the ocean into the infinite. In the foreground a troop of Indian warriors, in the gay accoutrements of battle, are guiding their spirited ponies through long sere herbage to the river's brink. The colours in this painting, with the contrasted greys and reds, are very striking, and yet are so admirably harmonised that one is convinced without hesitation that the scene must be strictly true to nature.

During the last two years Mr. Moran has given much attention to etching on copper. When he was residing in Philadelphia he not only learned to engrave on wood, but did much lithography as well. He also invented a simple process of etching on glass. Covering a plate of glass with a thin film of collodion, he traced the design on it with a sharply-pointed stick. On placing the glass over a dark background, a very delicate etching became apparent. His experience of these forms of engraving has been of advantage to him in executing the admirable etchings which have already attracted the attention of connoisseurs both at home and abroad. He and his wife (Mrs. Mary Nimmo Moran) are both Fellows of the British Society of Painter-Etchers.

Among some of his more important works may also be mentioned "The Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior," "The Track of the Storm," "The Flight into Egypt," and "The Children of the Mountain." The highly-imaginative series of drawings illustrating "Hiawatha" are also finely designed, and are in every way worthy of the famous legend. A cut of one of this series, several of which have been already



THE MOUNTAIN OF THE HOLY CROSS, COLORADO.

(From the Picture by Thomas Moran.)

engraved on steel, accompanies this article. It illustrates the following episode in Longfellow's beautiful poem :—

"Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Lying huge upon the water,
Sparkling, rippling in the water,
Lying coiled across the passage,
With their blazing crests uplifted,
Breathing fiery fogs and vapours,
So that none could pass beyond them.



THE HAUNT OF THE KENABEEK.

(*From the Drawing by Thomas Moran.*)

But the fearless Hiawatha
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise :
'Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
Let me go upon my journey!'
And they answered, hissing fiercely,
With their fiery breath made answer :
'Back, go back, O Shaugodaya!
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!'
Then the angry Hiawatha
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
Shot them fast among the serpents;
Every twanging of the bow-string
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,
Every whizzing of an arrow
Was a death-song of Kenabeek."

It is not often that a designer has so excellent an opportunity as is afforded by these picturesque and vigorous lines. Mr. Moran has depicted the scene with his accustomed vivacity of imagination, and has shown us the Indian hero, a kind of redskin Hercules, meeting in his birch-bark canoe with the pestilent and fearful monsters, "breathing fogs and fiery vapours," of whom his tribe stand so much in dread. Beyond him is an awe-inspiring sunset, whose fiery gleams light up the black and sluggish water upon which he is depicted as sailing. Around him on every hand are gloomy cliffs and strange-shaped bluffs—the principal features in the poetic landscape. Before him are his enemies, the Kenabeek; and he must conquer them or perish. The design is one of undoubted poetry and spirit; and Mr. Moran is heartily to be congratulated on his successful accomplishment of a very difficult task.

In considering the variety and excellence of Mr. Moran's attainments in art, it is impossible to assign him any other than very great ability. If he has not achieved the highest flights of art, he has yet exhibited extraordinary versatility in doing many things and doing them well, together with a very unusual exuberance of imagination. Furthermore, the public owe him a debt of gratitude for the enterprise and ability which have done so much to entertain and instruct.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

A CHAT ABOUT BELLS.

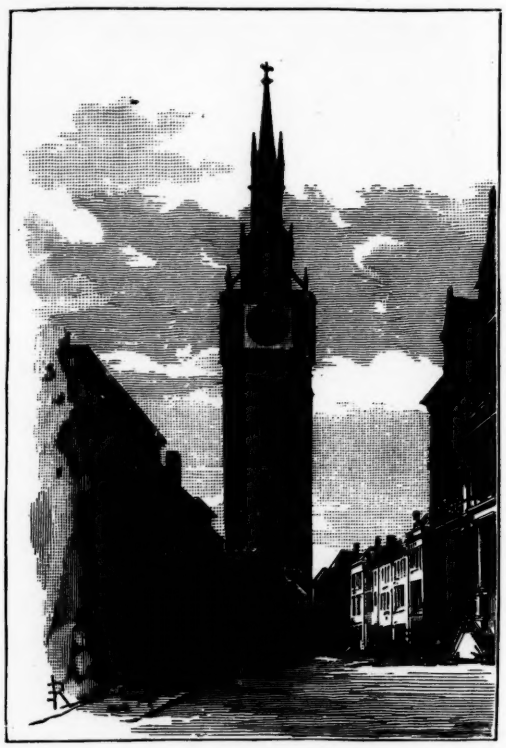


ST. NINIAN'S BELL.

BELLS!—I am told that a shoemaker can prove that without leather life would be a blank, if not an impossibility. But have you ever considered what a blank life would be without bells? I have; and in my article on "Bells" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" I have noted over thirty uses of *small* bells only. I do not ask where would you be without the big ones, but where even without the little ones? You want your servant, but the bell-wire has broken; the time of night, but the clock won't strike; you would rise early, your alarm won't go off; the cow's bell is gone, and she strays; the plough-horse misses his ringing bauble, and flags; you lose your muffins, for the policeman has been down on the muffin-man's bell; the town-crier feels lost without his bell, and bawls unheeded; the dinner-bell ceases to call the hungry; the shop-bell gives no warning of the buyer's entrance, nor the shutter-bell of the burglar; 'tis no longer "knock and ring," and the guest knocks in vain; the invalid's hand-bell calls not the nurse; the kitchen-bell calls not the cook; the coral *and bells* soothe not the fretful infant. The vision of human misery and loss which rises before me is too appalling, and all for the want of a few little bells. I will pass on.

Up to 1500 the history of bells will lie very well in a nutshell. We can leave the Biblical critics to fight over the bells in Exodus xxviii. 32—35, and Mr. Layard to puzzle the antiquaries with his bells from Nineveh. The following statements may be relied upon, and are enough. Small bells were used before large ones, and large ones were used in India and China long before they reached Europe. Lucian, about 180 A.D., mentions a bell rung by a water-clock—a *clepsydra*. The Romans used bells at the baths, and the Christian Church adopted them about 400. In 550 they were common in France; in 650 they had got to England; and in the tenth and eleventh centuries they were common in Switzerland and Germany. St. Patrick's bell at Belfast (1091), alluded to in the "Ulster Annals," 552, is still to be seen; St. Ninian's bell at Edinburgh we give a sketch of; St. Gall's bell (646) is at St. Gall, Switzerland. These were hand-bells. The oldest are quadrangular, made of thin plates of copper or iron, hammered and riveted together, and must always have had a most vile sound, which, as they were much used for frightening the devil, may have been one of their chief merits.

Orleans boasted of a bell of 2,600 lbs. in the eleventh century. Paris had her "Jacqueline," 15,000 lbs., in 1400; and Rouen her "Amboise," of 36,364 lbs., in 1501. Bells were not uncommonly sent from Italy and France to England, as presents from the Pope or foreign potentates. Such were the five bells in King's College, Cambridge, sent in 1456 by Pope Calixtus III. The great bell of Moscow is the largest in the world. It is called the "Czar Kolokol"—king of bells; but it was never used. It was cast in 1734, but is badly cracked. It weighs 193 tons, and now rests on the ground and serves for a chapel; it is 21 feet high. Another Moscow bell, cast in 1819, weighs 80 tons. Next to these come the Pekin bell, 14 feet high, 53½ tons; those at



THE BELFRY OF GHENT.

Olmutz, Rouen, Vienna, about 18 tons; "Big Ben," Westminster (cracked), 14 tons; Montreal, 13½ tons; York, 10¾; Lincoln, 5½; St. Paul's old bell, 5½.

With 1550—1750 we reach the golden age of bells, and in Belgium we touch the classic land of bells. But before I give some account of the further history of the bells in Europe and the triumphs of the bell art, especially in the Low Countries, I should like to call attention to the romantic position of the bells as they hang at this moment, hoary with age, in their venerable tower.

As we wing our imaginary flight from one ancient belfry to another, "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them" literally pass in review before us. The boom of "Great Tom" in St. Paul's Cathedral floats over the winding Thames, reaches to the brows of the Hampstead Hills—the only outlines, perchance, which remain unbroken from the time of the Druids. It is, too, strange in the silence of the night, whilst the moon sets forth over the Colosseum and sparkles upon the pinnacles that rise on either side of Michael Angelo's great dome, to hear the brazen tongue of the Capitol bell answering across the city to the clang of St. Peter's. Striking sound! parable of the unbroken continuity of a people's life. Eternal Aves! for ever wafted from the sepulchres of the Cæsars to the mausoleum of the Popes!

Impressive as is the view from Strasburg tower across the Alsatian plain to the Vosges, or that from Milan over the rich Lombard plain to the Alps, or from Salisbury or Durham, perhaps the panorama from Notre Dame at Antwerp bears off the palm for extent and singularity. One hundred and twenty-six steeples on a clear day may be seen from the Antwerp tower. Facing north, the Scheldt disappears in the North Sea, and ship-captains declare that they can make out Antwerp spire for 150 miles. Yonder are Middleburg at full 75, Flessing at 65, and, towards Holland, Breda and Walladuc, about 54 miles off; to the south, almost all the great Belgian towers are in sight of each other—St. Gudule's at Brussels, and Mechlin, and a host of others, mostly having carillons or large suites of bells tuned musically, such as at Bruges, Tournay, Mechlin, or Louvain.

In every village, in every town, the top of the tower ought to be the first place to which the traveller should repair. There he would get the finest view, there he ought to find the cleanest staircase, the trimmest belfry, the sweetest bells. Let deans and chapters see to it anon. A little bell meditation would save cruel ruin and much expense. Everywhere I find the hanging of the bells neglected, and never without damage to the tower. No one knows, no one cares, until one fine day the tower cracks.

I verily believe that since I have lifted up my voice, in season and out of season, some improvement has taken place. I have received letters on this matter from all parts of the country, which prove to me that interest in bells has revived, and led to the examination of many a neglected belfry; and a few timely visits have opened the eyes of responsible ecclesiastics not only to cracked bells, but to rotten stairs, filthy lofts, loose beams, and splitting towers.



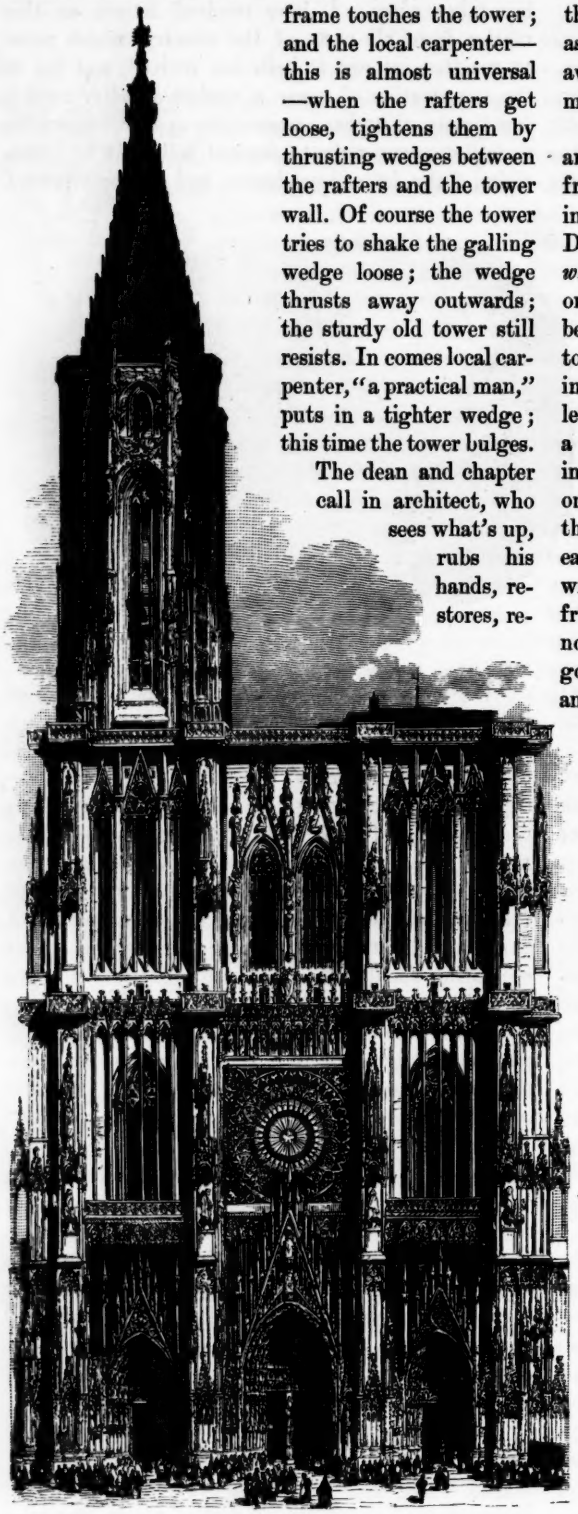
DURHAM BELFRY.

Whilst I am on bell sites, let me repeat that both in York and Durham the bells are too high up. In York are twelve bells all crowded together, instead of being in an upper and lower floor. In Durham—superb site—the lower side tower ought to have been used, and not the perilous height at the top of the middle tower. How perilous such sites are, how unfit for any additional strain, we see from the fact that Westminster middle tower cannot be built at all, nor can Salisbury bells be rung, for fear the undue oscillation should affect the central elevation. Out of sight out of mind!

A word in season about bell-frames—surely a pardonable digression if it should tend to the salvation of the towers in which the bells hang. "I have scarcely ever examined an ancient church tower," writes Mr. Gilbert Scott, "which I have not found shattered by the use of a bell-frame constructed on the ordinary principle." The bell-frame is usually attached to the inside of the tower wall, and when the bells are rung the tower rocks, and in time rocks down. Well, I would cut a space of three or four inches clear round on each floor, and let the bell scaffolding rise clean through. The bell-frame has nothing to do with the tower, except (when it touches it)—the undoing of it.

Is there one dean or architect in the land who will hear, or hearing heed? Yet a continuous and ultimately ineffectual drain on the cathedral funds might be saved, and matchless old towers would stand for

centuries which are now daily being taken down, or almost worse—re-built. And all because the bell-frame touches the tower; and the local carpenter—this is almost universal—when the rafters get loose, tightens them by thrusting wedges between the rafters and the tower wall. Of course the tower tries to shake the galling wedge loose; the wedge thrusts away outwards; the sturdy old tower still resists. In comes local carpenter, "a practical man," puts in a tighter wedge; this time the tower bulges. The dean and chapter call in architect, who sees what's up, rubs his hands, restores, re-builds at a cost of £10,000! If it happens to be only some precious Gothic gem in a remote village, the matter is simpler—the bells are silenced; then, as there are no funds, the tower is lowered, and away goes for ever the noblest bell site for fifty miles round!



STRASBURG BELFRY.

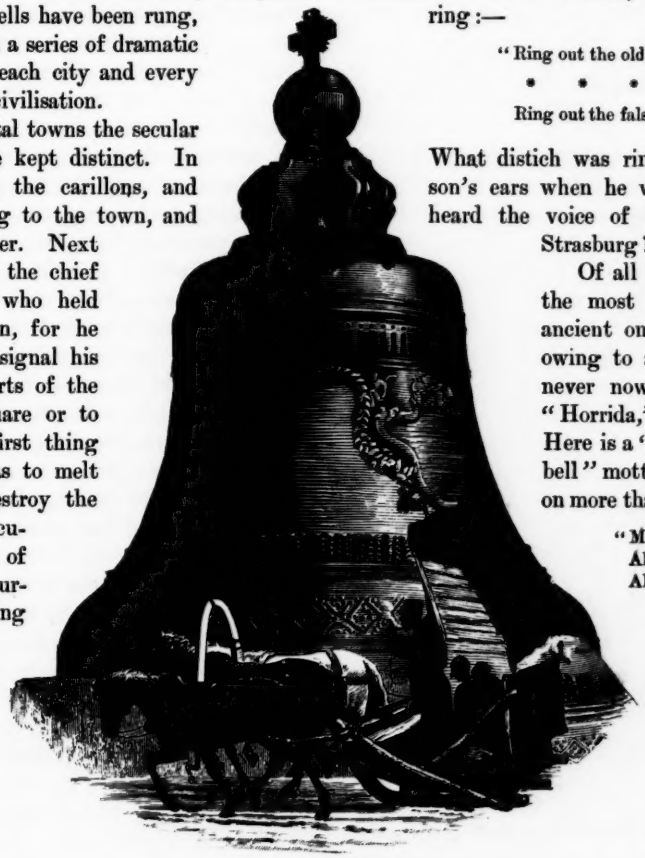
The rules for hanging bells are few and simple, and yet who regards them? First, let your bell-frame, if possible, be free of your tower walls, as it is in Mr. Gilbert Scott's church, Cattistock Rectory, Dorchester. If this is impossible, make it *as much one with* the tower as may be, that the whole may rock as one mass. Second, never put wedges between the bell-frame and the wall. Third, when there are two towers the bells should be distributed—the clock bells in one, the peal bells in the other. As far as possible, let the big bells hang by themselves—at all events, on a separate floor. You can put some of the little bells in the steeple if absolutely necessary, but, as a rule, once fairly above the adjacent chimneys, the lower the better are the bells. Fourth, let your bells ring easily; when they won't, the leverage is, of course, wrong: hence double labour, uncertain percussion, friction, and ruin to bell-frame. Bell-hanging is not the business of the local carpenter. It requires good mechanicians, like Messrs. Gillett and Bland, and it is vastly cheaper in the long-run to employ the right people and pay the right price.

It is difficult to think without emotion of the dramatic *rôle* which large bells have played in history. When the king dies the bell tolls "Le Roi est mort!" an hour later the bells ring out merrily, "Vive le Roi!" With sad satire they rang peal after peal as Henry VIII. led wife after wife to the altar, and tolled as impassively for the execution of those same unhappy ladies. They herald in all the great epochs of history. They rang at the birth of Charles Stuart, and tolled in a few years for his execution. Chester bells sent out a merry peal, alternated with one deep toll, to signal Nelson's triumph and death at Trafalgar; and who that heard it can forget the tolling of St. Paul's bell as the great Duke of Wellington's coffin passed up Ludgate Hill amidst the silent crowd?

There is a large green bell in Pisa's leaning tower which for centuries has borne the death sentence to the criminal's ear as he passed across the bridge to his execution. I remember looking with interest at that thin green battered tongue, which sufficed long ago to tell the awe-stricken Pisans that the wretched Ugolino, starved to death in a neighbouring dungeon, had at length ceased to breathe. At the ringing of the bells in Sicily, on the third

day of Easter, 1282, 8,000 French were massacred in cold blood, by John of Procida, in his desperate attempt to free Sicily from Charles of Anjou. The London bells rang merrily for the return of Charles II., and for the coronation of his brother, James II., and a few years more they lent their fatal and unprincipled tongues to the praises of William of Orange. They are indeed the voice of man's triumph, vacillation, and despair! And to tell how, when, and where the great city bells have been rung, would be to sum up in a series of dramatic pictures the story of each city and every century of Christian civilisation.

In many Continental towns the secular and religious bells are kept distinct. In Antwerp the curfew, the carillons, and St. Mary's bell belong to the town, and the rest to the chapter. Next to cannon, bells were the chief city guardians. He who held the bell held the town, for he alone could instantly signal his followers from all parts of the city to the great square or to the ramparts. The first thing on taking a town was to melt the bells and thus destroy the signal for revolt. A curious old social use of bells survives in the curfew. Of old, houses being made of wood, periodic conflagrations suggested to William the Conqueror the device of the "Couvre-feu" bell, at the sound of which, at eight o'clock, all lights were to be put out. It has survived to this day in the fen districts of Oxford and Cambridge as a guide to travellers out on the marshes, and is still rung every night—not without benefit to the weary pedestrian as he trudges home to college through the autumnal fog. So, too, one still may hear the bell of Strasburg Cathedral give out the storm-signal or "recall." From the top of the tower the watchers could see the storm driving from the Vosges, and at the sound of the ominous bell the traveller through the once densely-wooded plain sought timely shelter or hurried homeward. At Strasburg, also, the "Thor," or gate-bell, which used to ring in all fortified towns at the closing of the city gates, still rings, though many ramparts are now in ruins, ditches are turned into gardens, and drawbridges have become fixtures.



THE BELL OF MOSCOW.

The Strasburg gate-bell, cast in 1618, and since re-cast, bore the following inscription:—

"Dieser Thor Gloche das erstmal Schallt
Alv mau, 1618, Sahlf
Dars Mgte juhr requet mau
Nach Doctor Luther, Jubal Jahr,
Das Bös hindus das Gut hinein
Zu Länten Soll igr arbeit Seyn."

I remember some other lines, which have the same ring:—

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
* * * * * *
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

What distich was ringing in Mr. Tennyson's ears when he wrote that? Had he heard the voice of the old gate-bell at Strasburg?

Of all bells the "Tocsin" is the most awful. There is an ancient one in Antwerp, which, owing to age and infirmity, is never now rung; it is called "Horrida," and dates from 1316. Here is a "Tocsin" and "storm-bell" motto combined; it occurs on more than one Belgian bell:—

"Mynem naem is Roelant,
Als ich clippe dan is brandt,
Als ich myde dan is storm in
Vlienderland."

Which, being interpreted, may stand: "My name is Roelant; when I toll, then it is for a fire; when I swing, then it is stormy weather in Flanders."

But bells are even more intimately connected with religious than with secular life. All Church history, Church doctrine, and Church discipline is set to bell music. The wedding, the birthday, and the funeral are welded to religion by the church bell. In Catholic countries, at least, the bell is the teacher of doctrine and the guardian of religion. On a "Holy Ghost" bell the devotee is taught the constant aspiration of the Church militant here on earth:

"O Rex Christe veni cum pace."

On another, the perpetual summons to prayer—

"Vox ego sum Vitæ,
Voco vos—orate—venite."

Whilst F. Hemyon, the great Belgian bell-founder

of the sixteenth century, welds his bell to the songs of the stars and the voices of universal nature with this sweet motto—

"Non sunt loquellæ neque sermones,
Audiuntur voces eorum."

The life of the old monks must have been completely bound up with the sound of their various



THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

bells. The "Signum" woke up the monastery at cock-crow. The "Squilla" announced the frugal meal in the refectory; but if some brethren were still missing, the cloister-bell, or "Campanella," had to be rung. The abbot's "cordon," or hand-bell, summoned the servile brother to his superior; whilst the "Petasius," a large hand-bell, was used to ring in the brethren who were ploughing the fields. The "Tiniolum" sounded for bed. The "Noctula," or "Dupla," awoke the monks at intervals to watch and pray. The dreaded "Corrigiumcula" was the scourging-bell, and at its sound the holy men flogged themselves or were flogged. But the bell of all others which awoke the keenest emotion was the little silver-toned "Nota," or choir-bell, rung at the consecration of the elements. When that shrill and irregular ringing is heard through cloister and nave, the monks fall prostrate and cross themselves—the dread miracle is being at that moment consummated; and only the most bigoted Protestant can withstand the indescribable thrill caused to this day by the ringing of the sacramental bell, whilst the clouds of incense float upwards, and the crowd in every part of the church bow low in adoration of what is believed to be the very Presence of the Sacred Host. Our Protestant associations with church bells are perhaps less awful, but scarcely less touching and pathetic. We no longer ring bells to announce the miracle of transubstantiation; nor do we use them, as of old, to drive away demons or exorcise spirits. But the passing-bell in a country churchyard—breaking the stillness of the summer afternoon, and arresting for a moment the busy haymakers as they pause to listen and remember some old comrade who will no more be seen in their ranks—is scarcely less suggestive and solemn.

Bells, too, are as dear to art as to religion. Millet has painted the sound and sentiment of the Angelus into his noblest picture. With the backward toll of the death-bells Berlioz has heightened the horror of his "Sabbat." Hugo embodies their goblin genius in the dwarfed and misshapen hero of his wild novel. Dickens has but to hear and understand them to call forth the "phantasmal hopes and fears" of Trotty Veck. Dante's heart grows pitiful, listening to them from afar: "Che paia il giorno pianger che si muore." The scholar Villon waxes earnest as he bids the ringers go to work, and sound "Le gros Beffroy, qui n'est de verre." Schiller sees the bell a-casting, and builds the sight into a great and moving allegory. Heine, lying in the summer meadows, weaves the wayward melody of bells into a love-song and a love-dream. Poe, Milton, Baudelaire, Wordsworth, Sidney, Tennyson, Gray, Longfellow, Browning, all have sung them; and so in many a tongue has many another poet, all the world over. All literature, indeed, is loud with their generous music.

With the season of Christmas the ringing of our English peals is inseparably interwoven; and at the midnight service now so customary on New Year's Eve, who can hear untouched the striking of that midnight bell, which seems, as the crowd is kneeling within, to bear away on its wave of sound the hopes and fears and tumultuous passions of the dead year? When its echoes have ceased, those kneeling crowds feel that one more chapter in the book of life has been written, for that bell has sealed the troubled past, and heralded in with its iron, inexorable, though trembling lips, the unknown future.

H. R. Haweis.

"THE GRANDFATHER'S BLESSING."

By the late Adolphe Tidemand.

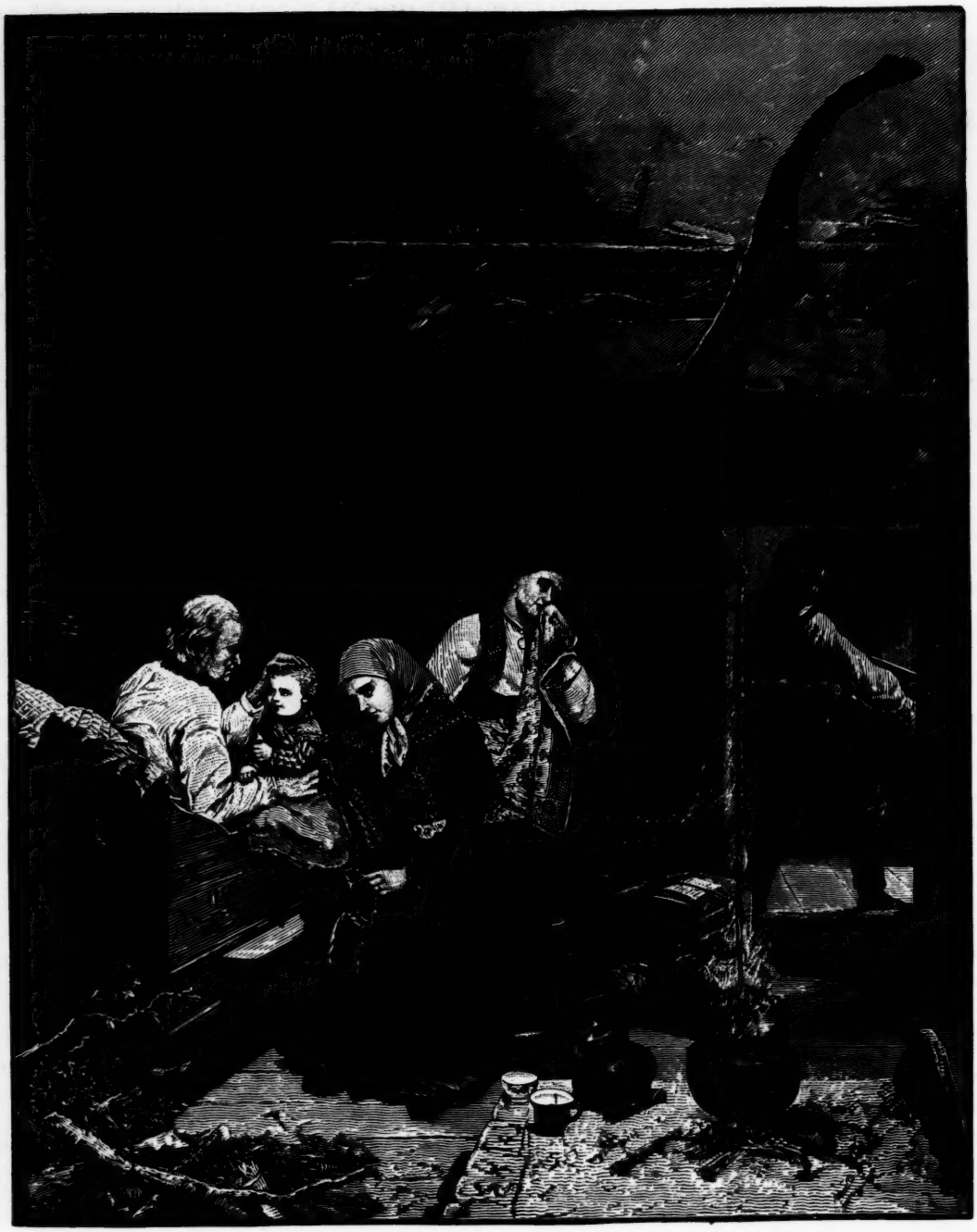


PEASANT life in Norway had for many years a careful student and painter in the artist whose *genre* picture we reproduce on our next page. Without any great gifts of colour or dramatic power he was yet able in composition, full of sympathy with the life which he illustrated, and a practiser of that neat, accomplished, and complete manner of execution which some of the Norwegian painters have in common with the Dutch, and which, though not dexterous in the French sense, is yet sufficiently scientific. There is so much of distinctive costume and of local colour left among the people of Norway and Sweden, that the artist finds in those countries far more real and sincere subjects than he can compose out of the hackneyed materials of bygone Roman or Neapolitan life. In that simple North, at least, he will not have to paint the pathetic from professional models; and he will find the rare and valuable virtue of unconsciousness among people whose country has not been made a European painting-ground.

Adolphe Tidemand was a member of the Academies of Berlin, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, and Stockholm, and his principal studies were at Düsseldorf, under Hildebrandt and Schadow. He aspired to something higher than *genre*, having executed some religious and historical works for a church in Christiania and for the castle of Oscarshall, near that city—the "Baptism of Christ" being among them. His most important picture is perhaps the "Assembly of the Haugiens," now in the gallery at Düsseldorf.

Not all essays in *genre* are profitable or praiseworthy. Humorous, they are apt to be trifling; pathetic, they are often but expressions of a more or less spurious sentimentality. The *genre*-painter who has not tact and humanity is a lost artist. Art for him is but another name for anecdotage in design. He tells his little tale; he makes his little point; his little mission is accomplished; and there is an end of him. In the present instance the story —such as it is—is told with much simplicity and no mean skill; it is inwrought, too, with a sincere and pleasing study of manners, so that in its way the picture may be considered a quite successful little work. The kindly northern folk whom Tidemand loved to paint are—as M. Du Chaillu has just told us—not yet over-civilised, are still so unsophisticated as to be able to feel deeply, and not to care a jot about hiding their feelings. This Tidemand knew; and "The Grandfather's Blessing" is a proof that he could utilise his knowledge earnestly and well. The material he has worked up is of the simplest. The married daughter has come back for a while to her old home. Her visit is ended, and she is departing to her husband's home once more. The trunks are corded, the bundles are tied; everything is ready; it is the moment of farewell. Her mother, loth to say good-bye, stands wiping her eyes. Her father, bedridden and old, lays his hand upon his grandchild's bared head and asks a blessing that maybe will be his last. The box-bed, the great rafters, the heap of firewood, the open hearth, the litter of crocks and kettles, the pot swinging from the beam, the quaint head-gear and quainter attire of the two women, are details studied from the life, and telling of other manners than ours. The figures, too, are natural in themselves, and natural in grouping and gesture. The prevailing sentiment is one of unaffected and tranquil domesticity. There are very many worse pictures than "The Grandfather's Blessing."

Of course it is not heroic art; but that in no way affects its position, and in no way detracts from its merits. The heroic does not always come natural to any of us; and there are many to whom it never comes natural at all. It is for these that men like Tidemand are born to paint. Tragedy dismays them; to them the epic is but a solemn and ostentatious dulness; for great passions, august experiences, the terrors of a tremendous fate, they have only bewilderment or fear. They love what is gentle, what is quiet, what is amiable and tender and engaging; and they are right to care for nothing in art that fails to touch them as they wish. It is the artist's function to appeal to the understanding through the emotions, and to teach us to think as we ought by making us feel as we ought. This being the case, it is certain that the influence of artists like Tidemand is beneficent in no mean degree, and that to be ungrateful for such art as they have it in them to produce is to disregard the needs and pleasures of at least three-fourths of one's fellow-creatures, and to forget that there is a home for all in the many-mansioned House of Art.



THE GRANDFATHER'S BLESSING.

(From the Painting by Adolphe Tidemand.)

THE BEAUTY OF THE FIELDS.



THE earth has a way of absorbing things that are placed upon it, of drawing from them their stiff individuality of newness, and throwing over them something of her own antiquity. As the furrow smoothes and brightens the share, as the mist eats away the sharpness of the iron angles, so, in a larger manner, the machines sent forth to conquer the soil are conquered by it, become a part of it, and as natural as the old, old scythe and reaping-hook. Thus already the new agriculture has grown hoar.

The oldest of the modern implements is the threshing-machine, which is historic, for it was once the cause of rural war. There are yeomanry-men still living who remember how they rode about at night after the rioters, guided by the blazing bonfires kindled to burn the newfangled things. Much blood—of John Barleycorn—was spilt in that campaign; and there is many a farmer yet hearty who recollects the ale-barrels being rolled up into the rick-yards and there broached in cans and buckets, that the rebels, propitiated with plentiful liquor, might forbear to set fire to the ricks or sack the homestead. Such memories read strange to the present generation, proving thereby that the threshing-machine has already grown old. It is so accepted that the fields would seem to lack something if it were absent. It is as natural as the ricks: things grow old so soon in the fields.

On the fitful autumn breeze, with brown leaves whirling and grey grass rustling in the hedges, the hum of the fly-wheel sounds afar, travelling through the mist which hides the hills. Sometimes the ricks are in the open stubble, up the Down side, where the wind comes in a long, strong rush, like a tide, carrying away the smoke from the funnel in a sweeping trail; while the brown canvas, stretched as a screen, flaps and tears, and the folk at work can scarce hear each other speak any more than you can by the side of the sea. Vast atmospheric curtains—what else can you call them?—roll away, opening a view of the stage of hills a moment, and, closing again, reach from heaven to earth around. The dark sky thickens and lowers as if it were gathering thunder, as women glean wheat-ears in their laps. It is not thunder; it is as if the wind grew solid and hurled itself—as a man might throw out his clenched fist—at the hill. The inclined plane of the mist-clouds again reflects a grey light, and, as if swept up by the fierce gale, a beam of sunshine comes. You see it first long, as it is at an angle; then overhead it shortens, and again lengthens after it has passed, somewhat like the spoke of a wheel. In the second of its presence a red handkerchief a woman wears on the ricks stands out, the brass on the engine glows, the water in the butt gleams, men's faces brighten, the cart-horse's coat looks glossy, the straw a pleasant yellow. It is gone, and lights up the backs of the sheep yonder as it runs up the hill swifter than a hare. Swish! The north wind darkens the sky, and the fly-wheel moans in the gloom; the wood-pigeons go a mile a minute on the wind, hardly using their wings; the brown woods below huddle together, rounding their shoulders to the blast; a great air-shadow, not mist, a shadow of thickness in the air looms behind a tiled roof in the valley. The vast profound is full of the rushing air.

These are days of autumn; but earlier than this, when the wheat that is now being threshed was ripe, the reaping-machine went round and round the field, beginning at the outside by the hedges. Red arms, not unlike a travelling windmill on a small scale, sweep the corn as it is cut and leave it spread on the ground. The bright red fans, the white jacket of the man driving, the brown and iron-grey horses, and yellow wheat are toned—melted together at their edges—with warm sunlight. The machine is lost in the corn, and nothing is visible but the colours, and the fact that it is the reaping, the time of harvest, dear to man these how many thousand years! There is nothing new in it; it is all old as the hills. The straw covers over the knives, the rims of the wheels sink into pimpernel, convolvulus, veronica; the dry earth powders them, and so all beneath is concealed. Above the sunlight (and once now and then the shadow of a tree) throws its mantle over, and, like the hand of an enchanter softly waving, surrounds it with a charm. So the cranks, and wheels, and knives, and mechanism do not exist—it was a machine in the workshop, but it is not a machine in the wheat-field. For the wheat-field you see is very, very old, and the air is of old time, and the shadow, the flowers, and the sunlight; and that which moves among them becomes of them. The solitary reaper alone in the great field goes round and round, the red fans striking beside him, alone with the sunlight, and the blue sky, and the distant hills; and he and his reaper are as much of the corn-field as the long-forgotten sickle or the reaping-hook.

The sharp rattle of the mowing-machine disturbs the corncrake in the meadow. Crake! crake! for

many a long day since the grass began to grow fast in April till the cowslips flowered, and white parsley flourished like a thicket, blue scabious came up, and yonder the apple-trees dropped their bloom. Crake! crake! nearly day and night; but now the rattle begins, and the bird must take refuge in the corn. Like the reaper, the mowing-machine is buried under the swathe it cuts, and flowers fall over it—broad ox-eye daisies and red sorrel. Upon the hedge June roses bloom; blackbirds whistle in the oaks; now and again come the soft hollow notes of the cuckoo. Angles and wheels, cranks and cogs, where are they? They are lost; it is not these we see, but the flowers and the pollen on the grass. There is an odour of new-made hay; there is the song of birds, and the trees are beautiful.

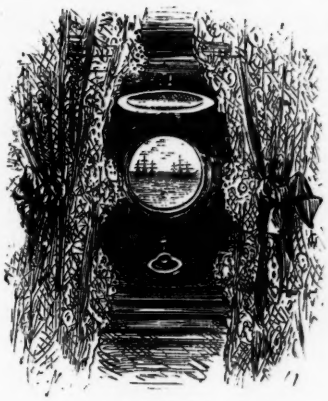
As for the drill in spring-time, it is ancient indeed, and ancients follow it—aged men stepping after over the clods, and watching it as if it were a living thing that the grains may fall each in its appointed place. Their faces, their gait, nay, the very planting of their heavy shoes' stamp on the earth, are full of the importance of this matter. On this the year depends, and the harvest, and all our lives, that the sowing be accomplished in good order, as is meet. Therefore they are in earnest, and do not turn aside to gaze at strangers, like those do who hoe, being of no account. This is a serious matter, needing men of days, little of speech, but long of experience. So the heavy drill, with its hanging rows of funnels, travels across the field well tended, and there is not one who notes the deep azure of the March sky above the elms.

Still another step, tracing the seasons backwards, brings in the steam-plough. When the spotted arum leaves unfold on the bank, before the violets or the first celandine, while the "pussies" hang on the hazel, the engines roll into the field, pressing the earth into barred ruts. The massive wheels leave their imprint, the footsteps of steam, behind them. By the hedges they stand, one on either side, and they hold the field between them with their rope of iron. Like the claws of some pre-historic monster, the shares rout up the ground; the solid ground is helpless before them; they tear and rend it. One engine is under an oak, dark yet with leafless boughs, up through which the black smoke rises; the other overtops a low hedge, and is in full profile. By the panting, and the humming, and the clanking as the drum unwinds, by the smoke hanging in the still air, by the trembling of the monster as it strains and tugs, by the sense of heat, and effort, and pent-up energy bubbling over in jets of steam that come through crevices somewhere, by the straightened rope and the jerking of the plough as it comes, you know how mighty is the power that thus in narrow space works its will upon the earth. Planted broadside, its four limbs—the massive wheels—hold the ground like a wrestler drawing to him the unwilling opponent. Humming, panting, trembling, with stretched but irresistible muscles, the iron creature conquers, and the plough approaches. All the field for the minute seems concentrated in this thing of power. There are acres and acres, scores of acres around, but they are a surface only. This is the central spot: they are nothing, mere matter. This is force—Thor in another form. If you are near you cannot take your eyes off the sentient iron, the wrestler straining. But now the plough has come over, and the signal given reverses its way. The lazy monotonous clanking as the drum unwinds on this side, the rustling of the rope as it is dragged forth over the clods, the quiet rotation of the fly-wheel—these sounds let the excited thoughts down as the rotating fly-wheel works off the maddened steam. The combat over, you can look round.

It is the February summer that comes, and lasts a week or so between the January frosts and the east winds that rush through the thorns. Some little green is even now visible along the mound where seed-leaves are springing up. The sun is warm, and the still air genial, the sky only dotted with a few white clouds. Wood-pigeons are busy in the elms, where the ivy is thick with ripe berries. There is a feeling of spring and of growth; in a day or two we shall find violets; and listen, how sweetly the larks are singing! Some chase each other, and then hover fluttering above the hedge. The stubble, whitened by exposure to the weather, looks lighter in the sunshine, and the distant view is softened by haze. A water-tank approaches, and the cart-horse steps in the pride of strength. The carter's lad goes to look at the engine and to wonder at the uses of the gauge. All the brazen parts gleam in the bright sun, and the driver presses some waste against the piston; now it works slowly, till it shines like polished silver. The red glow within, as the furnace-door is opened, lights up the lad's studious face beneath like sunset. A few brown leaves yet cling to one bough of the oak, and the rooks come over cawing happily in the unwonted warmth. The low hum and the monotonous clanking, the rustling of the wire rope, give a sense of quiet. Let us wander along the hedge, and look for signs of spring. This is to-day. To-morrow, if we come, the engines are half-hidden from afar by driving sleet and scattered snow-flakes fleeting aslant the field. Still sternly they labour in the cold and gloom. A third time you may find them, in September or bright October, with acorns dropping from the oaks, the distant sound of the gun, and perhaps a pheasant looking out from the corner. If the moon be full and bright they work on an hour or so by her light, and the vast shadows of the engines are thrown upon the stubble.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

THE DECORATION OF A YACHT.



A PORTHOLE.

QUITE recently I was in a little Scotch cabin, the mud and stone walls of which were simply white-washed. The square box-like bed-places, however, were all papered round with pictures from the *Illustrated* and *Graphic*, a fact which was explained by the old forester's wife, who said, in answer to my inquiries, "Oh, my lady, those were given to us by the gentry who were shooting up at the lodge last year: and sure those pictures gave us a power of thought and talk last winter, when we were snowed up."

The connection between a rude Highland hut and a large well-furnished yacht may appear somewhat slender; but there is at least this point of resemblance, that each is capable of artistic improvement, and that without the aid of art the one would be almost as comfortless and desolate looking as the other. This brief introduction brings me to the subject on which I have been asked to write—the artistic furnishing of a yacht, and the desirability of making what is essentially a vessel constructed for pleasure and amusement as much like a floating house and as little like an ordinary passenger-steamer as possible.

It is hardly necessary to say that on such a subject no positive rules can be laid down, since so much must depend upon individual tastes and upon a variety of other circumstances. All I can do, therefore, is to offer a few suggestions, founded upon my own experience; and I can see no better way of doing this than by describing in some detail the arrangements which have been adopted on board our own yacht, the *Sunbeam*, and which have stood the test of several long voyages.

In the first place, it is necessary to remark that, with regard to a yacht, it is quite impossible to separate the question of mere ornament and decoration from that of practical utility. The matter would be greatly simplified if one had to deal with a vessel intended always to remain within the friendly shelter of the Isle of Wight; but a yacht such as I have in view must be prepared to encounter much rough weather and many changes of climate, and all her interior fittings and arrangements must be made accordingly. On a yacht, more than anywhere else, it is absolutely necessary that everything, however trifling, should be good of its kind. There must be no sham and no shoddy, no flimsy false pretences, or the first wholesome breeze—to say nothing of a gale—will blow them all to pieces, or at least make them share the fate of the fringes and furbelows in which ladies sometimes think proper to go to sea, instead of attiring themselves in a plain serge or tweed costume, with a sensible firm hat. The space available on board even the largest yacht is, after all, so small, compared with that of an ordinary house, that the cost of material is a proportionately less important consideration, whether it be paper or cretonne, felt or stout baize, or even Utrecht velvet. For the latter the baize and felt are excellent substitutes, producing almost as good an effect, and wearing equally well. In fact, it is not the price of the materials, but the cost of labour and workmanship which forms a serious item of expenditure. The special character of the work, executed as it must of necessity be within a very limited space, makes it, as a rule, so costly that one quite dreads the appearance of an artificer or mechanic of any sort on board. Once fairly started as regards substantials, the lighter decoration of the cabins—with pictures, curios, ornaments, lace, and flowers—can be easily accomplished with a hammer and a few tin-tacks and screws, and the occasional aid of the ship's carpenter.

We cannot now, I think, do better than proceed to make a complete and systematic inspection of the *Sunbeam*, with a view of noting whatever may appear of general interest and value, more particularly in reference to the special points with which this article is supposed to deal. Commencing, therefore, with the deck-house, in the forward part of the vessel, we find ourselves in the chart-room at the head of the saloon-staircase. It was originally a double staircase, but half has been sacrificed in order to secure better ventilation for the galley. At the top of the stairs, on the left-hand side of the chart-room, you see the armoury, or rather arm-rack, to cover which, in wet or rough weather, a canvas curtain is provided. Close by are hooks and pegs for coats and hats, which are never allowed in the deck-house, the occasional introduction of dripping garments into a sitting-room not being

found conducive to comfort or to the improvement of the furniture. Here also are kept telescopes and glasses, suspended ready for immediate use above the chart-table, which is provided with a strong reflecting light for night-work. When not in use this table folds back, and an ottoman with three seats, beneath which are snugly stowed the sextants, becomes available. On the wall behind, at the head of the stairs, there is room for three small book-shelves. The companion and staircase are also good places in which to hang framed cards of ship's numbers and signal-flags, or anything else you may wish to refer to quickly from the deck. Part of the staircase is panelled, while the companion is lined with blue Utrecht velvet, a material which has not the character of being very durable, though in our case it has lasted remarkably well, and seen much wear and tear, since it was first put up in 1874.



OUR DECK-HOUSE.

The deck-house itself, the interior of which is shown in our illustration, is a comfortable sitting-room by day and a little drawing-room by night. After dark it is lighted by shaded candles fixed on arms in movable brackets, which are not ornamental, and can be stowed away in a drawer during the day, when they are not required. Here at least four people can lie down, or a larger number can sit and read or write or work in comfort—a great desideratum in a cabin where many a long evening has to be spent during the winter months in the South. In a heavy gale, with the wind howling through the rigging, and the sea breaking over the vessel, the sudden contrast on coming in here to warmth, comfort, and beauty from the cold wet deck, is very striking.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that in a cabin of this description, containing a large number of ornaments and knick-knacks and small articles, such as clocks, inkstands, and candlesticks, everything, however trifling, must be secured by means of screws or invisible wires, or must be inserted in a velvet block and thus fastened to the table or mantelpiece or sideboard on which it stands. With these precautions, even in the roughest weather nothing can be overturned unless some fastening gives way. I remember very well paying a visit to one of the prettiest yachts afloat, as she lay in harbour, each of her cabins looking like a little boudoir; and I have also a lively recollection of going for a sail in the same yacht a few days later, when all looked bare and wretched, when there was not a chair to sit down upon, and when the pretty sofas were covered with ornaments hastily removed from the shelves and sideboards and propped up behind sofa-cushions, which were continually falling down and allowing the vases to upset, strewing the ground with flowers and soaking the carpet with water. The stores meanwhile broke loose from the lockers, and the owner's clothes and other articles tumbled out of the drawers, which were not fitted with suitable fastenings. Now in the writing-table shown in our picture—also situated in the deck-house—every drawer shuts with a spring, and cannot well be left open, except through gross carelessness. The same remark applies to other drawers and cupboards on board the yacht.

We now descend the staircase already described, and enter the saloon, which is the largest cabin in the yacht, the looking-glasses with which it is fitted increasing its apparent size. The plants arranged at the foot of the main-mast, and the ivy trained round it and along the base of some of the panels, grow from double tin boxes or troughs, an arrangement which prevents the possibility of the roots getting sodden, and allows of the inner box being easily removed when the contents require watering. So well does this plan answer, that many of the same plants have been on board year after year. The outside of the boxes is hidden by gilt wickerwork, which produces the effect of plants growing out of a basket.

The walls of the saloon are covered with tapestry-cretonne, now more than five years old, and yet not much the worse for wear, after many long voyages and very considerable changes of temperature. The carpet is a thick Axminster, of a small, somewhat confused, Persian pattern; this material we have found from experience to be the best, as affording a

firm hold for the feet in bad weather, and showing stains less readily than anything else. The pictures, with the exception of a few water-colours brought from my husband's rooms at Oxford and from my own nursery at home, are mostly sketches of various places we have visited, made on the spot by friends. They are all carefully screwed to the wall with flat plates, so that it is impossible for them to be accidentally moved. The various articles on the ceiling, which are mostly curiosities brought from the islands of the Pacific and elsewhere, are suspended by very short strings attached to hooks. However much, therefore, the vessel may be rolling, they do not sway about unpleasantly. If every addition to one's collection is hung up, or has a place found for it at once, much packing-up and many a breakage will be avoided, while advantage may be taken of a wet or idle day to make any re-arrangement that may be desirable. Thus, as months and years roll on, your walls and ceilings and shelves become a record, if not of your past life, of many a delightful voyage and pleasant incident; so that, if lying in your berth or on a sofa, weary or unwell, you raise your eyes, you may feel sure that they will rest on some object which will awaken agreeable thoughts and memories, and possibly divert your mind from the troubles of the moment.

I may, perhaps, here remark that it is impossible, in my opinion, to insist too strongly on the superiority of papered or cretonne-covered walls, hung with pictures, over panels of any kind, of which the eye soon becomes weary, however handsome or elaborate they may be, and in which it is impossible to make any change. A few nice water-colour drawings or prints, or even chromo-lithographs and photographs, do not cost so much as good wood-panelling, and I think every one will agree that they must be more interesting to look upon during a long or even a short voyage.

The round table and the large lamp shown in the picture both work on gimbals, and therefore move readily in any direction, according to the motion of the vessel. The sideboard is provided with a rail, to prevent plates, dishes, and glasses from being thrown off by a sudden lurch or an unusually heavy roll. Through the half looking-glass in the corner —or, more strictly speaking, from behind it—the dinner is handed in from the kitchen. Thus, even on the roughest day your food almost always reaches you in safety.



OUR SALOON.



A COZY CORNER.

Four of the arm-chairs are screwed firmly to the floor, so that in heavy weather the occupants are safe, while four, or even eight, ordinary chairs can be lashed securely between them. The chairs and sofas in the saloon are covered with Utrecht velvet, which looks and wears well, while what is known as its otherwise objectionable tendency to "cling" is of great advantage on a rough day. This is, of course, a strictly practical consideration. From an artistic point of view it may be remarked that the material makes a good background for pictures, objects of art, or curios.

The ports by which the saloon is lighted are fitted with looking-glass sides. With a little ornamentation in the shape of real coarse lace—muslin is of no use, for it gets untidy in a day, or almost in an hour—brightened up by a few bows, they form a pretty frame for the glimpses of scenery, or of shipping, presented to the view as the vessel glides through the water.

Each port is provided with a strong iron shutter, which can be screwed down in case of need. Why these shutters should have received the unpleasant and somewhat ominous name of "dead-lights" I have never been able to discover. It is certain that the terrors of many an anxious, sleepless night have been greatly increased, if not actually originated, by the announcement made by the stewards to the passengers that "the captain has given orders for the dead-lights to be shipped."

I shall, I fear, be guilty of a further digression from the point of artistic decoration to that of practical utility if I attempt to describe the kitchen, or rather galley, which is lined with pitched pine, has a tiled floor, and is provided with a stove combining the maximum of heat for cooking with the minimum of external radiation. All the pots and pans are carefully secured, so that there is no chance of their rolling about—a remark which also applies to the things in the pantry, where cups are hung on hooks, glasses are slid into grooves, plates are laid on recessed shelves, fixed at an angle which prevents their contents tilting out, and arranged so methodically as to present a certain beauty of their own, on a background of polished pitched pine, relieved by dark teak fittings. The latter materials are also used for the bulkheads of the officers' and servants' cabins, and on the staircase leading upwards to the deck-house, which I have already described.

A long narrow passage, leading from the saloon to the engine-room, and to all portions of the vessel further aft, does not present a fitting field for decorative art to display itself. The panels are of polished mahogany, with plenty of hooks on which to hang things to dry, and shelves overhead for gun-cases, cigars, &c. The engine-room is panelled in the same way, all the tools being arranged neatly along the walls, while the brass and steel work of the engine itself, shining like silver and gold, gives an air of brightness and cheerfulness to the scene.

Beyond the engine-room, but of course separated from it by a door, is a berth which really forms part of the passage to which I have referred. This berth makes a pretty sitting-room by day and a sleeping-berth by night, a comfortable bed being converted at the proper time into an elegant little sofa. The writing-table serves as a dressing-table on the removal of the top or lid, while all the washing and toilet requisites are hidden by covers that roll back on themselves without occupying an unnecessary amount of room. The walls are covered with chintz, and hung with photographs, Arundel Society's publications, &c. One corner is occupied by quite a respectable-sized wardrobe, which, being covered with a sheet of looking-glass, has the effect of making the cabin seem far larger than it is. Under the sofa-bed are two large drawers; under the knee-hole writing-table are many smaller drawers; and beneath the washstand are two capacious cupboards; so that there is more room for stowing away clothes than in most ordinary bedrooms.

A still smaller berth, adjoining the one just described, can be made pretty and serviceable during

the day by shutting the washstand under the bed, and by opening out a table made to fold against the wall. Some book-shelves, a few flowers in fixed vases, and one or two bright chromo-lithographs make such a cabin as this quite a comfortable little study, and the same remark applies, of course, to the other berths generally.

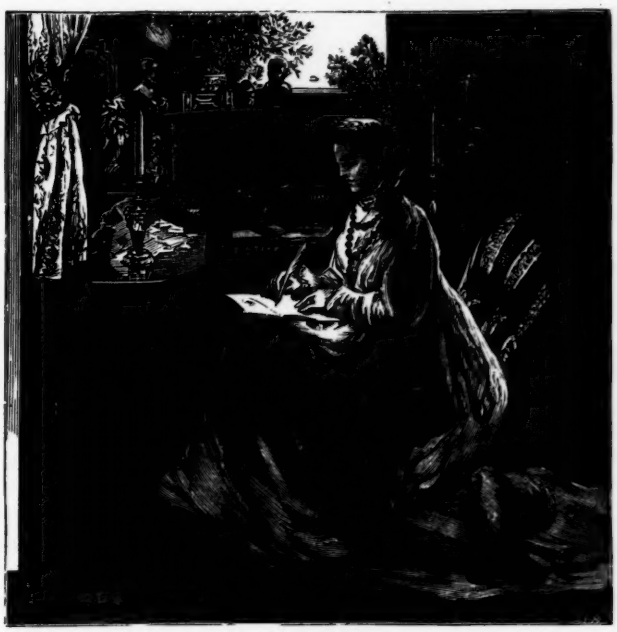
The children's nursery is in reality one large cabin, but to draw its curtains is to convert it into two large berths—a dressing-room, and a little sitting-room near the fire.

A bath-room, lined with orange-coloured American cloth, and provided with an extra yellow glass to fit over the ordinary scuttle, makes an excellent dark-room for developing photographs. A tank for distilled water and a small sink with india-rubber tubing are easily managed, so that no mess need be made even when the yacht is rolling slightly. In the odd corners shelves with holes are fitted for the bottles of chemicals, while in yet another corner is the medicine-chest, the contents of which can be seen at a glance.

The state-room, or principal sleeping cabin, presents no special features, except that by a judicious arrangement of looking-glasses it is made to appear nearly double its real size, while the doors are entirely concealed. Japanese tea-trays, cut up and fitted together in the form of a cabinet and wardrobe, make a picturesque and solid piece of furniture, the wings containing drawers, and the centre forming a convenient and serviceable escritoire, with pigeon-holes at the back. The walls of the state-room are covered, like those of the smaller berths, with tapestry-cretonne, and are hung with photographs and small pictures. A few curios and knick-knacks, a book-shelf or two, a little lace here and there, and, whenever possible, an abundance of flowers, distributed in small vases and pots, complete the decoration.

Perhaps I might before this have mentioned that flowers are in my opinion an absolutely essential feature in the successful adornment of any room or cabin, large or small, ashore or afloat. I always use them as freely as I can, and during an ordinary voyage, which includes pretty frequent visits to various ports, the opportunities of obtaining fresh supplies are ample. It is really wonderful what an improvement can be made by the introduction of a few wild flowers, gathered from the field and the hedgerows, even in the barest and dingiest of rooms. They give an air of habitability, cheerfulness, and refinement, and an appearance of beauty and natural art, which nothing else can impart. "The meanest flower that blows" is always lovely, and has perhaps more charm at sea than anywhere else. With a little trouble and ingenuity plants of almost any kind may be kept alive in pots for weeks and months. On the trackless ocean, far from the land and its delightful products, the interest one takes in one's flowers and plants is redoubled, and the tending of them becomes a most pleasing occupation.

On the sides of the after-companion are hung a couple of telescopes and a few other articles in constant requirement at sea, while neatly-arranged nets on either hand contain such things as umbrellas, lawn-tennis rackets, &c., which are thus ready in case of a sudden visit to the shore. One of the points which cannot be too strongly insisted upon on board a yacht, or indeed any other vessel, where the judicious economy of space is of the utmost importance, is that everything should have a place, and that after it has been used it should at once be returned to its place. Disorder, however picturesque its effects may occasionally be, is not to be tolerated on board ship. This fact is universally recognised by those who are responsible for the navigation of the vessel, and for the condition of her decks, spars, and rigging. For the sake of their own convenience and comfort, at least, it must be recognised equally by all who go to sea, whether for pleasure or for business.

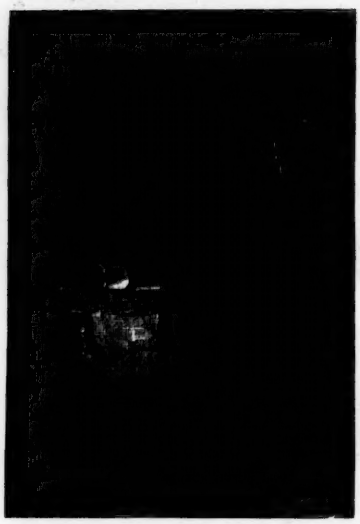


MY WRITING-TABLE.

What can be a more beautiful sight than the deck of a neatly-ordered yacht, with its snowy planks, its shining brass-work, varnished teak fittings and covering-boards, its white deck-house and bulwarks, slightly touched with gilding, and its tightly-spread striped awning, under which are placed a few comfortable seats, rugs, and carpets? Nowhere can you have a prettier drawing-room than beneath such an awning, especially at night, with a riding-light and boats' lanterns suspended from the boom, and a few Moorish lamps hanging from the sides. The air is still. The yacht rocks lazily, and upon all things falls the magic hush of a starlit night at sea.

ANNIE BRASSEY.

FORD CASTLE.



THE CRYPT, FORD.

AMONG the many frontier strongholds around which surged the tide of border warfare, with its endless feuds and incessant forays, there is none more ancient or, in its way, more remarkable than Ford. Its position at the foot of the Cheviots, and within a few miles of the Tweed, constituted it a natural outpost against invasion, a strong point which one side was as anxious to capture and destroy as the other was to retake and rebuild. Ford was thus a fortress in the reign of Edward I., held by a certain Odonel de Ford, whose daughter and heiress carried the estate and castle to her husband, Sir William Heron. The Herons were a Northumbrian family of some repute and power, one of them, also a Sir William, having been for many years, as it is recorded, Governor of Bamborough Castle, of Pickering, and Scarboro', as well as Sheriff of Northumberland and Lord Warden of the forests north of Trent. This knight strengthened and added to Ford in the year 1287, which, fifty years later, was crenellated by royal licence, and became officially a castle and place of arms. Fifty more, and an incursion of Scots, under the Earls of Fife, Mar, and Douglas, ravaged the country round as far as Newcastle, and dismantled all the fortresses, including those of Wark, Cornhill, and Ford. The chroniclers record that they were demolished, but Ford itself must have been spared, seeing that portions of the castle erected by the Sir William Heron above mentioned remain intact to this day. The castle was, no doubt, speedily re-constructed, although no mention is made of the fact. But a hundred years later we hear of it in the combats which preceded Flodden. Ford occupies a certain prominence in regard to that disastrous battle, which was fought almost under the windows of the castle. In spite of the many terrible portents and warnings which may probably be attributed to the efforts of people who would have diverted him from his purpose, King James of Scotland had every reason to hope for success in that great invasion of England in 1513 which terminated in his defeat and death. He set out from Edinburgh on the 22nd of August at the head of a magnificent army, the flower of Scotland's chivalry, well armed, well equipped, and furnished with a finer train of artillery than ever Scottish general had owned. He had no decided plan of operations, but crossed the frontier in a desultory way, laying siege to the castles of Norham and of Wark, which presently fell into his hands and were razed to the ground. He next took Ford, but spared it for the sake of its beautiful chatelaine Lady Heron, who resided in it at the time—a gay "grass-widow," her husband being a prisoner in Scotland. James, so runs the story, which is well told in "Marmion," fell an easy and a willing prey to Lady Heron's blandishments. She appears to have been as false to her Royal swain as to her absent husband. While James lingered and dallied at Ford, spell-bound, Lady Heron was in correspondence with the English. Earl Surrey, who had been constituted Lieutenant-General of the north during Henry VIII.'s absence in France, was not slow to avail himself of the respite vouchsafed by James's delay at Ford. Promptly gathering his forces together, and taking with him the sacred banner of St. Cuthbert from Durham Cathedral, he marched northward, and approached the border by the 4th of September, on which day he dispatched a challenge to the Scotch to meet him in battle on the following Friday. By this time James, alive to his danger, had left Ford, but not before he had

ravaged that stronghold "by falling of the timbers thereof, whereby several of his men were injured," and had taken up a strong position at Flodden. His ground was "skilfully chosen, inaccessible on both flanks, and defended in front by the river Till." Meanwhile Surrey advancing, and finding James so strongly posted, invited the King to come down and fight him in the open field, declaring that the Scottish monarch acted ungallantly in thus putting himself "into a ground more like a fortress or a camp than any indifferent field of battle." The argument, which reads oddly to students of war, a science the very essence of which is to take one's enemy at a disadvantage, was at first disregarded by James, who permitted the English to carry out several flanking and other compromising movements under his eye, and well within striking distance. When at length Surrey had manœuvred his whole army towards Branxton Hill, a point intercepting James's communications with Scotland, the King suddenly threw away his advantages of position and moved down from Flodden to attack. James himself, although entreated to retire, took an active part in the fierce fight which followed. The armies met while both were on the move; the first shock was between the wild Highlanders of Huntley and Home and the English right, which wavered, and would have been routed but for the support of Dacre's Horse. The main body of the English was engaged by Lennox and Argyll and the Scottish right. Victory seemed to lean to the Scots, when King James, who commanded the centre, and had so far continued inactive, dismounted and led his men down the slope. But the English archers, who had meanwhile reinforced their centre, poured in such a murderous hail of clothyard shafts that the King's advancing columns charged forward regardless of formation, then, finding the English stood firm, hesitated, wavered, and were lost. This was the turning-point of the day. The King was now sore beset on flank, front, and rear; Lennox and Argyll were slain; help was denied by Huntley and Home, who had done their share, they said; and the King, surrounded by a small and devoted band, fought hand to hand till all were slain.

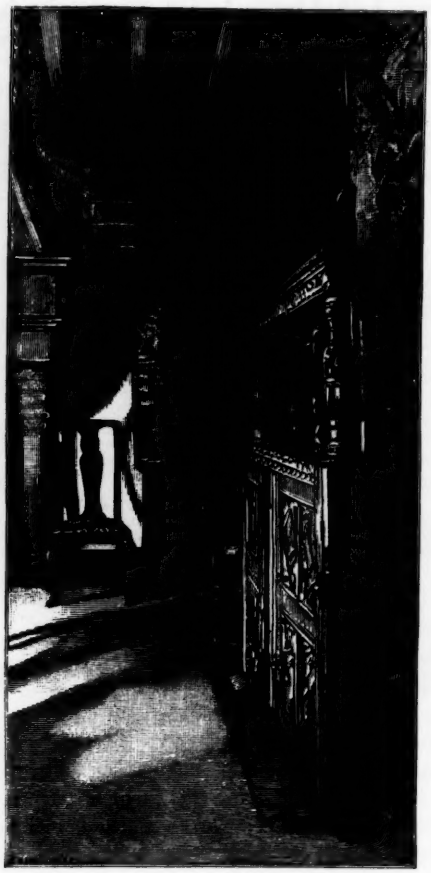


THE CHEVIOTS, FROM FORD.

Ford is still full of memories of the great battlefield which it faces. The clump of firs which crowns the highest eminence, known still as the King's Chair, is visible from the castle windows, and the castle's present occupant has cut a ride through the woods, straight up the famous hill. Inside the building the king's bedchamber is yet shown. It is reached by a secret door, which is hidden commonly by a heavy book-case, in the corner of the passage-chamber whence it leads. The furniture of the king's room, which looks across the trees to Flodden Field by a large window somewhat more modern, is antique and peculiar. The bed, with its tapestry hangings and carved woodwork, is also antique, and everything else is in keeping—quaint chairs, carved wardrobes, more tapestry of curious design upon the walls. This bedroom occupies the northernmost tower; a part of the ancient building, which still preserves externally the stern, grim character of

the border fortress. Deep down in its foundations is yet another reminiscence of the troublous life of those past days. The crypt or dungeon of the castle is in the base of this tower. You descend to it by a trap-door situated near the morning-room, in the angle of the tower; and by the light of a candle, which is borne aloft, may dimly discern the gloomy features of this northern *oubliette*, in which, doubtless, many a Scottish captive languished in despair.

But gloom and misery have long been banished from Ford. For a time, no doubt, after Flodden, it continued still to be concerned in border warfare. It is recorded that in 1549 the castle was again besieged by the Scots, who had a battering train of four pieces, and succeeded in demolishing a great part of the fortifications, although the tower—still the northern, no doubt — was stoutly defended and never fell. It was held by the then owner of Ford, one Thomas Carr, who had acquired the estate and castle by marriage with the granddaughter and heiress of Sir William Heron. As the Carrs acquired the lands of Ford, so also these passed from them. Thomas Carr bequeathed them to a daughter who married Francis Blake. Blake's daughter, again, married Edward Delaval, one of that noted and most ancient family, whose ancestor came over with the Norman Conqueror and was nearly related to William. The Delavals were, in every way, a remarkable race. In the early troublous times they took a prominent part in all the great movements in the kingdom. Among the twenty-five barons appointed to obtain the Pope's sanction to Magna Charta was a Delaval. Delavals were engaged on either side in all the great intestinal and foreign wars. Coming nearer our own day, Sir George Delaval was a rear-admiral in the reign of William III., and actively engaged in the naval victories of that epoch. It was then that the Delavals became celebrated socially for an exuberant gaiety and an almost reckless profuseness of living, which gained for them a peculiar character all through the land. They were rich, and the world prospered with them. Sir Ralph Delaval had so notably improved the little port of Seaton Delaval, in the immediate neighbourhood of the family property, that Charles II. made him its collector and surveyor, with other rights and privileges. Under the fostering and enlightened care of the lords of the manor, the export trade of Seaton Delaval in coal and mineral products rapidly developed, and the Delavals deservedly grew in wealth and substantial prosperity. Their vast revenues were right royally expended in dispensing a liberal, although often an eccentric hospitality. The peculiar bias of the family was towards practical jokes, and many are the stories preserved of the tricks perpetrated at Seaton Delaval, the princely edifice which was one of Vanbrugh's most splendid constructions in this country. The house was constantly crowded by a succession of guests, and all shared in or were made victims of the fun. Now the bed of some unsuspecting visitor was lowered through a trap-door into an icy-cold bath; now the partitions between the various rooms were suddenly drawn up, and their occupants ludicrously exposed. Disguises and masks were assumed for purposes of mystification. Wagers to perform the most extraordinary feats were freely offered and taken. On one occasion, a brother of the Lord Delaval of the time betted that he would walk, blindfolded, straight from the garden to the house, but took the precaution to lay down a silken thread as a guide. A mischievous boy, detecting the device, changed the direction of the thread, and made it lead to a pond in the lawn. Mr. Delaval walked on all unconscious, and was presently nearly drowned. Amateur theatricals were a favourite amusement at Seaton Delaval. The family was, indeed, so devoted to the histrionic art that "Othello" was, on one occasion, performed in London, at Garrick's Theatre, Delavals playing every part in the caste. Again, the Delavals gave the "Fair Penitent" at the theatre in Petty France, the Duke of York playing the part of Lothario, and it was repeated later on at



SECRET STAIRCASE TO THE KING'S BEDCHAMBER.

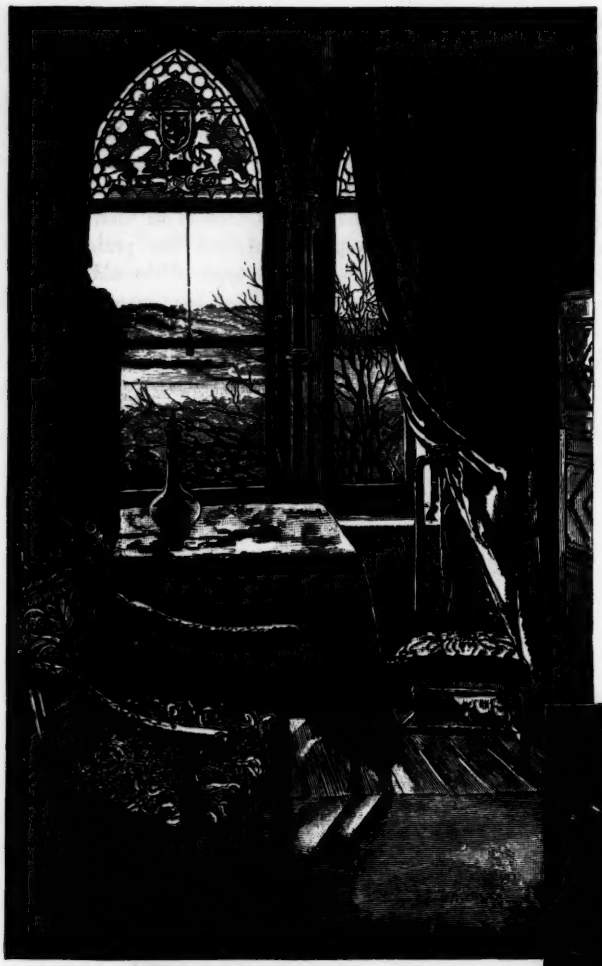
Seaton Delaval. The moving spirit in these theatrical diversions was a certain Sir Francis Delaval, the bosom friend of Foote the actor. These two, among other wild freaks, started as fortune-tellers, their object being to secure a rich heiress for Sir Francis, and in this they were perfectly successful.

Ford Castle was the shooting lodge of the Delavals, and Sir John Hussey Delaval, in 1761, thought fit to re-construct and modernise it after the somewhat questionable taste of the time. His architect could not quite ruin its ancient character, although his efforts were so far successful that the place has been stigmatised as a piece of gingerbread Gothic.



FORD TOWER, OVERLOOKING FLODDEN.

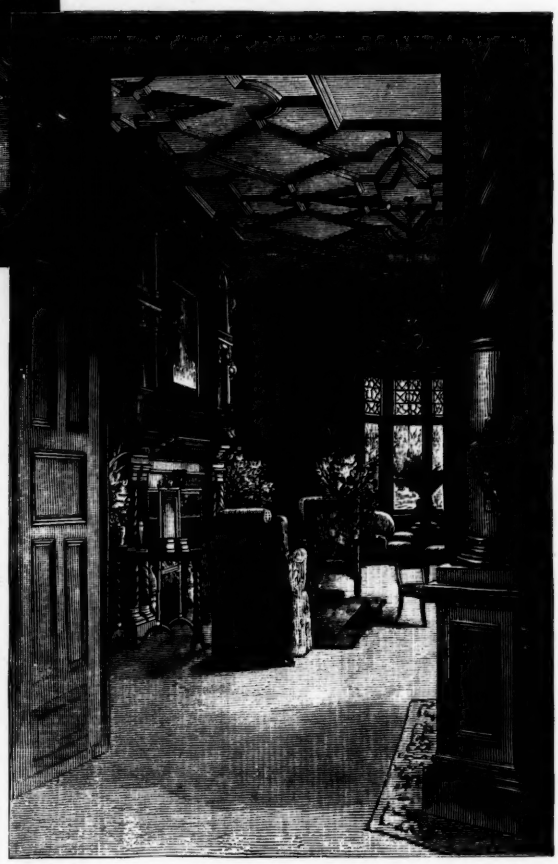
He was the last almost of his race. Several children were born to him, and he had many brothers, one of whom, Edward, succeeded to the estate. But he was the last male owner of Ford. After him it passed through the female side to the wife of the second Marquis of Waterford, who inherited it from her mother, Lady Tyrconnel, the last surviving daughter of the above-mentioned Lord Delaval. Lady Tyrconnel was a gay beauty of the dissipated Court of Charles II., a lady of extraordinary loveliness, who, with other charms, owned such richly-luxuriant hair that it fell as far as her saddle when she rode on horseback. Henceforth Ford has been part of the property of the Beresfords, and used as a dower house by that noble family. It was settled by Henry, third Marquis of Waterford, upon his wife Louisa, daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothsay, who is its present occupier. Lord Waterford was killed by a fall in the hunting field in 1859. His reputation as a light-hearted, frolicsome young man, exhibiting traits which were no doubt transmitted to him with his Delaval blood, belongs more especially to a past generation, but it is hardly forgotten in this. What is less well remembered, because the good that is in men is often obscured by more prominent, but less praiseworthy traits, is that he was a true type of the old *noblesse* —a warm-hearted, open-handed gentleman, easy of access, full of courtly friendliness and overflowing good-humour, who was loved and respected by all who knew him well. A fitting tribute to his worth is the fountain with lofty granite pillar, surmounted by an angel, which stands in the centre of the village of Ford. It was erected in loving memory by Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, and is an admirable work of art. Ford is now essentially an artistic house. Lady Waterford's talents as a painter are well known, and her works have often found good places in the public exhibitions. Every part of Ford, inside and out, testifies to her artistic tastes. Under the careful and highly-intelligent supervision of the Marchioness herself, the castle has been gradually restored externally to its old mediæval lines. Tender respect has been shown to all the ancient parts; the more modern alterations have by this time been toned down by abundant ivy, and look nearly as old



FLODDEN, FROM THE KING'S BEDCHAMBER.

as the rest. The interior is full of treasures, family portraits, rare prints, good faience, many mirrors, old furniture, and rich wood-carving.

The morning-room is a delightful green chamber with two aspects: one across the court-yard, with its stately peacocks, towards the entrance gates; the other looking past the quaint battlements towards the Cheviots. Near the grandly-decorated fireplace is an arm-chair, Lady Waterford's favourite seat in the evening, when with facile pencil she fills sketch-book after sketch-book with artistic fancies, idealised types of beauty, scraps of well-remembered landscape, put in with vigorous hand and broad, strong effect. From the morning-room a long gallery or spacious central hall leads to the principal drawing-room. This hall is used as a dining-room when the guests are too numerous for the more cosy room which overlooks the wooded glades at the back of the castle. In the central hall are the most remarkable portraits, among them the Duchess of Cumberland, by Reynolds, and portraits of various Delavals by various hands. The drawing-room is a richly-decorated, beautifully-furnished room, with a stucco ceiling and a frieze copied from Winton Castle, and many objects of art collected by Lady Waterford. A charming crayon portrait of the Marchioness here has a peculiar interest, because the frame is surrounded with a wide plait of beautiful hair, which has its history. The boudoir is upstairs, and has a wide view to the front, and is a well-lighted apartment, half business room, half studio. It is here that Lady Waterford works; here are portfolios full of finished drawings; here are her sketches and designs for decoration or for frescoes, such as those which adorn the school-houses of Ford village, and which are based on Scriptural incidents in which children played a prominent part. In this boudoir are other evidences of habits prac-



THE MORNING-ROOM AT FORD CASTLE.

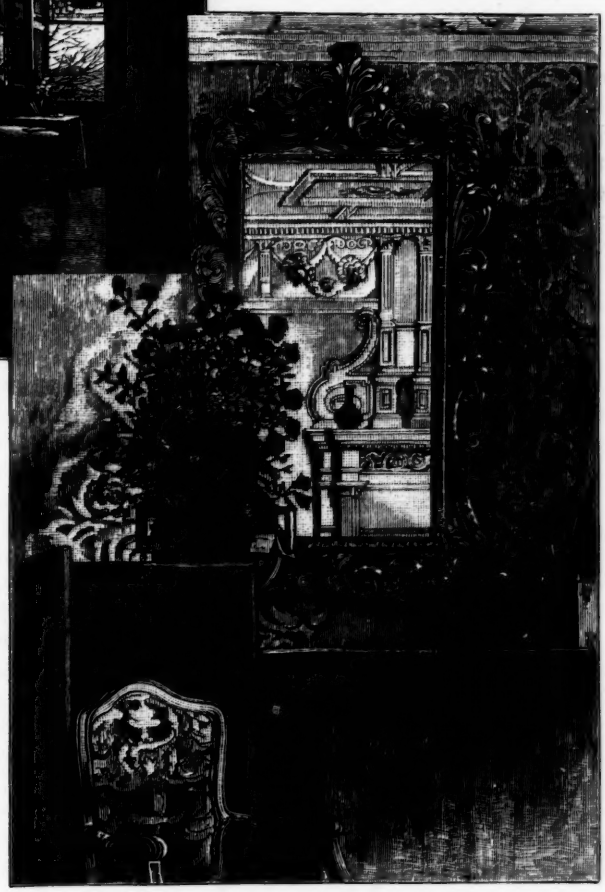
tical and business-like as well as artistic, in the large library table, of French workmanship, which belonged to Lady Waterford's father, Lord Stuart de Rothsay, when he was ambassador in Paris. This table is covered with bills neatly docketed, and papers and documents relating to the estate. For Lady Waterford is a landed proprietor whose care extends to tenants and soil no less than to this fine old feudal building, of which she is so fitting a chatelaine. Perhaps, indeed, Art would have been a gainer had these claims of her position not demanded so much of Lady Waterford's attention. Many who have known her work as an artist must have regretted that we have not had more fruits of her undoubted artistic capacity. She has won much fame as a painter, it is true; but she has not won so much as she might have attained. Lady Waterford's gifts are in many ways remarkable. She is a born colourist, for instance; she has the sense, the feeling, the passion of colour in a degree and to an extent that can only be paralleled in the endowment of the highest among her contemporaries. So, too, she has a full measure of the master-quality of imagination, and her work, which is always lofty in aim, is found unfailingly to abound in noble meanings and beautiful intentions. There can be no question that she might have done very brilliantly indeed.



THE BOUDOIR.

And with this we take our leave of Ford. It is a noble old house, with a place of its own in Border lore and a peculiar page in the story of England. It is a far cry indeed, from Odonel de Ford and the wars of the wight Wallace to Louisa of Waterford and the Grosvenor Gallery; but to look on Ford Castle is to look on a structure that was old when the Hammer of the Scots was born, and that has in it the life of a hundred art-galleries yet. The air about it is populous with memories and associations; its encrustations are legendary; it imparts a something of its hoar and vigorous antiquity to all things that fall within the circle of its influence, so that the very ivy on its towers, of yesterday though it be, seems to climb and flourish upward from roots struck deep in an immemorial past. Its walls have echoed back the tramp of Longshanks' men-at-arms, and been sorrowful with rumours of the Bruce and Bannockburn. It has stood siege and dismantlement at the hands of reiving Scotsmen; and it has looked upon the rout of Flodden, the mortal wound of the Scottish Lion, the heroic calamity of the Scottish people. It has known of Dacres and Howards, of Beresfords and Homes, of Carrs and Douglases and Scotts and Delavals; it has heard talk of Kinmont Will, and Johnnie Armstrong, and a hundred tall rascals beside; it has a part in the light loves and gallant lives of the brilliant Heron and the enchanting Tyrconnel, and through them of Pitscottie and David Lindsay, and Grammont and Rochester and Dorset. It tells us of graceless Charles and sober William, of the "tea-cup times" of Anne, and of the October ale and Tantivy politics, the mumming and play-acting and fooling of the Georges. It is one of Time's oldest haunts; and it is a place where one may muse at will on the mortal quality of human life and the everlastingness of mutability.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.



IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE MANCHESTER MURAL PAINTINGS.

IT was a very natural thing that, after spending £800,000 in the erection of a superb town-hall, the Corporation of Manchester should resolve to make provision for mural decoration that should illustrate the entire history of their city. The way in which such decoration has been undertaken and put under weigh must remain as a lasting testimony to the judgment and foresight of the city council. Half the panels of the great hall, twelve in number, have been placed in the hands of Mr. Ford Madox Brown, and the result promises to be a series of frescoes of the utmost value. The three finished paintings and the two cartoons which Mr. Brown has already executed, form pictorial dramas very vigorously conceived and excellently realised.

Each panel is rather more than ten feet long, by somewhat less than five feet high. The process known as "spirit fresco" (of Mr. Gambier Parry's invention) is the one employed, and Mr. Brown says that to the facilities for working the colours and executing different textures by this process there seem practically no limits. Every excellence that is attainable in oil or water-colour or fresco is attainable in spirit fresco—depth of tone and brilliancy in the lights, with the utmost transparency in the shadows, and all varieties of glazing, scumbling, re-touching, and stippling. The only drawback Mr. Brown has experienced in this mode of painting is said to arise from the tendency of several of the colours to dry in different degrees of glossiness; but he has adopted the plan of touching the opaque parts with a wax varnish in order to secure evenness of surface. The spaces designed for the pictures were in the first case filled by the builders with a compound of lime and marble dust, fine and hard like ivory, but the faces had to be cut down with gritstone and heated with a gas apparatus, so as to increase the absorbency of the stucco.

The first of the panels embodies a representation of the foundation of Manchester. A centre for population did exist prior to the period of the picture, A.D. 60, and it was known by the British name Mancenion, but nothing worthy to be called a town existed before the Roman Mancunium. Agricola was Governor of Britain at this date, and here he is depicted as building a fort. The composition is of a simpler scheme than is usually employed by Mr. Madox Brown, but it nowhere fails of invention and interest. A centurion holds before his chief a parchment plan of the camp that is being fortified; a Dragonifer flaunts the silken wind-blown Dragon standard; the general's wife, wearing a fur cloak, hooded for the cold, yet pinched by northern winds, has just stepped out of her litter to take the air on the unfinished ramparts; over the half-built fort the Legionaries, partly covered from what to them is the cold of the climate, are doing the masons' work, whilst dotted among them are the hardier half-naked Britons who have been impressed to bear the stones and cement. At the back the river Medlock, undulant and translucent in these pre-manufacturing times, bounds the camp on the south; and forest oaks, red with the last leaves of November, fill the space between the river and the distant Peak hills, seen only in a streak of blue. It does not escape observation that the naturally black hair of the general's wife is represented as dyed yellow, her eyebrows remaining black; and this is intended to indicate the luxury of Roman living even in a camp. Then it is seen that the lady holds in hand her little son, who, attired in soldier's uniform and wearing huge *caliga* boots, is aiming a kick at one of his mother's Nubian chair-bearers; and this serves to denote the tyranny which can find expression even in the mischievous act of a child. The colour of the panel is mainly that of the red of the old local sandstone on a bleak, sunless day, relieved by the silvery streak of the Medlock where the river is seen winding between the fort and the remote hills. The happiest conception is perhaps the chilling wind which passes over the entire face of the picture, agitating the garments of the southern conquerors and dashing aside the beards of the toiling British subjects. It is a wild and stern picture, which presents an admirable conception of the Roman epoch in the history of Manchester.

More than five hundred years are allowed to intervene between the period of the first and that of the second panel. Manchester forms now a part of the Kingdom of Deïra, and is under the rule of Edwin of Northumbria. The fresco depicts the baptism of Edwin at York, his capital, in the year of our Lord 627. Edwin, who had been a pagan and a fugitive, had at length regained his inheritance and successfully annexed the surrounding country, becoming the most powerful of the English kings. He had sought in marriage Ethelberga, daughter of the Christian

King of Kent, who stipulated as a condition of the union that she and her retinue should be allowed the free exercise of their religion; and this being conceded, she (aided by her bishop, Paulinus) effected within six years after the marriage the conversion of her husband. It is said that Easter Sunday, 627, was marked in Northumbria by two momentous events—the birth of a princess, and an attempt to assassinate the King. Yielding to the solicitation of Paulinus, the King, awed by these circumstances, permitted the baptism of the princess, and, setting out in battle against the King who had instigated the murder, promised to become a Christian in the event of his safe return. He overthrew the enemy, returned, and was baptised. The fresco depicts the ceremony at York. On the left of the picture, Edwin, uncovered to the waist, is seen kneeling in the font with drooped head and clasped hands whilst the sacramental water is poured over him by one of the officiating priests. On the right, Ethelberga stands with eager expression of face. Behind the King is Paulinus, whose appearance the Venerable Bede has minutely described, and of whom Wordsworth has given a yet more vivid presentment in the sonnet under his name. This presentment Mr. Madox Brown has entirely realised. Behind the Queen numbers of the King's subjects are seen contemplating the ceremony with mingled feelings of awe, surprise, delight, regret, and curiosity. The eyes are especially drawn to the beautiful face of the young Queen herself. In its fixed, scarce-satisfied look is seen the full story of all that has gone before that great change of life and purpose of which this ceremony is but the outward sign. The ceaseless yearning and unabating fervour of six weary, waiting, shadowed years have left a painful tension of muscle which takes somewhat from the beauty of this fair face; but the little group of which it forms the central figure has not anywhere been surpassed for loveliness, even by Mr. Madox Brown himself. The chief feature in the scheme of colour, blue, takes its tone from this group, being first employed in the flowing dress of the Queen, and afterwards echoed in the lower robe of the priest by the font, going off in the brightly tinted bird on the left. There is no harsh intensity in the colour of the panel, which nowhere lapses into heaviness; yet every shade is emphatic, and the whole atmosphere, though subdued, is sunny and sometimes sparkling.

The third of the panels represents the expulsion of the Danes from Manchester, about A.D. 910. The front of the picture shows a narrow winding street of a wood-built city; and rushing down its steep pavement, the Danes are seen making for an open gateway which discloses the open country beyond, where peaceful fields lie green in the early sunshine, and an old Saxon church in the distance breaks the line of the purple hills. A rich young chieftain, badly wounded, has been snatched up from the thick conflict where he fell, and is being borne past on a hastily-constructed stretcher, his companions endeavouring meantime to protect him with their uplifted shields as they run the gauntlet of the townsfolks' missiles. From the windows which overlook the street, the women, old men, and young children not actively engaged in hand-to-hand encounter with the invaders, bear a part in the general struggle. A tile just thrown from the still outstretched hand of a woman has struck down the Raven standard-bearer; an aged inmate of the same house is in the act of throwing a spear, whilst two little boys are gleefully emptying a tub of boiling water on the fugitives. In the square on the left the soldiers of Edward the Elder are beating back the last warriors of the Danes; and by the footworn steps of the city gate on the right a number of their vanquished companions, now under the shelter of the rampart, are seen to pause, and re-gather their strength to hurl back threats of future vengeance. The central position in the panel is occupied by one of the two men who bear the stretcher, and on this figure an infinity of pains must have been bestowed. Before this man four others have fallen confusedly, and the nervous twitchings of his eager face as he essays to pass the spot where their bodies cumber the pathway are clearly expressive of his fear that the shields held over him may not protect him in his exposed position. Two chained-up dogs bark fiercely at the runaways; over the thatched roof of a piggery a lighted torch has been thrown, and is seen smouldering, while the pig within looks out of the pen in which it seems doomed to perish with something that must be described as a startled expression of face. The scene is painted in the full flood of morning sunlight thrown upon the white of the wood-built houses, against which are cast the dark sailor costumes of the Danes. It would be difficult to describe the splendour of sunlit colour which animates the composition.

Cartoons for two further panels have just been completed. Of these the first depicts "The Establishment of Flemish Weavers in Manchester;" the second, "Crabtree (the Manchester astronomer) watching the Transit of Venus (1639)." The former is said to have reminded Mr. Madox Brown of a subject thought out carefully some twenty-five years ago (Queen Philippa visiting her Flemish Weavers), and certain features of the projected composition are introduced into the Manchester design. It seems certain that, as panels, these two compositions will be not less successful than they are as cartoons.

T. HALL CAINE.

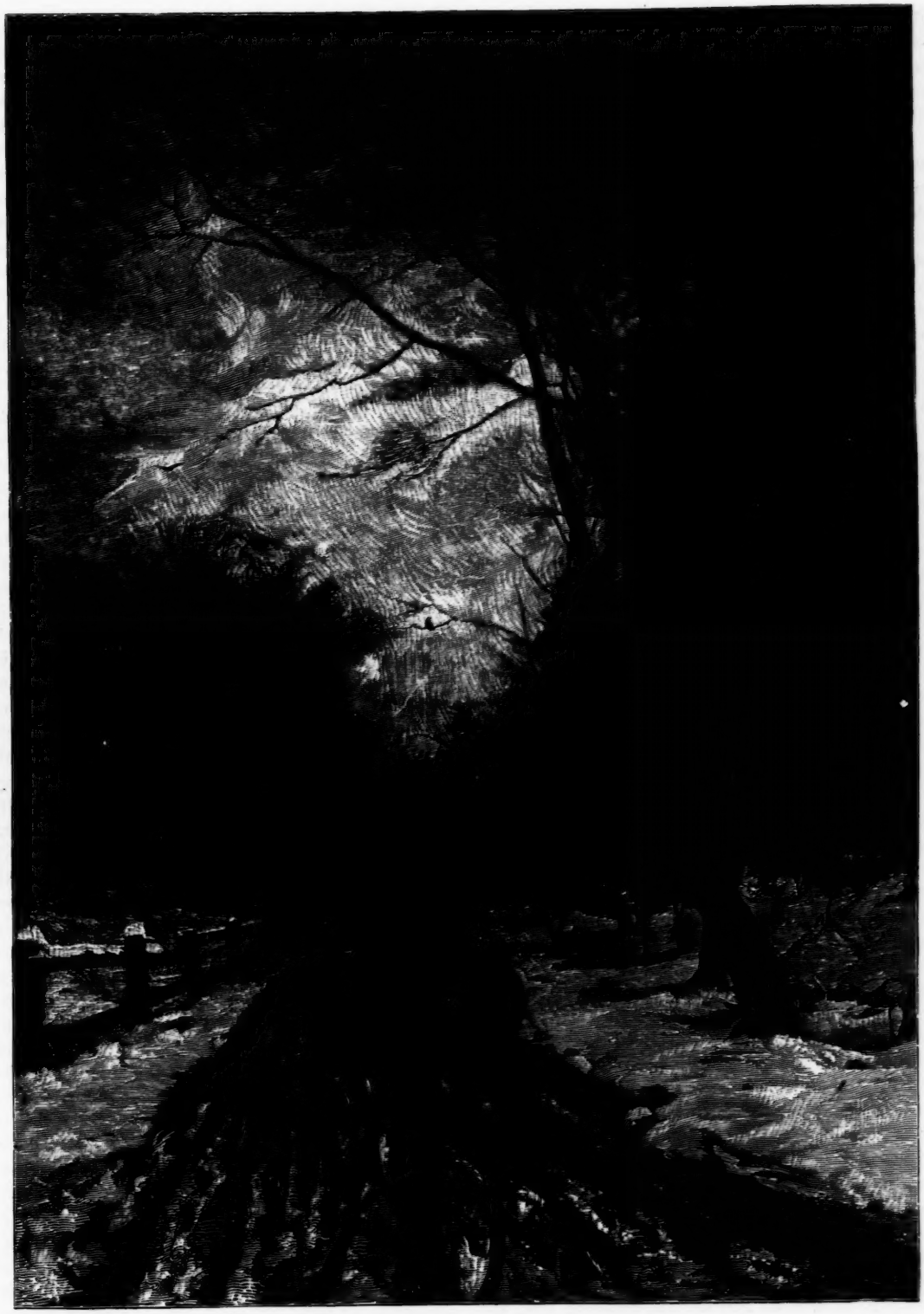
THE HILL COLLECTION.

A COMPANION picture to the "Three Weeks After," which we engraved in the preceding number, is "The Honeymoon," also by M. Duez, painted in much the same key of cool yet rich colour, though with a different choice of tints, and also treating of two figures in an interior adorned by *bric-à-brac*. A stormy scene is in progress: Madame (on the sofa) is nursing a grievance with great determination; her coquettish head, *ébouriffée* for a party, is tossed among the cushions; and the passage of light blue in her dress, surrounded with soft greyish-white fur, makes the chief mass of colour and brightness in the picture. Monsieur makes his vain appeal over the back of the sofa. With this must end our notes of Captain Hill's French pictures—a small but important group upon his walls. The art of Bavaria is represented by—among other works—one of M. Münthe's invariable but always welcome snow-studies, "Winter." Invariable in subject and in effect they certainly are, but they always differ from each other by some variety of natural incident, or the special development of some particular excellence in *technique*. All this artist does is marked by the best characteristics of a school of painting which is thoroughly well trained and solidly skilful, without any great personality or special charm. In the present example, of which we give a full-page engraving, he is seen to considerable advantage. The picture, which is pure landscape—the figures that are introduced being altogether secondary in interest and not essentially important—is made up of dying lights, and troubled skies, and the strange uncanny glimmer that pervades the atmosphere of an evening that is white with snow. There is everywhere a sense of winter, a feeling of chill, an impression of inclemency and discomfort: in the rugged, wheel-worn, dirty track, in the gaunt and solemn woods, in the cold and melancholy distance. In summer it would be a pleasant place enough: a place of grass and flowers, and the singing of birds; of cool winds among rustling, twinkling leafage; of cheerful shadows and lights, and the mystery and romance of stately trees. But in summer M. Münthe would have passed it by. He has the sentiment of cold and snow and angry sunsets at his brushes' end, and he is never weary



THE END OF THE JOURNEY.

(From the Painting by Phil Morris.)



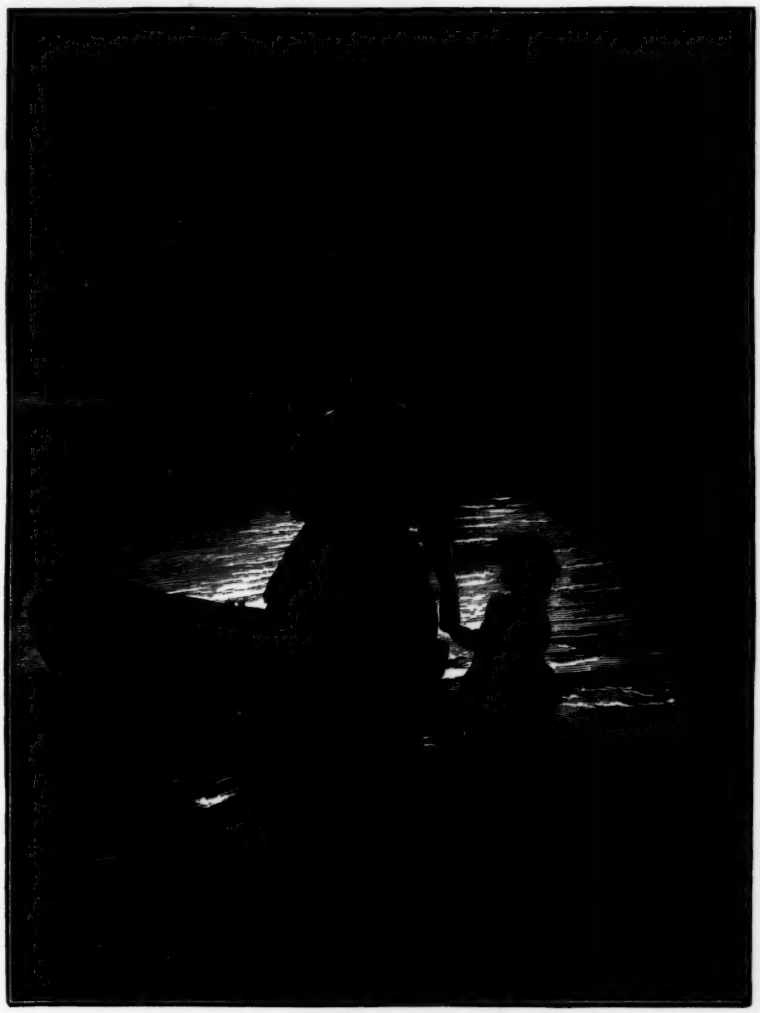
WINTER. (*From the Painting by Münthe.*)

of expressing it. It would profit him—and us, too—now and then to vary his theme; but it must be admitted that, within these limits, he is an able and attractive painter, and is therefore justified in doing exactly as he will.

To Mr. Phil Morris's "Cradled in his Calling" we have merely alluded in our former notes. It is in some respects the artist's most delightful picture: the grace of the composition, the buoyant movement of the actions, the atmosphere, and the prevailing blue sea-light, combining to give it a peculiar charm. A troup of fisher-folk, going on their way over the cliffs, have swung the baby in one of his father's nets by way of hammock, and are carrying him so in the breeze and sunshine of the coast. The figures are drawn with uncommon grace and impulse. Among the larger and more important compositions which Captain Hill has chosen from the many works of the same artist is "The End of the Journey," one of those quasi-allegorical subjects which are so popular in contemporary English art, having, besides the primary meaning, a secondary one by no means apt to be lost through a want of obviousness or a too great reserve in its suggestion. In "The End of the Journey" an old soldier has returned to his native hamlet, and has reached the ferry which will take him across the peaceful stream to his home. It is evening, and beyond the water, against the waning light, comes the ferryman to meet him; in this figure, with its quasi-classic line and action, the suggestion of Charon is of course apparent. A young girl, who has helped to carry the old man's drum, stands at his side, her fresh beauty contrasting with his melancholy wrinkles. Assuredly the picture is particularly pleasing to the lovers of easy allegory; but it is valuable in an artistic sense for the quality of its work and for its many merits of light and effect. Still more to our taste on these accounts is the original and brilliant composition of the "Ship-builders." Mr. Morris has made it noisy with the clatter of the mallets and hammers of his ship's carpenters, as they stand driving their blows into the vessel's sides in strokes which come in groups, in succession, in single sounds, and in cannonades, after the manner of many hammers at work; the ear can imagine the irregular but pleasant rhythm of the blows. All sounds of manual labour, it may be said in passing, have a certain beauty. Who that has been at harvest-time in Switzerland has not marked the busy noise of the flails at work on the threshing-floor, as they beat their well-accentuated time to a tune they create in the listener's head? So with all sounds of spade, pick, creaking wain, loom and shuttle, plashing oars, the "sweep of scythe in morning grass;" all these are distinctly beautiful, whereas the sounds of all kinds of machine-labour are unquestionably ugly. When the hand of man is behind the tool it makes a pleasant, poetic, or suggestive sound; but when it sets steam or other power at work to move the tool, the result is invariably an intolerable noise, such as the yell of the steam-whistle, the ringing buzz and whirr of a saw-mill, the hard roar of an express train, and all the other too familiar clatters, screams, rattles, and bangs which distract the air of the modern world. As attractive as Mr. Morris's "Ship-builders," in another manner, is the somewhat slight and very dreamy woodland study, with its sauntering figures—"Journeys End in Lovers Meeting." The title, by the way, is not very obviously appropriate, as the lovers have evidently met some time before, and the ladies who follow are otherwise interested.

One of Mr. Holl's many works not hitherto noticed is the clever group of a blind old pensioner leaning on the arm of a young girl, as the two fare along a country road together. The contented and recollected action of the blind man is as good and characteristic as the absent and weary look of the girl, whose somewhat vulgar fancifulness of attire attests inclinations which ill accord with the slow walk and slower talk of her companion; her energetic young limbs move in constraint. "Fortune-Telling" is one of Mr. Britten's attractive classical groups, in which he shows great grace of line in composition. From Mr. Buckman's hand we have a study of action—"Football"—not so energetic in movement, perhaps, as well composed and pleasantly coloured, the decorative treatment being preserved, it may be, at some expense of realistic intensity. Mr. Poole's "Going out for the Night" is an excellent specimen of the artist's powers; and there are many qualities in his painting which seem to gain strength in the woodcut which we give on the opposite page. It is a likeable picture. The sentiment is kindly and human; the motive, in a conventional kind of way, is fairly artistic; the situation presented is one that is interesting to a vast number of persons. The father and breadwinner—an honest fisherman, with a boat of his own, and a good wife to work for—is pushing off into the darkness of night and the solitude of the sea. The wife and little one have come down to the beach to see him depart—perchance to help him with his lines, and to carry his food for him; and now, with a last good-bye or two, they are turning to go home again, and leave him to his toil. Is that all? Not quite all. "Perhaps," says Mr. Poole, with a dark yet comfortable smile—"perhaps, good people, *he may never come back.* The sea is treacherous and strong; boats are but frail, and men are but men; along the coast there's many a woman goes to bed a fisher's wife, and gets up a fisher's widow. This time the chances are, I think, that the

man will duly return, with a contented mind and a full load of fish; so you need not be more than tenderly anxious and pleasantly distressed. In a certain class of picture, perhaps, a note, a hint, a latent possibility, of the Pathetic is always an essential element; and of this class the present work, perhaps rather that of the designer and illustrator than that of the painter of pictures, hit upon a telling little subject in this work. Most persons remember Mr. Molloy's taking song, which was sung some eight years ago at every piano in the country. The words which were wedded to the clever and



GOING OUT FOR THE NIGHT.

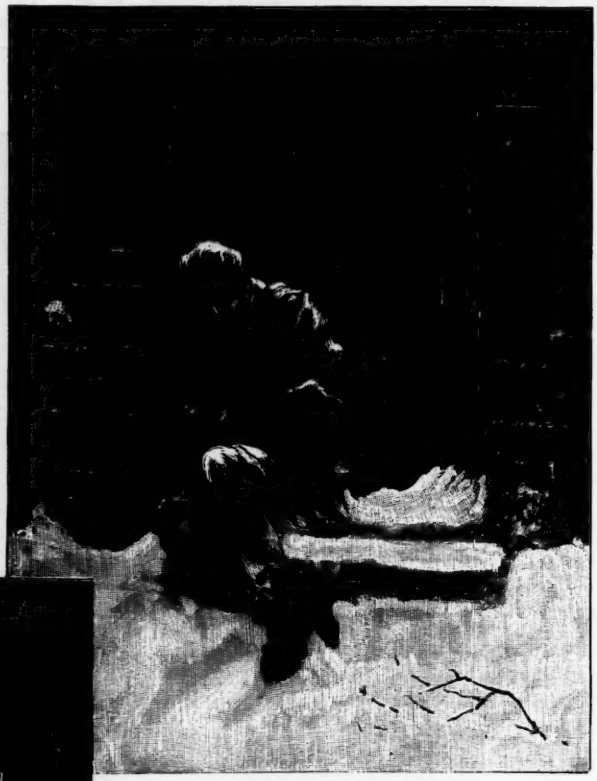
(From the Picture by J. Poole, R.A.)

'Going out for the Night,' is, on the whole, a very charming specimen."

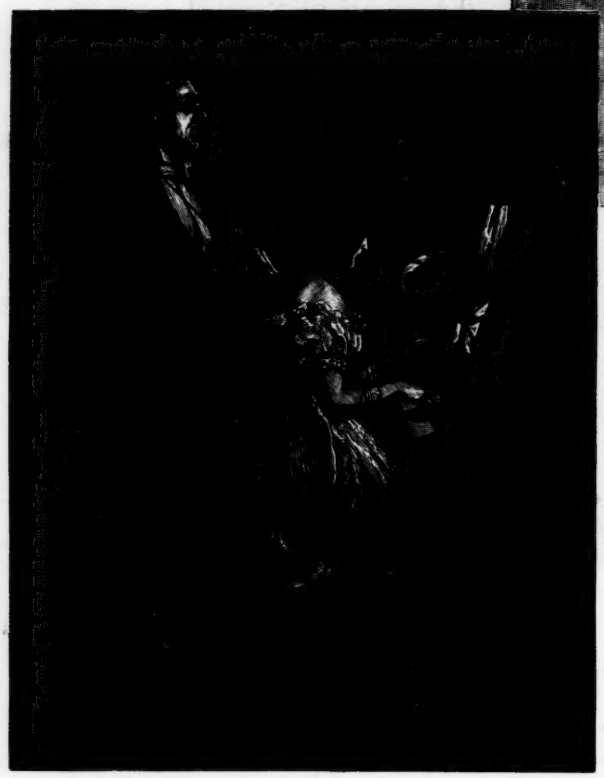
Pictures with a purpose are seldom so successful as the "Vagabond;" the point is generally driven home with too much violence. In Mr. Barnard's picture the artist has certainly not erred on the side of over-refined subtlety. Nevertheless his is the kind of comic *genre* in which insistence offends as little as it does in the comedy of Mr. H. J. Byron. Mr. Barnard, whose remarkable talent is

swinging melody were somewhat swaggering in type and humour, but their effect was duly tempered by a short passage in a softer and milder vein. They asked in cheerful defiance who was so free in the land and who so contented as the "homeless, ragged and tanned" wanderer, who was supposed to troll the carol as he tramped it "under a wintry sky." The song had exactly that false air of masculine vigour which gives relief after too much mawkishness; and the basses and baritones of England, who had long

felt a certain disproportion between their voices and the "flowerets" and "fairy glens" about which they had often been fain to warble, were glad to find a lyric more to their taste. Every singing-man shouted the "Vagabond," and may even have considered that there was something artistic and sincere in the words and music of the famous ditty. Mr. Barnard has depicted the usual drawing-room scene: a "little music" and the inevitable "Vagabond" in full swing at the piano, a manly voice performing it to a feminine accompaniment. The sense of light and warmth, the easy, blatant complacency of the singer, the pleasant self-satisfaction of the accompanist—with her graceful draperies, her pretty head, her fingers skilfully hovering!—are cleverly rendered, and help Mr. Barnard with his contrast—his epigram in design—amazingly. Another panel of the picture shows the fact so glibly treated of in the catching melody and the facile verse, and makes the comfortable singer look even more smugly superfluous than 'tis his nature to. The scene is a doorstep; the season, winter—*tueur des pauvres gens;* the time, midnight, or thereabouts; the hero a wretched beggar, pinched and livid and broken, cold to the marrow, and hugging his rags to his shivering body in a vain attempt to make them whole and serviceable. It needs but little fancy to imagine how he feels, for Mr. Barnard has caught and reproduced the peculiar gesture—in the reality an unpleasant and affecting motion; partly of hugging and shrinking, and partly of shivering and writhing—of those whose very vitals are a-cold, with a good deal of spirit. Being a professional satirist, he has gone out of his way, after the manner of his kind, to point a moral and adorn his tale. What is now-a-days, and in a case of this sort, so easy to do? Dickens, one of the greatest of novelists and largest-hearted of men, has shown the way in his own incomparable style; and Mr. Barnard, with neither Dickens's ideal to achieve, nor Dickens's passion to bear him on to the achievement, has followed in it dutifully enough. His hero is dying of cold and hunger, and dying so on the threshold of a Refuge for Homeless Dogs, and in the shadow of a placard calling on the charitable to



"THE VAGABOND." II.—THE STREET.
(*From the Picture by F. Barnard.*)



"THE VAGABOND." I.—THE DRAWING-ROOM.
(*From the Picture by F. Barnard.*)

subscribe for the benefit of certain sick and wounded, the victims of a foreign war. Evidently the picture would have been better art and stronger work if Mr. Barnard had been content to rely a little more on himself, and a little less on the effect of his points.

It will be seen from all this that the Hill collection, which the courtesy of its owner has enabled us to describe, has many and great merits, and has been made with much originality and insight. Work of the highest excellence accompanies much that is good and sound. It would be all the better, no doubt, if it comprised examples of the sincere and splendid romanticism of Eugène Delacroix; the fine, expressive, individual classicism of Ingres; the robust and daring mastery of Courbet; the richness and vivacity of Diaz; the ideal naturalism of Constable; the force and dignity and charm of Théodore Rousseau; the austere and dignified sincerity, the deep imaginative melancholy, the consummate *facture* of Legros; the romance and subtlety, the hardihood and the persuasiveness, "the beauty and the wonder and the power" of Burne-Jones. But in these days of high prices and æsthetic lunes, when works of art are all but worshipped, and a second year's exhibitor, if he is only moderately lucky, can sell his pictures for a sum that, paid for the "Angelus" or "Le Bûcheron et la Mort," would have made Millet feel himself a rising painter and a prosperous man, the wonder is to see a gathering of modern art at once so representative and choice, at once so excellent and complete. Captain Hill is master of a real treasure-house of art. Upon his walls are expressions of the random talent of George Moreland and the august genius of J.-F. Millet; of the strong, masculine style of Frank Holl and the attractive and peculiar art of George Mason; of the brilliance and daring and accomplishment of Degas and the sweet temper and quiet poetry of Israels. In his gallery Fred. Walker is elbowed by Phil Morris; an Orchardson sets off a David Cox; the exquisite *aubades* of Corot contrast with the high-handed and swaggering drama of Pettie. Val Prinsep and Val Bromley, Münthe and Crome, Macbeth and Duez and Leslie—all are well and worthily represented. There are many buyers; but there are few indeed who have bought so well and wisely as Captain Hill. He has looked about him for art, and he has taken it wherever he found it. It is the way with every true picture-lover. When he seeks out a painter, it is not for his name's sake, but his art's; when he buys a picture, it is merely that the picture pleases him. He knows that such dealing endows him with the privilege of communing at will with the greatest minds of the world at their highest instants of expression, and that a great picture contains the withal for high thoughts and noble emotions always.



FORTUNE-TELLING.
(From the Picture by W. Britten.)

THE PALMER EXHIBITION.

THE general public will experience considerable disappointment on visiting this collection of paintings, especially if they have read the very laudatory criticisms by which it has been accompanied. Many persons who were not familiar with Palmer's work were looking forward to a great treat in seeing these pictures, which, they had always heard, were most nobly-conceived and gorgeously-coloured compositions. But the public of to-day is more exacting than was that of forty years ago. It knows more, it demands more, and in particular it considers itself entitled to hold decided opinions about colour; and it is on the score of colour that the more ambitious of Palmer's pictures cause disappointment. At the time when these large compositions were arranged in high-pitched tones, such work was admired, such ambition was thought noble. Now, truth and harmony are considered as being essential parts of every picture—particularly in landscape; and the trumpetings of partisanship merely induce people to expect much more than can be given.

It is Palmer's early oil-colours and first water-colour drawings that are likely to be found not entirely satisfactory, while his smaller drawings are sometimes charming and his etchings often delightful. In his more ambitious works—the subjects of which are taken from Milton, or have been suggested by travel in Italy—the spectator is confronted with hard, hot tints instead of exquisite colouring, and with a monotonous heavy touch instead of the delicate manipulation he had been led to expect. When the paintings are not of distant views, the vegetation is heaped up in the foreground and clings closely to the foliage behind, so that the effect—as in "The Kentish Hop-Garden," or in some of the early Miltonic subjects—is that of plants and trees which have been pressed together or rolled out. It is curious to reflect that forty years can have made so great a change in art, or have rendered these paintings so essentially old-fashioned. Nor do we feel more drawn towards them by being told that in atmospheric effect they resemble the work of Turner—who might writhe in his grave at such an imputation—nor soothed by hearing that Claude Lorraine was Palmer's chief model. "The Kentish Hop-Garden" has, however, a certain charm of its own, and, regarded as the production of a young man, it would suggest that good work was likely to follow.

Of the city views, that one called "Pompeian Memories" is interesting in its subject, so that the rather over-bright colouring of the buildings may be excused. The ruined city stands in its narrow valley, open at one end to the sea, and half encircled by dark blue mountains, over which tower bright massive clouds. The point of view chosen in "Amphitheatre, Pompeii," is an unfortunate one, as the oval arena appears to be tilted up on end. "Tivoli and the Campagna of Rome" is old-fashioned and tedious.

There are three water-colour drawings here that are very attractive. Of these, No. 93, "The Furze Field," is a charming study, thoroughly modern in feeling, and gives well the impression of the perfect stillness that is characteristic of flat country. The sprawling green furze in the foreground is admirably suggested. A study of tree-tops, called "Reigate," is very true and good. No. 15, "A Farmyard," recently finished, as the catalogue informs us, is another pleasant study: this time of roof-tops, with flat country beyond, leading the eye over a blue valley to low, dim hills beyond. "Ponte Rotto" is a fascinating view of a small, irregularly-built town on rising ground, beside a broad, shallow river, which a dark bridge spans with low, simple arches. Red-roofed houses rise in a confused pile on one side, while a dim, blue plain can be just discerned over the bridge, beyond which rises sharply against the horizon a range of jagged, rocky mountains, and above them is a rolling sky of luminous cumuli, with narrow layers of thin, dark cloud fleeting before them. This picture is a charming composition, and is made complete by a pine-tree, which flings its length across the upper corner of the canvas, by this means balancing the city and the mass of cloud on the other side of the design.

Palmer's etchings are most interesting, and show how good he was in design when not led away by a vain search after colour. Two etchings in one frame, called "The Vine," with figures of dancing children, are gay and charming. "The Skylark" and "The Sleeping Shepherd" are better seen thus as etchings than as paintings. In the second of these the shepherd is seated on the ground in a trellised doorway, with his flock of sheep huddled together outside, while a ploughman, with his team of oxen, climbs the brow of the hill beyond, looking large against the sunrise sky. Figures seen thus against the sky do no doubt strike the eye as looking large, and Walter Crane in a recent drawing represented a similar group in this way; but it is disturbing to the composition, and attracts too much attention. Fred. Walker understood this, and softened his figures when

placed against the sky. Samuel Palmer often drew the rays of the piercing sun through the foliage of trees, or glancing through their stems. This effect is most successfully gained in "The Herdsman's Cottage." He also well understood how to draw a fleeting mass of clouds. "The Bellman" shows abruptly hilly country, the road leading downwards, with the village in the darkening valley below. Above, the stars are beginning to twinkle into notice one by one. A dark mass of buildings stands on the left hand, with an open door showing a warmly-lighted interior; in the porch sit young folks, who pause in their talk to listen to the bellman, as he walks briskly past them along the downward road, swinging his bell by his side as he strides along.

On the whole this exhibition, unequal as it is, is of much interest, and introduces us to a master of classic landscape whose claims upon attention will increase rather than diminish, as his style becomes more historic, and therefore less old-fashioned.

"CANOSSA, 1077."

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. A. CLUYSENAAR.

THE scene in the castle-yard of Canossa, which we engrave, has been a favourite subject with artists on account of its vivid combination of historical and pictorial interest. The arrogance of the venerable Pope Gregory VII., the humiliation of the crushed Emperor Henry IV. of Germany, and the contrasts of costume and character afforded by this great crisis in the strife between the Church and the Empire, have tempted the imagination of many an ambitious painter.

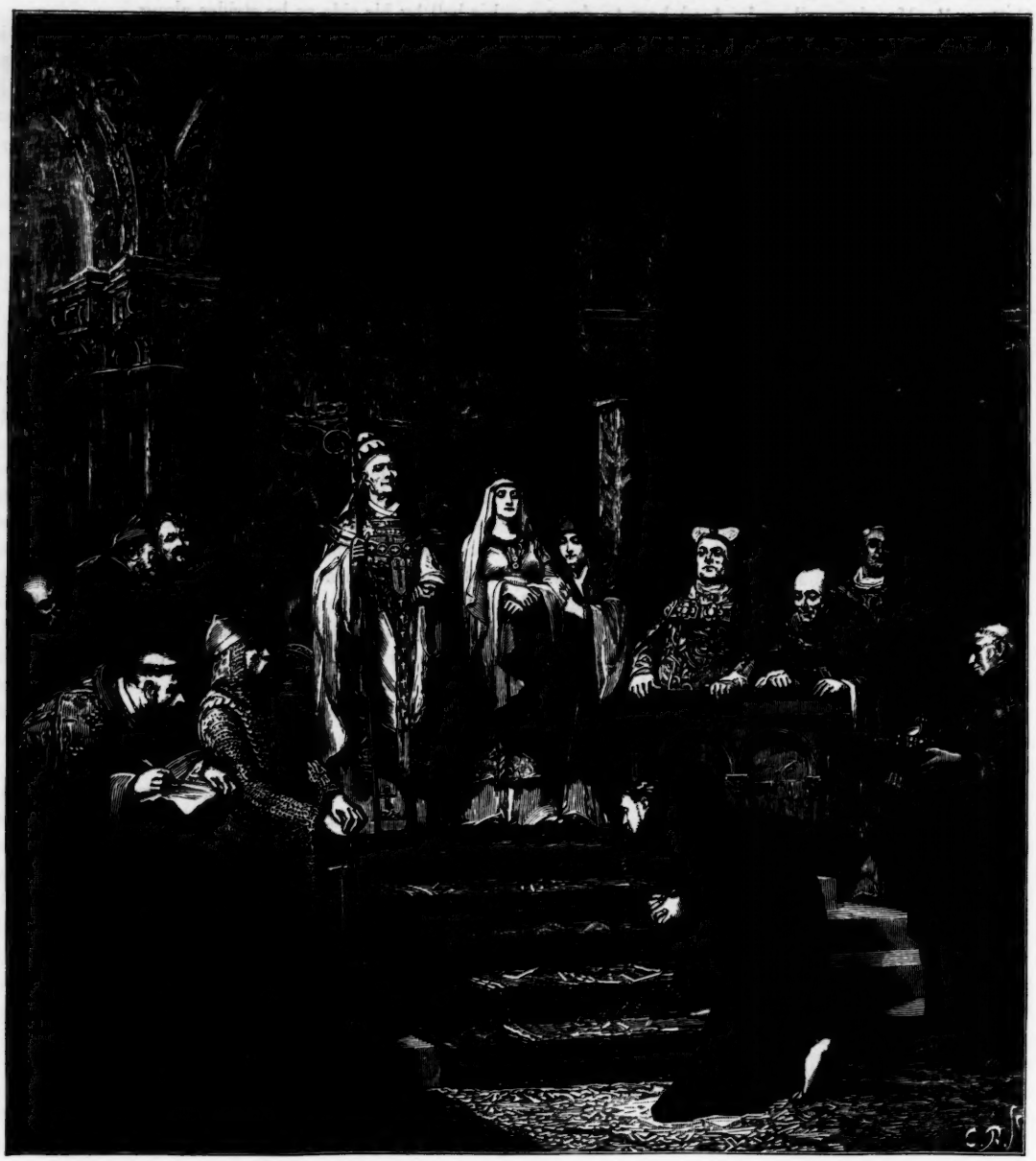
It is not always that history can thus sum up a revolution in a single scene. A generation earlier the Papacy seemed on the brink of dissolution, and was rescued from schism and degradation only by the vigorous intervention and the overmastering authority of the German Emperor. But Hildebrand, who appears in our illustration as Pope Gregory VII., gathered the reformed authority of the Papal throne into a force which over-mastered its reformer. Henry IV., one of the noblest of German Emperors, strove in vain to resist his dictation. He spent his life in the struggle to assert the supremacy of the civil over the ecclesiastical power within his own dominions. But his sovereignty was undermined at every point by his austere and unwearying opponent, till at length he was beaten to his knees by the combination of national and spiritual terrors with which Gregory VII. threatened him. Deserted, heart-broken, and conscience-stricken, the fallen Emperor came to Canossa to seek reconciliation with his conqueror; but it was not till he had long cowered as a suppliant in the snow-clad courtyard that Gregory considered the sin of an Emperor's resistance expiated, and admitted him to pardon. After eight centuries the struggle between Pope and German Emperor remains still undecided, and in the modern phase of the question there is not wanting many an exultant prophecy that Prince Bismarck in his time will confess defeat and "go to Canossa." The subject, however, is one which still awaits its perfect interpreter on canvas.

In our picture the artist has made the most of his materials in the matter of group and line, but not as regards expression, the several figures and faces being animated by conventional and obvious motives. He has treated his subject picturesquely, but without strong invention or realism, and has produced a good theatrical picture from correctly posed models, rather than a work of power. Architecture, cowl and helm, tiara and crown, crook and sword are there, with all the rather matter-of-course effectiveness they produce, but little directness of thought or feeling. A greater interest would attach to the work if the artist had chosen to be more of a partisan—had given us an emaciated Emperor worn with fasting and with his painful vigil in the famous courtyard, cowering before a power which had crushed his heart; or a generous penitent to whom the words of Frederick William Faber's sonnet might apply:—

> "In one place and at one solemn hour
> The passing shadow of eternal power
> In momentary transit deeply fell
> On all the pride and pageant of the world.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Men brooked the admonition, and they gazed
> Like seers inspired, while in their souls they felt
> That he who stooped was by submission raised
> Near to the height of that to which he knelt."

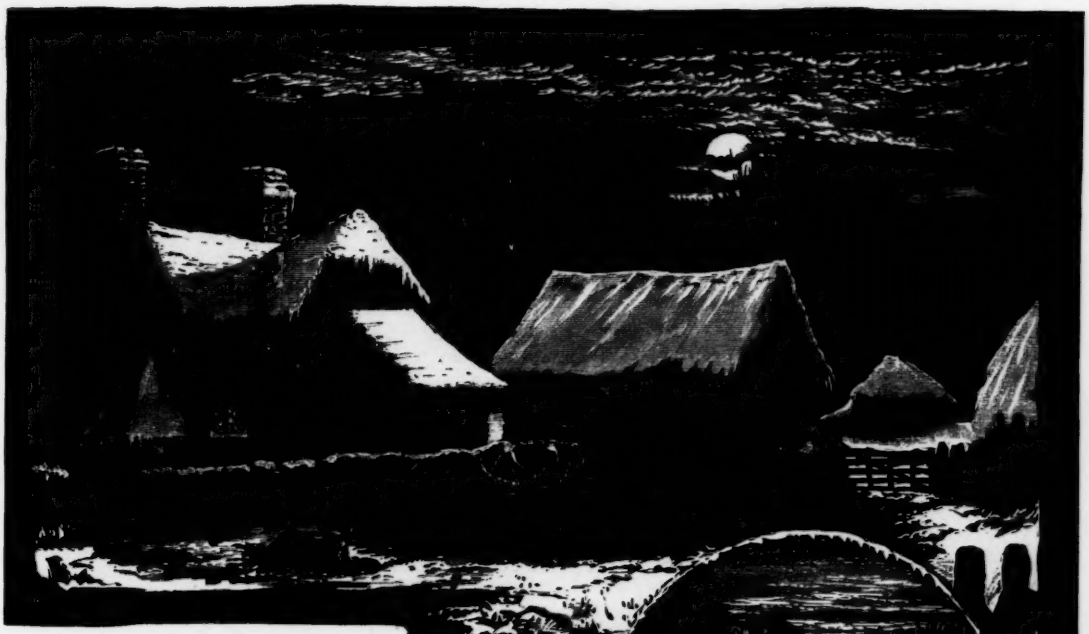
In the one case an element of terror, entirely absent from M. Cluysenaar's picture, would of course be the leading motive; and in the other the types of the Papal courtiers and the dominant expression of the Pontiff and his prelates would have assumed a far more noble character than that which the artist has impressed upon them.

M. Cluysenaar was, we believe, a comparatively young artist when he painted this picture, which, exhibited at the historical collection at Brussels in 1880, won so much favour that it was bought for permanent preservation in the Belgian National Gallery. A word may be said as to the historical exhibition in question. It was thought desirable to collect the principal works produced by Belgian artists during the space of half a century, and to exhibit them as a sign and summary of the artistic history of the country during that period. Every available picture of merit painted from the year 1830 to the year 1880 was brought out of public buildings, private galleries, and artists' studios, and shown in the newly-opened Palais des Beaux-Arts on the 1st of August, 1880. The idea of such a record is a good one, and might, with advantage, be adopted and realised by ourselves.



CANOSSA, 1077.

(From the Picture by J. A. Cluysenaar.)



THE LITTLE YARD.



THE ROAD TO CHURCH.

WINTER.

I HAVE my own theories about Jack Frost. He may have been a respectable person, and born of poor but honest parents—or he may not. I do not wish to say more, for, as Sancho Panza says, "Mum is a good dog, and the least said is soonest mended; if you go no further you will fare no worse, and when speech is silver, silence is golden; a word is enough, and it is no use pouring water on a drowned mouse." And so, too, says Teresa, the wife of Panza, and Sanchica, his daughter. But this I do not hesitate to affirm, that it is impossible to remain long in ill-temper with Jack Frost. He is so bright and cheery himself that every one else walks briskly, says "good morning" cheerily, and looks healthy and happy. There are those, no doubt, among our "inferior-animal" relatives who entertain only a moderate enthusiasm for Jack Frost. For one thing, they do not skate. Our friends the fowls, for instance, may think worse of the ground for being so hard; but, after all, the cock's looking for worms is mere affectation at the best of times, and his finding them is always a gross imposition upon the credulity of his obsequious wives. The pig, too, in a gentlemanly way, objects to the straw being chilly to his snout; but he also is so well-cared for elsewhere, that if he complains it is only because he cannot help complaining. Protest is as natural to a pig as the curl in his tail. And up in the empty elm yonder the "privileged robin" pipes gratefully for favours yet to come, and the lyric blackbird, less adventurous, hazards a brief appearance on the glittering rail—"just to show that he is there."

But is it not worth noting how we, the men and women of England, always think of these winter months as a time of hoar-frost and ice and snow? It is characteristic, no doubt, of human beings, and no doubt quite becoming too, that they should always look at Nature only as it affects themselves. Men and women are, after all, the very best animals known to naturalists on the earth, and if they were not to arrogate a certain amount of privilege on

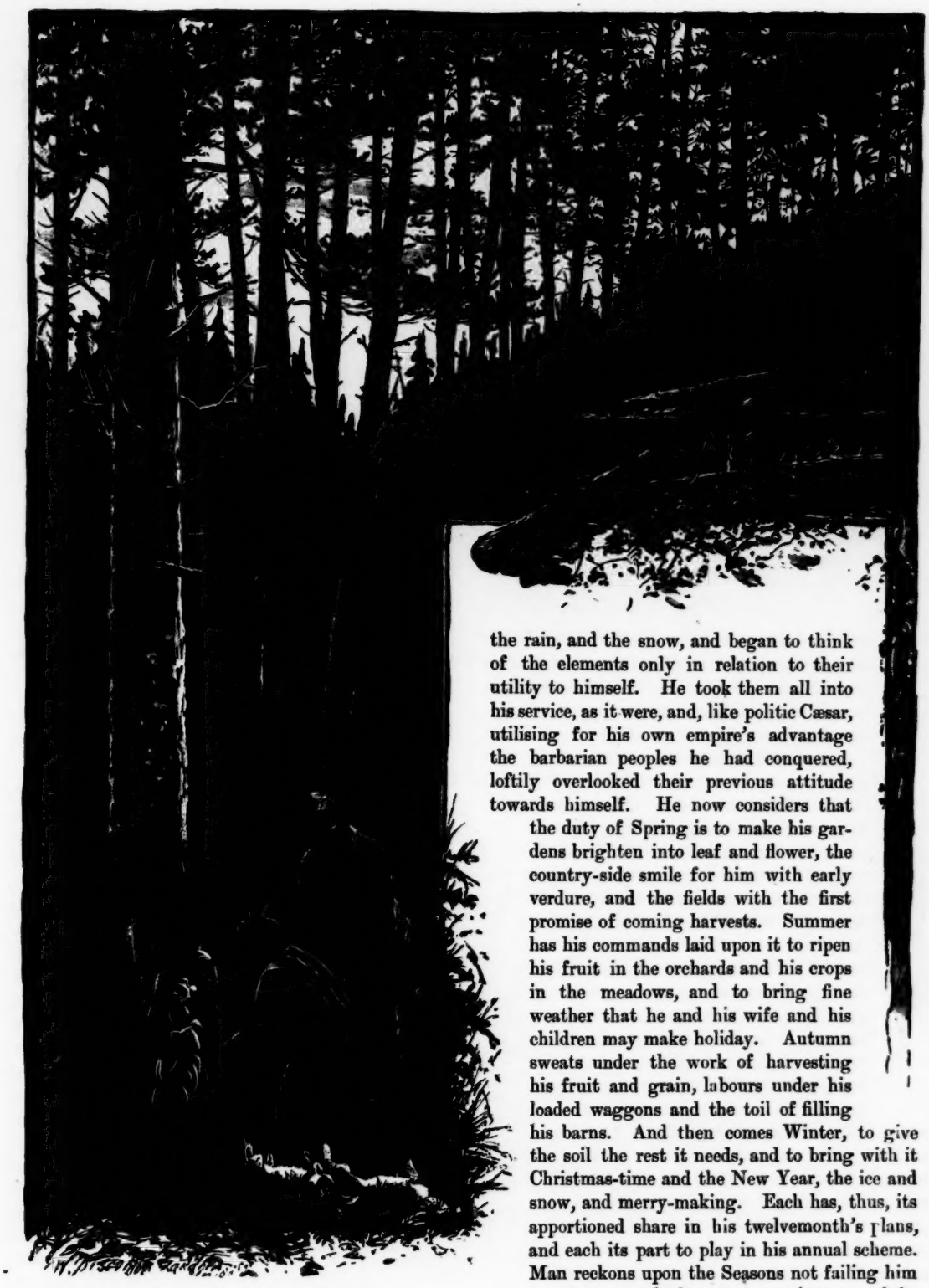


THE OLD STABLES, BREAKSPEAR'S FARM, HOLMWOOD.

the ground of their superiority, Nature would be thrown out of gear. If the tiger permitted other carnivorous beasts to come and board themselves in his jungles, he and his might often have to be content with short-commons. So he roars vehemently if he sees any other flesh-eating creature inclined to become a neighbour, and if the hint is not taken, he proceeds to personal violence, and makes as short work as possible of the trespasser. In the same way the big spider spins himself a very big web, and stretches his threads right across a whole corner of the garden, as a public intimation to the rest of his fly-catching acquaintance that that particular corner is his own preserve, and that everything that flies that way is for his own larder.

Man acts in precisely the same way. Though a diminutive animal as compared with some, and absurdly feeble as compared with others, he is incomparably "the fittest" of all the races that he lives amongst, and by his intelligence, self-helpfulness, and courage has established a complete dominion over the whole Noah's ark. This dominion he expresses, for instance, by catching them all, depriving them of their liberty, and making them live as his guests in cages in Regent's Park. But not content with having subdued all the nations of created things, and made playthings, as it were, of the kings of the forest and plain, of the air, the rivers and the seas, he aspires to an absolute autocracy in Nature, and treats even the seasons as if they, too, were the captives of his bow and spear. His long reign has apparently made him forget that the seasons were originally instituted without his being consulted, and that winter follows autumn without any regard to man's welfare, or the reverse. When Nature printed her programme she sent Man no proofs to revise; yet he seems to have come to look at everything only as relative to himself and his own belongings, quite forgetful of the fact that all the world was made before he was, and that it was very complete without him. The solemn procession of the seasons dignified the years in which he, man, had no part; and spring, summer, autumn, and winter long divided between them a world in which there were no such things as human beings. But man came at last, an inquisitive, audacious, and handy little animal, who would not submit to the tyranny of natural phenomena.

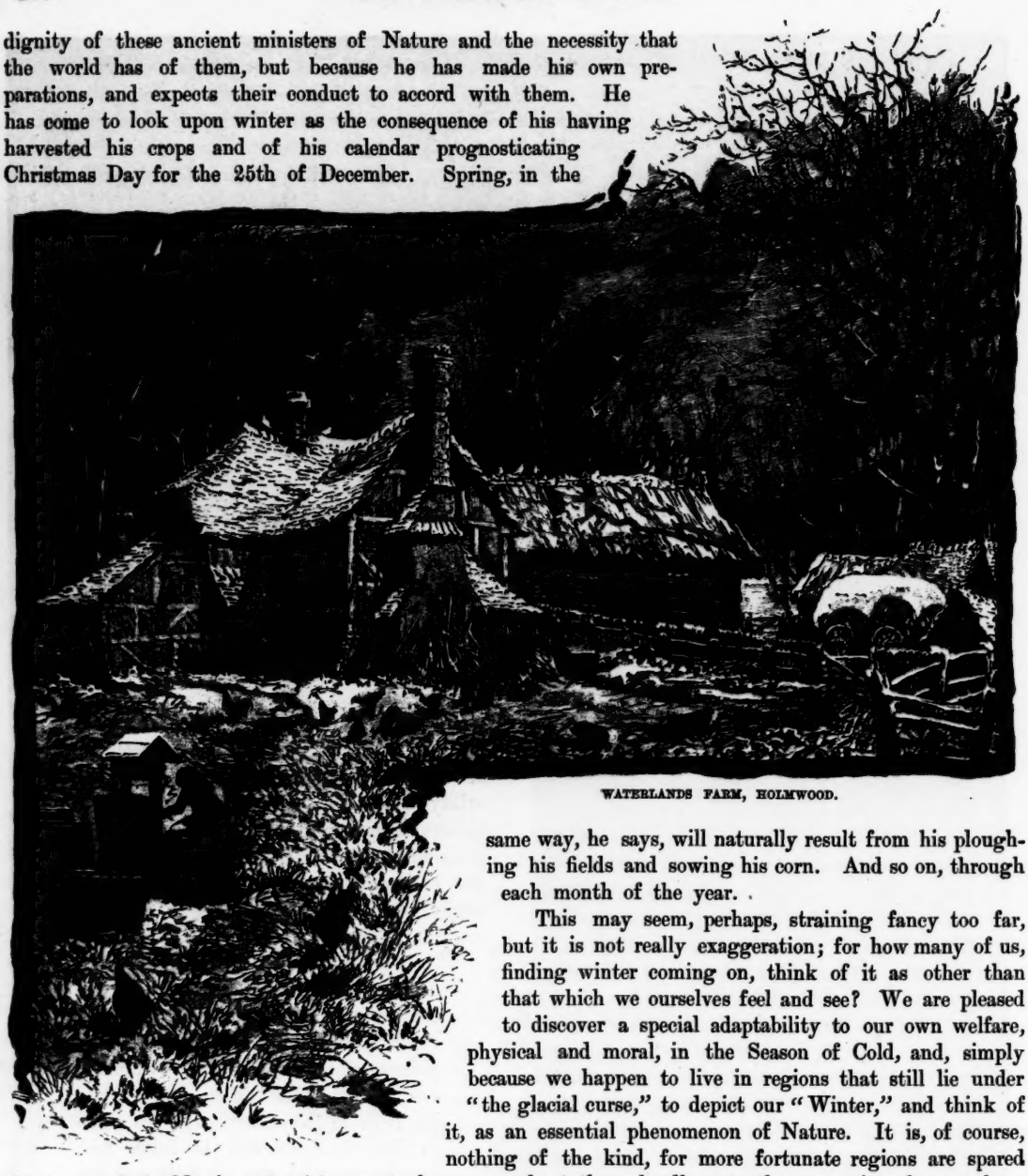
He refused, after a while, to go and wallow in pools, or hide under bushes, simply because the sun was hot, or to be starved or chilled to death simply because frost was cold. He put a roof over his head and a fire on his hearth, and looked out of doors complacently at the weather. There was a sense of triumph at this achievement in his heart of hearts, no doubt, and with it came also a sense of the comparative impotence of Nature. As centuries rolled on, the two feelings increased together, and each cycle of victories over Nature brought with it an enhanced idea of his own mastery on the earth, until at last he came to forget that he had ever had to fight for life with the sun, and the wind, and



POACHERS AT WORK—EARLY MORNING.

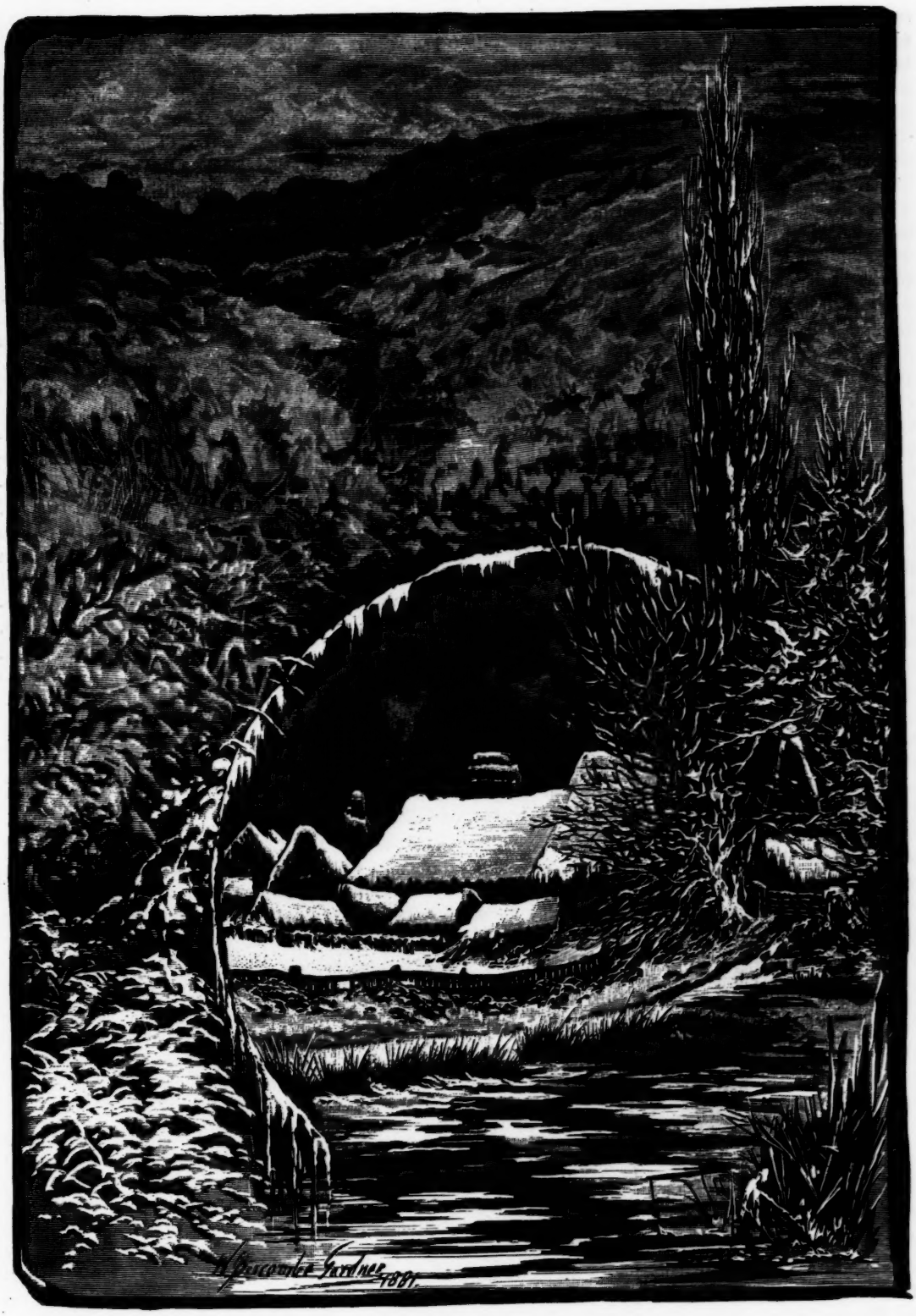
the rain, and the snow, and began to think of the elements only in relation to their utility to himself. He took them all into his service, as it were, and, like politic Cæsar, utilising for his own empire's advantage the barbarian peoples he had conquered, loftily overlooked their previous attitude towards himself. He now considers that the duty of Spring is to make his gardens brighten into leaf and flower, the country-side smile for him with early verdure, and the fields with the first promise of coming harvests. Summer has his commands laid upon it to ripen his fruit in the orchards and his crops in the meadows, and to bring fine weather that he and his wife and his children may make holiday. Autumn sweats under the work of harvesting his fruit and grain, labours under his loaded waggons and the toil of filling his barns. And then comes Winter, to give the soil the rest it needs, and to bring with it Christmas-time and the New Year, the ice and snow, and merry-making. Each has, thus, its apportioned share in his twelvemonth's plans, and each its part to play in his annual scheme. Man reckons upon the Seasons not failing him —not apparently from any consciousness of the

dignity of these ancient ministers of Nature and the necessity that the world has of them, but because he has made his own preparations, and expects their conduct to accord with them. He has come to look upon winter as the consequence of his having harvested his crops and of his calendar prognosticating Christmas Day for the 25th of December. Spring, in the same way, he says, will naturally result from his ploughing his fields and sowing his corn. And so on, through each month of the year.



WATERLANDS FARM, HOLMWOOD.

This may seem, perhaps, straining fancy too far, but it is not really exaggeration; for how many of us, finding winter coming on, think of it as other than that which we ourselves feel and see? We are pleased to discover a special adaptability to our own welfare, physical and moral, in the Season of Cold, and, simply because we happen to live in regions that still lie under "the glacial curse," to depict our "Winter," and think of it, as an essential phenomenon of Nature. It is, of course, nothing of the kind, for more fortunate regions are spared this terror of the North, and, with perpetual summer about them, hardly note the successive changes from flower to fruit, and from fruit to flower again. It is true that physiologists tell us—and history seems to affirm it—that the Northern races are the best, because they share the polar bear's discomforts; and that the Southern races, having no "bracing" winter, are bound to go down in the conflict of peoples. But this may be as it may. The fact remains that the only inhabitants of these British Isles who do not stay to enjoy our bracing weather in our company are the only ones who can escape doing so—the birds. Physiology does not apparently convince *them*, at any rate, of the advantages and dignity of being frozen; and as soon as they see the lime-tree leaves beginning to wilt and sadden, they are off to more comfortable climates and to easier living. They have no ambition to become hardy Norsemen, these swallow and cuckoo folk. All they care about is sunshine and plenty of food; so they leave us wingless islanders where we are, "encompassed by our inviolate sea," to develop our muscle and to qualify for survival, while they themselves go off to the Delectable Mountains in the lands of the cypress and myrtle. Does not even this hint of the migration of birds put another aspect on our winter? It becomes,



SNOW.

somehow, the gloomier for their departure. The nightingale will not stay to see it out, and the turtle-dove carries off his mate to winter in Algiers and Egypt. Our unfurnished woods are all "to let" again, for the "warbler" tribes have departed, by families and parishes; and not a wagtail of them all, white, yellow, pied, or grey, is to be found by our streams. There are no flies to catch and so the flycatchers, their occupation gone, are off and away hawking for insects on Lebanon; while our sedge birds, now that the willows are bare, are busy on the banks of the rivers of Damascus. The corncrake has deserted our Kentish meadow lands for the mustard-fields of Persia, and the swift and swallow tribes our keen English air for the balmier atmospheres of Morocco and Cathay. Why have all these gone, taking with them their pretty comrades of our summer woodlands? Simply because they think, these dainty little courtiers of the sun, that our winter is not fit for them to live in.

Our animals, fortunately, cannot follow summer as the birds do, or perhaps our hares and rabbits, our squirrels and dormice, would all go away too. But they, poor things, can no more escape from England than the dodo could from Mauritius, or the moa from New Zealand. Or it may be that they are content to stay where they are, under the delusion that if they only suffer long enough from ice and snow they may compass the proportions of the animals of the Glacial Period. With so much talk going on all round them about the invigorating effects of winter, it may be that they have come to believe that they too, if they stay with us, will Darwinise thicker fleeces on to their backs, and even —who knows?—develop tusks like the Dinotherium, or shells like the Glyptodon. As it is, poor bunny has a sharp experience of to-day, for in the grim winter's morning there come stealing along under the silent pines two men, with ferrets and nets and terriers, and wearing—horrible to a bunny's eyes!—caps of rabbit's skin upon their heads. These keep them warm while they kneel to insert the insidious ferret and spread the noiseless net; and so the rabbit, plunging in the fatal toils, bitterly reflects that its pelt will go to keep some other poacher from catching a cold in his head:—

> "So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
> Views its own feathers on the fatal dart
> That winged the shaft that quivers in its heart."

It would, indeed, be a grand day for the rabbits if they could romp about the Sussex sand dunes in the bigness of their extinct kinsmen, and the squirrels, scorning their hoards of rattling acorns, put on the hide of the woolly rhinoceros, and swagger down the Severn Valley rooting for wurzels. But it is idle for these small things in fur to build such monstrous castles in the air. The time, no doubt, has been, and if recent winters were often repeated might even be again; but this cannot be in *our* day. An Arctic England is within the range of the possible, and polar bears may yet again go some day floating along on glaciers through the Essex weald, and the Prince of Wales's wild cattle behemothise under glacial conditions until they revert to the proportions of auroch and urus. I have no wish to make fun of such a serious thing as Palæolithic man or so reverend a phenomenon as the precession of the equinoxes. But it would really require very little change in the latter to bring back the circumstances under which the former slung flints at the mastodon, and was trampled into fossils for his audacity. Who can say that we shall not wake up some day to hear that in consequence of "unprecedented frost" off the Hebrides the Gulf-stream had got chilled, and that the North Pole was bearing steadily down on Edinburgh, with a something on an iceberg that looked like a mammoth? We should all be put out, for the fact would be extraordinary. But Professor Owen would not be in the least astonished. The conditions, he would see at once, were admirably adapted for the presence of icebergs in Prince's Street; and as for the mammoth, what else could you expect in a glacial age? And supposing the ice-drift to follow its natural course southwards, there would be nothing, except Muswell Hill, to prevent Pall Mall from becoming a frozen strait of broken floe in which the pulsations of ebb and tide of a distant ocean should perpetually keep the ice fragments grinding and washing together; to the great detriment and danger of the expeditions that Africa would no doubt fit out to search for relics of the Lord Mayor of London.

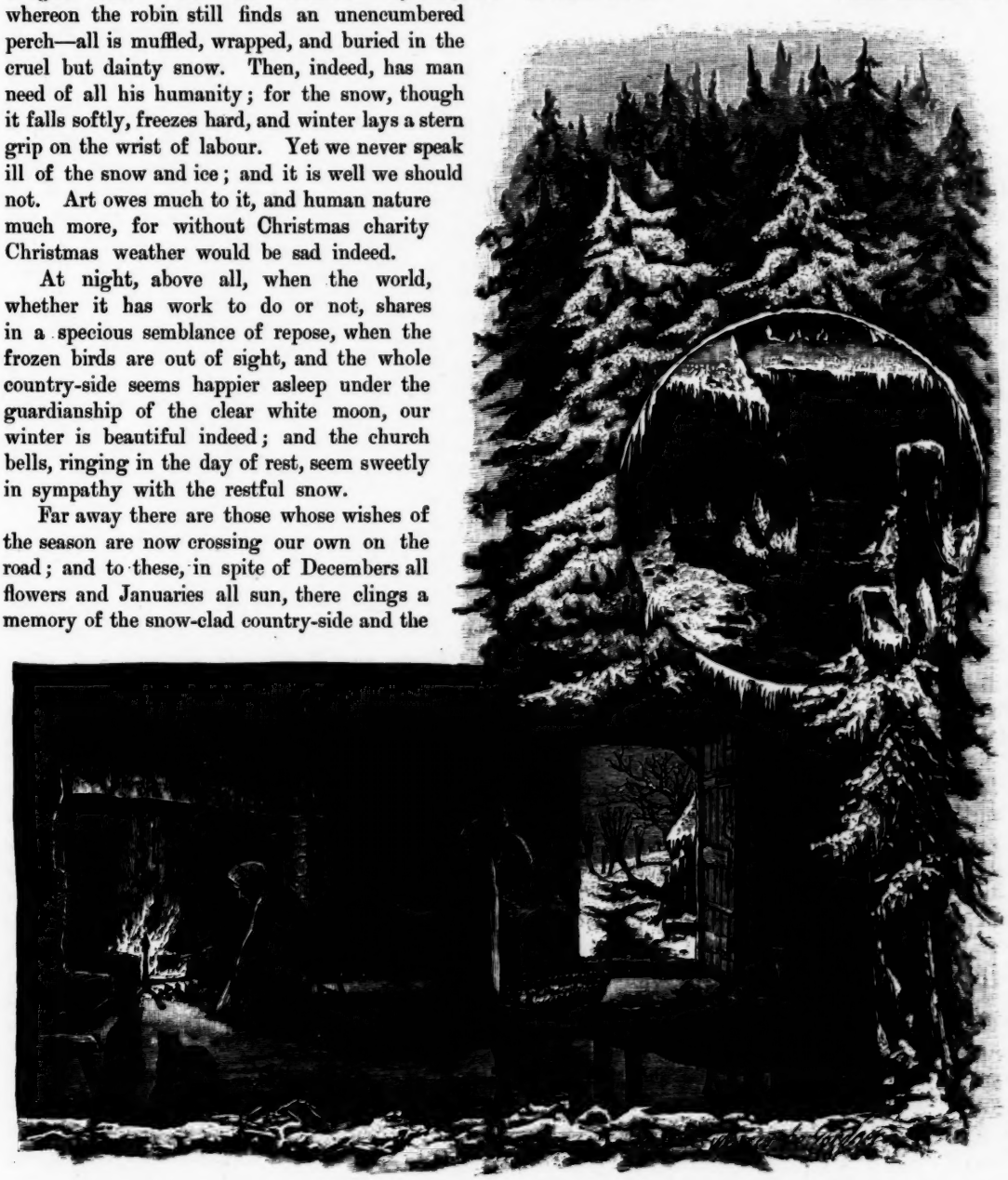
But this is unseasonable melancholy; for, after all, our English winter is a season for the cultivation of only the most cheerful sentiments. This is a confession, no doubt, that something is needed to counteract cheerless Nature, yet Winter itself provides the comfort for us. There is a charm in the homestead then which vanishes in the spring. The home-bound toiler crunches beneath his feet the crisp rubbish of the farmyard upon which the evening frost has already seized, and leaves behind him for the night the swept snow-heaps upon each side the path and the icicle-hung eaves. As he steps over the threshold out of the bleak and desolate twilight, home seems a palace of comfort and warmth. In the old chimney-corner there is a blaze of flickering logs prepared for his return, and never has the glow and shelter seemed to him so grateful as when he closes the door upon the first aimless crystals of the gathering snowstorm. With what tenderness it will settle, flake by flake, upon the farmhouse roof, the

glebe land that stretches down to the river, and even, where it may, upon the ice-bound river itself! We might think it the gentlest thing in Nature. It falls so softly that the snipe, dibbling for worms at the water's edge, hardly heeds it, and up on the common yonder the wild upland receives the gracious oppressor without a murmur of complaint. Yet, one by one, the familiar outlines of the landscape are smothered out, and—except for the tall poplar, whose boughs refuse to hold the treacherous crystals, and whereon the robin still finds an unencumbered perch—all is muffled, wrapped, and buried in the cruel but dainty snow. Then, indeed, has man need of all his humanity; for the snow, though it falls softly, freezes hard, and winter lays a stern grip on the wrist of labour. Yet we never speak ill of the snow and ice; and it is well we should not. Art owes much to it, and human nature much more, for without Christmas charity Christmas weather would be sad indeed.

At night, above all, when the world, whether it has work to do or not, shares in a specious semblance of repose, when the frozen birds are out of sight, and the whole country-side seems happier asleep under the guardianship of the clear white moon, our winter is beautiful indeed; and the church bells, ringing in the day of rest, seem sweetly in sympathy with the restful snow.

Far away there are those whose wishes of the season are now crossing our own on the road; and to these, in spite of Decembers all flowers and Januaries all sun, there clings a memory of the snow-clad country-side and the ice-bound ponds that made Christmas cheery and New Year bright. And with the gaudy convolvuluses climbing over his porch, and the notes of nesting birds in his ear, the sun-tanned colonist at the Antipodes can send back a thought to the old country, where, in spite of the snow that lies so thick out of doors, in spite of the icicles that fringe the thatch, there is cosiness and warmth and Christmas good-will. And to whom do we owe all these but to Jack Frost?

PHIL. ROBINSON.



THE OLD CHIMNEY-CORNER.

MEMORIES OF THE YEAR'S ART.

THE artistic interest of 1881 appears, on retrospection, to have been mainly one of buying and selling. It has been a year, not of great pictures, but of high prices. Thus, from Paris, we hear of a superb example of the art of Théodore Rousseau—"le grand Refusé," as he was called—"Le Marais dans les Landes," being bought for the Louvre for 120,000 francs. For Millet's pictures, collectors have bid yet higher. "Le Greffeur, one of his earliest great works, brought 130,000 francs; while the "Angelus" (originally sold for 2,000 francs) realised 160,000 francs at the Wilson sale, sold a few days afterwards for 200,000 francs, and was bid for in vain at 250,000 francs. In London some excitement in the picture-market was created by the sudden appearance of a certain "Mr. Thomas," a mysterious stranger, who, without word of warning, possessed himself of Landseer's "Man Proposes—God Disposes" at a cost of £6,300; of Mr. Millais' not very remarkable picture, "The Princes in the Tower"—a kind of latter-day Delaroche, so to speak—at a cost of £3,990; and of important works by Stanfield, Müller, and others at prices hardly less splendid and extraordinary. It is now known that Mr. Thomas and Professor Holloway are identical, and that the pictures in question were bought to furnish the gallery of this gentleman's magnificent foundation. Another famous sale was that of Mr. Millais' inexpressive and uninteresting portrait-sketch of the Earl of Beaconsfield for £2,000. Among etchings the palm for costliness belongs to the unique (and disputable) Vandyck, which was the gem of the Bale collection. For this singular prize an agent of the French Rothschilds did battle with the representative of the British Museum, and secured it for some £450.

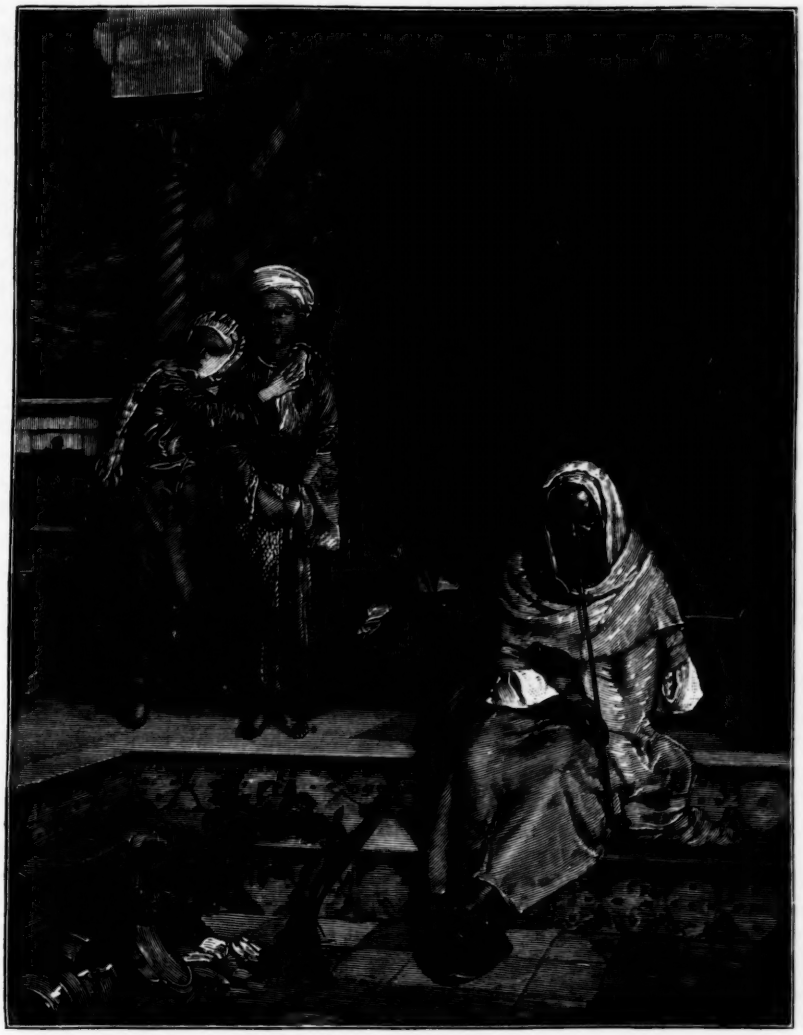
In this connection it is worthy of note that Courbet's masterpiece, the famous "Enterrement d'Ornans," one of the strongest, most surprising achievements of modern art, has been going a-begging in France at 100,000 francs; and that in England a representative work by J.-F. Millet, "Le Semeur," a picture in some sort superior to the "Angelus" itself, has been offered for £5,000 sterling, and offered in vain. Courbet's magnificent "Portrait of the Painter," an early work, not much, if at all, inferior to the greater portraitures of Velasquez, was on sale here for £500, and shared the fate of the "Semeur" and the "Enterrement d'Ornans." It may be noted, in passing, that the English national collections do not contain a single example of Delacroix, Ingres, Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Fortuny, Regnault, Barye, or Courbet; and that it appears to be a rule with those in authority only to pay high prices for suspicious Old Masters.

The most interesting of the exhibitions was that selected from the works of Mr. Millais. It included, at one time and another, the famous "North-West Passage;" the beautiful and affecting "Vale of Rest;" the "Boyhood of Raleigh;" the over-praised and over-written "Chill October;" "Cherry Ripe;" the portrait of Mr. Tennyson; the popular "Order of Release;" the celebrated "Yeoman of the Guard;" the "Gambler's Wife;" the charming little "Woodman's Daughter." Perhaps most interesting of all, quaintly and exquisitely innocent in manner and feeling and execution, were those relics of a time when Pre-Raphaelitism was a religion, and Ruskin was its prophet—the "Isabella" and the "Carpenter's Shop" of thirty years ago. It may be noted that Mr. Millais' work, remarkable as it is, seemed less powerful and attractive with none but itself to be its parallel, than it seems at Burlington House, with the work of the average Academician to enhance its attractiveness and double its power. At the *Graphic* Gallery the best picture was probably the "Type of Female Beauty" contributed by M. Carolus Duran: a dashing and able piece of portraiture, brilliant and imaginative in colour, bold and dexterous in handling, cheap in sentiment, and seductive in effect. In the same way Herr Lembach's austere and vigorous portraits of Prince Bismarck and Count von Moltke—in principle and effect much like the work of Professor Legros—were far ahead of all the contemporary work shown with them at the French Gallery in Pall Mall. As regards the first exhibition of the newly-constituted Society of Painter-Etchers, the artistic interest of the thing appears to have centred in the contributions of Messrs. Legros ("By the River," the "Rocky Landscape," the "Death and the Woodman," and so forth), Hunter, Watts (a single example), and Hook; and after these in the works exhibited by Messrs. Tissot, Haden, Lançon, Bacher, Duveneck, George, and Bradley.

The average quality of the exhibition of the Royal Academy was better and higher than it has been for some years. From the Grosvenor Gallery Mr. Burne-Jones was unhappily absent, and the gathering, though in many ways remarkable, was not so interesting as it might have been. Of the "Salon à Londres"—notable for its Bonnat, its Vollons, and its Henners—it is not necessary now to speak.

JOHN BAGNOLD BURGESS, A.R.A.

IF to come of an artistic stock were to command artistic success, Mr. Burgess's popularity were easily explicable on other grounds than those of merit and accomplishment. He has a highly-respectable painter's lineage, for his immediate ancestors were all hidalgos of the palette. His is a congenital talent; and he may be cited as a living argument in proof of the theory of heredity.



GUARDING THE HOSTAGES.

(From the Picture by J. B. Burgess, A.R.A.)

About the middle of the eighteenth century there existed in Maiden Lane, Strand, an academy or school of art which numbered amongst its students a certain lad whose name was destined to become perhaps the brightest in the roll of British painters. He was called Thomas Gainsborough, and he received the foundation of that artistic education which was to make him world-famous at the hands of one Thomas Burgess, who presided over the school. This Thomas Burgess was the great-grandfather of the subject of this memoir; but the hereditary "transmission of a genius for art," so evident in this case, was not to

be broken by a single link, for the son of Thomas Burgess, named William, became distinguished as a portrait-painter, in proof whereof a work of his elicited much commendation and inquiry a year or two ago at an exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House. William in his turn had a son whose initials were H. W., and H. W. Burgess, the father of the present John, held the post of landscape-painter to King William IV. Other members of this gifted family likewise exemplified the general tendency, inasmuch as there was another Thomas Burgess, a landscape-painter of great promise, who died very young in 1807, whilst Leamington, until very recently, claimed as one of its notables an eminent water-colour flower-painter named John Cart Burgess. That a descendant from such a stock should have early manifested the spirit within him, and that he should in due time have attained a conspicuous place in the front rank of the artistic profession, is therefore not surprising.

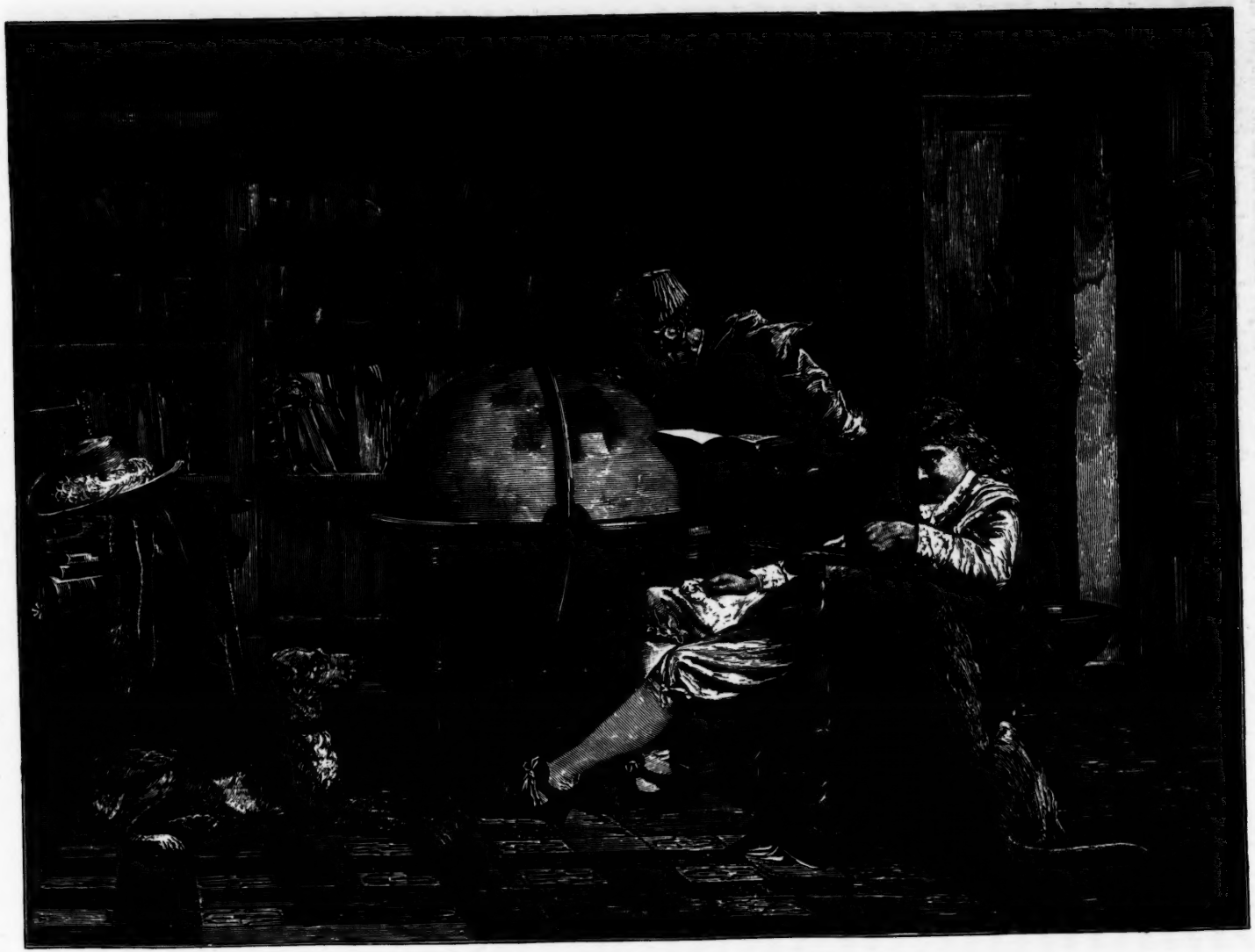
John Bagnold Burgess was born on the 21st of October, 1830, at Chelsea, and, like so many of his contemporaries, commenced his actual training in art at Mr. Leigh's academy in Newman Street, in 1848. Thence to the Royal Academy there was but one step, he being admitted there as a student in 1850. Much credit is due to him for the persevering manner in which he pushed forward towards his goal during his early life; for he had the misfortune, when only ten, to be deprived by death of the guidance of his accomplished father, and in those days the ready means now to be found for carrying on the study of art did not exist. A youngster had to train himself as best he could, feeling his way amongst the antiques at the British Museum, or drawing from casts in his own home; and much valuable time was wasted for the want of a little discriminating direction from a master. To some extent young Burgess found this at the hands of Sir William Ross, the miniature-painter, who undertook, as an intimate friend of his father, to look after the boy's art-education. Still, the help which he received was trifling until he entered Leigh's school; and he says that he was astonished, when he at last got into the life school of the Academy, to find that he knew so much as he did, and that he was able with but little exertion to distinguish himself by carrying off the medal of the first class awarded in that institution for drawing from the life. His efforts to establish himself on an independent footing were begun by painting portraits, but his poetic and imaginative nature soon began to resent the trammels of such comparatively prosaic work. An artist capable of thinking out and bringing to a successful issue such pictures as those by which Mr. Burgess has made his reputation, was not likely to be contented with the mere portrayal of modern ladies and gentlemen, albeit he gained doubtless much mastery over the brush by its exercise in that direction. Taking advantage of certain family connections residing in Seville, he very soon went off to Spain; and had it not been for the tendency of the British public to associate certain artists with certain countries or classes of subjects, and to look upon others who may venture upon the same ground as pirates and poachers, there can be little reason why J. B. Burgess should not have become some time since as celebrated for his interpretations of Spanish life and character as was the late John Phillip. For be it remembered, although he goes chiefly to the Peninsula for his themes and inspirations, he in nowise follows in the footsteps of his elder and renowned predecessor. Beyond the fact that he paints Spaniards, his work no more clashes with that of John Phillip than the pictures of Webster or Faed, for example, clash with those of Wilkie, and it is surely rather hard upon an artist that he should have to live down a certain amount of prejudice against his work simply because some one has treated similar subjects previously. But we would say, pursuing this question a little further, except that their models are Spanish, the subjects which Mr. Burgess paints are not similar to those of Phillip. The latter by preference portrayed the gay, guitar-twanging, castanet-playing, bolero-dancing, carnival-keeping, cigarette-smoking life of Seville, rather than that of the rough, ragged, dirty, sheepskin-clad, parched-up peasantry, gipsies, and contrabandistas of the Sierra Morena, with the surroundings of the low *venta* and *posada*, such as John B. Burgess chiefly delights in. Not, however, to continue the comparison, there has been, for any time these fifteen years past, enough and to spare of individuality and originality in his work to have warranted much earlier than he received it the award of an Associateship in the Royal Academy. So long ago as 1865 he established himself in the estimation of the public, as well as in the opinion of the best judges, as a painter of no mean power, by the exhibition of a picture at the Royal Academy which, from its nature, has been hard for him to surpass. It is not often that an artist can hit upon a subject that lends itself so entirely to pictorial treatment as did that of "Bravo Toro." To describe it or dwell on it here would be gratuitous, well known and associated as the work is with the name of Burgess. Full of beauty and fine in colour, powerful in drawing, expression, and execution, it deservedly claimed, and has retained, a large meed of public favour; and if its painter has not always seemed to keep up to the high standard of excellence which it promised, the shortcoming may readily be attributed, as we have said, to the fact that equally telling subjects are not easy to find. If those, upon Dr. Johnson's principle, who paint the manners,

tone, and temper of Spain with the veracity which is conspicuous in this artist, should themselves be Spanish in feeling and character, then assuredly Mr. Burgess is by right the very man for the work. One can trace through his frank, firm, yet tender English manner, and the excellence of his *technique*, which, if not of the most forcible, is decidedly above the English average, that vein of languid, graceful, semi-sensuous indolence—that postponing till to-morrow (*hasta mañana*) kind of sentiment—which is so marked an element of the Spanish nature. It may be that something of this tendency accounts for the comparatively few large compositions which our limner produces. He works with industry, lovingly, diligently, but deliberately, as though he were revelling in the calm, warm atmosphere which he depicts, and in the midst of which any great display of energy or intensity, to adopt a modern phrase, would be quite out of place.

Going back over the public record of his work, we shall revert only to such of his canvases as have displayed the especial charms of his brush. Thus, whilst the many single heads and figures which he has exhibited since 1865 are all more or less choice specimens, the really important works are scarcer until we come down to somewhat recent dates. Still, in 1866 "The Favourite Padre" might fairly have claimed for its painter more renown than it did, had it not been but just preceded by "Bravo Toro." This Spanish street-scene, where two priests, one fat and one lean, are receiving their salutations from, and distributing their blessings among, a group of their especial charges, was full of life and character, and displayed the keenest appreciation of all that is humorous, pathetic, and picturesque. The same may be said, far more emphatically, of "Stolen by Gipsies," which in 1868 deservedly attracted great attention. An able review said of it:—"It is unusually interesting from the strong appeal it makes to the sympathy of the spectator—an appeal sustained by great power of expression. At a low Spanish inn, a haunt of gipsies and thieves, a pretty little girl, who has been stolen from some respectable family, is receiving or undergoing a lesson in dancing and in the use of the tambourine. The trouble in the poor child's face, and the keen repulsive raillery on the countenance of one of the two men who are teaching her, as well as the compassionate look of a gipsy woman who has a child of her own and feels for this lonely little girl, are as good studies of expression as anything in this year's Academy. The two old men who are playing at cards, and the gendarmes just entering upon the scene, as yet unperceived, are as life-like in their way, though less powerfully dramatic. Mr. Burgess is very merciful to the spectator in introducing the messengers of justice on the staircase. It would have been too painful to think that such a nice little girl should have to pass her whole life in the company of these vagabonds, and we feel much satisfaction in the thought that she is just going to be released and restored to her anxious friends, whilst her captors will come within the grasp of the law."

Making good use of the troublous times on which he fell during a visit to Spain in 1869, our artist gave us the following year a highly dramatic, picturesque, and telling reproduction of one of their many episodes. The scene was the interior of a church into which, during an *émeute* in the streets, some of the wounded were being carried for treatment; the picture was full of pathetic and stirring interest. In a very different key was the work by which Mr. Burgess was represented in 1871, bringing as it did into view an entirely new phase of his powers. Peace and domesticity succeeded turmoil and revolution, and we had in "A Visit to the Nursery" as healthy and strong a bit of English home-life and sentiment as ever graced Academy walls. The delightful old Colonel Newcome-like grandpapa in his tops, buckskins, and pink, who is paying "a visit to the nursery," in company with the charming mamma, just before riding off to cover, should even after this lapse of time be remembered by all observant visitors to modern picture-shows.

Unable, however, to remain long away from the land of his love, Mr. Burgess has continued since that year, almost without interruption, to exhibit none but Spanish or Moorish subjects. Thus in 1872 "Kissing Relics in Spain" was his principal picture, and in writing about it at the time an able critic says, after pronouncing it to be broad and luminous in treatment and composition, that "the artist, with rare good taste, has succeeded in eliminating everything of a repulsive nature from a degrading scene of superstition." In 1873 and 1874 we had evidence in "The Rush for Water: Scene during the Ramadan in Morocco," and "The Presentation: English Ladies Visiting a Moor's House," that the Straits of Gibraltar had been crossed for pictorial purposes; but in 1875 there was an agreeable renewal of acquaintance with that quaintly humorous side of Spanish character in which the artist shows at his best. "The Barber's Prodigy," like "Stolen by Gipsies," was a really excellent picture, and was thus described at the time:—"The barber, who has left his customer, a sturdy, rough-looking Spanish peasant, upon whom he has so far operated as to have well lathered his face with soap, is eagerly conversing with two priests and a gentleman, to whom he is showing some sketches made by his son, a boy-artist who is kneeling upon the floor in the centre of the picture, with portfolio before him. The humorous element introduced in the expression in the face of the indignant customer, left alone



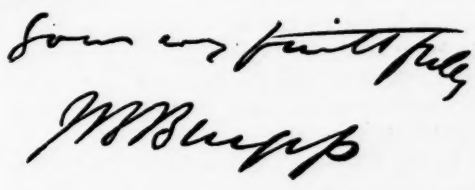
THE PROFESSOR AND HIS PUPIL.

(From the Picture by J. B. Burgess, A.R.A.)

ornamented as we have described, may be imagined. Mr. Burgess has supplied the requirement of beauty in the work in the barber's daughter, a charming girl, who is an interested spectator in the scene."

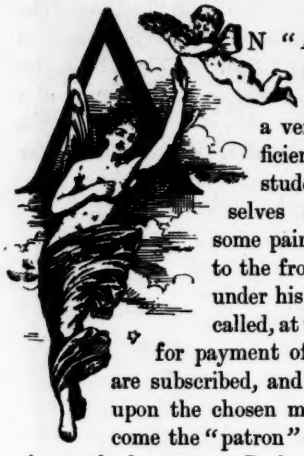
The list of his works for the years 1876, 1877, 1878, and 1879 includes "Feliciana—a Spanish Gipsy," "Licensing the Beggars: Spain," "Childhood in Eastern Life," "Zulina," "The Convent Garden," and "The Student in Disgrace: a Scene in the University of Salamanca." Most of these





will be fresh in the memory of our readers, especially the last, which is quite one of the best of his many productions. The two or three pictures which have succeeded this on the walls of Burlington House—viz., "The Professor and his Pupil" (1880), and "The Genius of the Family," "Ethel," and "Guarding the Hostages" (1881)—if they were not quite equal in all respects to "The Student in Disgrace," were excellent in their several ways. Of two of these we give illustrations. The first, "Guarding the Hostages," may be compared with the "Rush for Water" and the "Presentation." It is a striking little picture, Moorish as to its subject, and dramatic in intention and effect. The second, "The Professor and his Pupil"—a very pleasant work—brings us back into Spain, the Spain of Lazarillo de Tormes and the Gran Tacaño. The old gentleman has lost himself in the geographical lesson which in the days of Spain's Colonial Empire formed so indispensable a part in the education of a young Spanish nobleman. He is peering upon the great globe as earnestly as if he were reading Peter Martyr and discoursing of the Admiral himself, or mapping out the victories of the mighty Marqués del Valle. His pupil—some dukeling, with a score of splendid names to his tail—has little stomach for learning of any sort. He lounges in the great leathern chair, and cuddles his favourite hound. He would much prefer to be out and away, with hawk on wrist and spur on heel, a-pacing the beach, and looking for the wondrous galley, and listening for the wondrous song he has read of in the ballad of Count Arnaldos. There are a great many English boys who will thoroughly agree with him.

L'ATELIER-BONNAT.



AN "Atelier d'Élèves" is of spontaneous generation, and its establishment is a very simple matter. A sufficient number of enthusiastic students agree among themselves in their admiration of some painter who has lately "come to the front," and resolve to work under his guidance. A meeting is called, at which the necessary funds for payment of rent, models, and firing are subscribed, and then a deputation waits upon the chosen master, asking him to become the "patron" of their studio. The post is purely honorary. It is perfectly well understood that its acceptance by the popular painter means the giving up by him of several working hours weekly, and that his only return is the chance that amongst the number of his pupils a few will hereafter make a name for themselves, and so reflect lustre on his name; and yet such a thing as a refusal of a request of this sort is probably unknown in Paris. French artists of eminence are singularly liberal of their time in helping hard-working juniors in their craft. They never fail to remember the treatment they received themselves from their seniors when they were beginning to climb the difficult ladder of fame, and when they are *arrivés* they are glad to pay back the debt to all who require their help. So, almost without introduction, an art-student who, after a reasonable hour in the afternoon, brings his work to submit to any artist of distinction, is sure of a kind and courteous reception; and if he has talent he may expect that the great man will afterwards even take the trouble from time to time to mount up to *his* studio, *au* 5ème, to help and encourage him in his work.

The Atelier-Bonnat was started in 1865, with the wholesome purpose of studying nature as closely as possible, avoiding on the one hand the vagueness of the impressionists, and on the other the conventionalism of the academical style of work, upon which the followers of Bonnat look with undisguised contempt. The usual way of gaining admission to the studio is to call on M. Bonnat with one or two specimens of work, and ask permission to attend his "Atelier d'Élèves," and then to go straight to the studio, which is situated in the Impasse Hélène in the Avenue Clichy, not very far from Montmartre, and present oneself to the *massier*, and pay one's subscription and entrance fee. The entrance fee used to be 25 francs, and the yearly subscription 360 francs, payable monthly; but it was the rule to pay the subscription for the *last* three months with that for the first month, so as to give the studio some hold upon a slippery student. Foreigners who could not spend a whole year in Paris were permitted to work as visitors at the monthly subscription of 25 francs, which gave them not only "le droit de travailler," as the "Règlement" phrases it, but also a voice in the choice of models and pose.

The nominal hour of beginning work is seven o'clock A.M. in the summer and eight A.M. in the winter months; but, as a matter of fact, work begins half an hour later at each season, and the sitting is of four hours' duration, exclusive of intervals of rest for the models. A fresh model is posed every Monday morning, when there is a good muster of students, who choose their places for the week in the order in which they inscribe their names in a book as they come in. It is usual to ask the model to suggest several poses that he (or she) thinks he can keep without over-fatigue, and then, if neither of these is approved of, or if, as often happens, the model is stupid, one or more of the students arranges a pose, which has in any case to be approved by a fair majority of votes before it is definitely decided on. By the time the pose is chosen, the first hour is generally gone, and the necessary chalk-marks having been made round the model's feet, &c., so that he may be able to find the exact position again, the regular "ten minutes' rest" is called, after which, according to the rules, no change can be made in the pose for the rest of the week.

Dirty and most disorderly is the first impression that the studio makes upon the stranger, who, passing from the aforesaid Impasse Hélène, lifts the latch of the heavy door and finds himself in a lofty room, rather more than thirty feet square, lighted by one great window, the bottom of which is eight feet from the floor. In front of him, against the wall, on a big model-table, at right angles to the window and close to the stove, stands the nude model, and in widening semicircles, facing the table, are ranged rows of easels and strong straw-covered stools or *tabourets*. The front stools and easels are very low, and the students who work at them make studies of the head only, being much too near the model to be able to see the figure as a whole. The students behind these sit on stools about the height of an average chair; those behind these again on stools so high that they can stand or lean against them at will;

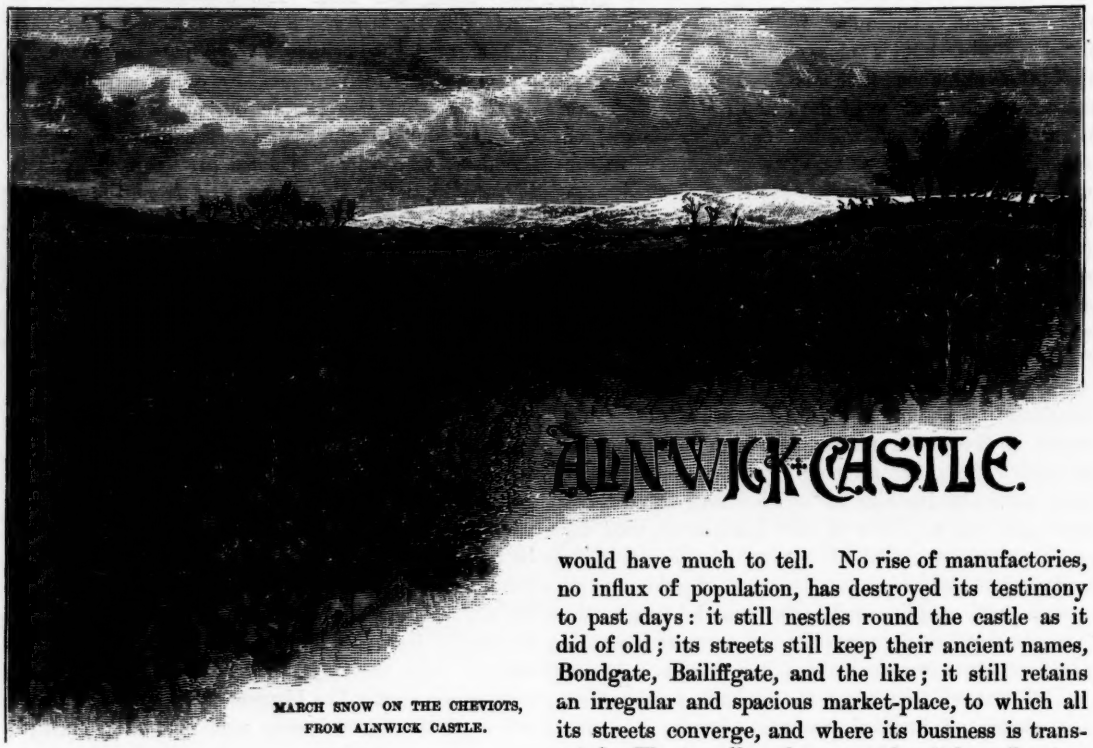
and those farthest away from the model use generally larger canvases, and more often than not stand to their work.

The walls of the studio are painted a reddish-brown, so that too much light may not be reflected back on the model to weaken the force of the shadows; but in many places the monotony of the wall surface is broken by dabs and smears of paint, showing what a convenient receptacle a wall is for the scrapings of one's palette. Hung on a frame close to the model-table is a large piece of grey tapestry that sometimes forms the background to the study, but is more often drawn back, so that the luminous flesh is seen in bold relief against the flat surface of dark neutral grey. There is a set of hollow wooden cubes, or boxes, of various sizes, that serve as seats or supports to the model in certain poses, and a mattress covered with dark green *toile-cirée* which is used for reclining postures. Against the wall, round two sides of the studio, are racks to hold canvases, drawing-boards, and portfolios, and on shelves above these a few soiled and broken plaster casts. The rest of the "furniture" consists of a clock of the commonest description; of a cast-iron stove (with its attendant coke-box) surmounted by a basin of steaming water, to keep the atmosphere from becoming insufferably dry; of a metal *fontaine* filled daily with water, by the side of which stands an earthenware pan and a pipkin of soft black soap, used for washing brushes; and of a rickety little table, in a drawer of which is kept a book of addresses of models and pupils, and over which hangs the "Règlement" containing the ten very simple rules that regulate the conduct of the studio. At the end of one of the rows of students, hanging on his stand, or huddled unceremoniously into the corner among a litter of broken easels, is the skeleton, who is looked upon quite *en camarade*, and of whom the legend runs that "once upon a time he was a student who never paid his subscription." On one of the walls hang two clever studies from the nude, painted by M. de Koninck, the friend and fellow-student of M. Bonnat, who used to come in his stead whenever the latter was absent from Paris, and concerning whom our "patron" used modestly to say, "Listen well to what he tells you; he's much more clever than I am."

Modesty, energy, and straightforward frankness are indeed our "patron's" chief characteristics. In person he is not tall, but well-built and muscular, with a firm step, clear, earnest eyes, and features rather of the Spanish than the French type. His method of teaching is as simple and decided as his appearance. We were left entirely to our own devices during the first day of the week; on the second the "patron" came round to see how we had blocked-in our studies, and again on the last to see what we had made of them. His plan was to leave each pupil absolutely free to follow his own inclinations in all matters pertaining to choice of subject, method of work, and materials; and whether we did a study of a head, a half-length, or an entire figure, whether we worked in charcoal, in red or black chalk, or in colour, was all the same to him, so long as he thought we were doing our best. His attention was always directed to the study as a whole, and he was a cheery and encouraging critic—always praising when he conscientiously could, but always telling us very decidedly what was bad in our work. So unostentatiously did he enter, that often only those near the door, who saw him come in, knew he was in the studio, unless they guessed it from the sudden subsidence of the usual hubbub, or heard the whisper passed round, "Le patron y est!" Once in, he went straight at his work of criticism and correction, of which each pupil got on an average four or five minutes at each visit. When one's turn came, one would suddenly hear over one's shoulder, in rapid and rather staccato utterance, some such phrase as this: "That's not bad; but . . . . you must look at the figure more as a whole;" and then he would point out the faults of proportion which prevented the *ensemble*, the "swabble," from being good. He was very particular that the gesture of the figure should be true, and that the type and character of face and form should be emphasised, even if ugly in nature. He always seemed in earnest in what he said; and so it may be imagined how glad one was to hear him say, as if he meant it, "The figure, as a whole, is very good;" or, "The likeness is capital;" or, "The action of the figure is very well rendered;" or even now and then, "That's a good study." If ever he did give thus much praise he seemed never to forget it, and was sure, weeks afterwards, if one's work fell off in essentials, to bring it up in judgment against one, saying, "You can do better than that." Unless exceptionally good or bad, he took scarcely any notice of details, wishing his pupils to devote all their energy to get their studies of form right as a whole, and always impressing upon us that as soon as we could do that, we should have but little trouble in mastering any subordinate difficulties. He troubled himself very little about technical processes as long as they conveyed true statements of pose, form, and colour; but if one was working in a manner he approved of, he would say, "That's a good method of work;" or, "You are working in the right direction." He never touched a student's work, but if he saw any one struggling over some manipulative difficulty, he would say, "Ask, then, so-and-so how

to do that during the next rest;" or if any sufficiently advanced student happened to be within reach, he would say, "Show him, then, how to do that." His idea was that students should learn their craft from one another, and each find out by actual experiment, and, if necessary, by failure, the method of working most suitable to himself. The "patron's" visits lasted from an hour to an hour and a half, according to the number of students, and then, with a simple "Bon jour, Messieurs!" on his part, as he reached the door, and a general rising on ours, he was gone; the pipes and cigarettes that had been allowed to go out were re-lighted, and tongues wagged louder than ever.

BARCLAY DAY.



MARCH SNOW ON THE CHEVIOTS, FROM ALNWICK CASTLE.

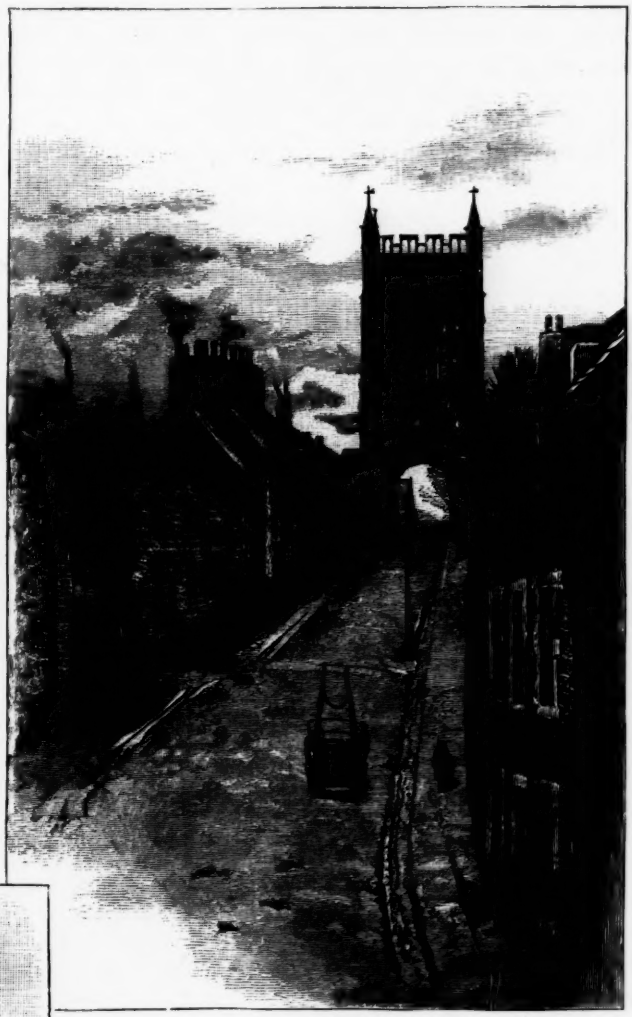
ALNWICK CASTLE.

IT is but natural that we should find in the Land of the Border the most imposing survivals of the Middle Ages, and that historic associations should have so far prevailed as to preserve in a modern palace the outward semblance of a feudal castle. The whole history of the Percy family is so closely connected with the dreary story of Border warfare that there is a local fitness, such as scarcely exists elsewhere in England, in the martial semblance still worn by their stately dwelling. The aspect of Alnwick Castle, as it rises proudly on a height above the little river of the Alne, with the town clustering round it for protection, tells at once the tale of the beginnings of civilisation in that rude district where life was for so many centuries precarious, and order and security were only won by the sword.

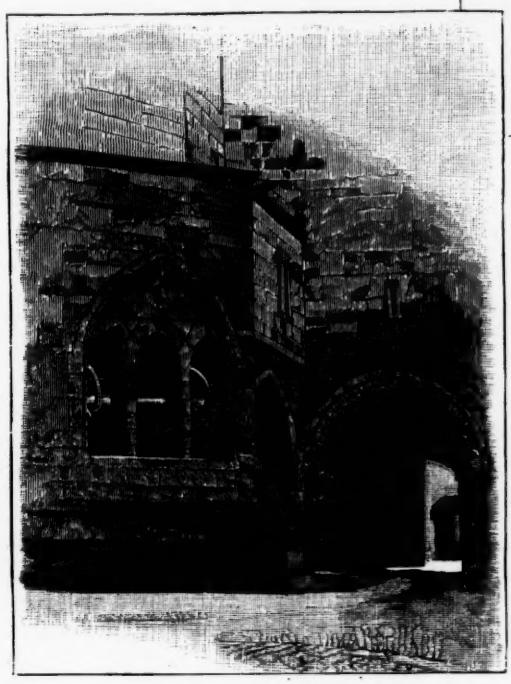
To one who has a seeing eye for reading the local records of the past, the little town of Alnwick would have much to tell. No rise of manufactories, no influx of population, has destroyed its testimony to past days: it still nestles round the castle as it did of old; its streets still keep their ancient names, Bondgate, Bailiffgate, and the like; it still retains an irregular and spacious market-place, to which all its streets converge, and where its business is transacted. The traveller who approaches it by rail enters the town through the outer gateway of the Bondgate Tower which once defended the city wall. It is a massive structure, three storeys high, and dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. Semi-octagonal towers project on each side of the gateway, with narrow windows whence the defenders might take sure aim at their assailants; and on the top is a platform for more deadly engines of war. It is the sole survivor of four brethren which guarded the approaches to the town; but the citizens of Alnwick were proud of their towers, and at the end of the last century an architectural revival led to the erection of Pottergate Tower, built in the approved style of the day, on the site of the old tower which had been removed. It looks quaint enough as it surmounts the street which climbs up eastwards towards the bleak moorland, where still the burgesses of Alnwick possess their ancient rights of common.

Beyond the town lies the castle, girt round by a lofty wall strengthened at intervals by towers. It is the work of many ages of warriors, but owes its origin to the organising force wherewith the Norman barons welded England into a powerful nation. It was not, however, immediately after the Conquest that the desolate Border-land claimed their care; the Domesday survey found no material in the northern counties. But William the Conqueror built a castle at Durham; and Newcastle, Carlisle, and Norham-on-the-Tweed were fortified within the next half-century. The barony of Alnwick was given to Yvo de Vesey, and before 1135 the keen eye of the Norman baron had sought out a spot, such as he was familiar with in his own land, and on it he built a castle after the model that he knew so well. A massive keep formed the residence and defence of himself and his family and his chief knights; round it was a strongly-walled enclosure, protected by towers, with an area of five acres in which the troops could encamp in time of need, and where at all times there was space for military exercises.

Of this original castle there are now but scanty remains, although the present



THE POTTERGATE.



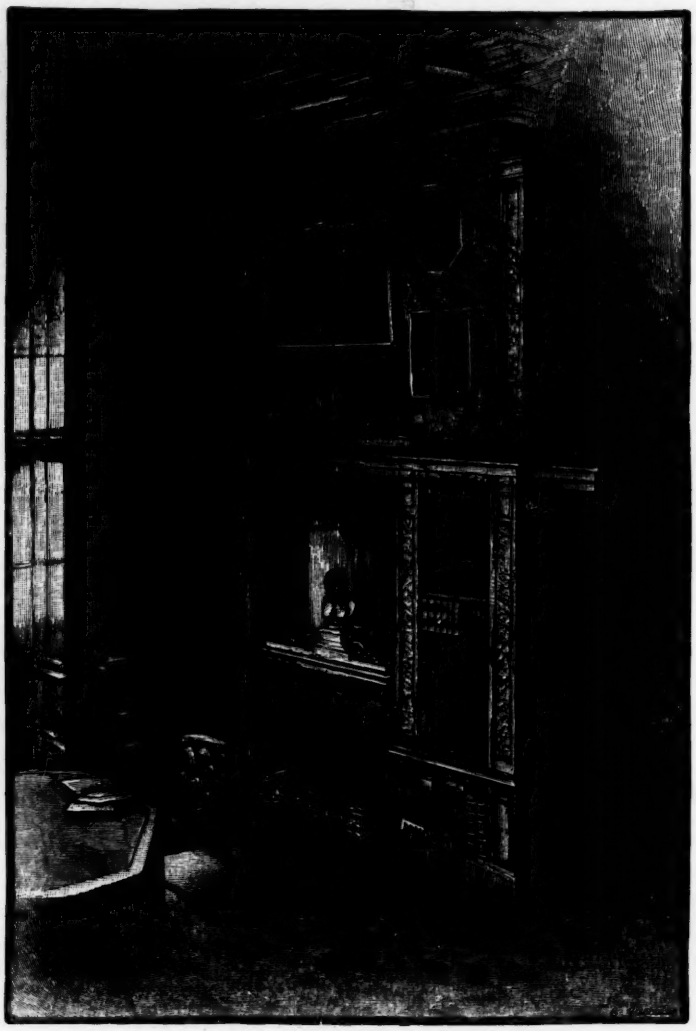
THE DRAW-WELL AND NORMAN GATEWAY.

building retains the general plan of its more ancient predecessor. The Norman archway of the keep still stands, and forms a picturesque approach to the inner courtyard. It is ornamented with the rich zigzag mouldings which characterise the later Norman work, and close to it is the draw-well which was so necessary in the days when every building must perforce be self-contained.

The castle of Alnwick soon became an important place in Border history; and it was while he was engaged in the siege of Alnwick that William the Lion, King of Scotland, was made prisoner by Ranulf Glanvil, in 1174. His capture foiled the plans of Henry II.'s enemies, who had raised their heads against him after the murder of Becket. The Veseys prospered, and held no fewer than sixty baronies in Northumberland; but the vast possessions were easily won and easily lost. William de

Vesey died in 1297 without legitimate issue, and left his lands to the Prince Bishop of Durham, Antony Bek, in trust for a natural son who was not yet of age. But Bek quarrelled with his ward, and did not scruple to sell the lands he held in trust to the powerful baron Henry de Percy, in 1309.

towers to the line of the wall, and erected a second gate-house in the middle of the enclosure, so as to add to the defences of the keep. Moreover, he is said to have placed on the parapets of the towers stone figures of soldiers in martial attitudes, so as to suggest to Scottish scouts that the walls were



THE LIBRARY.

Edward II. had not the power, if he had had the will, to interfere with the doings of so mighty a man as Bek. The Percys were a Norman family, who had large lands on the Borders, which passed by marriage to the Lovaines, who, however, took the Percy name.

Henry Percy found Alnwick Castle in a ruinous condition, and rebuilt much of the keep; moreover, he strengthened the wall which surrounded it. He built the gate-house and barbican to guard it, added

manned and their attack expected. Quaint figures, after the ancient models, still adorn the outer walls of the castle; and childish as the expedient may seem to us, many who saw the walls covered with workmen assert that it was impossible from below to distinguish the real men from their stone semblances.

In their new abode the Percys lived and prospered. The second baron received from Edward III., in 1328, the castle of Warkworth in payment for his services in defence of the Border; and the third baron

was created Earl of Northumberland at Richard II.'s coronation, in 1377. In his days occurred the Border raid which is celebrated in the ballad of "Chevy Chase," which stirred Sir Philip Sidney's heart "like the sound of a trumpet." The more historic doings of the Earl and his son Hotspur led to the confiscation of the Percy estates; but these were soon restored to Hotspur's son, and his successor continued to lay field to field till he fell fighting on the Lancastrian side in 1461, and the earldom was given to John Neville, Lord Montague. But Edward IV. soon quarrelled with the Nevilles, and Henry Percy was restored to his father's possessions in 1469. On the death of the sixth Earl, without issue, in 1537, the Percy name was again in abeyance, till Queen Mary created his nephew, who was a Roman Catholic, Earl of Northumberland in 1557. His dealings with Mary Queen of Scots need not be chronicled; but when he died on the scaffold his estates went to a more orthodox brother, and so passed on till, in 1670, the last of the Lovaine-Percys died, leaving only an infant daughter four years old.

Such was the desire for the Percy lands that this heiress at the age of fifteen married, as her third husband, Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, the "Proud Duke," as he was called, who boasted that his wife, though a Percy, never ventured to tap him on the shoulder. But the union of the houses of Percy and Seymour lasted only for two generations; and in 1740 the marriage of Lady Elizabeth Seymour with Sir Hugh Smithson founded the family which now bears the Percy name.

During this changeful period Alnwick Castle had been forgotten and had sunk into ruins; so neglected was it that in 1691 a school was kept within its walls. But the first Smithson Duke turned his attention to his Northumbrian possessions. For some time he doubted whether to make Warkworth or Alnwick his seat, but the associations of Alnwick determined him in its favour. At the end of the last century Alnwick Castle was restored, with the usual results of restoration. The outer wall and its towers were rebuilt so as to retain their mediæval appearance, the stone figures on the towers were multiplied, and the external look of a feudal castle was given to the pile of buildings. The inner portions were entirely altered, and the keep was converted into a commodious dwelling; the moats were filled; the isolated buildings were removed, and the adjacent towers were made part of the central keep. The outward look was in some measure retained, but all that was most characteristic of the inner arrangements was entirely swept away. Large rooms, such as befitted a nobleman's dwelling, were laid out inside the renovated shell, and were adorned with plaster mouldings and Gothic tracery of the most elaborate kind. So Alnwick Castle remained till the fourth Duke, Algernon, a scholar, an archæologist, and a man of taste and munificence, resolved on turning it into an architectural memorial of his magnificent ideas.

The scheme of Duke Algernon was to carry out boldly and decidedly the plan which Duke Hugh had imperfectly conceived. He wished to preserve and emphasise the mediæval character of the exterior of the castle, and at the same time to convert it internally into a magnificent palace. Much of the work of the last century had to be removed, and the central pile was rendered more dignified and imposing by the erection of a lofty tower in the middle which gave harmony to its proportions. At the same time all the alterations made by Duke Hugh which were not in keeping with the Edwardian architecture were removed and replaced by work carefully finished in detail. But while Duke Algernon thus paid his tribute of respect to the historic associations of the place, he resolved that its internal arrangement and



THE KEEP, FROM THE CONSTABLE'S TOWER.

decoration should be in accordance with his own liking. In this he was amply justified. It may be desirable to live in a mediæval castle, but it is clearly impossible to carry on modern social life in mediæval rooms. Duke Algernon preferred the surroundings of an Italian *palazzo*, and he resolved to adapt dexterously the interior of his castle to the best models of the Renaissance style of decoration. For this purpose he called to his aid the eminent Roman antiquary the Commendatore Canina, and the Roman architect Signor Montiroli; with their advice, and that of the Englishmen Cockerell and Donaldson, his plans were made in 1854, and were accomplished at a cost of £300,000.

With this sketch of the history of Alnwick Castle we may now represent to ourselves the impressions of a visit to it. In a large square just beyond the populous part of the town of Alnwick stands the castle gateway, with its threatening towers still adorned with the figures of mediæval warriors. It now serves the peaceful purpose of a porter's lodge, and its vaulted archway is still guarded by the barbican. When this is passed, we are in a spacious court surrounded by a wall that is strengthened at intervals by towers. The barbican is now a nest of servants' bedrooms; another tower is converted into a museum of British and Roman antiquities. The Constable's Tower is left, as near as may be, in its original condition, and is now used as an armoury. The Record Tower contains a collection of Egyptian antiquities made by Duke Algernon. A portion of the wall that occupies the site of a ruined tower still bears the suggestive name of the Bloody Gap. From the outer courtyard the road leads through the middle gate-house into the second court, where an equal space of walls and towers again meets the eye. Another gateway leads into the inner court, which is entered through the old Norman gate, with its arcaded draw-well, telling of times long past. Then the keep is immediately in front, surmounted by the Prudhoe Tower, on which floats the Percy flag. On all sides are the pile of buildings which supplement the keep and form a commodious residence.

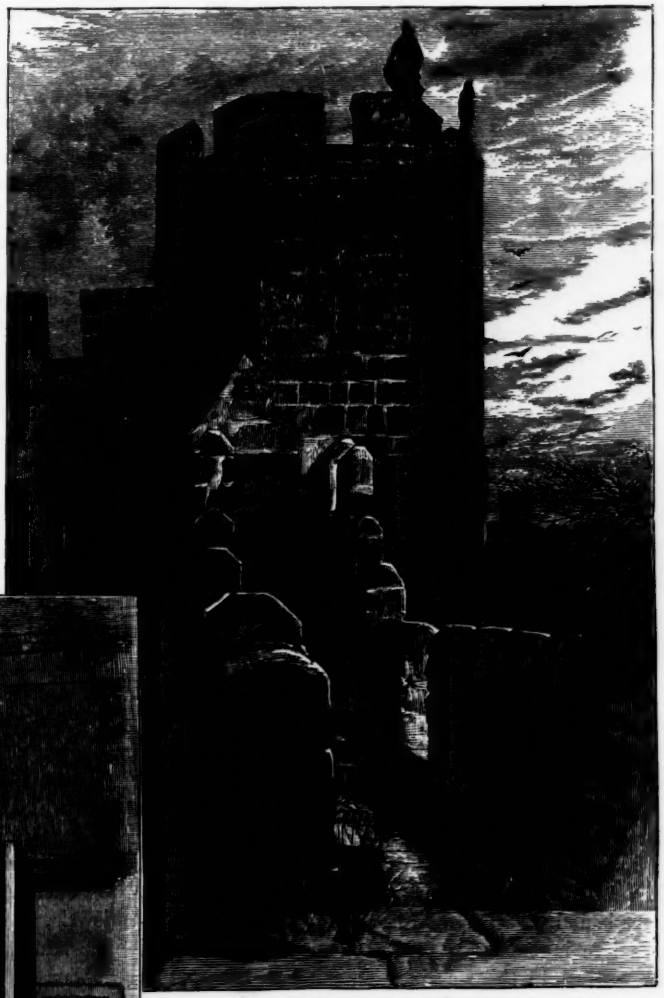


THE BARBICAN.

A porch large enough to admit a carriage under cover leads to the doorway. The entrance-hall is treated simply, so that the transition from the mediæval exterior to the Italian decorations within should not be too abrupt; its walls are plain massive masonry. An inner hall, with panelled walls and ceiling, gives access to the staircase, where may be seen the first traces of the rich ornamentation that is to follow. The walls are panelled with marble, and the ceiling is vaulted in stucco work. The staircase terminates in a vestibule, with a mosaic flooring in marble, and round the wall runs a painted frieze representing the battle of Chevy Chase. From this vestibule passages lead to

the chapel, the bedrooms, and private rooms. A doorway leads into the antechamber where first the full scheme of internal decoration is developed. The ceiling is of panelled wood, richly carved and decorated in gold and colours, and the walls are hung with satin.

The exquisite wood-carving is the chief feature of the decoration of the castle, and was executed under the supervision of a Florentine artist, Signor Bulletti. For several years three hundred carvers were employed at this work, and many of them reached a very high degree of excellence, and the castle was for a time turned into a school of art. The local workmen learned great manual dexterity, and the tradition



THE EASTERN ANGLE OF THE BARBICAN.



THE PERCY BEDSTEAD.

of good workmanship in wood still remains in the town of Alnwick, which produces admirable upholstery. A carving studio still exists in the castle, and the chancel of the parish church has recently been adorned with stalls which testify to the excellence of the studio's craftsmanship.

This wood-carving is a still more prominent feature of the library, which is entered from the antechamber on the left. It is a large oblong room, pleasantly broken into recesses such as students love. It is rich in treasures of art, chief amongst which is the Service Book of Sherborne Abbey, the most exquisite specimen of English illumination that is in existence. It is dated 1374, and is the work, as its inscription tells us, of one Alain de Wast and his brother. Especially beautiful are the floral decorations of the last pages; amongst the trees and flowers are perched birds, each of which is carefully painted from nature, and shows that our forefathers, high-handed and hard-hearted as they seem, were keen observers and admirers of animal life, and greatly delighted in its representation.

M. Creighton.

BOOK DECORATION: HISTORICAL AND ARTISTIC.



"HOOPER'S SOPHISTRY," 1547.
(Lambeth Palace.)

THE art of binding really grew out of that of writing; for the first forms of writing on rolls, skins, and the Egyptian papyri were accompanied by equally rude attempts at binding, by sewing different leaves of these materials together for a covering.

The gradual rise and development of the process is best studied, by reference to the documents of the ancients, who invariably adapted some protection for their MSS. and writings. We must seek for early examples in the Tamil MSS. and those of Japan, which, written on narrow strips of palm-leaf, were bound together with flat pieces of wood. Constructive ingenuity is manifest, but decorative skill is wanting, in these as in other far-distant attempts at the binder's art. When we consider the remoteness of the period, it is a surprise that so high a standard of excellence was forthcoming. Gradual progress is seen in the methods employed, when the substitution of square books for the rolls, or "papyri," called forth further ingenuity, and when leather cases were made to wrap round the Greek and Roman wand tablets. In most of these instances, durability was more considered than design, but the intercourse gradually springing up between Eastern and Western Europe had its influence also upon ornament, and so we find the Byzantine style affecting the binder's art. Wooden boards, covered with metal or copper gilt, formed a favourite mode of binding in the sixth century, and progress was now quickly made towards yet richer decoration. The famous "Opus Anglicanum" style on gold embroidery exercised an influence on early art-work; the convents and abbeys of the tenth century were busied in its production, and Queen Matilda herself encouraged and developed the taste. The Anglo-Saxon era was memorable for its love of ornamental design, especially in needlework, of which the embroidered vestments for St. Cuthbert's shrine, now preserved in the cathedral library, Durham, are a fine example.

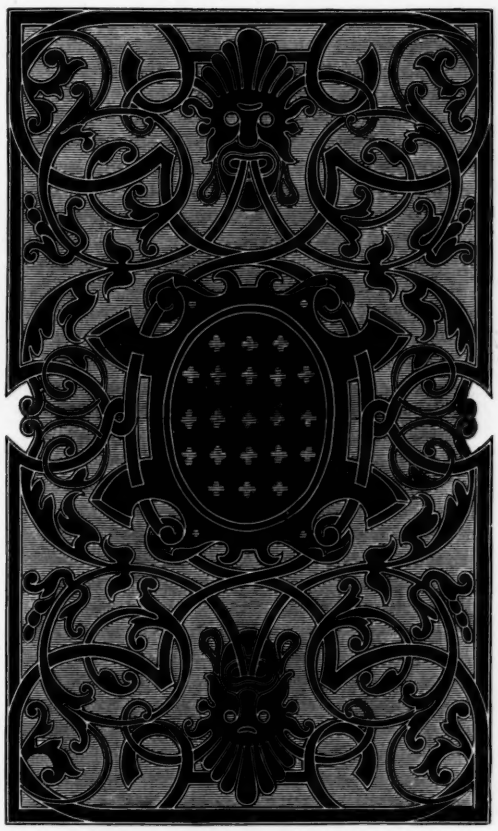
The growing art gained much encouragement from the Churches, which were diligent collectors of MSS. of the Gospels, the Liturgies, and the Fathers. For such sacred treasures no setting could be too lavish; and while the shrines were beginning to be filled with votive offerings, and gold and jewels sparkled from the well-guarded recesses, the grand service and choral books of the time received their share of decoration. The duty of the sacrist was to bind and clasp such books.

The Irish Church led the way, and the influence of the Celtic school of design had reached England in those most vigorous and tasteful illuminations known as "Anglo-Irish," developed by St. Columba, and afterwards distributed through England and Scotland. So much national art on the vellum page could not fail to have its counterpart on the outside cover. Thus we find those priceless and typical volumes, "The Book of Armagh," "The Gospels of St. Columba," "The Book of Kells," and others executed in Ireland, and also in Scottish monasteries, set with precious stones and jewels, or enclosed in metal covers or cases, though the scarcity of gold in later times caused them to be robbed of their richest ornaments. In the disturbed period following the Norman invasion, we cannot fix on any representative epoch of art-binding; we must look to the gradual work and extension of the monasteries in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries for definite aims. The Benedictines, whose services to monastic literature are specially famous, had founded the great religious houses of Cambridge, Ely, St. Albans, Tewkesbury, Westminster, and others, wherewith the work of the *scriptorium*, or writing-room, has long been connected. The patient labour of the scribe, the illuminator, and the binder produced those treasures which are now collected in the vast libraries of England and the Continent. In the far-famed cloisters of Gloucester Cathedral can be seen the "carols," or seats, where each scribe took his turn at transcribing or painting MSS.; thus may we regard these buildings as workshops devoted to the art and learning of the day.

From the far-off seclusion of Fountains or Melrose, to the distant monastery in some picturesque Italian city, or midst the rugged Alpine

snows, these mediæval handicrafts were silently progressing, destined to accomplish a mighty end, to be superseded only by the greater invention of printing, and by the influences of the Reformation.

The monastic binders borrowed from the ornaments of the printer many decorative elements, such as the tail-pieces, flowered borders, and headings of those most noted typographers, the Aldines, and the printer's "device" was occasionally reproduced on the book-cover. Again, the abbey garden afforded examples of ornament in the plants and flowers there cultivated; their graceful outlines could be copied or conventionalised for decorative design, as we know they formed many a charming feature in the sculptured work of our churches and cathedrals. We can thus trace the adaptation of plant ornaments on the bound volume of the mediæval, and, still later, of the Elizabethan period.



GROLIER PATTERN: SIXTEENTH CENTURY.
(South Kensington.)

Thus was the art begun and advanced, to be perfected by other methods and means. For some time oaken boards covered with leather or pig-skin were used; these were often stamped with elegant devices, and clasps with ornamental chasing and silver plating began to be used. For special volumes, carved ivory and enamel enriched the covers, and bas-reliefs of Scripture scenes were introduced. The binding art now assumed definite ornaments and leading forms, aided by history and religion: the one supplying varieties of design from distant countries, the other fostering those symbolistic types and attributes which it specially inculcated. During the Crusades, examples of ornament brought from the East influenced all English art and impressed upon our native work new brilliancy of material and hue. The minute division of labour, and the employment of varied substances, indicate another stage in the binder's art. A single cover was the work of many artists, belonging to different schools; and the painter, goldsmith, and lapidary were severally engaged with their individual labour, which resulted in that combination of charming ornament which is common in mediæval handicrafts. It was not unusual for a MS. version of the Gospels to be covered with rich cinque-cento binding, of gilt, silver, or other richly-ornamented material. The Crucifixion, the Evangelistic symbols, and other devices would form the centre and corners; sometimes such treasures would be enclosed in silk bags, on which designs in silver and filigree work would be wrought.

Though employments for the use of the Church ceased to a great extent at the Reformation, yet a demand arose for those decorations which are so marked a feature of the domestic buildings of the sixteenth century. Literature, architecture, and the arts were all in a certain unison. The massive portcullis of the fortified house was adapted in design to the antique book-cover; old family arms on the carved mantle-shelf or arabesque panel work, the quaint device on the richly-emblazoned ceiling, were transferred as an exterior decoration to a rare edition of Horace, or a choice book of private prayers; and it may truly be said, "Art reflected images to Art." Leather and parchment began to be substituted for oaken boards, and on these, patterns could be easily impressed or stamped. The era of printing was dawning (1455); the binder's art gradually passed from the monastery to the bookseller, who, in the Middle Ages, was printer, binder, and bookseller combined. Thus it is that a special interest attaches to the "black letter" volumes of Caxton and other noted printers, who united these callings. By degrees, many ornaments were developed: as, gilding the leather—a process brought into vogue by the encouragement of the great Italian families. The extension of trade and navigation introduced a greater demand. Venice was rising to be the mistress of art and commerce, her merchants returned with wares and novelties from distant parts of the globe. Nuremburg, and

other centres of industry gave a vigorous impulse to all the allied manufactures. The great and wealthy patronised the arts, and books were specially illuminated, bound, and adorned for public and private use. The rich domestic life of the free cities added not a little to the spread of all artistic industry. The guilds which flourished so greatly at Antwerp, Bruges, Ghent, and in many towns of Italy and Germany, created a wholesome rivalry in all work, while preserving at the same time freedom from spurious imitations. The guild of St. John at Bruges included "scribes, printers from wooden blocks, binders, and image-makers." The fusion of many branches of the industrial arts, and the introduction of foreign workmen in the sixteenth century, affected the binder's equally with other crafts.

The sixteenth century was the Augustan age of binding, and many events had prepared the way for this, the brightest period of its existence. Architecture, painting, and sculpture were all influenced by the Renaissance, though the influence was felt earlier or later in different countries. The rich and varied decorations employed by Francis I. in the Louvre and at Fontainebleau created a similar fashion of imitation in the minor branches of binding and artistic industry. Book-covers for the Medici, Maioli, and other noted collectors became types of elegance and taste, while the French school of binding, led by the noted Jean Grolier, was pre-eminent. This demand for great excellence penetrated to the Netherlands, Spain, Germany, and England; it is in France, however, we must watch its progress for a while.

Court binders were here regularly maintained, equally with a printer and illuminator, these offices having been specially fostered by the Medici family. Not only kings and queens, but cardinals, poets, warriors, and statesmen had their own special workmen. Then came into fashion that prevalent use of mottoes, cyphers, and devices which, from adorning the stone and wood work of the French châteaux and our own Tudor houses, were copied as designs for the book-covers of Diane de Poitiers, Henry II., and Francis I. of France. The royal H, the fleur-de-lis, the bow and crescent were the principal *motifs* employed. These ornaments were often changed. There were literary men in those days whose employment was solely to supply such emblems for dresses, books, and furniture. This change of fashion occasioned difficulty in ascertaining the age and style of ornament; but, generally speaking, original bindings were executed at the time of the publication of the volume. White vellum, satin, velvet, and other materials, richly ornamented, were much employed, and the personal oversight of the artist gave life and beauty to the design which in after-ages became a spiritless imitation. The superiority of hand-work to machinery springs from the direct application of mind to the material, and shows that beauty will depend on obedience to the laws of art.



DUTCH. SILK AND SEED-PEARLS: SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
(South Kensington.)

France, England, and Italy maintained a pre-eminence during the sixteenth century, and there are many circumstances in each country which indicate a distinct national culture. In England, Hans Holbein occasionally designed for book-covers, as we know he did for the title-pages and border-patterns of several volumes. John Reynes, royal binder to Henry VII. and VIII., produced many excellent examples. Afterwards the imitation by English workmen of the Grolier style is distinctly seen. Much originality and vigour were displayed in many English bindings of the Tudor period. The Elizabethan nobles were famed for their sumptuous book-ornaments, whereon were wrought the arms of the Leicesters, the Arundels, the Cecils, and the Burleighs. The Queen herself, proficient in many arts, is said to have been a worker in gold and silver embroidery, as was her unfortunate cousin, Mary Stuart. At Penshurst, in Kent, is preserved the work of Elizabeth in the richly-embroidered damask of the furniture, while at Hardwick Hall are many examples of Mary's skill at her needle.



THE DUDLEY ARISTOTLE: SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(*Lambeth Palace.*)

The sixteenth century in Italy, also a period of beauty and elegance, is full of varied examples. Churchmen and nobles vied in the cost of their bindings; the Papal arms and the ducal coronet alike encircled the vellum cover, or were conspicuous on the gilded leaves of a Dante, Petrarch, or Ariosto. Elaborate design both on the covers and inside of rare volumes was often the work of famous Italian artists. Vecellio, whose work on costumes is of known excellence, enriched the wrappers of many books with his pencil. Pen-and-ink drawings, washed with bistre or Indian ink, and of a subject explanatory of the contents, were to be seen on these wrappers. Architectural works would have views of St. Peter's, at Rome, the piazza or lion of St. Mark's, at Venice, the latter figure being represented after the Eastern manner, rendered familiar at Venice by the early influence of Byzantium. Not only on the sides, but on the gilded edges ornament entered; figures of a cardinal, a senator, or a doge would be introduced on books relating to the church or state government; while on a botanical essay, a flower or plant would appropriately appear. Venice, Florence, and Rome, the home of the arts and literature, produced more beautiful examples than other Italian cities. The great families of the Strozzi, Medici, and others encouraged the arts; with them, too, is brilliantly associated the name of Leo X. So widely was this influence felt, that it penetrated to the binding shops of Flanders, Spain, and Germany; and the patterns of the great Italian collector, Maioli, were imitated by foreign binders.

The fashion of imprinting medallions of the Roman emperors on the best and costliest covers may have arisen from the custom of placing busts of these emperors in the many niches and along the horizontal lines of buildings. In England this usage is seen in terra-cotta figures filling the spaces and lines of many

a picturesque manor or ancient house. From this the idea may have been gathered for the portrait-heads and likenesses occasionally stamped in relief or gold-embossed on the covers of sixteenth century books. The Grolier style still exercised much influence on all artistic binding, which took the key-note, as it were, from its designs. German binding of a contemporary or later period than Grolier assumed a more individual form and, to some extent, a character of its own.

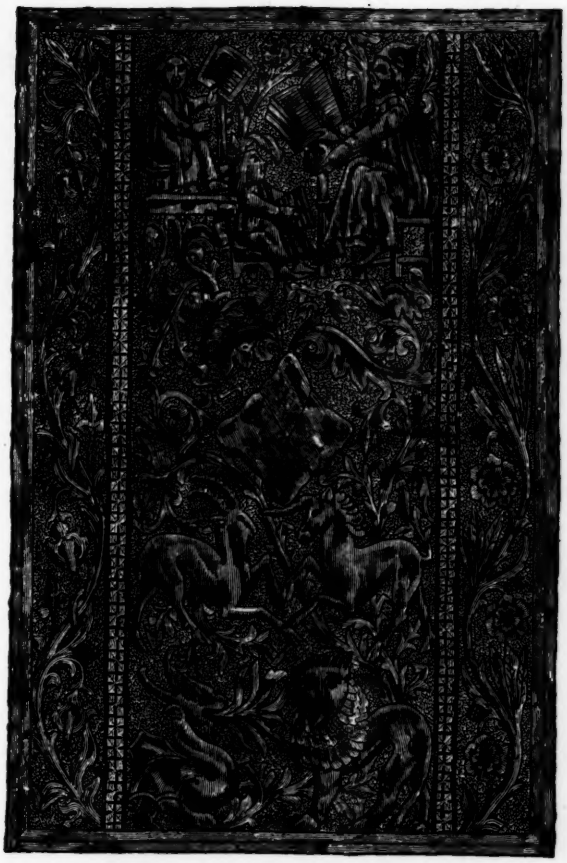
The seventeenth century witnessed a change in book-ornamentation. As works were more and more diffused, bookbinders abounded; those worthy of the name of artists became fewer, and the patterns grew devoid of style. The designs of former periods were mixed up with those of contemporary work; over-abundance and affectation of ornament took the place of simple and elegant patterns. Still, there were rare editions, as some of the "Elzevirs," whose bindings were decorative and choice. The covers of these silver-clasped and embossed volumes would be enriched with chased or perforated silver. Some Spanish bindings were also of much beauty, enhanced by a setting of tortoise-shell, enamel, or other material. Inlaid variegated leathers in black morocco were in vogue, also olive and citron colour of the same material. Rich decorations were bestowed on ordinary books, as almanacs and journals; and occasionally paper bindings of coloured and variegated patterns were introduced.

In France, towards the end of the seventeenth century, a reaction set in, and under the auspices of Colbert, the great minister of Louis XIV., no expense was spared in obtaining choice treasures of artistic binding. The names of De Thou, Du Seuil, Padeloup, and others, as binders, are of known repute. Du Seuil employed many novelties, one of which was the invention of *dentelle*, a fine tooled border resembling lace-work. Heraldic designs were also placed at the sides or corners of books, but though attractive for the possessor, do not offer subjects for the student of decoration. The Court favourites of the age lavished great sums on binding; Mdme. de Maintenon adopted for the Library of St. Cyr the device of a golden cross surmounted by a crown, and other collectors had their own devices. Louis XIII. and XIV., Richelieu, Le Tellier, Colbert, Mdme. de Montpensier, Mdme. de Pompadour, were all famous as collectors of these choicely bound volumes. The examples by Padeloup derive their artistic value from the use of different coloured leathers—as olive, red morocco, and deep blue—rather than from the intrinsic merits of their designs.



ITALIAN: SIXTEENTH CENTURY.
(*South Kensington.*)

A certain heaviness of pattern was beginning to appear in the styles of French binding, and ornamental designs, sometimes borrowed from the printing office, took the place of original composition. In England we find a fixed standard of excellence in the middle of the eighteenth century, known as the celebrated Harleian style, from the collector, Harley, Earl of Oxford. The names of Elliot and Chapman and Roger Payne are passports of assured merit and beauty. The present art-revival has affected book-



FLEMISH: SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
(*From the Cast; South Kensington.*)

binding, and we rejoice to see many great improvements in our ornamentation—especially of illustrated and costly volumes. Some of these exhibit excellent taste, even in the paper which lines the inside boards, often of a good decorative pattern. The artistic adaptation of old designs to suit the character of the book cannot be too strongly recommended.

What is principally called for, however, is a revival of the old artistic spirit in the workmen themselves. So much is done by machinery now-a-days, and so little is left to individual taste and skill, that, in almost all the trades alike, the artist-mechanic—the craftsman who thinks over his task, and spares no pains to make it excellent and beautiful, as it behoves a person with an ideal and a conscience of his own to do—is very rapidly becoming extinct. Most things are produced by rule of thumb, or by the operation of some mechanical process; much average work is cheap, common, and merely makeshift and temporary; and of work that is at once individual and good we see but little. The bookbinders have no more escaped the contagion than their many compeers. In their way they are as conventional and uninteresting as the boot-closers are in theirs; and for one specimen that they can show of original and novel effort, they can point to hundreds of thousands that are neither the one nor the other. This should not be. Goodly bindings are *objets d'art* as well as *objets de luxe;* and a rich library, ablaze with solemn gold and grave yet gorgeous colouring, is as fairly entitled to be called a place of art as a choicely-furnished picture gallery itself. It is for those who have money to lavish on bindings to initiate the movement of reform, by declining to admit to their shelves any exemplars of the binder's craft that are not hand-made throughout, and by providing such artist-mechanics as still exist with as much work as will enable them to get along without producing common stuff for the profane crowd. A little encouragement, and we should have our Groliers and our Roger Paynes, no doubt.

S. W. KERSHAW.

BELGIAN ART.

WHEN the Revolution broke out in 1830, and Belgium became, for the first time, an independent State, Art was awakening from a slumber of about a century and a half, during which period not a single artist had arisen whose name is worth remembering. The traditions of the old Flemish school had been forgotten; its glory had departed. A blight had fallen, and the barrenness it produced extended to architecture and manufactures, as well as to painting and sculpture. One need not look further for evidence of the degeneration of public taste than the many churches and other buildings still disfigured by whitewash and plaster, or by the unsightly buildings erected against their walls, a permanent eyesore to the present generation. Belgian artists sought in France the inspiration they had lost; and they were content to be imitators, and but feeble imitators, of the little masters who flourished under the patronage of the Court. It was towards the close of last century that Louis David, returning home from Italy overflowing with admiration for the classic forms of Greece and Rome, inaugurated a new



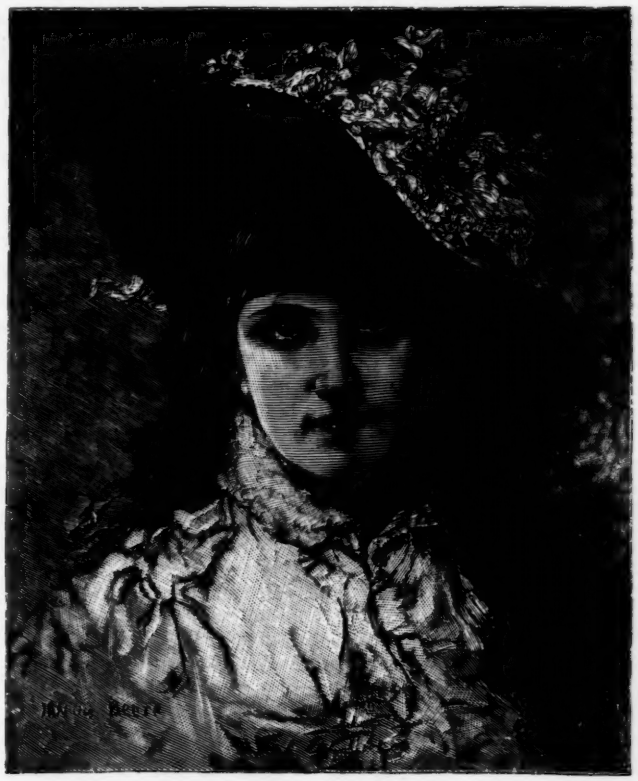
LUTHER AT THE DIET OF WORMS.

(From the Picture by Delpérée.)

era by waging war on the effeminate style then prevailing, and prepared the way for the reaction of the Romantic school. Republican France was then in the hands of men who believed themselves cast in the same mould as the heroes of antiquity, and David found himself in a congenial atmosphere, and was acknowledged as the regenerator of art. Having been appointed painter in ordinary to the First Napoleon, and having become as ardent an Imperialist as he had been a Republican, he was, after the fall of the Empire, banished by Louis XVIII., and took up his abode in Belgium until his death in 1825. His arrival there was an event, and he was warmly welcomed by a band of enthusiastic disciples. The artist-world of Belgium was then divided into three camps: the pupils of David, those who had adopted the traditions of the Italian school or the Renaissance, and those who sought to walk in the steps of the old Flemish masters. The emulation between them resulted in the ascendancy being gained by the one which might be called the National party, which, later on, being led by the influence of French Romanticism to a closer study of nature and reality, gave birth to the modern Belgian school.

In throwing open at the same time as the Exhibition of Industry an exhibition of works of the principal native artists of the last fifty years, the Belgian Government celebrated recently an epoch in art as well as in the political and industrial history of the country; and the occasion was a fitting one for the opening of the handsome new building, which bears the not too ambitious name of Palais des Beaux-Arts.

During the reigns of Leopold I. and his successor every encouragement has been given to art.



FLEUR DE NEIGE.

(From the Picture by Van Beers.)

The Royal Family and the Government have been liberal in their purchases of works of merit, of which there are valuable collections in the palaces of the King and of the Count of Flanders. Great attention has been paid to providing the best instruction both in Brussels and in the provinces; and annual exhibitions at Brussels, Antwerp, and Ghent, in turn, give talent the means of becoming known and appreciated. The academies of these three cities have been re-organised; and the day and evening classes, under distinguished professors, are open gratuitously to such as can pass an easy examination, foreigners being placed on entirely the same footing as natives.

The Exposition Historique de l'Art Belge showed, in its different stages, the progress which art has made, and the phases through which it has passed, during the last half-century. A few familiar names were indeed looked for in vain, as well as some of the pictures which, at the time of their appearance, made a great sensation; but these may be seen in the museums and in public buildings. The peculiar interest of this collection was that it had been, for a great part, contributed from private galleries and other sources not accessible to the public.

The names of Wappers, Leys, and De Keyzer, of Gallait and De Biefve, the last three of whom are still living, recall the days when these artists exercised a real fascination. The subjects they chose, episodes of the history of the great struggle that had deluged the Netherlands with blood, appealed to the patriotic feelings of the Belgian people, who had so recently been fighting for independence, and who felt proud that a revival of art should coincide with the birth of their new institutions. Already at the Salon of 1830 a picture by a young and unknown artist created an extraordinary sensation. It was Gustaf Wappers' "Vander Werf," representing the heroic conduct of the Burgomaster of Leyden during the siege of 1574. Its rich colouring and bold treatment were a novelty, a revelation full of promise, and gave hopes that the mantle of Rubens had at last fallen on a worthy successor. Wappers was the first of a new generation of painters, who have fulfilled the expectations raised by a brilliant *début*. De Keyzer's "Battle of the Spurs" soon followed: with, later on, his fine "Battle of Waeringen," De Biefve's "Compromise of the Nobles," and Gallait's "Abdication of Charles V.," his "Last Honours rendered to Counts Egmont and Horne," and his "Last Moments of Count Egmont." These two last, Gallait's masterpieces, sent from the Museums of Tournay and Berlin, were to be seen at the exhibition, and, notwithstanding defects inherited from David, they maintained their rank amongst the best Belgian work of the last fifty years, and deserve the place of honour they occupied in the Grand Salon. A full-length portrait of M. Frère-Orban, the Prime Minister, just finished, had been added since the opening of the exhibition, showing that the venerable artist has lost none of his vigour and power. By M. Gallait nineteen pictures were exhibited, of which twelve were portraits; by Wappers five, by Leys eighteen, and by De Keyzer twelve. It is interesting to compare these with the pictures now in the Brussels Museum by Navez, the most successful of David's pupils, none of whom understood, or could understand, as their master did, the correct and severe beauty of ancient art. The cold, stiff conventionality



SUNDAY MORNING IN WINTER

From the Picture by De Vigne.

of Navez—redeemed, however, by one great quality, the perfection of his drawing—is less noticeable in his portraits, a number of which, all excellent, displayed his talent in the most favourable light. As director for many years of the Brussels Academy, he rendered great service by the importance he attached to correct drawing as the foundation of good painting—a principle still insisted upon there—while the Antwerp Academy, to which we owe Wappers, De Keyzer, and Leys, in its admiration for Rubens, was paying more attention to colour. The difference which then existed in the teaching of the two rival academies is now disappearing, as each has borrowed from the other its distinctive qualities. Both can boast a number of distinguished pupils who raised the reputation of the Belgian school: Slingeneyer, who at eighteen produced his "Vengeur," and whose "Christian Martyr" nearly twenty years ago attracted so much attention in London; Dyckman, whose "Grandmother's Fête" was sent here from the South Kensington Museum; Deblock and Madou, all known to fame as *genre*-painters; Clays and Lehon, as marine-painters; Kuhnen, Lauters, Knyttenbrouwer, and Fourmois, as landscape-painters; Verboeckhoven and Joseph Stevens for animals, and Robie for flowers and fruit. Wiertz belongs to this period: his "Patroclus," first-fruits of his talent, which he painted in Italy and brought to Brussels in 1835, is now in the Museum of Liége: the copy to be seen in the almost complete collection of his works, in the well-known Musée Wiertz, being a reproduction of later date, which shows signs of matured ability.

The Belgian school has not remained stationary. To the Flemish Renaissance, which superseded the classicalism and romanticism of the earlier part of this century, has succeeded the study of nature and the quest after originality. Liberty in art protests against tradition and conventionalism. Leys in his later works had followed the movement—witness the scenes from the history of Antwerp which decorate the banqueting-hall of the Town House in that city, now called as a tribute to his memory the Salle Leys. The two De Vriendts follow, though at some distance, in his steps, and, like him, have made a careful study of the *bric-à-brac* of mediæval times. They excel in the costumes of their personages, the furniture, tapestries, and other surroundings, but must be held responsible for encouraging inferior imitators, to whom an episode of national history supplies only a peg on which to hang clothes. Albrecht De Vriendt's "Excommunication of Bouchard d'Avesne," in the Brussels Museum, is a good sample of his style and of this class of picture. His "Philippe le Beau naming his son Charles of Luxembourg Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece" is his latest but not his best production. Julian De Vriendt takes his subjects from the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary and St. Cecilia, and endeavours to revive something of the mystic feeling which has long ceased to be a source of inspiration. Of one, "The Death-bed of St. Cecilia," we give an engraving. While St. Urban, to whose care Cecilia has committed her converts, is praying beside her death-bed, a bright vision of the angelic host lights up the sombre and melancholy scene. Delpérée's "Luther at the Diet of Worms," the subject of our full-page illustration, is full of animation and expression, and formed a contrast to the stillness and solemnity of his "Prior of the Monastery of St. Juste summoning Charles V. to the Celebration of his Funeral." Soubre's "Family of Gueux before the Council of Blood" (from the Museum of Liége) is well grouped: on one side the Reformed Pastor and the Gueux nobleman and his family—the men, firm, resigned, awaiting their doom, and the wife thinking of her children, for whom she vainly hopes for pity; on the other side, the accuser energetically pleading for the vengeance of the law on these obdurate heretics; and in the centre, the judges, heedless of the misery before them. Karel Ooms's "Duke of Alva" is wasting away with a low fever, oppressed by the recollection of the cruelties that have left an indelible stain on his name. It is finely treated, and worthy of one of De Keyzer's best pupils. Wauters and Verlat preferred exhibiting in other places their collected works, to sending in a selection which would show the place they hold among their contemporaries. Their abstention was to be regretted. Cluysenaar's "Canossa," an engraving of which will be found on a preceding page, was one of the most striking pictures in the exhibition, where it represented the last development of the Modern school. Stallaert remains wedded to academic traditions; his "Medea" and "Gladiators" are carefully executed, excellent in their way, and equal to his former productions; but the current flows in another direction, and threatens to leave him behind. It would be a long list that mentioned all the painters of real merit that have earned distinction during the last fifty years. Many of their names are familiar in England. Madou, the prince of Belgian *genre*-painters, is dead; so also are Dillens, Lies, De Vigne—of whose graceful and pleasing "Sunday Morning in Winter," belonging to the Brussels Museum, we give an engraving. Of landscape-painters, Fourmois and Kindermans, and of animal-painters, Verboeckhoven, have passed away, while many of their contemporaries, equally celebrated, are still among us. Of the younger generation of aspirants to fame, none gives greater promise



THE DEATH-BED OF ST. CECILIA.

(From the Picture by De Vriendt.)

than Jan Van Beers, the son of the popular Flemish poet. "Fleur de Neige" and "Fior d'Aliza," two charming heads, exquisitely and delicately finished, like all that Van Beers does, were exhibited on each side of his "Summer Evening," and were among the pictures that attracted most attention in the collection. Van Beers has a trick of eccentricity, no doubt; but the defect is one that will cure itself, for there is in him the stuff of a master who is capable of achieving European popularity and success.

UNFULFILLED RENOWN.

VISITORS to the last exhibition of "Old Masters" cannot fail to have been attracted by a picture of a boy pulling at a kite-string, which met their eyes directly they turned to the left in the first room; it was, in fact, No. 1 in the catalogue. Many will have wished to know who was the author of this vigorous painting; and when they saw by the catalogue that it was one Hugh Robinson, they must have wondered that they had never heard his name, and they may have searched art dictionaries and histories for it in vain.

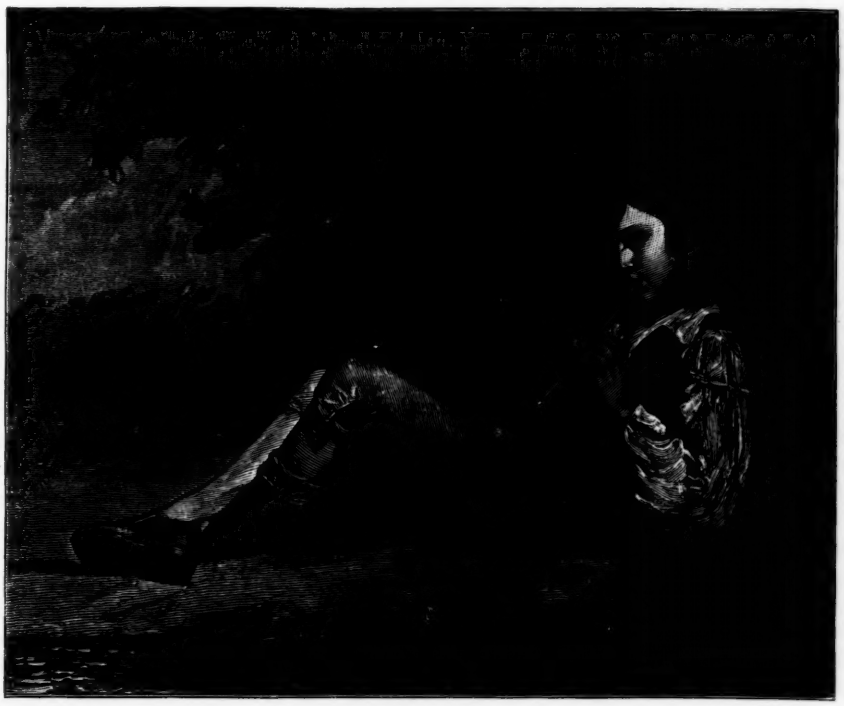
All that is known of Hugh Robinson may be told in a few words. He was the eldest son and second child of Henry Robinson, Esq., of Malton, in Yorkshire, and was born in that town about the year 1760. From earliest years he displayed a great love and talent for art, but of teachers, so far as it is known, he had none. It was not until quite recently that chance verified the supposition that he went to London to study painting about 1780. In that year, as Mr. Algernon Graves has discovered, we find his name in the Royal Academy catalogue as the exhibitor of a "Portrait of a Gentleman." He was then living at 12, Carey Street, Strand. Two years later, when he had moved to 16, Mitre Court, Temple (near which spot a relation of his resided), he sent to the Academy a "Head of a Beggar" and another "Portrait of a Gentleman." With these pictures his exhibition life came to an end; and shortly afterwards, probably in 1783, he went, as many a young painter had done before him, to Italy, the home of the arts. There he resided, chiefly in Rome, and worked assiduously at his art, till the year 1790, when it is known that he started off on horseback on his homeward journey. But, already stricken by mortal illness, rapid consumption carried him off before he reached England. By a strange fatality, the ship by which he had sent all his pictures foundered at sea, and the productions of his best years thus perished at the same time with their author. Such of his works as are left to us must all have been executed before he was twenty-four years of age. One may sit in the dining-room at Downe Hall, the residence of Mr. J. M. Teesdale,

the present representative of the artist's family, and see them every one. To do so is to wish that his later pictures had been spared, and to recognise that he had in him the makings of a fine painter.

Let us give first place to the "Boy with a Kite," already referred to, which is usually considered the painter's masterpiece. A bold work for so young a man, it is especially remarkable for an entire absence of that theatrical effect which one might have been led to expect in the treatment of such a subject. To say that it recalls Gainsborough is merely to record a common opinion; and as Gainsborough was at the height of his fame when Robinson visited London, it is only fair to assume that his works may have influenced the young Yorkshireman. But this is mere supposition, for there is nothing to show whether this picture was executed before or after the journey to London. One cannot, however, help thinking that had Robinson already produced such a work when he came to London, his friends would have persuaded him to exhibit it. Mr. Monkhouse, writing in the *Academy*, compares it with Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," with which it is, in fact, almost contemporaneous; but he justly complains that the figure is scarcely sufficiently relieved from the background. Yet, notwithstanding this, one must admit that this work, which might be called the "Green Boy," is brilliantly conceived and executed. Vigour is aptly expressed in the hero's face, which tells us that the strong wind on the Yorkshire moor has rendered the kite almost unmanageable, in the string which cuts into his left hand, in his green jacket and socks awry, and indeed in the whole movement of his body. The work, which is a portrait of Thomas Teesdale, a nephew of the painter, has been well mezzotinted by S. W. Reynolds; an artist's proof is at Downe Hall.

To turn from this to the "Piping Boy" is much like seeking shelter from a gale under the lee of a hill. Here we have true quiet and repose, and an air of fresh tranquillity breathing throughout the picture. The hero, who reclines, in a brown sleeveless jacket and mouse-coloured knee-breeches, in a charming landscape, is a lad whom Hugh Robinson employed to rub in his colours. Though not such a dashing composition as the "Boy with a Kite," it is, in my opinion, more thoroughly successful. It is a very idyl which one might gaze on for ever without tiring. I need hardly add that, like the "Boy with the Kite," it reminds us of Gainsborough.

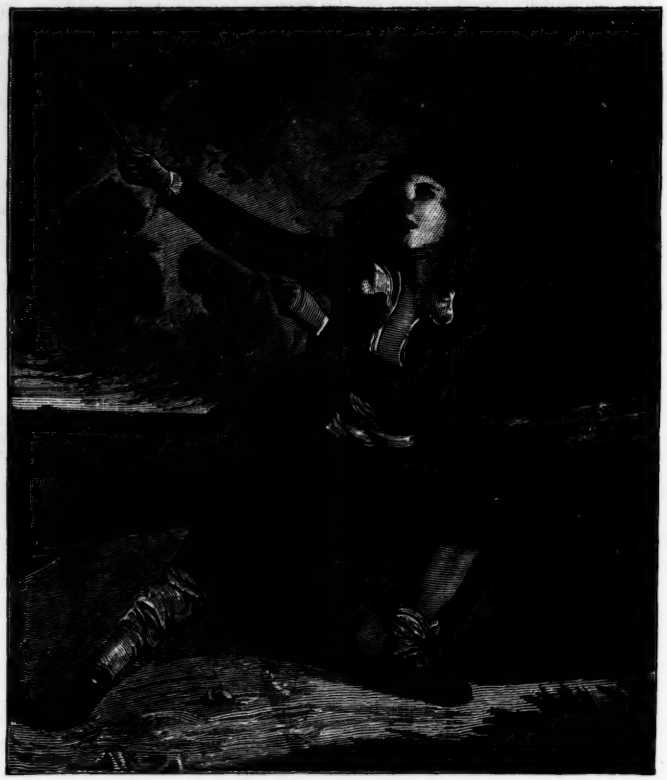
Seven other works by Robinson are in the same room: a portrait of his brother, the Rev. Henry Robinson, who is seen side-face reading a book; one of his father, Henry Robinson, Esq., full-face with a landscape background; a third of his mother,



THE "PIPING BOY."

(From the Painting by Hugh Robinson.)

in a mob-cap with a red ribbon; one of Sir William St. Quentin, a friend of the family; and two portraits of the painter, both taken about the same time, and both three-quarter face. In the one he wears a hat, in the other he is bareheaded; both display an air of intelligence, and in both you recognise a likeness to the painter's father and brother. As regards the former, it is not, I venture to think, too much to say that it reminds one of Franz Hals. The last work at Downe by Robinson is a remarkable head of an old man with a grey beard, wearing a turban, which has until recently been called a "Roman Jew," but which is probably the "Head of a Beggar" exhibited at the Academy of 1782. The model's sunburnt face is carefully and minutely rendered, and yet there is nothing lacking of the boldness of the other works. All the above portraits are about half-length.



THE "BOY WITH A KITE."

(From the Painting by Hugh Robinson.)

The remainder of Robinson's pictures comprise copies of two portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds—those of Miss Palmer and of Baretti, the Italian lexicographer—probably executed during his stay in London; a copy of a "Madonna and Child" by Van Dyck; two portraits of an uncle; and two of a first-cousin, Marmaduke Robinson. One can only surmise as to which of all the above-mentioned portraits were the two exhibited at the Royal Academy: perhaps those of his father and his brother, likely subjects for the 'prentice hand of a young beginner. The two illustrations given go far, I hope, to prove that Hugh Robinson should no longer remain, what he has been until now—*pictor ignotus*. Those who would have still fairer proof have only to turn to the original of his "Piping Boy" exhibited amongst the Old Masters at Burlington House, to see that English art was, in his untimely death, the loser by a great deal.

F. CUNDALL.

COLOUR IN DRESS.

THERE seems to be a prevailing impression that if womenkind dress themselves in olive-greens and *teints dégradés*, their garments will immediately become pleasing to the lover of the beautiful. It takes more than this to make dress attractive. Decided colours are to be unhesitatingly preferred to demi-tones and drabs and mixtures. If we can give people pleasure with no more trouble to ourselves than wearing a colour wholesome to the eyes, we may as well do so. But by decided colours I would not be thought to mean crude colours and coarse dyes. In this climate Nature teaches us to use colours in rich but subdued tones, especially when they are presented in any mass. Grass is not really emerald-green; look carefully at the brightest green field, and you will see that it is toned with a delicate bloom of grey, purple, or reddish. The reds and yellows of sunset are nowhere without hints and suggestions of purple. The brilliancy of flowers we can scarcely emulate; and if we could, the mass of bright colour would be too large. The right use of very bright colours is to adorn our dress as flowers adorn the landscape.

In choosing colours, then, those are best which suggest a toning down of brilliancy—in which there

seems to be a sort of bloom over the dominant shade, or where another colour mingles with it subordinately: as blues which suggest green, reds which suggest purple, purple that suggests russet, and effects of that sort. The suggested colour may often be used in accessories to the dress, or the embroidery upon it; but to do so requires great care and a good eye for colour. Green-blues, for instance, harmonise with blue-greens; as we may see in peacock's feathers. Red and blue purples are sometimes exceedingly beautiful together; as witness many an autumn landscape. In the Canariensis is displayed an exquisite combination of yellow and yellowish-green. Autumn, again, gives us beautiful harmonies of yellow-browns and olive-greens. It is quite impossible to particularise all the pleasing combinations of colour that are possible, even if I limit myself to two colours in each; if I take three colours in each, the number of possible combinations becomes far larger. A flower, a brilliant jewel, a rich embroidery, may be used to give point when two or more subdued colours are already used. It must not be forgotten that many and totally different effects are producible by the use of two same colours, as the one or the other is employed in larger proportion. It is frequently admissible to use them in one key only. Thus, a small quantity of bright red may be used with a large quantity of subdued blue; a small quantity of blue with red would not look well at all. Green trims dark blue better than dark blue trims green, but light blue can be used to trim dark green. I have seen very pretty dark blue dresses with lighter trimmings of green in smocking and embroidery, and a dress of green satin delicately embroidered with blue of a lighter shade than its own.

There are many ways of introducing harmonising colours into dresses. Most people have the one method—a not particularly pleasant one—of throwing in bows of tinted ribbon. Bows are all very well in their place—when they tie, or may be supposed to tie, something; but one does not want a gown to be a mere opportunity for bows. Dainty needlework, in colours chosen carefully to suit the groundwork of the dress, is one of the aptest vehicles for the introduction of colour. Sometimes a portion of the dress may be lined, or the neck and wrists may be bound over, with velvet of a harmonising tint: as russet-brown on olive-green, or dark green velvet upon peacock-blue, and so on. Sashes chosen in the same way, not to match the dress, but to introduce a rich half-tone, are often very attractive indeed.

The complexion, hair, and eyes of the wearer must always be considered. People with reddish-gold hair and light blue or grey eyes look wonderfully well in rich warm browns, and sometimes in yellow; but they would probably look ridiculous in peacock-blue or scarlet. Dark people with clear skins and rich complexions can often wear warm, deep colours, but do not look at all well in light blues and faint exquisite pinks. Golden hair inclining to flaxen is greatly enhanced in beauty by greens toned with yellow, and by peachy purples. There are people with a grey look about them who never look better than in quaker hues, and others with a delicate bloom of pink and a clear skin with blue veins, who look equally well in either pale blue or pale pink. These combinations of complexion and colour might be varied *ad infinitum*. It is ridiculous to see people of all complexions donning the "colour of the season," in obedience to the dictates of fashion, without the slightest regard to fitness or propriety. I am constantly told that some lovely colour is old-fashioned. Fortunately there are some shops yet—as Burnet's and Liberty's—where you can buy old-fashioned colours; so that you may still practise in your own garments a refreshing change from the general livery.

We frequently hear it remarked that people never look so well as in black; that, although it is not desirable that all the world should lay bright colours by, nothing is so becoming as black to the individual wearer. It is quite true that black, being negative, does not *jurer* with complexions of any tint, and, well relieved with white, forms the simplest arrangement of light and shade we can command. To the fair-skinned European races, indeed, black and white dress is naturally becoming; for the delicate tones of the skin form a middle tint between the two. On the other hand, if we come upon a negro dressed in black, the features and the pupils of the eyes, which we wish particularly to see, have vanished; we cannot get rid of the whites of the eyes, which are forced into startling and unpleasant forwardness, and which, under a normal state of circumstances, are intended only to enhance the dark pupil and iris. A light dress, which brings out the dark features and tones down the white of the eye, is the proper wear for dark races. In fair races the rule—with individual exceptions, of course—is that the dark eye harmonises the fair skin with the dark dress, or is a telling point of colour when a light dress is worn. To my mind people of beautiful colouring—not at all uncommon in England—look best attired with equal attention to the tinting and the light and shade of the complexion; but the effect can never be complete without the mediation of some neutral colour—white is the best—between the face and hands and the dress. The white may be slightly toned, like old lace. We want the suggestion of clean linen as well as the actual colour of the white. For most people pure white linen and muslin look

better than anything else. A very pale dress often looks the better for the accentuation of a darker colour, though sometimes the hair and eyes of the wearer are enough for the darkest tone. Dressing, in truth, is much like composing a picture, and as we are not all artists, we are not all happily attired. It must be owned, too, that we have to contend with a good many unfavourable circumstances, and that we are ill placed for knowing what is right, much less for doing it. All qualities—of colour, light and shade, and form—are beautifully perfect in the peasant costume of various countries: a result, no doubt, of centuries of elaboration. Now we suffer constant change, and every one has to choose for herself; and, as we all have found, it is very easy to make mistakes.

L. HEMINGHAM.

ANTIQUE SPOONS.

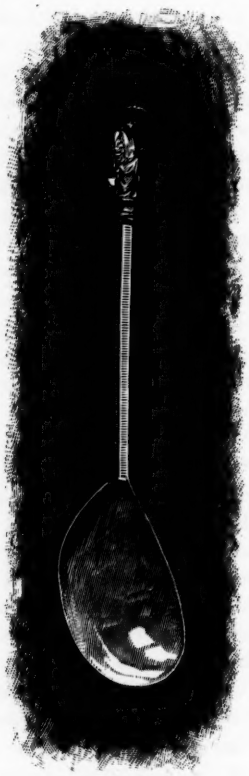


IN the history of domestic implements it may not, perhaps, be generally known that the simple and homely spoon boasts a position of considerable antiquity, and has, at one period, at least, of artistic excellence, been the subject of considerable ornamental skill on the part of its producer. We are accustomed to think of our more remote ancestors as supplying themselves with food in the most natural, not to say barbarous, fashions. Even the elegant Ovid, in his "Art of Loving," written two years before the Christian era, gives the injunction—

"Carpe cibos digitis."

We must, however, leave to the learned antiquary the task of finding the exact date at which the invention of such instruments took place, and the name of the country in which their use was first introduced. Certain it is that two kinds of spoons were known to the Romans. One, figured in our initial, they called a "cochlear," because they used the point of the handle to draw snails and mussels out of their shells, the bowl serving for eggs, jellies, and other aliments of little consistency. Copies of three ancient silver spoons are given in the Museo Borbonico of about the size of a dessert-spoon, one of which is a cochlear with round bowl and point, the other two being of oval shape, and with round handles. Another Roman spoon, with a bowl of oval shape, may be seen in the interesting collection of antiquities at Mayence, carved in bone or ivory, and actually possessing the familiar "rat-tail" hereafter to be mentioned.

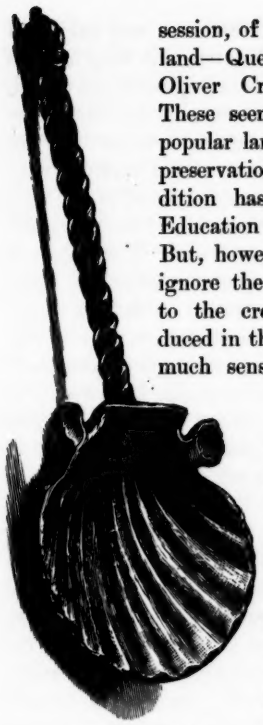
My object in the present paper is to give some idea of the development, artistic and other, of the spoon in more modern times; and my task, I may note, is rendered easy by the presence of the hall-mark to be found on English specimens in silver, which is, when legible, an infallible guide as to the year of their manufacture. In fact, as a general rule, every English piece of plate of the last four hundred years is both signed and dated, being stamped with the initial or initials of the maker, as well as a letter of the alphabet indicating the year of its origin.



APOSTLE SPOON (1).

In the Middle Ages there are proofs of the existence of spoons as far back as the thirteenth century; but these were, no doubt, for the most part, of wood, or of pewter. The fork, however, was not in general use till after the time of Elizabeth.

It must be a matter of common experience among those who are acquainted with the study of antiquities in the provinces, that objects of art whose origin has pretensions to a more or less remote date are almost invariably referred to the time, if not to the pos-



BRONZE SPOON (2).

session, of one of four rulers of England—Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, or Queen Anne. These seem to constitute the great popular landmarks of history, for the preservation of whose memory tradition has as yet done more than Education Acts and School Boards. But, however unfair it may seem to ignore the claims of other monarchs to the credit of works of art produced in their time, there is, no doubt, much sense and convenience in the above division, and it is one which happens to approach exactness in the changes which have occurred in the form of spoons. For plate, like other luxuries, such as jewellery and dress, has been the sport of fashion, and subject to all the caprices of that fickle goddess. The division must, however, be understood in this sense: that the forms which prevailed in the time of Elizabeth existed also in the reigns of her predecessors for a hundred years, as well as for a generation or more afterwards. The second division, which begins rather with the Restoration than the Commonwealth, is of much shorter duration, ending with the death of Queen Anne, in 1714; and then we come to another distinct period of some fifty years, extending to the third quarter of the last century. It now remains to consider the distinctive shapes that belong to each of these divisions of time.

We are told by Mr. Cripps, in his valuable work on "Antique Silver," that "the most ancient piece of English hall-marked plate in existence is a simple spoon," bearing the date of 1445-6, in the reign of Henry VI. This year falls within the great epoch of the Renaissance in Italy, whence taste and culture spread so rapidly to other countries of Western Europe. The specimen in question is even historical, and is known to collectors as the "Pudsey Spoon," having been given to Sir Ralph Pudsey by King Henry VI., together with his boots and gloves, after the rout at Hexham. This spoon is now preserved at Hornby Castle, Lancashire, by a descendant of Sir Ralph Pudsey. Its pedigree is declared to be undoubted; and in proof of its authenticity it bears the royal badge of a single rose engraved on the top of the handle, which resembles a common seal with six sides. The form of spoons from this time down to the Restoration varies only in the designs affixed to the points of the handles, but differs in every respect from the modern type. Thus, the bowl is pear-shaped; the stem is firm and solid as a pillar; and the handle is either a plain round knob or ball, or any carved device into which the skill of the maker could convert it. We find, for instance, the figure of an apostle, the head and shoulders of a maiden, a lion *sejant*, an owl, a pomegranate, an acorn, a diamond, a scallop-shell, or, most commonly of all, a seal. The character is therefore highly ornamental and pleasing to the eye, without any loss of utility, and is quite in harmony with the decorative and artistic fashions of this very interesting period.

Fig. 2 is a solid bronze spoon about fourteen inches in length, too massive to be comfortably raised to the mouth, but very serviceable for heavier work. It probably belongs to the fifteenth or sixteenth century. One may easily conceive that a barbarian of the lowest state of intelligence, being in want of such assistance as a spoon supplies, might avail himself of a shell to serve his purpose; and it would need no great amount of ingenuity to apply to this



SEAL-TOP AND MAIDEN SPOONS (3 and 4).

something in the form of a handle. The specimen here figured, then, embodies this idea, the bowl being fashioned like a scallop, and attached to a strong spiral handle which ends in a solid knob somewhat in the form of a crown. Fig. 1 is taken from a genuine apostle spoon of the time of Elizabeth, bearing the date 1587, the personage of St. Peter being identified by the attribute of the key. It should be remarked that there is always one peculiarity about the London-made spoons of the first or Elizabethan period. This is, that the interior of the bowl is stamped with the leopard's head, a hall-mark which runs through the whole series of English plate, but which in the later times was invariably placed on the back of the handle. This so-called leopard's head, however, is really the face of the grand old English lion: the name of leopard having crept in from the use of the heraldic French "leopart" in ancient documents, and meaning no more than a lion figured and seen full-face. The likeness to our national emblem is, however, so striking that a cursory inspection will prevent any zoological confusion. It should be added that even in the days of the Commonwealth the head is adorned with a crown, which only disappeared from the hall-mark in the year 1823. Fig. 4 is a very graceful spoon, adorned at the end with the bust of a maiden. This bears the date of the ninth year of James I.

The remaining specimen (Fig. 3) is generally known as the seal-top spoon, a name which explains itself. A large number of these are now exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, and they are the least rare of the various forms belonging to the period, having been made down to the end of the Commonwealth. This particular spoon, however, was not made in London, but at Exeter, and is stamped with the principal mark of that town. Instead of the lion, or "leopart's," head inside the bowl, we find the letter X, still surmounted by a crown; while in the place of the usual marks at the back of the stem the name of the maker "RADCLIFF" appears in full—a silversmith who is known to have worked in that important city of the West in the latter years of Charles I. The full names of other makers are also known to have been stamped in this way, and a spoon with a lion *sejant* in the possession of the writer bears that of "WADE." But such marks are exceptional and rare, signature by initials being the rule. Another kind of handle, which was made, perhaps, more frequently in the time of Cromwell than before it (though known also in the early years of Elizabeth), consists of a plain stem cut off obliquely at the end, as if with one stroke of a knife, in an iconoclastic fashion, the ornament at the end thus completely disappearing, without any alteration to the bowl. The change which occurred at the Restoration affects every part of the spoon; but any notice of this, or of other and subsequent transformations, would lead us far beyond our present limits, and must form the matter of a new paper.

T. W. GREENE.

PICTURES OF THE SEA.

IT was certainly a happy idea to form this exhibition of marine paintings at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in Bond Street. An entire collection of pictures illustrating one subject is instructive, and at the same time not so fatiguing as one of those ordinary exhibitions in which the attention is forced to turn rapidly from one subject to another with no more reasonable interval than that of a glaring gilt frame. The owners of important English sea pictures have generously lent them, so that in this gathering we have many of the masterpieces of Mr. Brett and Mr. Hook; together with important works by Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. H. Maccallum, Mr. Colin Hunter, and most of the other famous marine-painters.

Mr. Brett exhibited here, but only we believe for a few days, about forty small but exquisite studies from nature, to which, as they were not included in the catalogue, we are unable to call attention in detail. In these sketches we find the fresh charm of out-door life; the air seems impregnated with the salt sea, bright sunshine lies on rocks tipped with lichen, and at the foot of rugged cliffs the rippling water reflects a world of fleeting skies. We cannot help thinking that when Mr. Brett repeats these effects on a larger scale, his pictures lose much of their charm. Some of his more ambitious work is undeniably hard and metallic, with a slight harshness of colour and a want of moisture in the atmosphere. Still, his knowledge of his subject is great, and his paintings cannot but impress the spectator with a sense of their trustworthiness. "Duchy Reef, Cornwall," and "A Fresh Summer Day on a Dangerous Coast," show a restless sea fretting angrily against half-hidden treacherous rocks; both are masterly, but the sky in the latter work does not appear to be quite in keeping with the tone of the sea. In the "Cornish Lions" Mr. Brett paints grey cliffs, crowned with yellow verdure and facing the ocean, whose waters lap monotonously

at their feet. "A Summer Sunset" is seen in the midst of the waters, with no land visible except a broken line of huge hatchet-shaped rocks which rise sharply out of the sea, while the fading rays of the setting sun seem to cast a mysterious spell over all things. Several of these attractive works of Mr. Brett have already been seen by the public at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy.

Mr. Hook's pictures are always fresh, breezy, luminous, and delightful. The sea, however, in "Fish from the Dogger Bank" looks faded in comparison with his later and more vigorous seas. On a flat beach are fish-wives in bright-coloured kerchiefs and hoods, dividing their property in a heap of fish. "The Trawlers" and "The Crabbers" are two of Mr. Hook's most characteristic and popular paintings. The latter shows a boat seen from above, speeding away from the spectator, only half of it being still in sight; in it are two weather-beaten men, the younger one pulling at the oars, while the older man endeavours to disentangle a fine crab from its basket-cage. The crab feels that there is something uncomfortable in this proceeding, and he holds on vigorously by one of his claws; he is finely painted, and his red shell comes out well in the blue-green of the picture. In the other work, "The Trawlers," the spectator looks down into a fishing-boat, where are several men. Their heads are handsome, but look as if they had been arranged and studied apart from the picture, and so had lost much of their sea-roughness; they are engaged in sorting a pile of fish of all colours and sizes that lie in a confused heap in the bottom of the boat. It is a picturesque mass, but it is more likely to be profitable to the artist's eye than to the pocket of the fisherman, for gurnets, star-fish, and sepias are not held of much account by town fishmongers. In Mr. Hook's gentler vein are "Ill Blows the Wind that Profits Nobody," and "The Mushroom-Seekers." The sea in the former of these is spirited and good. The latter picture is very peaceful and beautiful; in it the undulating, soft, grass-covered downs fade gently away into a blue summer sea that meets them at the horizon. Two children scramble after mushrooms in the foreground. Mr. Hook does not seem to bear sufficiently in mind when he paints a fish-wife that all women, as well as all men, have actual limbs inside their clothing.

Of the other pictures we can mention only a few. The admirers of Mr. Henry Moore will find here some of his most characteristic sea-pieces. "The Silver Streak" is a charming work, although the sea in the foreground is not thoroughly satisfactory. For his "Summer Sea," it is a lovely exercise in the colour commonly called sea-green, but it is coupled with a raw grey sky, which is disturbing to perfect harmony. Much of Mr. Moore's work creates a feeling of disappointment in the spectator by the want of uniformity in his manner of painting: those parts which are not in themselves attractive being left unfinished, and so offending the eye by their want of balance. In his "Outside the Harbour" the sea and sky agree to be in discord with Nature; an angry sullen air pervades both elements, as they unite in rocking the huge mastless hulk of a vessel that lies on its side, deserted and forlorn. The feeling of greatness, and of the might of the sea, is very admirably expressed.

By Mr. Wells is an unusual winter effect at "Kynance Cove," a spot much visited by artists; the sharply-cut rocks are so heavily covered with snow as to look lumpy. Of Mr. Maccallum's works, three are heavy and rough in texture, while the fourth, "Low Tide on the Harbour Bar," is delightful. The fresh sea is warm with sunlight; there is a line of wooden piles specially arranged for the enjoyment of several boys who are disporting themselves in the cool waters; the lad who holds himself erect, with head bent down and hands pressed close together to make a dive, is truly admirable. Of Mr. Colin Hunter's works, the one called "Silver of the Sea," with its dim early morning light, is pretty; and "The Island Harvest," with its strong evening rays on a broken sea, is impressive and powerfully painted.

NUREMBERG ART.

THE story goes that in 1468 a certain Martin Ketzel—burgher and what-not of Nuremberg—went on pilgrimage to the Holy Land. During his stay at Jerusalem he carefully measured the distances between the "stations" on the road from the house of Pilate to Golgotha, intending on his return home to mark out similar distances from his own house on the hill of Nuremberg. Unfortunately, on his homeward journey the measurement of the first distance slipped from his memory, and in 1472 he made a second pilgrimage to recover it. At length he was able to accomplish his task. Having marked out the positions of the stations, he engaged a sculptor to make bas-reliefs representing the incidents in the Passion which were associated by tradition with the particular spots. His choice fell upon Adam

Krafft, a young man of about twenty-five years of age, and the most rising artist of his time. These reliefs remain where they were placed to this day, though in a rather tattered condition: some of them having recently been restored, to their further detriment. One of the principal works of Krafft was the Schreyer tomb, an excellent cast of which may be seen at the South Kensington Museum. The tombs lie in a niche between two of the buttresses of the choir of St. Sebald's Church. On three sides, against the wall of the church and the buttresses, are large bas-reliefs. They represent, somewhat after the manner of a winged picture, the Entombment, flanked by Christ bearing His cross, and the Resurrection. The tomb is seen lying rather on the left, in the centre compartment; the weeping friends of Christ stand around it. The Magdalene kneels in front, in an attitude manifestly exaggerated, and kisses the dead face. The Blessed Virgin stands on the far side. Mary Salome kneels at the foot of the grave, wringing her hands. The three crosses are seen behind on the right, with the thieves still hanging on theirs. More in front are the men who have helped to take down the body of Christ; they carry

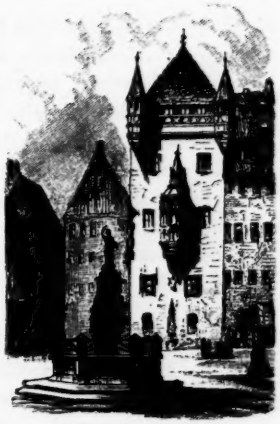


ALBERT DÜRER AT FOURTEEN.

(From the Drawing by Himself.)



HOUSE OF THE PETERSENS.



HOUSE OF THE NASSAUS.

the crown of thorns and other instruments of the Passion. In the distance, on the left, are the walls and roofs of Jerusalem. The style of the design recalls Martin Schongauer's engravings of the same subjects, and proves how strongly the influence of the Colmar artist made itself felt. The fault of the work lies in the fact that it is throughout too pictorial. The relief is too much crowded with details, and there is a want of breadth and repose about it. It is impossible, however, not to admire the excellence of the grouping and the life-like expressions of the figures. The artist seems to have forgotten that he was working in stone; he does not bring its particular qualities of strength into sufficient prominence. At great expenditure of labour, he carves as another might have moulded in clay, thereby losing all the dignity of stone.

The same fault is observable in the other great work of the master preserved in Nuremberg—the *ciborium* of the Church of St. Laurence. Documental evidence proves that the contract for this was signed in April, 1493, and that the work itself was finished in 1500. The edifice—a cupboard, supported on a gallery approached by steps, and surmounted by a lofty spire—is placed against one of the pillars on the north side of the choir. It rises in three stages from the ground to the ceiling vault, and is decorated with numerous details of sculpture and bas-relief. The gallery near the ground is carried on the shoulders of three kneeling figures—portrait sculptures, representing the artist himself and his two apprentices. The whole is remarkable for the lightness and complexity of its design, and for the minute care with which the details are executed. The principle, nevertheless, of the construction is false, and contradicts the nature of stone. Shafts and pinnacles are twisted and bent, as though formed of some pliable material. The common talk of Krafft's day used to say that he knew how to soften stone, bend it, and then make it hard again. All his sculptures have the appearance of plaster models.

The artist whose name is most generally known in connection with Nuremberg was undoubtedly Peter Vischer. He was probably born somewhat before the year 1460. In 1489 he became a master, and set to work as a bronze founder. His period of activity divides itself naturally into three parts. Up to the year 1497 he held fast by the old German models, the orders he received being for the most part for tombs, episcopal and other. From 1497 to 1506 he passed through a stage of transition. From 1506 to January 7, 1529, when he died, he followed eagerly along the lines marked out by the Italians of the Renaissance. It is to the work of this last period that most credit has usually been given.

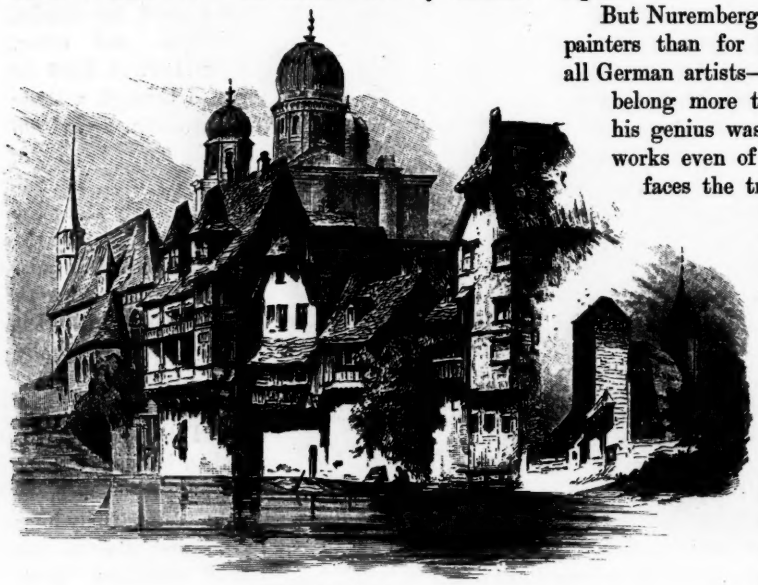
From what source did Peter receive the Italian influence? Sandrart says that he spent some years in Italy himself; and this is not at all impossible. It is,



THE BEAUTIFUL FOUNTAIN.

at all events, certain that his eldest son went there during his *Wanderjahre*, and brought home with him many drawings, of which, no doubt, the father afterwards availed himself; for father and sons, with their wives and families, all dwelt and worked happily together under the same roof, as was the good custom of Nuremberg in the olden time.

The most conspicuous production of this third period of Peter Vischer's life, and the most famous of all his works, was the bronze shrine of St. Sebald, within which the dust of the Frankonian apostle was laid. It remains to this day in perfect preservation; and there is an excellent cast of it in the South Kensington Museum. Two rows of four pillars support a canopy, under which the sarcophagus lies upon an oblong table. Each bay of the canopy is surmounted by a short spire, that over the centre, the highest, being crowned by a ball, upon which stands a figure of the child Christ. Within the bevels of the arches, on brackets fastened to the pillars, are statuettes of the twelve Apostles; and for excellence of workmanship and harmony of design it would be difficult to surpass them. The longer faces of the table which supports the sarcophagus bear bas-reliefs, representing the miracles performed by the saint. In niches, one at each end of the table, are statuettes of the saint and of the artist in his working clothes, girt with leathern apron and hammer in hand. Scattered about the work are many other figures of men, children, and animals; clustering on the ledges of the table and of the slab upon which it rests, or perched up amongst the confused ornament at the top. For feet, the monument rests upon a number of great carven likenesses of snails, with a grotesque at each corner. There are in all about "seventy fantastic representations of genii, mermaids, animals, &c., mingled with flowers and foliage."



ON THE PEGNITZ.

Peter Vischer was by no means an idle man, and a large number of tombs, statuettes, and bronze ornaments from his workshop have come down to us. They all prove him to have possessed a lively imagination, great power of realisation, and an intense sympathy with the brute creation. His little bronze dogs are unsurpassable. He was withal a genial man, if Neudörffer's account of the artist Lindenast is to be believed. He says:—"I have added him all the more gladly to my list of artists because he and Peter Vischer the redsmith, and Adam Krafft the stonemason, developed together, and were like brothers to each other, meeting together in their manhood on all holidays, as though they were still apprentices, and practising drawing together; and so, without feasting or drinking, they returned to their homes in friendly and brotherly fashion."

The third well-known sculptor of Nuremberg was Veit Stoss. He worked chiefly in wood, in the handling of which he attained a great facility. Now and again he tried his hand at sculpture in stone, but never with any success; he always endeavoured to treat it as though it were wood, and, naturally, fell into all kinds of littlenesses and mannerisms. The east side of the choir of St. Sebald's contains three stone bas-reliefs of this kind, deserving but little praise. The same artist's wood-carvings are, however, very good. The subjects which he treated most happily were figures of countrymen carrying their goods to market, and so forth. He failed whenever he attempted to rise to higher regions, and his religious pieces are remarkable only for their signal want of success.

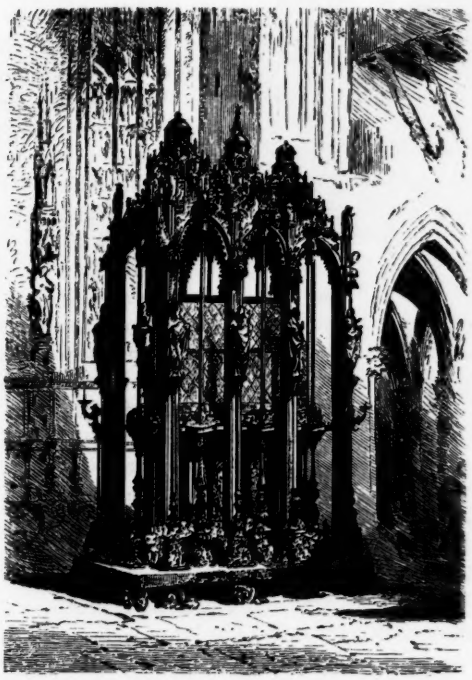
But Nuremberg was no less remarkable for her painters than for her sculptors. The greatest of all German artists—Albert Dürer—seems, indeed, to belong more to the world than to any town; his genius was cosmopolitan; nevertheless, the works even of his latest days bear upon their faces the traces of the master from whom he learnt the principles of his craft. This was Michael Wolgemut. He was born, as we learn from a portrait of him by Dürer now at Munich, in the year 1434. As a painter he soon earned a wide and well-deserved renown. Several of his paintings have come down to us, the most representative being the "Schwabach retable." The centre of this, as was usual at the time, consisted of a group of carved wooden figures, which,



THE NUREMBERG MADONNA.

"THE MADONNA AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS." *(Life size. Carved in Wood. Artist unknown.)*

as well as the background, were probably coloured by Wolgemut. The wings, at all events, were painted



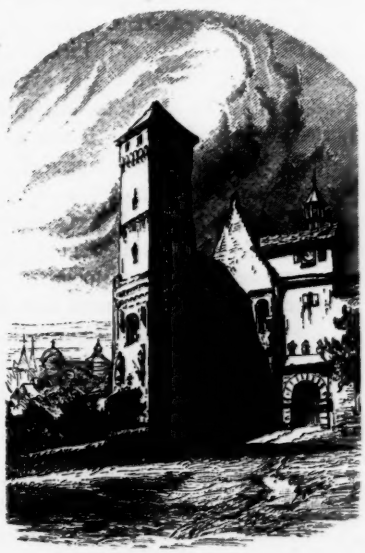
THE SHRINE OF ST. SEBALD

by nim; and did no other work of his remain, they would be sufficient proof of the master's power, of the firmness of his hand, and the masculine tendency of his thought. It was the possession of these qualities that fitted him so well to be the teacher of a man like Dürer. He lived long enough to see the growth of his pupil's fame, and died, as we learn from Neudörffer, in 1519.

But Wolgemut's name is more likely to be remembered in connection with the rising arts of the wood-cutter and engraver than with that of painting. In 1491 an edition of the *Schatzbehalter*—a series of symbolic lessons from Christian history—was published by Koburger of Nuremberg. It was illustrated with ninety-one full-page woodcuts, the designs of which had been furnished by Wolgemut. The book immediately achieved an immense popularity, and proved a great success. The woodcuts were a long way in advance of anything that had been seen before; they showed a great variety of invention, combined with an unwonted freedom and movement in the figures. The wood-cutting was, indeed, poor; but that was not the fault of the designs.

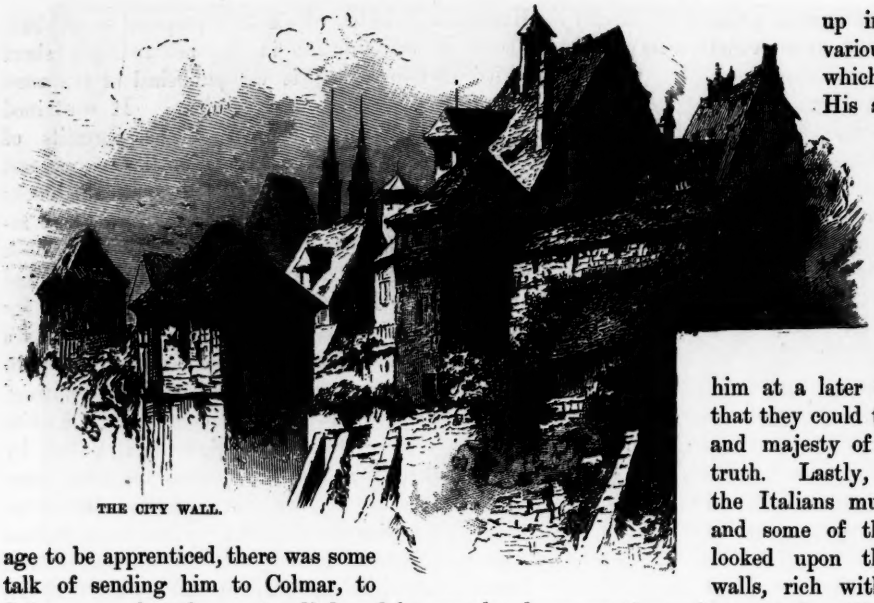
Towards the end of the same year, Sebald Schreyer —he of the tomb at St. Sebald's—and Sebastian Kammermeister, contracted with Wolgemut to design cuts to illustrate the great *Weltchronik*, by Dr. Hartmann Schedel, which they proposed to publish. The work was finished in the astoundingly short period of two years; it was published at the same time both in Latin and German. It contained hundreds of cuts, views of towns, portraits of famous men, pictures of events, battles, sieges, and the like. Notwithstanding that many of the blocks are used again and again—the same view often representing some twelve different towns—the book was an immense advance on anything that had preceded it. Edition after edition was called for and at once exhausted, and the *Nuremberg Chronicle* was copied and imitated all over Europe. Its publication marks an epoch in the history of printing.

Wolgemut was also a great engraver. Till quite recently a large number of engravings, known by the signature "W," which appears on them, were considered to be the work of a certain Wenceslas d'Olmutz, copied from plates by the more famous engravers Martin Schongauer and Albert Dürer. Recent investigation, however, has shown that all these prints are the work of Wolgemut, who, on the one hand, copied Martin Schongauer, and, on the other, was copied, not without some alterations, by his pupil Dürer. Some of Wolgemut's engravings are copies of pictures by a master of the school of Stephan Lochner. But in his day the star of Cologne was paling before the increasing brightness of the fame of the Flemish masters, whose influence was yearly making itself more widely felt. Before this influence Wolgemut fell, and he became one of the principal agents in disseminating it through the south of Germany.



THE CASTLE.

It is to Albert Dürer, however, with his masculine power and his wide grasp of thought, that the student of the arts of Nuremberg will devote the largest part of his attention. He was born in that town in 1741, the son of a Hungarian father, a goldsmith, who had come to settle there some sixteen years before. When young Albert was of an



THE CITY WALL.

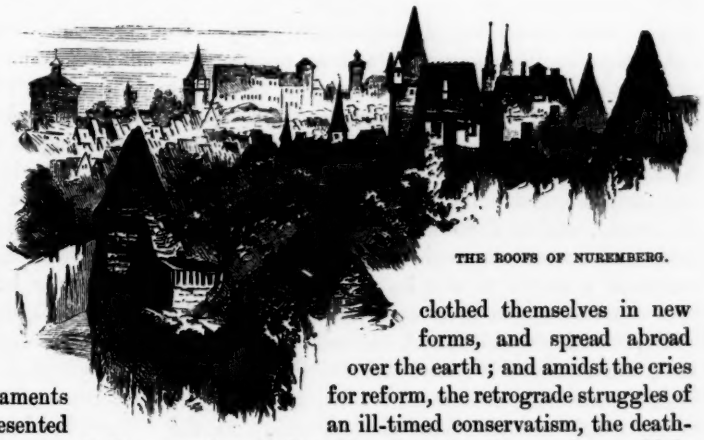
age to be apprenticed, there was some talk of sending him to Colmar, to Schongauer; but the master died, and he was placed under the charge of Wolgemut instead. In 1490 he was ready to start on the period of wandering which was prescribed to all young craftsmen before they were admitted to become masters. Whither he went we do not know—probably to Italy; in 1494 he was back in Nuremberg again. Three years later we find him engraving his first known plate. Numerous pictures at this period came from his hands, and his fame quickly spread throughout all lands. In 1506 he undertook a journey to Venice, where he stayed for some months. His letters, written from that town to his friend Pirkheimer, remain to us, and form a fund of the most valuable information. From Venice he went to Bologna, and thence returned home again. For fourteen years he remained at home hard at work, enjoying the friendship of all the most eminent men of his day. He corresponded with Raphael, who sent him sketches "to show him his hand," as Martin Schongauer and Perugino had done before. He numbered amongst his friends Erasmus, Melancthon, Lucas van Leyden, and most of the great men of the Reformation. His influence made itself felt even in Italy, where Marcantonio, fulfilling his mission of "making the north familiar with Italian, and Italy with northern fashions of art" (Vasari), engraved from his designs. In the year 1520 he went, with his wife, on a journey to the Netherlands, to get a better view of the work of his great Flemish predecessors, and the diary of what he did and saw is still in existence. In July, 1524, he returned to Nuremberg, where he died in April, 1528.

Dürer is the pivot about which the art of the north of Europe at this period turns. He gathered up into himself all the various threads of style which were lying about. His style bears traces of that of the school of Cologne; through Wolgemut and Schongauer he received the impress of the school of Van Eyck; and his own journey to the Netherlands enabled him at a later time to drink in all that they could teach of the grandeur and majesty of simple veracity and truth. Lastly, he borrowed from the Italians much of their dignity and some of their grace. He had looked upon the breadth of their walls, rich with the handicraft of generations of earnest, beautiful thinking men, and bright in the clear sunlight of the south; and he had not looked in vain.

But in learning from others he never became a servile imitator; whatever he learnt he made his own, and when it came forth from him once more it bore the stamp of his own powerful genius. Much there was in the elegant minded Italians with which he, with his hard northern clay, could never wholly sympathise, could never even partly adopt. All this he boldly casts aside. When he copies the engravings of Mantegna or Baccio Baldini, he thrusts out their grace, their passion, and their peace, and puts in their stead all the energy, the force, often the ugliness, which his strong hand loved to trace. As in Dürer the varied influences of different schools centred, so too from him radiated a continually increasing flood of influence, which daily became more strong. His works were eagerly sought for in all countries; the engravings, which he made in considerable numbers, enabled him to reach very much further than most of his predecessors, and he



THE HANGMAN'S PASSAGE.



THE ROOFS OF NUREMBERG.

came face to face with a much larger number of men. His prints found their way wherever the streams of commerce flowed; and the name of the engraver of the Frankonian city became almost a household word throughout the more civilised parts of Europe.

But the student of art who would see the works of Dürer need not go to Nuremberg for them. Very few remain in his native town. His last, and perhaps his greatest, picture, representing the Four Temperaments under the guise of apostles, which he presented to the town before his death, now forms one of the treasures of the Munich Collection; and, like it, most of his greatest works have found an honoured home in the galleries of other towns. His engravings are widely scattered and carefully preserved; his drawings are many of them photographed, and may be seen by all. All that concerns him is interesting alike to the student of art and history, for he was one of the leading characters of a great age. He lived in the midst of an eager time, and in him the feelings of his day found one of their most prominent exponents.

The fifteenth century had gone, the new epoch was at hand, the trumpet was sounded, and the dead were raised from the silent past. A flood of old ideas clothed themselves in new forms, and spread abroad over the earth; and amidst the cries for reform, the retrograde struggles of an ill-timed conservatism, the death-agonies of the old order, the throes of a world in travail with a new era, Dürer and many another great artist lived and worked. There was Cranach at the Court of Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, the keen-sighted, wrinkled-faced, fat-cheeked protector of Luther, the defier of popes and emperors—the friend he, too, of Dürer; there was Holbein at Augsburg, with its Kaiser Max—townsman and Emperor; and there was Dürer at Nuremberg. These men, and others like them, working hard and fearlessly along the lines which their own feelings marked out for them, have made the names of the towns in which they lived, and the lives and thoughts of whose inhabitants they expressed, memorable for many days.

W. M. Conway.

BYWAYS OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

"BAGSTER'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

I HAVE here before me an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," bound in green, without a date, and described as "illustrated by nearly three hundred engravings, and memoir of Bunyan." On the outside it is lettered, "Bagster's Illustrated Edition;" and after the author's apology, facing the first page of the tale, a folding, pictorial "Plan of the Road" is marked as "drawn by the late Mr. T. Conder," and engraved by J. Basire. No further information is anywhere vouchsafed; perhaps the publishers had judged the work too unimportant; and we are still left ignorant whether or not we owe the woodcuts in the body of the volume to the same hand that drew the plan. It seems, however, more than probable. The literal particularity of mind which, in the map, laid down the flower-plots in the devil's garden, and carefully introduced the court-house in the town of Vanity, is closely paralleled in many of the cuts; and in both, the architecture of the buildings and the disposition of the gardens have a kindred and entirely English air. Whoever he was, the author of these wonderful little pictures may lay claim to be the best illustrator of Bunyan. They are not only good illustrations, like so many others; but they are like so few, good illustrations of Bunyan. Their spirit, in defect and quality, is still the same as his own. The designer also has lain down and dreamed a dream, as literal, as quaint, and almost as apposite as Bunyan's; and text and pictures make but the two sides



MR. WORLDLY WISEMAN.



CHRISTIAN AT THE GATE.

of the same homespun yet impassioned story. To do justice to the designs, it will be necessary to say, for the hundredth time, a word or two about the masterpiece which they adorn. All allegories have a tendency to escape from the purpose of their creators; and as the characters and incidents become more and more interesting in themselves, the moral, which these were to show forth, falls more and more into neglect. An architect may command a wreath of vine leaves round the cornice of a monument; but if, as each leaf came from the chisel, it took proper life and fluttered freely on the wall, and if the vine grew, and the building were hidden over with foliage and fruit, the architect would stand in much the same situation as the writer of allegories. The "Faëry Queen" was an allegory, I am willing to believe; but it survives as an imaginative tale in incomparable verse. The case of Bunyan is widely different; and yet in this also Allegory, poor nymph, although never quite forgotten, is sometimes rudely thrust against the wall. Bunyan was fervently in earnest; with "his fingers in his ears, he ran on," straight for his mark. He tells us himself, in the conclusion to the first part, that he did not fear to raise a laugh; indeed, he feared nothing, and said anything; and he was greatly served in this by a certain rustic privilege of his style, which, like the talk of strong uneducated men, when it does not impress by its force, still charms by its simplicity. The mere story and the allegorical design enjoyed perhaps his equal favour. He believed in both with an energy of faith that was capable of moving mountains. And we have to remark in him, not the parts where inspiration fails and is supplied by cold and merely decorative invention, but the parts where faith has grown to be credulity, and his characters become so real to him that he forgets the end of their creation. We can follow him step by step, into the trap which he lays for himself by his own entire good faith and triumphant literality of vision, till the trap closes and shuts him in an inconsistency. The allegories of the Interpreter and of the Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains are all actually performed, like stage plays, before the pilgrims. The son of Mr. Great Grace visibly "tumbles hills about with his words." Adam the First has his condemnation written visibly on his forehead, so that Faithful reads it. At the very instant the net closes round the pilgrims, "the white robe falls from the black man's body." Despair "getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel;" it was in "sunshiny weather" that he had his fits; and the birds in the grove about the House Beautiful, "our country birds," only sing their little pious verses "at the spring, when the flowers appear and the sun shines warm." "I often," says Piety, "go out to hear them; we also ofttimes keep them tame in our house." The post between Beulah and the Celestial City sounds his horn, as you may yet hear in country places. Madam Bubble, that "tall comely dame, something of a swarthy complexion, in very pleasant attire but old"—"gives you a smile at the end of each sentence"—a real woman, she; we all know her. Christian dying "gave Mr. Standfast a ring," for no possible reason in the allegory, merely because the touch was human and affecting. Look at Great-heart, with his soldierly ways, garrison ways, as I had almost called them; with his taste in weapons; his delight in any that "he found to be a man of his hands;" his chivalrous point of honour, letting Giant Maul get up again when he was down, a thing fairly flying in the teeth of the moral; above all, with his language in the inimitable tale of Mr. Fearing: "I thought I should have lost my man"—"chicken-hearted"—"at last he came in, and I will say that for my lord, he carried it wonderful lovingly to him." This is no Independent minister; this is a stout, honest, big-busted ancient, adjusting his shoulder-belts, twirling his long moustaches as he speaks. Last and most remarkable, "My sword," says the dying Valiant-for-the-truth, he in whom Great-heart delighted, "my sword I leave to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, *and my courage and skill to him that can get it.*" And after this boast, more arrogantly unorthodox than was ever dreamed of by the rejected Ignorance, we are told that "all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

In every page the book is stamped with the same energy of vision and the same energy of belief. The quality is equally and indifferently displayed in the spirit of the fighting, the tenderness of the pathos, the startling vigour and strangeness of the incidents, the natural strain of the conversations, and the humanity and charm of the characters. Trivial talk over a meal, the dying words of heroes, the delights of Beulah or the Celestial City, Apollyon and my Lord Hate-good, Great-heart and Mr. Worldly Wiseman, all have been imagined with the same clearness, all written of with equal gusto and precision, all created in the same mixed element, of simplicity that is almost comical, and art that, for its purpose, is faultless.

It was in much the same spirit that our artist sat down to his drawings. He is by nature a Bunyan of the pencil. He, too, will draw anything, from a butcher at work on a dead sheep, up to the courts of Heaven. "A Lamb for Supper" is the name of one of his designs, "Their Glorious Entry" of another. He has the same disregard for the ridiculous, and enjoys somewhat of the same privilege of style, so that we are pleased even when we laugh the most. He is

literal to the verge of folly. If dust is to be raised from the unswept parlour, you may be sure it will "fly abundantly" in the picture. If Faithful is to lie "as dead" before Moses, dead he shall lie with a warrant—dead and stiff like granite; nay (and here the artist must enhance upon the symbolism of the author), it is with the identical stone tables of the law that Moses fells the sinner. Good and bad people, whom we at once distinguish in the text by their names, Hopeful, Honest, and Valiant-for-truth on the one hand, as against By-ends, Sir Having Greedy, and the Lord Old-man on the other, are in these drawings as simply distinguished by their costume. Good people, when not armed *cap-à-pie*, wear a speckled tunic girt about the waist, and low hats, apparently of straw. Bad people swagger in tail-coats and chimney-pots, a few with knee-breeches, but the large majority in trousers, and for all the world like guests at a garden party. Worldly Wiseman alone, by some inexplicable quirk, stands before Christian in laced hat, embroidered waistcoat, and trunk-hose. But above all examples of this artist's intrepidity, commend me to the print entitled "Christian Finds it Deep." "A great darkness and horror," says the text, have fallen on the pilgrim; it is the comfortless death-bed with which Bunyan so strikingly concludes the sorrows and conflicts of his hero. How to represent this worthily, the artist knew not; and yet he was determined to represent it somehow. This was how he did: Hopeful is still shown to his neck above the water of death; but Christian has bodily disappeared, and a blot of solid blackness indicates his place.



THE PARLOUR UNSWEPT.



THE PROSPECT.

As you continue to look at these pictures, about an inch square for the most part, sometimes printed three or more to the page, and each having a printed legend of its own however trivial the event recorded, you will soon become aware of two things: first, that the man can draw, and, second, that he possesses the gift of an imagination. "Obstinate reviles," says the legend; and you should see Obstinate reviling. "He warily retraces his steps;" and there is Christian, posting through the plain, terror and speed in every muscle. "Mercy yearns to go" shows you a plain interior with packing going forward, and, right in the middle, Mercy yearning to go—every line of the girl's figure yearning. In "The Chamber called Peace" we see a simple English room, bed with white curtains, window valance and door, as may be found in many thousand unpretentious houses; but far off, through the open window, we behold the sun uprising out of a great plain, and Christian hails it with his hand:



OBSTINATE REVILES.

> "Where am I now? Is this the love and care
> Of Jesus for the men that pilgrims are,
> Thus to provide that I should be forgiven
> And dwell already the next door to Heaven?"

A page or two further, from the top of the House Beautiful, the damsels point his gaze toward the Delectable Mountains: "The Prospect," so the cut is ticketed—and I shall be surprised, if on less than a square inch of paper you can show me one so wide and fair. Down a cross road on an English plain, a cathedral city outlined on the horizon, a hazel shaw upon the left, comes Madam Wanton dancing with her fair enchanted cup, and Faithful, book in hand, half pauses. The cut is perfect as a symbol: the giddy movement of the sorceress, the uncertain poise of the man struck to the heart by a temptation, the contrast of that even plain of life whereon he journeys with the bold, ideal bearing of the wanton—the artist who invented and portrayed this had not merely read Bunyan, he had also thoughtfully lived. The Delectable Mountains—I continue skimming the first part—are not on the whole happily rendered. Once and once only the note is struck, when Christian and Hopeful are seen coming, shoulder-high, through a thicket of green shrubs—box, perhaps, or perfumed nutmeg; while behind them, domed or pointed, the hills stand ranged against the sky. A little further, and we come to that masterpiece of Bunyan's insight into life, the Enchanted Ground; where, in a few traits, he has set down the latter end of such a number of the would-be good; where his allegory goes so deep that, to people looking seriously on life, it cuts like satire. The true significance of this invention lies, of course, far out of the way of drawing; only one feature, the great tedium of the land, the growing weariness in well-doing, may be somewhat represented in a symbol. The



MADAM WANTON.



THE CHAMBER CALLED PEACE.

pilgrims are near the end: "Two Miles Yet," says the legend. The road goes ploughing up and down over a rolling heath; the wayfarers, with outstretched arms, are already sunk to the knees over the brow of the nearest hill; they have just passed a milestone with the cipher two; from overhead a great, piled, summer cumulus, as of a slumberous summer afternoon, beshadows them: two miles! it might be hundreds. In dealing with the Land of Beulah the artist lags, in both parts, miserably behind the text, but in the distant prospect of the Celestial City more than regains his own. You will remember when Christian and Hopeful "with desire fell sick." "Effect of the Sunbeams" is the artist's title. Against the sky, upon a cliffy mountain, the radiant temple beams upon them over deep, subjacent woods; they, behind a mound, as if seeking shelter from the splendour—one prostrate on his face, one kneeling, and with hands ecstatically lifted—yearn with passion after that immortal city. Turn the page, and we behold them walking by the very shores of death; Heaven, from this nigher view, has risen half-way to the zenith, and sheds a wider glory; and the two pilgrims, dark against that brightness, walk and sing out of the fulness of their hearts. No cut more thoroughly illustrates at once the merit and the weakness of the artist. Each pilgrim sings with a book in his grasp—a family Bible at the least for bigness; tomes so recklessly enormous, that our second impulse is to laughter. And yet that is not the first thought, nor perhaps the last. Something in the attitude of the manikins—faces they have none, they are too small for that—something in the way they swing these monstrous volumes to their singing, something, perhaps, borrowed from the text, some subtle differentiation from the cut that went before and the cut that follows after—something, at least, speaks clearly of a fearful joy, of Heaven seen from the death-bed, of the horror of the last passage no less than of the glorious coming home. There is that in the action of one of them which always reminds me, with a difference, of that haunting last glimpse of Thomas Idle, travelling to Tyburn in the cart. Next come the Shining Ones, wooden and trivial enough; the pilgrims pass into the river; the blot, already mentioned, settles over and obliterates Christian. In two more cuts we behold them drawing nearer to the other shore; and then, between two radiant angels, one of whom points upward, we see them mounting in new weeds, their former lendings left behind them on the inky river. More angels meet them; Heaven is displayed, and if no better, certainly no worse, than it has been shown by others—a place, at least, infinitely populous and glorious with light—a place that haunts solemnly the hearts of children. And then this symbolic draughtsman once more strikes into his proper vein. Three cuts conclude the first part. In the first the gates close, black against the glory struggling from within. The second shows us Ignorance—alas! poor Arminian!—hailing, in a sad twilight, the ferryman Vain Hope; and in the third we behold him, bound hand and foot and black already with the hue of his eternal fate, carried high over the mountain-tops of the world by two angels of the anger of the Lord. "Carried to Another Place," the artist enigmatically names his plate—a terrible design.



TWO MILES YET.



EFFECT OF THE SUNBEAMS.



HE WARILY RETRACES HIS STEPS.



CARRIED TO ANOTHER PLACE.

Wherever he touches on the black side of the supernatural, his pencil grows more daring and incisive. He has many true inventions in the perilous and diabolic; he has many startling nightmares realised. It is not easy to select the best; some may like one and some another: the nude, depilated devil bounding and casting darts against the Wicket Gate; the scroll of flying horrors that hang over Christian by the Mouth of Hell; the horned shade that comes behind him whispering blasphemies; the daylight breaking through that rent cave-mouth of the mountains and falling chill adown the haunted tunnel; Christian's further progress along the causeway, between the two black pools, where, at every yard or two, a gin, a pitfall, or a snare awaits the passer-by—loathsome white devilkins harbouring close under the bank to work the springes, Christian himself pausing and pricking with his sword's point at the nearest noose, and pale discomfortable mountains rising on the further side; or yet again, the two ill-



SNARES, TRAPS, GINS, AND PITFALLS.



WHISPERING BLASPHEMIES.

favoured ones that beset the first of Christian's journey, with the frog-like structure of the skull, the frog-like limberness of limbs—crafty slippery lustful looking devils, drawn always in outline as though possessed of a dim, infernal luminosity. Horrid fellows are they, one and all; horrid fellows and horrific scenes. In another spirit that Good-Conscience "to whom Mr. Honest had spoken in his lifetime," a cowled, grey, awful figure, one hand pointing to the heavenly shore, realises, I will not say all, but some at least of the strange impressiveness of Bunyan's words. It is no easy nor no pleasant thing to speak in one's lifetime with Good-Conscience; he is an austere, unearthly friend, whom may be Torquemada knew; and the folds of his raiment are not merely claustral, but have something of the horror of the pall. Be not afraid, however; with the hand of that appearance Mr. Honest will get safe across.



HIS LAST WEAPON—ALL PRAYER.

Yet perhaps it is in sequences that this artist best displays himself. He loves to look at either side of a thing: as, for instance, when he shows us both sides of the wall—"Grace Inextinguishable" on the one side, with the devil vainly pouring buckets on the flame, and "The Oil of Grace" on the other, where the Holy Spirit, vessel in hand, still secretly supplies the fire. He loves, also, to show us the same event twice over, and to repeat his instantaneous photographs at the interval of but a moment. So we have first, the whole troop of Pilgrims coming up to Valiant, and Great-heart to the front, spear in hand and parleying; and next, the same cross-roads, from a more distant view, the convoy now scattered and looking safely and curiously on, and Valiant handing over for inspection his "right Jerusalem blade." It is true that this designer has no great care after consistency: Apollyon's spear is laid by, his quiver of darts will disappear, whenever they might hinder the designer's freedom; and the fiend's tail is blobbed or forked at his good pleasure. But this is not unsuitable to the illustration of the fervent Bunyan, breathing hurry and momentary inspiration. He, with his hot purpose, hunting sinners with the lasso, shall himself forget the things that he has written yesterday. He shall first slay Heedless in the Valley of the Shadow, and then take leave of him talking in his sleep, as if nothing had happened, in an arbour on the Enchanted Ground. And again, in his rhymed prologue, he shall assign some of the glory of the siege of Doubting Castle to his favourite Valiant-for-the-Truth, who did not meet with the besiegers till long after, at that dangerous corner by Deadman's Lane. And, with all inconsistencies and freedoms, there is a power shown in these sequences of cuts: a power of joining on one action or one humour to another; a power of following out the moods, even of the dismal subterhuman fiends engendered by the artist's fancy; a power of sustained continuous realisation, step by step, in nature's order, that can tell a story, in all its ins and outs, its pauses and surprises, fully and figuratively, like the art of words.



IS MET BY APOLLYON.



THE FIEND IN DISCOURSE.



THE CONFLICT.



CLOSE COMBAT.



THE DEADLY THRUST.

One such sequence is the fight of Christian and Apollyon—six cuts, weird and fiery, like the text. The pilgrim is throughout a pale and stockish figure; but the devil covers a multitude of defects. There is no better devil of the conventional order than our artist's Apollyon, with his mane, his wings, his bestial legs, his changing and terrifying expression, his infernal energy to slay. In cut the first you see him afar off, still obscure in form, but already formidable in suggestion. Cut the second, "The Fiend in Discourse," represents him, not reasoning, railing rather, shaking his spear at the pilgrim, his shoulder advanced, his tail writhing in the air, his foot ready for a spring, while Christian stands



THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY.

back a little, timidly defensive. The third illustrates these magnificent words: "Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter: prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no further: here will I spill thy soul! And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast." In the cut he throws a dart with either hand, belching pointed flames out of his mouth, spreading his broad vans, and straddling the while across the path, as only a fiend can straddle who has just sworn by his infernal den. The defence will not be long against such vice, such flames, such red-hot nether energy. And in the fourth cut, to be sure, he has leaped bodily upon his victim, sped by foot and pinion, and roaring as he leaps. The fifth shows the climacteric of the battle; Christian has reached nimbly out and got his sword, and dealt that deadly home-thrust, the fiend still stretched upon him, but "giving back, as one that has received his mortal wound." The raised head, the bellowing mouth, the paw clapped upon the sword, the one wing relaxed in agony, all realise vividly these words of the text. In the sixth and last, the trivial armed figure of the pilgrim is seen kneeling with clasped hands on the betrodden scene of contest and among the shivers of the darts; while, just at the margin, the hinder quarters and the tail of Apollyon are whisking off, indignant and discomfited.

In one point only do these pictures seem to me unworthy of the text, and that point is one rather of the difference of arts than the difference of artists. Throughout his best and worst, in his highest and most divine imaginations as in the narrowest sallies of his sectarianism, the human-hearted piety of Bunyan touches and ennobles, convinces, accuses the reader. Through no art beside the art of words can the kindness of a man's affections be expressed. In the cuts you shall find faithfully parodied the quaintness and the power, the triviality and the surprising freshness of the author's fancy; there you shall find him outstripped in ready symbolism, and the art of bringing things essentially invisible before the eyes; but to feel the contact of essential goodness, to be made in love with piety, the book must be read and not the prints examined.

Farewell should not be taken with a grudge; nor can I dismiss in any other words than those of gratitude a series of pictures which have, to one at least, been the visible embodiment of Bunyan from childhood up, and shown him, through all his years, Great-heart lunging at Giant Maul, and Apollyon breathing fire at Christian, and every turn and town along the road to the Celestial City, and that bright place itself, seen as to a stave of music, shining afar off upon the hill-top, the candle of the world.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A NOTE ON JAPANESE ART.

IN Japan there may soon be no such a thing as Japanese art. The national conventionality which found, not a hundred years since, its highest and fullest expression in the work of Hokusai, greatest of all the masters of the Middle Kingdom, has been in danger of becoming, almost within the last decade, a complete anachronism. The Japanese, whatever his dexterity, and however exquisite his technical accomplishment, will in that case be an artist no longer. His imagination will have ceased to operate naturally and sincerely on the old lines and in the old key, and he will never again be able to deliver himself to any purpose in the old terms. It is possible, of course, that some day or other—centuries hence, it may be—Japan will develop a new vein of imaginativeness, and invent a new conventionality to serve as the basis of fresh artistic achievement. It is possible that, in obedience to Western demands, she may also bear a son who will do by the art of Masonobu and Shiobun as Mr. Burne-Jones has done by the art of the Pre-Raphaelites and Mr. Morris by the art of Geoffrey Chaucer. Meanwhile she is letting herself be seduced by the gaudy commonplaces of chromo-lithography, and it is only in Europe that Japanese art is either studied or esteemed. In Europe, however, it is more than a fashion, it is almost a craze. Several painters of repute—Mr. Whistler, Mr. Tissot, Mr. Albert Moore, for instance—have allowed themselves to be influenced, more or less deeply and permanently, by its theory and practice. There are special shops for the sale of Japanese wares; there are collectors who cannot have enough of Japanese bronzes and lacquers and picture-books; the Japanese dado has become a household word, and the Japanese fan a household essential, wherever scientific decoration is attempted. Nor is this popularity at all unreasonable or unjust. Japanese art is certainly one of the most interesting and attractive manifestations of a nation's genius that the world has ever seen. To refrain from

it altogether is easy enough, perhaps; but seriously to study it without admiration and delight is impossible. It is true that, logically stated, the Japanese convention is almost a caricature of that which prevails in the West. In Japanese art such qualities as order and measure and rhythm, as dignity of style and beauty of form, as balance in composition and symmetry in design, are practically non-existent. Its essentials are waywardness and unexpectedness; its fundamental principle is one of caprices and surprises. It is incapable—save, perhaps, to some extent in colour—of the harmonious and complete development of a single dominant idea; for nothing absolute is included in its scheme, and its ambitions and processes are all arbitrary as its culminations are all eccentric: so that to Western eyes its aim is only the co-ordination, necessarily imperfect, of a number of interests more or less alien and elements more or less scattered and remote. But its technical qualities are so many and so engaging; it is so full of grace and ease and spontaneity, of beauty and suggestiveness, of romantic inspiration and natural truth, of fantasy and humour and invention; it is at once so national and so personal, so thoroughly characteristic of a people and a tradition and so plainly significant of individual genius and accomplishment, that it had but to be known to become forthwith a part in the universal inheritance, and to meet with recognition as instant and respectful, in its kind and degree, as that awarded to the master-work of Italy and Greece.

This being the case, such a book as Mr. T. W. Cutler's "Grammar of Japanese Ornament and Design" (B. T. Batsford, High Holborn) is a book to be heartily welcomed. It is, if I mistake not, the first of its kind in English, though it is speedily to be followed by a complete and elaborate "History of Japanese Art," by Messrs. Anderson and Satow. More than that, it is of itself a publication of great merit and attractiveness: being nothing less than folio in size, and comely alike in aspect and in sentiment, in paper and type and adornment. It is admirably illustrated with upwards of fifty plates, executed in colour and monochrome, by photo-lithography, and with some six or eight spirited woodcuts besides. There is no doubt that in every art-library pretending to fulness and comprehensiveness it will take its place forthwith, as a necessary and a standard work.

Mr. Cutler, who has been working at his subject for eighteen or twenty years, introduces his plates in some readable and sufficient chapters of history and criticism. The story of æsthetics in Japan is curious in itself, and gives rise to some curious reflections. It is evident, for instance, that of all successful and individual imitations the art of Japan is the most individual and the most successful. It is essentially a development of Chinese art, and certain of its primary qualities have been positively and absolutely Chinese from first to last. It was in the fifth century that, under pressure from China, the Japanese were first awakened to an apprehension of the theory of art; and for seven hundred years or so their practice appears to have been creepingly and slavishly unoriginal. Not until the thirteenth century did Motomitsu's foundation, the *Yamato-ye*, or Japanese School, begin to be. Not until the middle of the fifteenth century did the Kano School, of the famous Motonobu, arise to improve upon the practice of the *Yamato-ye*, and produce the art-work we know. Not until some two hundred and fifty years had passed did the artists of the Middle Kingdom, led by Hishigawa Moronubu, and—especially—by Maruyama Okiyo, endeavour to be more distinctively national, and less obviously Chinese, in sentiment and in ambition. And not until the appearance, in the early years of the nineteenth century, of the gifted Hokusai—a Japanese Daumier, so to speak—was the spirit of Japanese art in very deed the spirit of Japan. From the twelfth century downwards, that is to say, Japanese art, having taken some seven hundred years to develop a national quality of any sort, has been more or less Chinese, both in practice and in theory; and though the imitation, as we all know, has been immeasurably superior to the thing imitated—in abundance and precision, in imagination and design, in intention and effect—it has, at the same time, remained avowedly imitative, in principle and in fact, and has proved the Japanese genius, like the French, to be a genius, not for originating ideas of its own, but for adapting and developing the ideas of others. Intimately connected with this extraordinary immobility in æsthetics, and to some extent perhaps explaining it, is the circumstance that, in Japan, until the rise of Hokusai, who was the son of a mechanic, and whose followers were mostly men of the same class with himself, the practice of art was invariably an aristocratic amusement, and that, for thirteen centuries, no Japanese could be an artist who was not, by breeding and estate, a gentleman. All the great Japanese painters, downwards from Kosa-no-kanaoka, founder of the school which bears his name, were distinguished amateurs merely. Motomitsu and Tameyuki; Sesshiu, the father of all them that work in black and white; Moronubu, originator of popular art; Okiyo, the first to paint from nature; Mitsonobu, who wrought so well in gold and lacquer and founded the Kosa School; Motonobu, son of Kano Masonobu, chief of the Kano School, and a potent æsthetic influence for some three hundred years—all were notables, men of gentle blood, wearing two swords, and looking down upon the

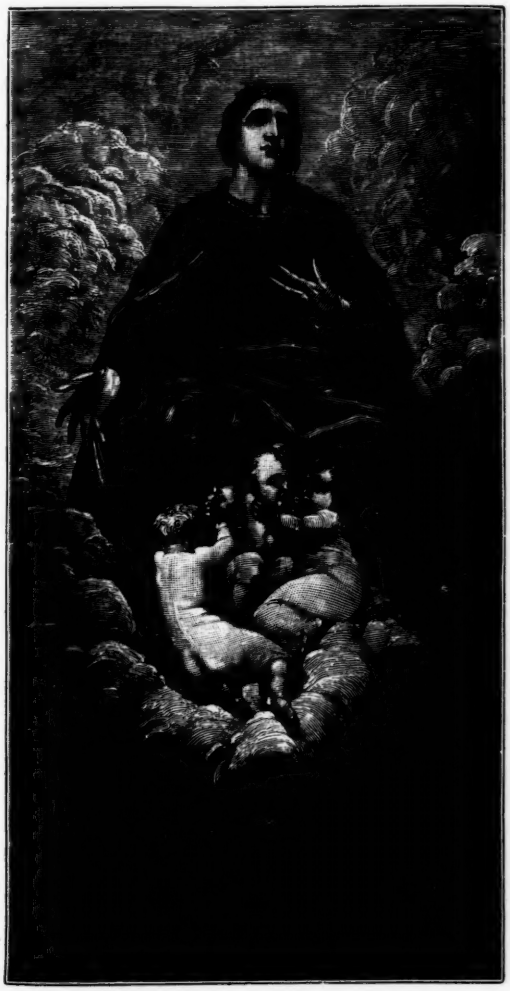
artisans and farmers about them as humanity of a low and vile degree. The art of Japan, indeed, may be said to have been barriered about according to a policy of triple isolation. It was hermetically shut to Western ideas; it was the inheritance of a privileged class; and it was confined to the practice of a convention which, exotic from the first, maintained its principal features unchanged, and was reverenced as an absolute formula—as something divinely classic, so to speak—during many centuries, and which disappeared but with the civilisation of which it had been the chief pastime and adornment. All things considered, it must be admitted that what is wonderful about Japanese art is, not that it exists and is admirable, but that it ever existed at all.

Mr. Cutler tells all this, and a vast deal besides, in his introductory analysis. A word as to the plates that follow. They constitute an excellent course of Japanese design and ornament. They include examples of nearly all such modes of imaginative expression as are appropriate to the subject: from specimens of the drawing copies, mathematical and realistic, by the imitation of which the artist gains his marvellous facility in design and dexterity in execution, to selections from the incomparable art of the master Hokusai; from elaborate effects in lacquer and embroidery and brocade to simple and taking designs for badges and buttons; from delicate landscapes to extravagant caricatures; with delightful hawks and kingfishers and swallows, and astonishing fish, and miraculous dragons, and cranes that are "a wonder and a wild desire;" with bats and geese and insects and crabs and bantams innumerable; and with all the flowers—plum blossom and cherry, wisteria, chrysanthemum, rose, iris, bamboo, peony, poppy, water-lily—of a Land of Flowers. There is not one that is not interesting and charming; there is not one that does not help the student to an understanding of the art of which it is an example.

Even more interesting, in some sort, than Mr. Cutler's "Grammar," are the four volumes (B. T. Batsford) of the "Fugaku Hiyaku-kei," or "Hundred Views of Fugi," of the master Hokusai, translated and edited—very admirably—with explanatory notes and prefaces, by Frederick V. Dickins. The "Fugaku Hiyaku-kei" may fairly be called a Japanese book with an English commentary, inasmuch as three of the four volumes were designed, engraved, and printed—on rice paper—in Japan, while the fourth is made up of introductions and translations in explanation of the other three. To say that it is the masterpiece of Hokusai is to say that it is a wonderful bit of work. It may be described as a fantasia in black and white upon themes that, while infinitely varied, are one and all in praise of Fugi—of Fugi the marvellous volcano, the wonder and the glory of Japan. To Japan the Peerless Mountain, as it is called, is more than Olympus was to Greece, or than Arthur's Seat is to Edinburgh. Its beginnings were miraculous; its history is legendary and heroic; the "fame of it is unequalled throughout the Three Realms"—India, Japan, and China. Demons lurk in its fastnesses, and the gods delight to haunt its solitudes. Its summit, which is likened to an eight-petalled lotus, is white with eternal snows, but within its deeps there is fire unquenchable and divine. It is, as it were, a natural idol, a visible miracle, an actual and tangible superstition. A centre of romance, there is not a poet but has sung of it, nor an artist but has painted it. It is honoured with a sort of familiar worship; for it has come to be a kind of homely divinity, a gigantic out-door Lar—with a hundred pet names, and a reputation partly epical and partly domestic—to the Eight Provinces it commands. It is found pictured "on almost every article, whether for use or ornament," says Mr. Dickins; and there is scarce a garden but contains its miniature. To Hokusai, born and bred in its shadow, the Peerless Mountain must have seemed admirable indeed; and it is not surprising that, looking ever upon it from his house in Katshushika, the ward in Yedo which his name has made illustrious, he should have deemed it worthy of the best he had to give. How good that was these "Hundred Views" will show. To know them is to know, not only the innumerable aspects of Fugi, but how life is lived on its slopes and at its base, and what manner of men and women they are in whose eyes it is a daily delight, and in whose hearts it is a lifelong veneration. Artisans and pilgrims, fisher-folk and woodmen, farmers and porters and traders, artists sketching and idlers strolling, priests and boatmen and pedlars, huntsmen and ostlers, water-parties and picnics, wolves baying the moon and mysterious and awful dragons, cranes in flocks, horses and dogs and asses, boys and puppies, the master has seen and understands them all. He moves among them, as Daumier moves among the bloods and traders, the stockbrokers and the ragamuffins, the follies and oddities and scoundrelisms of the Paris that was Balzac's. He takes them in the very act of living; he catches the very spirit of their several natures; he depicts them, each with his peculiar gesture, attitude, aspect, character, and individuality. And he does all this with a mastery of design, a fecundity of invention, a sentiment of nature and truth, a grace, a humour, a wayward freshness of fancy, a quality of unexpectedness and charm, that are in their way unmatched in black-and-white art. W. E. H.

THE WATTS EXHIBITION.

MR. WATTS is one of the few modern artists who from the beginning of their career to the present time have been consistent in their aims. The wave of Pre-Raphaelitism, and the succeeding waves of neo-mediævalism, æstheticism, and realism, have passed over his head and left him unchanged and unmoved. He started with a distinct inner impulse — an artistic conscience of his own; and though no one has shown himself more widely sensitive to the spirit of the noblest schools of all time, he has permitted nothing to impair his individuality. In allegory or portrait, tiny sketch or colossal fresco, the expression of essential truth has been his one purpose. Idealism based upon thorough knowledge of material facts is the characteristic of all his work. The time that he spent in studying sculpture under Mr. Behnes has not only borne fruit in some fine plastic works—only one of which, the "Clytie," is shown at the present exhibition—but in all his pictures: very notably indeed in the fine structural quality and accurate modelling of his portraits. He has always been devoted to the loftiest art. His earliest successes were achieved with vast historical cartoons which won prizes in the competitions (1843 and 1847) for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. Evidence of his zeal in the cause of great art and his sense of its value in national education is found in his noble offer to cover the Great Hall of Euston Station with mural paintings without remuneration. His large fresco of the History of Justice in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn was the result of a similar proposal to the Honourable Society, who not only accepted it in the spirit in which it was made, but proved their admiration of the work by a present of £500 and a cup.



TO ALL CHURCHES: A SYMBOLICAL DESIGN.

(From the Picture by G. F. Watts, R.A.)

But notwithstanding all these achievements, and the number of fine imaginative pictures that he has exhibited at the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and elsewhere, it is as the most intellectual portrait-painter of the day that Mr. Watts is best known. It was in 1837, being at that time but nineteen years old, that he first exhibited at the Royal Academy; and his three pictures—two portraits and a "Wounded Heron"—were surrounded by work which was probably superior to them in technical skill. All the same, the art of England was at a low ebb, especially in portrait-painting; and there can have been little or nothing on view that a young painter might study or might imitate with advantage. The conventional style of portraiture which aimed at little more than giving a recognisable or a flattering likeness prevailed for many years. Only recently have we been able to leave off wishing that exhibition portraits could be banished to some closed chamber only to be opened (like a dead-house) to persons in melancholy search for a relation. Now

the portraits of the year are one of the most attractive parts of an exhibition. That this is so is mainly due to Mr. Watts. He was the leader of the reformation of portrait-art in England; he gave it a fresh inspiration and a new point of departure.

No one could have done this effectually without distinct and original aims pursued with persistence through many years. It was more difficult perhaps to be original in this, the oldest branch of art, than in any other. To say nothing of the old masters —Raphael and Titian, Holbein and Van Dyck, Rembrandt and Hals—a man of ordinary ability can be little but a distant follower who succeeds the great artists of the English school. But Mr. Watts is not a man of ordinary ability, and he struck out a path for himself which was not perhaps new, but which had been little trodden, and which soon led him far beyond the bounds of conventional art. I say it was not quite new, because all artists of all times have endeavoured to express the minds of their sitters. Few, however, if any, have pursued it so singly, so persistently, and so successfully as Watts. The special aim of his art has been to make the face the window of the mind.

With the ordinary portrait-painter the window is closely curtained: the only mental fact expressed of the sitter being that he or she is trying to look their best and to sit still. To present the sitter as unconscious of the presence of the artist was an advance indeed in the progress of the art, and in the work of some of our greatest painters it is only achieved by making him conscious of something else. Even Van Dyck and Hals never thought of doing much more. They employed their sitters in various pursuits, or they devised some transitory motive to give meaning and expression to their faces. Their portraits are occasional, dramatic, incidental. The pomp of circumstance, the dignity of office, the distinction of bearing, the magnificence of apparel, the casual smile, the employment of a moment, were all used to increase the pictorial effect and add to the triumph both of artist and subject. Not conscious of the presence of the artist, but very conscious indeed of the world and of future generations, to whom they wish to be represented at their best and bravest, are the sitters of the past. Such unconsciousness as theirs —in which the mind is indeed at ease, but only partially freed from the constraints of the outer world—has not satisfied Mr. Watts, nor has he sought so much to dress his sitters as to express them. The only accident of which he makes use is that of music: the power of which to unlock the soul is finely shown in his portraits of Herr Joachim and Lady Lindsay, and once or twice elsewhere. No deportment however brave, no gesture however elegant, no attitude however graceful, no employment however picturesque, has diverted him from his more serious purpose. The "happiest" expression has no charm for him, unless it be also the truest; he had yielded nothing to the vanity of his subject, or his own. Not how a man or a woman may wish to appear before the world, but what she or he is in her or himself, has been his business. Not with the curtains partially withdrawn, but withdrawn altogether, does he seek to portray the face; so that, whether from sweetness of disposition or nobleness of thought, whatever there may be of inner light may shine through. Other artists have drawn men and women more bravely in society, but none has painted them more completely as at home: at home, not physically but mentally; and not only at home, but alone.

It cannot be doubted that this strict adherence to his high intention has been attended by no small sacrifice of his natural pride in technical skill —perhaps the greatest sacrifice that a painter can make. He seldom paints more than a half-length; he frequently conceals the hands, and this, not from any want of power, but the desire to concentrate attention on the face, while the face itself is painted so as not to call attention to the skill of the execution; and, when freshly done, his surfaces have a somewhat rough and crude appearance, as of fresco. Like the author of a play, he is not on the stage; he is only called for when the play has been enjoyed. How great and consistent a sacrifice his practice must involve is shown best by almost the only example amongst his portraits in which he has put forth all his painter's power to charm the eye with glory of colour and rhythmic stateliness of line. In his portraiture of the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham he has employed every resource of his art to express, not only character, but physical charm. The scale of colour is not brilliant, but it is rich exceedingly; the dead red of the vase and the brown and green and cream of its magnolias are not in more perfect harmony with the rich dress and clear pale complexion than their grand rounded forms with the noble graces of the beautiful figure. Of itself this superb achievement is enough to show that it is not because the painter could not have rivalled other masters on their peculiar ground that he has chosen to keep to his own. His portrait of Mrs. Frederick Myers, which we have engraved, is more in his wonted manner. It is a characteristic specimen of his capacity to render not only outward visible form, but the inward beauty of the spirit also.

It is, however, in his presentments of public character that he has attained his greatest distinction both as a man and as an artist. It is in these that his special faculty has found its fullest scope. There is not one that does not testify to his unrivalled power of mental diagnosis, not one that does not

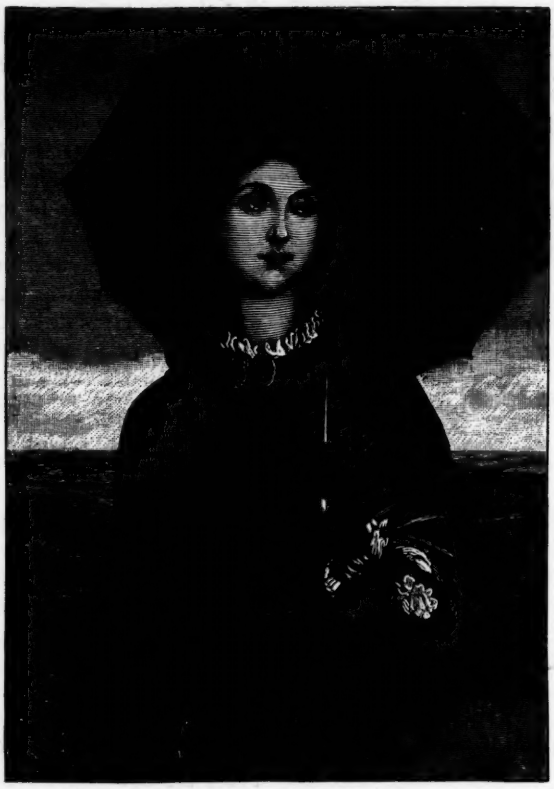
stamp him as a leader amidst the intellectual forces as well as amidst the painters of his generation. His collective achievement is a most vivid and enduring record of the number and variety of noble minds which have been at work in England during the last quarter of a century. It is not only wonderful in itself; it is not only rarely and loftily beautiful. It is in the truest sense national; it demands not only the admiration of the critic but the gratitude of the citizen. I doubt if public money could be more properly or patriotically spent than in securing replicas of every item in the sum for the National Portrait Gallery.

In the present article I can do little more than call attention to the extraordinary faculty, at once intellectual and emotional, which has enabled one man to set himself in tune with so many and so various minds of a high order. In none of these portraits of men representing the spiritual and intellectual forces of this Victorian age has the artist failed to strike the key-note. A past of anxious search through metaphysic mazes for the truths most desired of mankind is written in the thought-worn face of Dr. Martineau, a future of passionate unrest and irrepressible individualism in the eager, subtle, self-conscious features of Gladstone in his prime. In Arthur Stanley we see the sensitive lip almost trembling with its message of good-will towards men; in Lord Lawrence, the man of thought as well as of action, the devoted and able servant of his country, the soldier and statesman in one. Here, the distinctive nobleness of each preserved, is the quiet definite Mill opposed to the thundering indefinite Carlyle. These few words may give some notion of the breadth of Mr. Watts' sympathy, and of the unerring certainty of his insight. To detect his finer discriminativeness, some special and peculiar class of portrait should be studied. No class will serve this purpose better than that of the poets; for the mental characteristics of the sitters are widely known, their number is small, and all the greatest of them are here. Of Tennyson there are two portraits; one taken in 1859, the other recently. In both there is a touch of mystery which is wanting in the presentments of the sitter's brethren; in both there is a something of the seer and the philosopher —a something too of the fastidious workman who is long in seeking out the best. The powerful head is a laboratory where thoughts volatilise in passion, and passion is absorbed in thought. The fire of genius that one rather feels than sees, smoulders long sometimes before it bursts into flame; but to look at Mr. Watts' portraits is to be as sensible of its presence as of its safe control. The later work in nowise contradicts the earlier, it is rather the proof and fulfilment of it; passion, imagination, and reflection are the chords of both. On the others I have not space to enlarge. I shall only note that in each particular face the painter has shadowed forth some special and peculiar characteristic: in Browning's, speculation; in Swinburne's, ardour; in Taylor's, reason; in Arnold's, criticism; in Morris's, taste.

It is one of the properties of genius that its processes are too subtle and complicated for analysis; and how Mr. Watts is able to inspire his faces with all this "psychic" force must be to some extent a mystery. To recur to my former images: he has made them truly the windows of the minds, he has withdrawn the curtains, he has painted them at home, mentally and alone. One thing, however, we may take for granted: that he has no charm by which he can at will shade off the minds of his sitters from all the reflections of daily life. Even if he could effect the necessary isolation, it is not probable that he could produce the desired expression. His process is very different from this; and if we cannot analyse it perfectly, we may at least conjecture that a wider sympathy, a power to sift what is essential from what is incidental, a spiritual insight almost amounting in some cases to divination, are among the agencies he sets at work. Most portraits deal but with present facts. His are inspired with that large truth which is perceived only by the imagination; they extend far back into the past, and far forward into the future. The Martineau and the Mill are histories; the Gladstone and the Burne-Jones are not only histories, but prophecies.

It is evident that a man who can paint such portraits as these is not only an artist but a poet. It is probably not entirely from inclination that Mr. Watts has devoted comparatively little time to purely poetic art, of which he has given us specimens of noble originality and of so rare a quality that there are few great artists of any time to whom he has not been compared by writers in England and on the Continent. For all that, in his creative, as in his portrait art, he remains himself; he is as individual as he is versatile in bringing the same serious and imaginative intelligence to bear upon his work, whether it be the presentment of a poet's face or the embodiment of some one of his dreams. That his genius as an artist in imagination is not duly recognised is sufficiently proved by the fact that one of the noblest imaginings ever painted—his "Paolo and Francesca"—still remains in his own possession. This is no doubt partly from the insensibility of the British public to any but the most commonplace sentiment in art, partly because of their reluctance to believe that one man can excel in more than one thing. At the same time it must be confessed that of epic work he has finished but little, and that he has too frequently

exhibited designs which, however suggestive of power and loftiness of purpose they might be, were likely to be neglected in the presence of his fully-wrought portraits. A few he has completed worthily which, when once seen, live for ever in the memory as things apart: from the noblest as from the most trivial expressions of contemporary art. It is needless to institute comparisons between him and any of his great contemporaries; it will be sufficient to say that the quality of emotion and enjoyment to be derived from his pictures is unusually varied and noble. As needless is it to compare him with the dead; it will be enough to note that to the Venetians he seems to owe his mastery of decorative effect, and some of his sense of the heroic dignity of the human form, while his daring in conception and rare power of bodying abstract ideas in grand and simple forms have been strengthened by the study of Michelangelo.

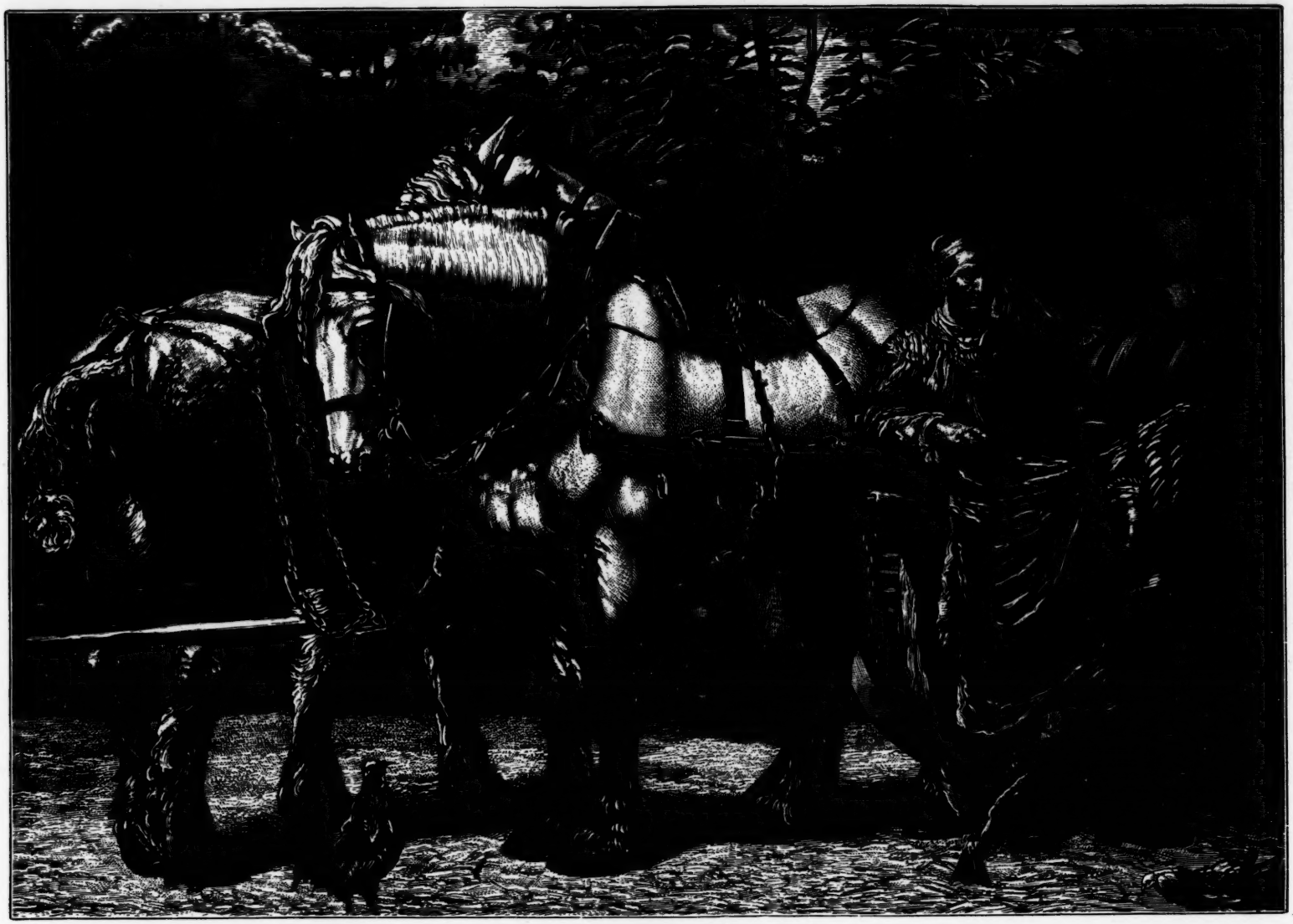


MRS. FREDERICK MYERS.

(From the Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.)

A student of the dead rather than a rival of the living, above all is he indebted to the Greeks. Classic legend it is that has supplied him with the subjects of perhaps his most perfect pictures. In his "Daphne" he has not chosen to give us any incident of the beautiful old myth—not the flight from the god-like lover, not the supplication nor the blossoming. The figure of the hapless nymph—naked, and chaste, and pale, against an exquisitely drawn and composed background of laurel—is an allegory; of sylvan purity, it may be; in any case of beauty. His splendid "Wife of Pygmalion," a veritable "translation from the Greek," and his most excellent design of the "Three Goddesses," naked and unashamed, wearing that air of divine dignity which was not reborn at the Renaissance, might almost be described as art before the Fall. There is more of modern sentiment in his sweet, shrinking figure of "Psyche;" and it is of the art of Venice rather than that of Athens, of which we are reminded in his lovely vision of "Endymion," which we have engraved. He has proved his sympathy, too, with the fancies of more than one of the moderns. His "Ophelia," craning over the dark stream, mind and body burnt out with the fierce pale flame that still flickers in her wan cheeks and wild eyes, is very finely conceived; but in "Paolo and Francesca" we have one of those rare pictorial visions which seem identical with those of the poet they illustrate. The lachrymose sentimentalism of Scheffer and the theatrical posturing of Doré are equally foreign to the stern impassioned quiet of the great Italian. Here, though, we see what Dante saw. Here we are overpowered, as he was overpowered, with the sense of the irrevocable, the hopelessness sublime, the terribleness of love dead and fruitless but everlastingly potent. There are the lovers; and there is Eternity. Will-less and hopeless in the windy void, there are they wafted together for ever.

The painter's tendency to express his ideas of the mysteries of life in allegorical design—though seldom shown till recent years—must have commenced early, if I may rightly presume that his notable composition of "Life's Illusions" (exhibited in 1849) was not its first result. Considered either as a piece of flesh-painting or an achievement in design, this glorious vision of illusive beauty rising and curling and vanishing like vapour has not many rivals in modern art. The rest of the allegory is a little obvious—as young men's allegories are wont to be. Mr. Watts' next ambitious work of the kind is the grandly decorative "Allegory of Time and Oblivion." It would seem to be the artist's earliest presentment of his original and lofty idea of Time—not as our withered white-haired enemy with the forelock, but, in his own words, "as the type of stalwart manhood and imperishable youth." The idea is repeated in his "Time and Death," of



THE MID-DAY REST.

(From the Picture by G. F. Watts, R.A.)

which only a sketch is on view. For Death, too, he has invented a new image: as of a great Woman, white robed and of ghastly complexion, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. In the far finer design of "Death and Love," he has apparently expressed the same idea; but the figure is draped from head to foot, and has a wonderful suggestion of a mysterious irresistible force, all the more awful because impalpable. This picture has been greatly improved since it was first exhibited, and its dryness of texture is softened by the glass in front of it; but it has not, to me, the same beauty as the exquisite small finished study of the composition which is in the larger room. Yet another aspect of his female Death has Mr. Watts portrayed for us in the elaborate composition called "The Angel of Death," where she is painted sovereign and enthroned. The work is grand, monumental, and—as will be seen from the careful explanation which is given in the catalogue—full of poetic intentions. I doubt, however, if a picture which needs so much of verbal assistance for its right interpretation is ever worth painting. Much the same objection attaches to the "To All Churches: a Symbolical Design, 1875," of which we give an illustration. It represents the Supreme Being in a symbolic form, neither male nor female, gathering together his children, the Churches (all forms of belief), as a hen gathers her chickens under her wing. It is a spectacle designed to show that all the disputes of all the creeds are but as the quarrels of children in the sight of God, and so to shame mankind into tolerance. A sermon, a satire, and a poem in one, it is lofty alike in motive and idea. At present the colour is crude and unpleasant; but it is probable that a few years will produce a change in this respect, if one may judge by the effect that time has had on a good many of its fellows. And here it may not be improper to



DIANA AND ENDYMION.

(*From the Picture by G. F. Watts, R.A.*)

note that Mr. Watts in his method of painting shows the same originality and serious purpose as in his design, preferring to lay his tints side by side, like mosaic, to painting one over the other. He mingles them, of course, at the edges; but he never puts light or bright colour over darker. He never, when he can avoid it, mixes white with transparent hues, but makes the substance of his colouring of those that have the greatest transparency and least body: his theory being, that when in course of time the preserved brilliancy of the ground tells through, his pictures will have the quality of stained glass. He is also careful that his colours should in themselves be beautiful, and he lays them on thick and dry, with very little medium. It may be interesting to state that the medium he uses is linseed-oil, if necessary diluted with some essential oil. How far his theory is justified by the event is illustrated by several of the pictures exhibited, which, though he has not touched them since they were painted, are far fresher in appearance and more luminous in colour than most of his later works. It may be doubted whether there is not a little too much of the stained-glass quality in his "Lady Holland;" but I know of no modern picture which has such a splendid body of pure bright colours as his "Lady Playing the Piano, 1860." The earlier portrait of Tennyson is one of many others which have similarly improved. Should the "To All Churches" ever glow with the same inner light, it will not indeed better the text of the sermon, but the delivery will be far more effective.

Of Mr. Watts' future work it is hard to prophecy. Of dreams and designs already sketched out there are enough to employ him for many years. It is earnestly to be hoped that some, especially the "Three Goddesses," will receive more perfect realisation. Among them are many inspired by Scripture: as, for instance, the grand and gloomy Esau, and that most tremendous vision of the wrath of heaven descending upon Cain. Of this latter only the sketch is here; the picture is deposited in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy. The two projected series of the "Fall of Man" and the "Life of Eve" are full of fine promise, and the scenes from Revelation are quick with germs of greatness. Meanwhile, to whatever work Mr. Watts may turn his hand, we may be sure that nothing small or ignoble will ever come from under it.

Certainly neither of these epithets can be applied to the last work on my list—the subject of our full-page engraving. This noble picture—"The Mid-day Rest," as it is called—is not of a kind that one would have expected from Mr. Watts. But, with its frank and semi-heroic realism, it expresses an intention quite characteristic and quite worthy of the artist—that of the preservation of faithful images of grand and unique types both of man and horse, which he thinks may ere long be refined away. To this end has he painted to the life his brawny, beery, herculean drayman, leaning against his shafts and sleepily casting grain to the pigeons, while his grand docile brutes stand patient and still. The painter, as may be seen in many of his pictures, has studied animals with great care and to admirable purpose; but there is still reason for surprise at the splendid modelling and grand drawing of these magnificent horses. The same sense of fitness which characterises all his work is evident in the background of broad horse-chestnut leaves and red-brick wall, in harmony with the grandiose simplicity of the whole design. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE COAL-SCUTTLE FROM AN ARTISTIC POINT OF VIEW.

IT is a familiar necessary implement enough, yet, in an artistic sense, it is harshly if not barbarously dealt with. Charles Lamb says happily of a new cheap edition, issued by Tegg, of his fine old favourite "Burton's Anatomy," which he was accustomed to read in a "good tall copy" of the seventeenth century, "I know nothing more heartless." And so of the Birmingham coal-scuttles issued in the glory of japanning, gilding, and general clattering magnificence, it may be said that there is nothing so pitiable. The sight of one, meant to be handsome and ornamental, laid like a mortar beside your fire, with its shiny sticky blackness, fluted sides, and oval gilt lid, is an ugliness and a sorrow for ever. Rather than endure it one would almost go without coals altogether. It is inconvenient and unsuited for its purpose, as every inartistic thing is certain to be. As it gapes at us it may indeed boast that it holds the coals; but how hard it is to extract them! The problem, in truth, is of some difficulty. The jaws are held apart by a sort of prop between, with a view to keep the coals from straying over the carpet, as, if the utensil were at a level, they would surely do; but the tube-shape hinders this, and keeps all the coal at the bottom, whence it has to be dug out. The very look of the thing is an offence. At best it has but a dirty if an honest function; and the black dusty coal has to

be made tolerable in a drawing-room. The makers have felt this, and tried to beautify their work with gold and lacquer, and with a lid which moves on a very weak hinge, flaps down with a noisy jar, and flaps back to be often broken off. Sometimes there are wheels below. Often, too, a photograph of some antique statue, or a painting of flowers on a white ground, is introduced by way of decoration—a painful association with the black and coarse blocks within. As a change, we sometimes find a combination of wood and brass employed with even worse effect, coal in a wooden box being altogether out of keeping. Novel and strange shapes have been devised and "brought out:" among others one of a ponderous basket, with sloping lids on each side. The meaning of these fantastic freaks it is impossible to divine, unless it is that they are perpetrated with a view to introducing a "novelty" for the drawing-room.

Now all these results — so many gropings in the dark—proceed from false principles, and are therefore unsatisfactory. The idea is to furnish a small coal store for the drawing-room—that is, a magazine in which coal may be kept to save the trouble of bringing it from below. Now the practice of keeping a stock of coals in a drawing-room is fatal to furniture and hangings; it is also the *raison d'être* of this glorified coal-bunker of ours, the principal function of which is altogether to refuse to yield up its contents, or so to yield them as inevitably to scatter them over the carpet. No more fuel should ever be kept in the room than just enough to renew the expiring fire; and there is nothing better for this than the old familiar coal-scuttle or coal-box. It contains a small reserve, and when exhausted it is carried below and replenished. It is analogous to a water-jug in a washhand-stand, which is a different thing from a pail or a water-butt. With what labour and trouble the magazines in vogue are re-filled many of us have seen; and a melancholy sight it is. An overburdened servant struggling with both hands to lift the ponderous thing appears as a kind of inglorious martyr—to duties that are unnecessary, to a taste that is absolutely false.

What we want is something that shall be light, handy, and inconspicuous, for it is not suitable that so coarse a matter as coal should thrust itself upon public notice. We must select a material, too, which shall not be inappropriate and out of key. China, pottery, and glass are accepted for holding water; combinations of metal and wood we feel to be strange and improper in themselves. It should be a homely metal—genuine, stout, and serviceable: not spick and span like brass, which shows black marks and is cleaned with difficulty; not iron, which savours of the kitchen; nothing japanned or painted, for all things painted or japanned are odious. What, however, of copper—of copper lightly decorated with brass? It has a relation to the fire, it keeps a genuine glow, it has a respectable and handsome air. Nothing, then, is better than the old open-mouthed coal-box that "John brings up." It is carried lightly, and shoots its contents on the fire deftly and conveniently; it honestly shows what it contains; it is, in short, a sort of enlarged ladle or spoon, and as such is it used. However, as it is a primitive and rather wasteful contrivance, we may accept a compromise, and let our coal-box become a sort of bowl, standing open-mouthed and ready by the fire, whence with a light scoop a small supply may dexterously be drawn. Here, however, we get into trouble with strict æsthetic principles; for we cannot do without a stand, and something like the stem and "foot" of a glass are added below, so that a most awkward-looking composition is the result. It is like putting a stand under a spoon, which instantly becomes another article with another function. Again, the two handles to a coal-box, which should be boldly emphasised, protest loudly against the stand below, which says as loudly, "It does not want you, but me." To be nicely accurate, these handles should modestly proclaim themselves as only meant for transporting the body attached to them from cellar to drawing-room; they should therefore be one at each side, while the scoop should be developed into the leading feature of the whole. It should, that is to say, instead of being the mean, "skimpy," inefficient thing it is, become a really handsome, capacious, and boldly-treated article. Being large, well balanced, and conspicuous, it, rather than what it carries, should attract the eye. But, indeed, all this theorising is more or less false, as the coal-scuttle proper is made for a stately and effective entrance into the drawing-room, with a prompt withdrawal; and for the coal-scuttle proper it would be quite conceivable that a real artist should produce a really artistic design. Something of the kind has been attempted: as witness the thin things, brass-embossed and having an air of *repoussé* work, we know. But these are so slight and mean that their pretention is seen through; they look as if they would bend, and the *repoussé* indentures and hollows are actually an added weakness. But then if our scuttle be of solid and substantial brass, we have to reckon with the element of expense. Better, therefore, plainness and simple strength. Copper, as before noted, seems the material best in keeping. It is rude, plain, effective, though it only lends itself to simple lines; it always looks well, with an honest warmth akin to the glow of the embers. What is chiefly wanted is the artist. Let him only appear, and keep in view the principles I have shadowed forth, and he will be a benefactor to his kind.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

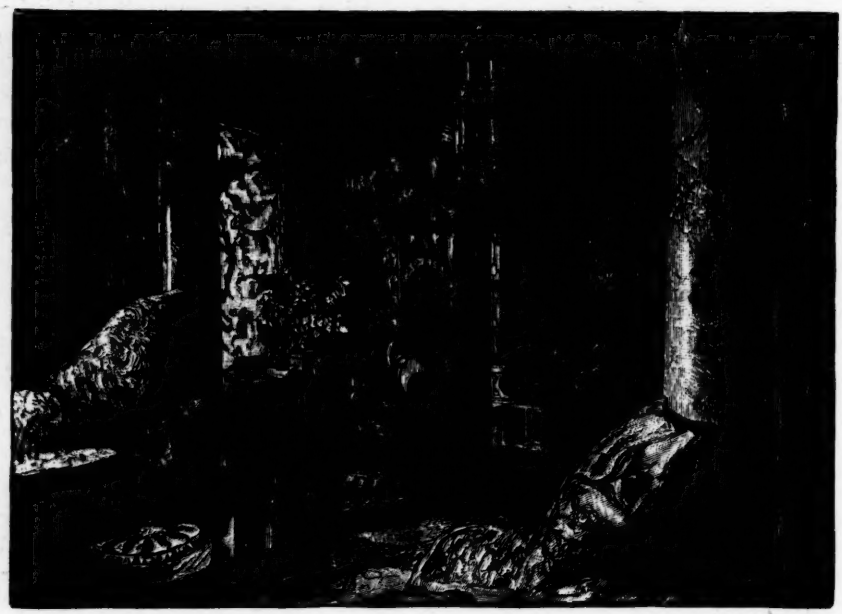
ARTISTS' HOMES.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA'S AT NORTH GATE, REGENT'S PARK.



THE FOUNTAIN.

LIVING in an imitative age, we can make but imperfect essays in artistic furnishing. In originative epochs completeness is easy enough. The early Florentine, for instance, preparing his villa outside the gates, or finishing his winter palace in town, had no need to cast about for "periods," in his things of use or ornament, and was not fain to consider himself exceptionally consistent if he kept within a liberal margin of a century in matching together the fittings of his house. Every one who worked for him—from the artist who frescoed his wall to the carpenter or the potter—worked strictly, but unconsciously, according to the "unities." Everything was right, as a matter of course; everything was artistic; everything, in a word, was early Florentine without effort. Some antiques among the ornaments of the house took their places as harmonious accidents; but all the rest was in one accord. We, however, who "live by admiration," in a sense more extreme than that intended by Wordsworth, are obliged to take very special pains in our house-furnishing, if we wish to preserve these unities: with this result when all is done—that we are ourselves the standing anachronisms to our dwellings, thinking, feeling, acting, and dressing out of date. The wisest way is, therefore, to accept the situation frankly, to abandon the dream of simulating or representing a period, and to mix times for the sake of their beauty, choosing ornaments rather by way of reminiscence than of reproduction. Mr. Alma-Tadema's way has evidently been this, and his house in the Regent's Park, if antique in many of its details, is modern in its comprehensiveness. Old times and new, the East and the West, have been made to contribute some line of form, some subtlety of colour to a cluster of rooms which is as brilliant and attractive as a bunch of flowers. Nevertheless, these several components are all correct in themselves. What is Roman is pure Roman—not that adaptation after the "Empire" taste which so often does duty for the true thing; and what is Japanese is pure Japanese, and no half-occidentalised corruption. Using classic qualities more than do most painters who have built themselves palaces of art, the artist's choice has inclined rather to the lucid in colour and the translucent in surface than to the soft tertiary tints and the dull and opaque



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

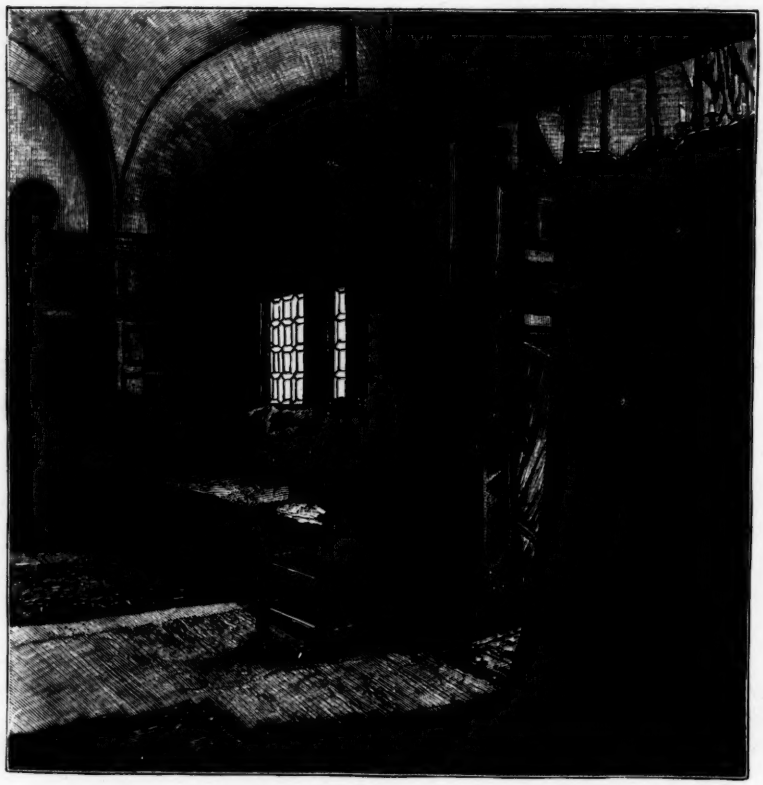
surfaces of the ordinary English artistic taste. His house, indeed, is the appropriate dwelling of one who is a painter of light. It stands, too, as far as may be from the fog-centres, in that region of the north-west which is supposed to afford the working artist more days of light and more hours of sun than he can find elsewhere in London. Everything is comparative, however; and the "golden glooms" of these charming apartments should by rights be recessed from the blaze of a southern sky, and penetrated by the all-pervading reflected lights of a Roman or an Egyptian summer.

Entering the hall, on each side is a door—the left one leading to Mrs. Alma-Tadema's studio and the conservatory, and the right leading to the library, with its Gothic furniture. These doors open outwards and meet in the hall, where by a very simple arrangement they are fixed, and block entrance to the house, except through the rooms on either side, which are narrow and long, and which lead to the other end of the hall, and to the staircase, which one must ascend to reach the drawing-rooms and Mr. Alma-Tadema's studio. The doors, thus devised to block, at will, the entrance passage or hall, have painted panels—one of which contains a portrait of Mrs. Alma-Tadema by her husband. This is one of the decorations of Townshend House which dates from before the explosion on the Regent's Canal. The rest of the door was shattered, but that particular panel was left uninjured: because, says the painter, it had on it the portrait of the mistress of the house. If the same charm has always the same power, misfortune should never enter the dwelling; for a bust or portrait of Mrs. Alma-Tadema may be found in nearly every room. In addition to the blue-bonneted head on the panel just alluded to, there is a more important portrait—exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery a few seasons ago—from Mr. Alma-Tadema's own brush; M. Bastien-Lepage and Mr. John Collier have interpreted the same features in colour; while among the busts and statuettes which mark the homage of many sculptors M. Amendola's plastic portrait of the lady leaning back in a low chair may take the palm for vividness and finish. Mrs. Alma-Tadema's name is inscribed in antique letters on wall and panel, and the dates of important domestic events, such as the painter's arrival in England and his marriage, are traced above the drawing-room door, and help to make Townshend House what every house ought to be: perhaps a place for beautiful things and a museum for rare ones, but above everything a home.



MR. ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

The artist lives his whole life under his own roof, and every room bears witness to his presence. Every nook and corner is inhabited, and possesses in consequence that human interest which is wanting in half the fine houses of the day. The duke in "Lothair" who complains that he has no home, because in truth he has so many, spoke a fuller truth than perhaps he knew; and the merchant, who spends half or a quarter of his life in the city, runs the risk of never having anything more than an "eligible mansion" for the place of his abode. But Townshend House is the entire scene of Mr. Alma-Tadema's toil, happiness, and triumph, and is, therefore, in some sense an epitome of his history; for if the books on a man's shelves be an indication of his character, far more so in the world of art are the papers on his walls, the cloths on his table, and the carpets on his floor. This biographical interest belongs to almost every room of Townshend House hardly less than to the studio, which may be supposed to represent the artist's own taste. The Tadema studio is a square room, the view of which in our illustration of it is taken from behind the chair, enveloped in a rug, seen in the right-hand corner nearest the spectator. In the left-hand corner, at the farther end of the room, is the entrance, with a statue of the painter to the right. The decorations of the room, in which Pompeian designs are mostly executed in the customary reds and yellows, can hardly be presented to the reader by the black and white of the artist, and still less by the black and white of the writer. The initiated will doubtless find in all these decorations, most of which are from the hand of Mr. Alma-Tadema himself, a learning which will rouse their enthusiasm; but the visitor not versed in archaic lore will be inclined to consider the design curious rather than delightful, and will turn from the somewhat expressionless tints on ceiling and walls to the canvases in course of progress on the easels. For here the busy artist labours with a fidelity which shirks no difficulty, and never hesitates to obliterate one beautiful chord of colour if it can be replaced by another more beautiful still. And while he will sacrifice time to produce a scheme of colour which perhaps hardly a dozen Academy goers will recognise as nearer perfection than that which has been effaced, he sacrifices also some of that easily-won applause which can be gained by the use of cheap methods of effect. He paints marble without reflections and armour without high lights, yet both with a science which captivates the connoisseur, and with a reality which awakens the admiration and curiosity of the crowd. From this studio, season by season, he has gladdened us by his whites and his blues, and charmed us by the cool and lovely tints he has created out of the little gamut of colours contained upon the artist's palette.



THE PANEL ROOM.

Descending three steps, we pass into the first of the suite of little drawing-rooms. The Column Drawing-Room's ceiling is supported by Ionic pillars, lucent in surface, while great cushions of Oriental stuffs are heaped upon the chairs and couches, and thick Oriental carpets, small in size and subtle in colour, almost cover the inlaid floor. A portion of this room, or rather compartment — for there are no doors between the drawing-rooms, but only archways and curtains—is hung with crimson Persian appliqué work in velvet of considerable antiquity, once the ornament of a palace in



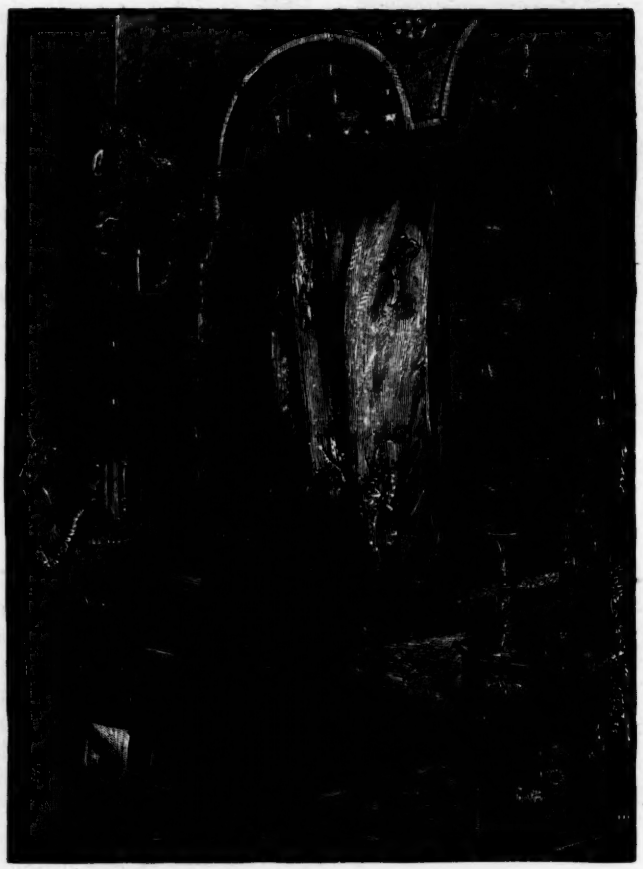
MRS. ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

Venice when she "held the gorgeous East in fee;" a decoration in stencil comes between the velvet and the yellow ceiling; and the windows are principally filled by Mexican onyx.

Farther on is the Gold Room, more antique in sentiment and more radiant than any other apartment in the house. One side is opened by an arch designed by the master of the dwelling, and surmounted by two small semicircular openings overarching a couple of broad shelves in the thickness of the wall, which are loaded with pottery; immediately below these shelves hangs a gorgeous Chinese silk curtain, yellow, blue, and gold. The floor is of ebony and maple; a Byzantine dado five feet high lines the walls, and supports china or some chance ornament upon its shelf; above this runs a miniature copy, in ivory set in ebony, of the Parthenon frieze; while thence to the ceiling and over the ceiling itself spreads the luminous gold in shade which gives the room its beauty and its name. The furniture, of which there is not too much, tells darkly against this splendid surface, so smooth yet so varied by the accidents of light, the accents of contrast being here strongly marked throughout. The gold walls were originally intended to serve more distinctly as a background, or rather to fill up the interstices of pictures, and so frame them more effectually, but the gold-leaf once applied was found to be so beautiful that it was left alone. The window here, too, is fitted with panes, not of glass but of Mexican onyx, translucent and almost transparent, with veinings of brown; and the leads trace the often-repeated initials of the master and mistress of the house. Apart upon a shelf stands a large crater or oxybaphon—a reproduction of the great Hildesheim piece which, cut and finished from the solid silver, and weighing about thirty Roman pounds, was unearthed about fourteen years ago. In this room, so well adapted for sound, stands the celebrated piano. Precious woods are combined with ivory, brass, and alabaster, in the rich Byzantine design; and within the movable part of the cover is spread a sheet of vellum upon which all those virtuosi who have evoked the exquisite tone of the piano have inscribed their names. The workmanship and the finish of the piano, which is a Broadwood, are as rare as the materials.

Divided from the Gold Room by the double-headed archway is an apartment all Dutch and mediæval, the last of the little group of diminutive drawing-rooms. When Townshend House was shaken and all but destroyed by the explosion, a magnificent collection of old Dutch cabinets went to pieces, and it is with the panels remaining that this room is lined for some five or six feet of its height. A sixteenth-century window, transported hither, gives dim light through its latticed glass, and is fortified by old oak shutters heavily clamped with steel. Above the wooden panelling the room is painted in a very light tint which spreads over the deeply-vaulted ceiling, and is broken on the walls by a quantity of blue and white china, one or two old Dutch pictures, and innumerable accidents of ornament. The room, being somewhat dark, bears this lightness of tone in its upper portion very well. Mr. Alma-Tadema was, as everybody

knows, the pupil of that determined mediævalist Baron Leys, the completeness and precision of whose imparted manner have survived the abrupt changes in taste and subject through which the younger painter has passed since his days of pupilage. The panel room at Townshend House recalls the fact that it has not always been Egypt, Greece, and Rome with our Anglo-Dutch artist. Nor does the staircase, to which we pass from the last drawing-room, bear any trace of classicism in its fittings. A Morris paper—the pomegranate pattern — lines the walls, with a dado of dark brown; but little is visible except an almost complete collection of photographs from Mr. Alma-Tadema's pictures. The ground floor of the house is distributed between the dining-room, the library, and Mrs. Alma-Tadema's studio, which is divided into compartments, after the fashion of the drawing-room. In one division the Japanese element is strong; clusters of fans subdue the lamps, and in their half-shadow hangs the painter's solemn and impressive "Death of the First-born." A cottage piano stands here; it has been superseded and surpassed by the famous instrument upstairs, but its case has decorations in colour from the hands of Mr. Alma-Tadema and his wife—quaint designs which include some staves of antique notation. From this room opens another which is in a different taste. The upper portion of the walls are hung with Spanish leather, and the quasi-white dado is panelled with decorative designs. Then comes the conservatory, with tall plants in picturesque pots; a rectangular white marble Roman tank receives a fountain from the mouth of a small antique mask; M. Dalou's bust of Mrs. Alma-Tadema stands above. An Indian grass hammock swings across the conservatory, and old Chinese lanterns hang from above. Passing the barometer, which the artist complains of as not showing fine weather enough, we go through the dining-room, with its matting dado and old water-colours of flower and fruit, and through the library where the Gothic table was designed by Mr. Alma-Tadema himself. The grotesque head of a bronze knocker, copied from an antique, is our last impression of Townshend House. W. Meynell.



THE GOLD ROOM.

JOSEPH FLÜGGEN.

In no calling more than the artist's has the father's mantle so often fallen on the son, and in none of the schools of the Renaissance more frequently than in the German is the son found treading in the father's footsteps, and receiving inspiration and instruction directly from his sire. The Holbeins, father and son, are brilliant instances; Lucas Cranach, Wolgemut, Burgkmair, and many others less known, were the pupils of painter-fathers; and even Albert Dürer laboured with his father in the goldsmith's workshop ere he took to studying painting under Wolgemut.

Treading in the footsteps of illustrious prede-

cessors, Joseph Flüggen received his first lessons in art in his father's studio. Gisbert Flüggen, a native of Cologne, following the irresistible attraction toward the German art-metropolis, took up his abode in Munich in 1836. He was, and is, esteemed as a *genre*-painter, both at home and abroad, and some of his best work is to be found in private collections in England and Russia. On the 3rd of April, 1842, his son Joseph was born. A striking portraiture of their maidservant, produced by Joseph at ten years old, induced Gisbert Flüggen to take the boy in hand, and make a painter of him. No sooner had he left school, than he became his father's pupil and a student in his father's *atelier*. There his chief work was drawing *Studienköpfe*, or studies of heads, from which it would appear that Gisbert Flüggen preferred study from the life to drawing from the antique. The rapid progress which he made under his father's teaching, and his early development of independent tendencies in art, induced old Gisbert to place him in the Academy in Munich, where he worked under the well-known artists Schlotauer and Auschütz, and, later on, under Piloty. Wilhelm von Kaulbach also encouraged him with sympathy and advice, and proved himself in after-years the most ready and helpful of counsellors. Very healthy and stimulating, too, was the influence of such men as Genelli and Moritz von Schwind, into whose society young Flüggen had the good luck to be thrown. With the son of the latter he formed a lasting and intimate friendship based upon a common enthusiasm for art and poetry.

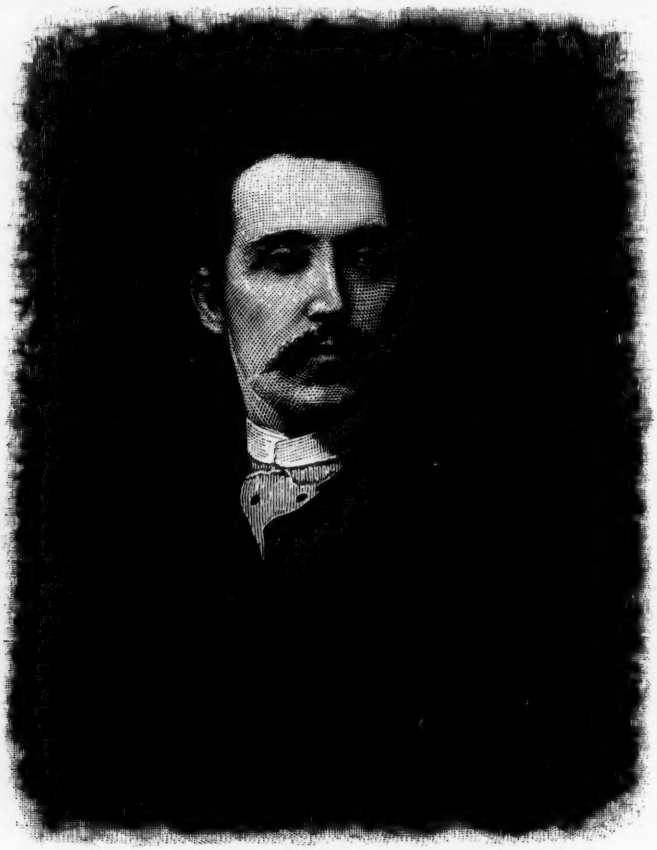
Flüggen inherits from his father a taste for antiquarian objects, and has, by diligent study of the art-treasures which are contained in Munich, attained to eminent distinction for his knowledge and understanding of art-ornament and his skill in its application. Few, perhaps, are better versed than he in the architecture, ornament, and costume of the past, particularly in those of the Middle Ages. Among those best qualified to judge—and especially among his fellow-artists—he enjoys great renown as an æsthetic archæologist. In the famous Munich *Künstlerfeste* he is one of the most earnest and energetic helpers. One of the triumphs of the *Hoftheatrefeste* of 1877 was a waggon of the time of Holbein, for the Weaver's Guild, designed and built by him. As with art-ornament, so with costume. He has a systematic knowledge of the various epochs of history; and, his artist's taste and enthusiasm aiding, he has got



HIS FIRST FOX.

(From the Painting by J. Flüggen.)

together a complete, appropriate, and characteristic collection of costumes, most of which he, with his own hand, has designed, cut out, and arranged from ancient pictures and drawings. His enthusiasm in this direction is really boundless. Upon the day of the *Künstlerfeste* he will be seen pale and broken and exhausted with long tailoring, and with the passionate vigils he has wasted on the composition and invention of costumes for the occasion—costumes whose picturesque quaintness and historical accuracy have enhanced not a little the beauty and the fame of these artistic gatherings.



Fos Flüggen

As in a picture the background and accessories give interest and solidity to the central figure, so in following the career of an artist we must take into consideration not only his nominal teachers and professors, but the general atmosphere about him and the influence under which his talent ripens into independence and maturity. Flüggen, like so many of his comrades who have since made a name in the world, appears to owe much to the teaching of Piloty. A glance, however, at the peculiar characteristics and specific relations of the Piloty school is enough to show that at least as much lustre has been shed by the scholars on the master as by the master on the scholars. In this connection a word or two with reference to the school itself will not be inappropriate. Piloty's capacity for teaching, exercised on the old and reputable basis of the academical constitution, soon attracted a goodly number of able young men who, gathering round him as their master, gave him a claim on the national gratitude, and helped to win him his uncommon fame. The way in which the group was formed shows that Piloty allowed the spread of his academy to be more governed by outward circumstances than he himself perhaps

believed. It was not that he lacked a standard of judgment, nor that this did not agree with his inward convictions. In his eyes, which in painting were keenly alive to outward appearances, outward appearances, together with outward circumstances — as name, nationality, affluence — counted for a great deal. It was the one object of his ambition that his school should be powerfully and brilliantly represented abroad; and thus it came to pass that he could not easily enter into the situation of poor students, and held indigence to be a defect, even a fault, that might easily stain the character of the school, or even bring it into dishonour. It must be added that, however unrelenting in this direction he was, in the other he was in nowise grudging of assistance and furtherance. Those who were in need owed much to him, and could at all times reckon on his helping hand at the distribution of the Academy funds. In return his scholars maintained the outward honour of the school as best they might, and did all they possibly could to give their master pleasure. Thus it was a happy moment for him if he happened to meet a party of his scholars riding in the public streets, and received their chivalrous greeting. Now and then, no doubt, he probably felt a little unhappy, for the squadron did not always do him credit, either in appearance or accomplishment. Oddly enough, his best pupils, such as Makart and Gabriel Max, were the worst cavaliers. Max, who could only ride at a walk, was more at home in his studio, and he had the obstinate peculiarity of shutting himself up in it on the master's *Correcturtag*. As for Makart, he must have learned to ride since his student days, for he has been heard of as a stately horseman at the festivities (1878) in Vienna, in celebration of the Imperial silver wedding. As a painter, his capacity appears to have been not so questionable. In Flüggen's journal we read how Makart—"a modest, amiable fellow"—turned up one day in his (Flüggen's) painting-room, "armed only with a small sketch-book, in which were chiefly pencil-drawings from the time of the Thirty Years' War, designed with a particularly happy eye for effects of light and shade." A short time after he became a pupil of Piloty's, and we may read in his own note-book of the way in which the master exercised his function. "Piloty's instruction was chiefly verbal," he says; "he but seldom took brush in hand." All the same, Piloty worked and planned with incontestable activity for the right development of his school. Sensitive and vigorous in no mean degree, he would never permit his pupils to waste their energies on trifles or on trivial fancies. His method was "to incite to an interesting theme, and not to desist until that which had been undertaken was finished." He came in, as was but natural, for a great deal of homage. Makart, however, was the artistic leaven in the school, and his influence was strengthened by his personal qualities. Thus we read that he "interested himself warmly in every—even the smallest—work of his fellow-aspirants, and would cheerfully lend a hand wherever he could;" and that "where Piloty pointed strictly to nature, Makart with his youthful and exuberant idealism exercised a most wholesome influence."

Gisbert Flüggen died when his son was but sixteen years old, and for some time the young man had his full share of difficulty and hardship. Without means, and dependent on his own efforts, he was the reverse of Piloty's ideal pupil. "What are you doing, Flüggen? why are you not at work on your big picture?" said the master to the embarrassed scholar, when he found him producing lay-figures for a modeller. It was by the help of such journey-work that Flüggen had to struggle on to the realisation of his artistic plans and aspirations. But he was young, strong, self-confident, and not afraid of the future; he was poor, but he could earn a kind of living; he was at work under Piloty, and he had time and opportunity for study; so that he was luckier than many others have been, and had no reason to complain of his destiny. Munkacsy, for instance, was not nearly so fortunate. He asked help of Piloty, but Piloty would none of him, and he had to go and learn to be the famous craftsmen he is elsewhere. It must be added that Flüggen did his best to do honour to his chance, and took his place in the school beside Liezenmayer, Defregger, Max, and Makart taking precedence. With Makart's call to Vienna the fellowship became to some extent dissolved; but the example remained, and Munich remained an educational centre for many a long day yet.

Flüggen is next found journeying in company of his friend, the artist Adolf Oppel, through France, England, Italy, and the Netherlands. The young men made excellent use of their time and its opportunities. Nothing that could contribute to their information and instruction, or further their acquaintance with the universal art-language, was left unvisited. England, in which the Past and the Present join hands in so striking a manner, was the country that pleased them best. They prefer London to Paris even now; it is not known if they go so far as to cherish Mulready and Maclise before Millet and Delacroix. Italy they saw as artists always see her. One of Flüggen's impressions of her beauty survives in a charming picture of his, the "Calma di Mare," on the Gulf of Genoa. The tour completed, and all the treasure arranged and stored, Flüggen settled down to work in his own studio in Munich. He left no variety of sentiment or subject untried. One of his earliest pictures, touched with the influence of



THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

(From the Painting by J. Flüggen.)

Piloty, but with individual promise in it too, is "The Widow;" it represents an episode in the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. This episode has been treated by Flüggen in several pictures, and it is to be hoped that he will yet fill in the gaps between them. These are "The Widow" aforesaid, in the possession of Herr Blumberg-Kieder in Strasburg; "The Miracle of the Rosary of Elizabeth," an altar-picture in the castle chapel of Hohenstein, near Stuttgart; and "St. Elizabeth with her Children Passing the Night in a Shed," in the hands of an unknown purchaser. In striking contrast with these is the boldly-designed and dashingly-painted fresco in the National Museum at Munich, "Butcher Kraus Defends his Native Town, Kelheim, against the Austrians." A "Milton Dictating to his Daughter" was bought, unfinished, off the easel. Almost contemporary with the "Milton" is a "Frederick with the Bitten Cheek," which takes one back to the Wartburg and St. Elizabeth.

A famous popular tradition was next laid hold of by Flüggen; and it was thus that Uhland's creation, "The Widow's Daughter," took on a visible form. The beautiful corpse, the broken-hearted mother, the sorrow of the youths, and the passionate anguish of the one who says, "Ich werde Dich lieben in Ewigkeit," are depicted with a great deal of feeling and a great deal of accomplishment. The German art-world and the German press were alike unanimous in praising the picture; and it soon found a purchaser in Baron von Leitenberger, of Vienna; it is the subject of one of our illustrations. Equally lyrical in spirit are "Family Joys," "Happiness in the Palace," "Homewards," and the "Love Scene." They vary in costume and accessories, and in scene and time; but in sentiment and intention they are alike. The first was bought by Mr. Wallys, of London; "Happiness in the Palace" found its way into many a home through the medium of a steel engraving by Jacoby, of Berlin; and the possessor of "The Widow's Daughter," Baron Leitenberger, added the two last to his collection. An historical picture, well grouped and arranged, brilliantly coloured, and genial in sentiment, is "Regina Imhof, Bride of George Fugger, Receiving the Wedding Presents;" it was exhibited in the great Art Industry Exhibition in Munich of 1874, and was purchased by the Exhibition Committee for the first prize in their lottery. It is now in the possession of Herr von Barlow in Munich. Flüggen, too, has dealt



A SPANISH COURTYARD. *(From the Picture by G. Postma.)*

not a whit less ably with the themes he has selected from the works of a modern German writer, Scheffel; as witness the "Audifax and Hadamuth" and the "Frau Hadwig and the Friar." Mention may also be made of "The Goldsmith's Daughter," from another ballad of Uhland's, the Madonna-like "Mutterglück," a mother with her child, full of tender feeling and delicate drawing and colour. A picture which stands in the foremost rank among the historical work of the modern German school—for the simplicity of the conception, the severe correctness of the costumes and the architecture, and the happy combination of boldness with finish—is the "Baptism of the Emperor Charles I." Mediæval romance, which has found a most popular exponent in Richard Wagner, has exercised, as we know, a charm on Flüggen from the first. It is not, therefore, surprising that he should have selected Wagner's work for illustration, and have done his best to co-operate with the ambitious and successful musician in the work of achieving an artistic expression—new, original, and very modern—of that legendary Teutonism which, at Munich and in æsthetic London, is so much the fashion. He has painted four scenes from the "Meistersinger," four from the "Tannhäuser," one from the "Fliegender Holländer," and one from the "Walküren." Quite in another direction is a fresh and spirited picture, the subject of our first illustration—of a modern sportsman displaying to his admiring mother his first booty from the field. Flüggen, who is a passionate sportsman, probably painted this work as lovingly as he achieved the artistic arrangement of the procession of the national German *Bundeschiessen* in Munich, which resulted in an effect worthy of Makart. It is pleasant to note that, notwithstanding all this hard and ambitious work, he has found time to win name and fame as a portrait-painter. Among his most successful presentments are those of Frau Wagmüller and the Wirtemberg Minister Von Varmbüler, and the full-lengths of the reigning King of Bavaria and his mad grandsire, Ludwig I., equally renowned for general eccentricity and a peculiar interest in Lola Montes.

The artist who can be thus true to nature, and without sacrificing truth distinguish and develop its ideal quality, is a good and kindly teacher, and has done excellent work among the artists of the rising generation. He takes a genuine interest in his many pupils, native and foreign, male and female; he abounds in sympathy for their trials and difficulties; he devotes his leisure to their instruction and advancement. He is a clever painter and a worthy and generous man.

"A SPANISH COURTYARD." By G. Postma.

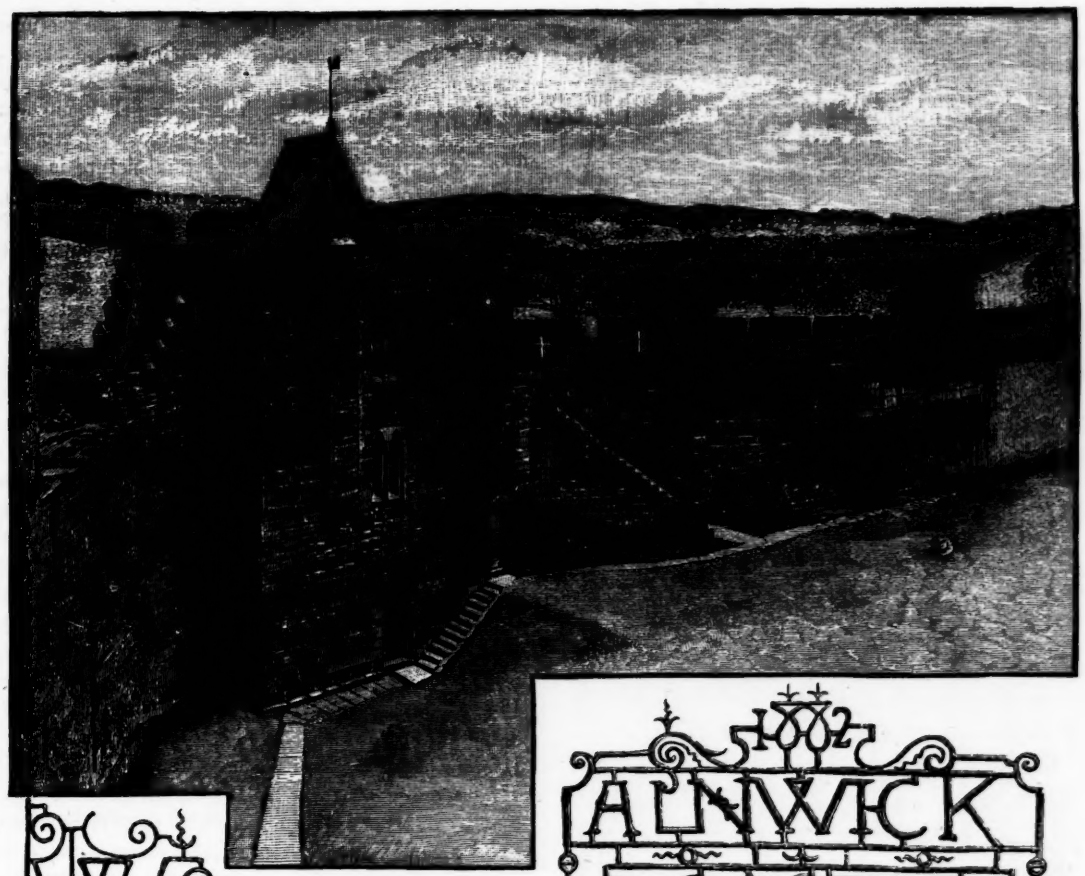
PHYSIOGNOMISTS tell us that the human face is the index to the mind; so, assuredly, is a courtyard the index to the house. From the squalid backyard of poor London tenements, populous with squalling children and beflapped with grimy linen, to the stately quadrangles of college and mansion, the courtyard shows at a glance not only the social status of the establishment and the individual taste of its owner, but the characteristics of its owner's country. The Dutch courtyard, spick and span, with its red tiles and close cropped trees, is an ideal of neatness, comfort, and domesticity, as De Hoogh and his fellows have taught us. In striking contrast are the historical courts of Italy. In Venice, for instance—"Venise la rouge"—there is something sorrowfully suggestive about them. They are often of great architectural interest; they are always more or less picturesque; but they are mournful and solitary. The bustling present disturbs their stillness but seldom; and the rattling of bucket and chain at the well is well-nigh the only sound that breaks their monotonous repose.

Postma's "Spanish Courtyard" is neither quaint nor dignified. It is the kind of place you read of in Fernan Caballero: a place for washing vegetables and scouring pots by day, and at eventide for gossip and flirtation and the singing of *coplas*. Pepita is drawing water; Tia Petronilla, the ancient lady, is coaxing her pigeons; Juanito, the stout young visitor, has laid by his hat and cloak and his twangling old guitar. On the wall is a picture of bull-fighting; and in the background is a Moorish doorway, with an arch that reminds you of Alhambra, and Boabdil the King, and the Cid Campeador, and Calainos, for his lady's dear sake, riding to Paris for the head of Oliver the paladin:—

"Ya cabalga Calainos,
En las sombras de una oliva,"

and all the rest of it. It is very Spanish indeed. It is perhaps more Spanish than Spain.

Postma, who is a Dutch landscape-painter, has, in choosing this subject, departed somewhat from his wonted habit. But Spain is a land of enchantments as well as of proverbs, beggars, garlic, and guitars; and the painters who can, or will, say nay to her charms—of light and colour, of beauty and strangeness—are few.



ALNWICK CASTLE

WHAT is most interesting in Duke Algernon's scheme for combining a mediæval castle with an Italian palazzo is the ingenuity shown in adapting the irregular shapes of the rooms to the emergencies of the classical style of decoration. The rooms have necessarily to follow the shapes of the clusters of circular towers which form the main building of the keep, and the forms which they would naturally assume seem ill suited to the decorative treatment which lends grace and dignity to the large oblong halls of the Vatican. Moreover, the narrow lancet windows which characterise an Edwardian castle are at variance with the sentiment of classical decoration. This structural difficulty was one of the chief puzzles which had to be solved in carrying out the new design. But Mr. Salvin, of whose skill the architectural arrangement of Alnwick Castle is the chief memorial, showed his ingenuity in facing the problem. Internally the windows were transformed. The lancets were clustered, and received round heads within their Gothic framework. They were set in deep bays, and the semicircular towers were broken into semi-octagons. The irregular forms of the rooms required dexterous treatment to enable the geometrical designs of the ceilings to be applied successfully. A careful observer passes from admiration of the decoration to wonder at the architectural ingenuity required to make it possible. The constructive skill of the English architect is even more remarkable than the fine manipulation of the Italian decorators.

This treatment is most apparent in the saloon which opens on the right of the antechamber. It is forty-two feet long by twenty-two wide, but its width is extended in the centre to thirty-six feet by a semi-octagonal bay which is constructed in one of the towers. Doors, shutters, and ceiling are all elaborately carved. The white marble chimney-piece is supported by massive statues of slaves, the work of Signor Nucci, of Rome. A Renaissance frieze of Cupids by the Roman painter Mantovani runs round the walls.

The saloon leads to the drawing-room, where the splendour of the decorations reaches its height. In



EAST ANGLE OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

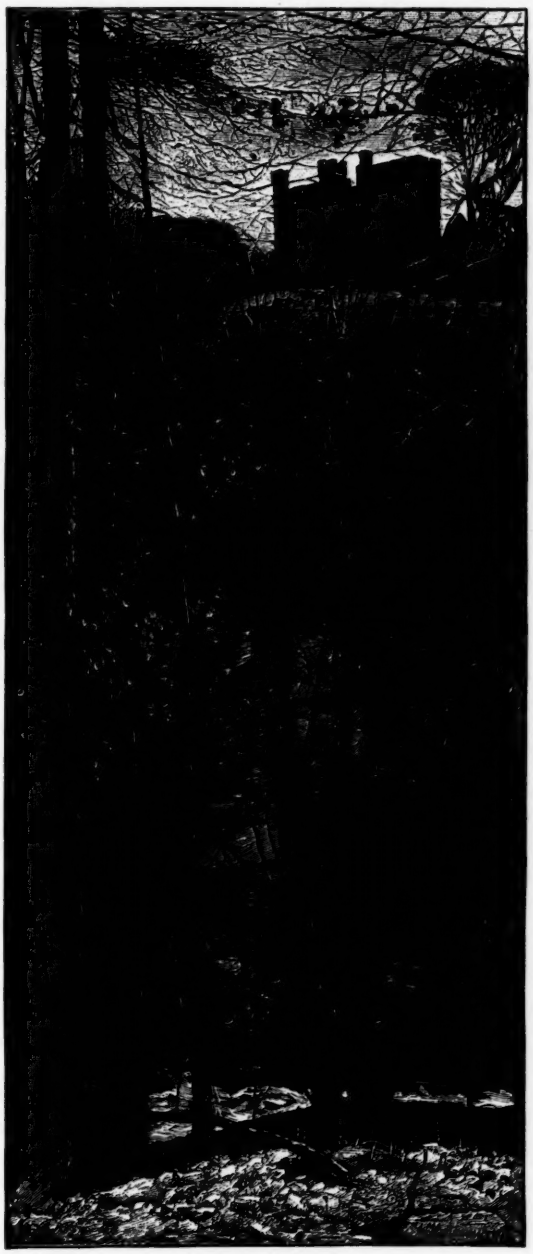
the ceiling gilded carvings stand out from a background of green and orange. The frieze, on a blue ground, represents boys holding festoons; it is adapted from a frieze of Giulio Romano in the castle of St. Angelo. The chimney-piece, of white Carrara marble, is supported by two canephoræ. No less splendid, though more subdued, is the dining-room, in which the carvings of the ceiling, pine-wood on cedar panels, are left in the natural colour of the wood, and so show more clearly the sharpness and delicacy of their execution. The dado round the room is in walnut, with minutely-carved panels. The chimney-piece is supported on one side by a statue of a Faun, on the other by one of a Bacchante. The round tower comes in at one end of the dining-room and forms a useful recess.

It were useless to give a catalogue of the pictures which these rooms contain. Two only are of exceptional value to lovers of art. One is a salutation of the Virgin by Sebastiano del Piombo, a fine specimen of the artist's vigorous treatment. The story which Vasari tells of this picture is characteristic of the artist. After Raphael's death, Sebastiano no longer felt the spur of emulation, and gave way to the same feeling of dissatisfaction which marred the accomplishment of so many of the works of Michelangelo. Sebastiano was slow and laborious in execution, and his interest soon flagged. This picture, which was to be placed above the high altar of the Church of S. Maria della Pace, in Rome, was never finished. The scaffolding stood and impeded the service of the church; but Sebastiano's work never progressed. At last the monks grew impatient, and removed the scaffolding, leaving the picture covered with a cloth, which was not removed till after Sebastiano's death. Then the two heads of Mary and Elizabeth were found to be finished, and full of grace and force. But the picture, as it stands in Alnwick Castle, has been much tampered with, and it is difficult to discover the design of the whole. It was removed from the church by the French, was divided into three parts, and was carried off to Paris. It passed into the hands of Cardinal Fesch, then of Mr. Davenport Bromley, from whom it was bought by the Duke of Northumberland. Two of the three parts are at Alnwick Castle, the central group of Mary and Elizabeth, and another portion with a figure of Joseph, which formed part of the background. Still, the picture is worthy of comparison with the "Raising of Lazarus," in the National Gallery, as an example of the large conception of the painter.

The other great painting which Alnwick Castle contains was also left unfinished by its painter, but received completion from the living hand of a still more famous pupil. It is the work of Giovanni Bellini and Titian; what the failing strength of Bellini, at the age of eighty-eight, could not perfect, Titian finished. It was painted in 1514 for Duke Alfonso, of Ferrara, who wanted it for the decoration of a room in which Dosso Dossi had already painted mythological stories. Bellini put all his strength into the work, which Vasari praises as his best, though he finds fault with the stiffness of the draperies. It is a Bacchanalian group, conceived with all the restraint of Venetian art. Its subject is said to be "The Gods Enjoying the Fruits of the Earth." Bellini painted a large group of deities, some standing, some reclining, by the side of a stream, near which stands a wine-vat. Passavant truly calls them "a serene band of mortal revellers—types of festive humanity." All denotes enjoyment,

but enjoyment which owes its strength and its permanence to supreme restraint. The gods enjoy with entire enjoyment, because they bring to their enjoyment a god-like wisdom. Passavant happily suggests that Bellini meant, in this picture, to convey the ironical converse of Giorgione's idyllic conception of life. Gravely he sets forward the actual facts of human nature. His figures are real men, their enjoyment is real enjoyment; what is highest is what is most human.

The figures in this picture were painted by Bellini, who put his initials, G. B., with the date, 1514, inside the wine-vat; but the background was left unfinished. It was filled in by Titian, with all the splendour of his youthful brush. A hill, such as he knew about Cadore, rises behind the meadow, where sit the revellers; its summit holds a castle, and its sides are clad with trees. It was his work at this picture which suggested to Titian the "Bacchus and Ariadne," which is one of the glories of the National Gallery. Few pictures are more eminently characteristic of the great qualities of the Venetian school than is this "Feast of the Gods," at Alnwick Castle. It is one of the most precious possessions of Italian art which exist in England. Yet it is little known, as it seems to have been always in private hands: it was bought by the Duke of Northumberland from the Carnuccini family at Rome. These pictures, and many others of lesser importance, justify the Italian decoration of the splendid reception rooms of Alnwick Castle, and to these rooms the Italian restoration is chiefly confined.



EARL HUGH'S TOWER.

In other parts of Alnwick Castle the mediæval character is still retained. The chapel has lancet windows and a groined roof of stone, but its decoration is by mosaic-work in which the patterns of the *opus Alexandrinum* of the Roman basilicas have been followed. The ground floor is appropriated to the household; a reading gallery, which is entered from the same floor as the reception rooms, is occupied by the family and their guests.

The massive kitchen is a reproduction of the baronial kitchen of mediæval times, with a groined roof of stone and ashlar walls. As the castle, by its adaptation to modern home life, lost its baronial dining-hall, a necessary requisite for the feudal position still retained by a Duke of Northumberland, its place was supplied by a large building with open timbered roof and long lancet windows. This "guest hall," as it is called, is attached to the castle, but has an entrance from the stable-yard, and when not needed for stately hospitality serves the purposes of a coach-house.

Many as are the beauties of Alnwick Castle, its mediæval character robs it of one charm. The courtyards of a feudal fortress have no place for flowers, and the descent of the hill down to the river leaves no scope for a garden outside. The gardens are at some little distance, and stand apart from the house; but the view of the richly-wooded park compensates for this loss. It extends for several miles around the castle, embraces every variety of river and woodland scenery, and mounts upwards to the

moorland whose purple heather lends a rich background to the trees below.

Close by the castle, forming a striking object as seen from the park, stands the parish Church of St. Michael, a pure Perpendicular building mostly of the date of 1464. Like most Northumbrian churches, it wears outside a massive and embattled aspect. At the south corner of the west end rises a ponderous squat tower suggestive of defence. All the Northumbrian church-towers look as if they had followed the model of the "peels," as they are called, which are scattered over the Borders. These "peels" are strong square towers used to harbour cattle when there was need for flight before a sudden raid of freebooting Scots. They are a conspicuous feature of Border antiquities, and are met at every turn. Sometimes standing in gaunt ruins on a hill-top, sometimes incorporated in a dwelling-house, sometimes preserved as ornamental appendages to a garden, sometimes converted into church-towers, they tell their tale of a turbulent past, and recall the troublous times which made them the chief buildings of the district. The architecture of the Borders is all of a military character. The feudal castle, the fortified manor-house, and the peel-tower mark the various grades of social life. The villagers who did not gather round the baron or the knight had to provide for their own defence, and these sturdy towers are the memorials of their struggle for the preservation of their goods. They and their wives could flee into the forts till the marauders had passed by; children, old men, and cattle were hurriedly secured in the towers of refuge, and all that was not so secured was swept away by the plunderer's hand. The memoirs of such a state of society have survived the actual facts, and even the ecclesiastical architecture of the Borders is in keeping with the features which distinguished all other buildings.

Besides its general aspect, St. Michael's Church has a more distinctive mark of military use in an hexagonal turret which rises at the south-east corner of the chancel. This turret is reached by a staircase inside the church, and shows that it was built for a watch-tower, and was arranged to hold a beacon. Besides being places of refuge, the peel-towers were also centres for the watch which kept nightly guard against the Scots. It was the chief duty of the Lords Warden of the Marches to organise the defence of the Borders. Each village was bound to send its men to watch at stated places, and when the Scots crossed the Border, the warning message was blazed by beacons from one watch to another. The secluded position of Alnwick Castle left it a little outside the beacon range, and the church was called into requisition to furnish a spot whence the beacon on Heiferlaw Bank, some three miles to the north, could be more clearly seen.

The main part of the church, as it now is, dates from the reign of Henry VI. The north was faithful to the House of Lancaster, and in 1463 Queen Margaret was preparing for the last struggle, which ended in the disastrous battles of Hedgeley Moor and Hexham. In that year Henry VI., in consideration of the fact that Alnwick had been three times plundered by the rebels, granted a charter which conferred on the burgesses tolls and customs toward the walling of the town, and "towards the making and repair of the parish church." So well did the burgesses use the privileges granted to them that their church, which they then built, has needed no subsequent additions, and remains one of the finest and least altered of the northern churches. The low-pitched roof of the nave, rising with a gable over the chancel, is a feature strange to the southern eye, though not uncommon in Northumbrian churches.

Inside the church are some beautifully-carved capitals to the pillars of the nave. The ornamentation of vine leaves and twisted sprigs shows greater freedom than was common in Perpendicular work. Two stone statues are also found inside the church; they were discovered buried in 1811. One is a "St. Sebastian;" the other the figure of a king, most probably Henry VI. A lectern of old iron-work still holds the Book of the Homilies, attached by a chain, and in the vestry stands a large oak chest of ancient workmanship, carved with a stag hunt and grotesque animals, which recall the motives of Lombard decoration. Its history is not known, so that it gives no clue to Northumbrian art in early days.

In early days, however, the church of Alnwick was not of great importance. Alnwick was not even an ancient parish, but depended ecclesiastically on its abbey, a Præmonstratensian foundation of the date of 1147. The Norman baron, Eustace Fitz-John, did not think that his work was done when he had finished his great castle at Alnwick. He went on to provide for the salvation of himself and his ancestors by the foundation of a religious corporation. Nothing shows more clearly the refining influence of monasticism than does the care and taste displayed by the monks in the selection of sites for their secluded life. Alnwick Abbey was built on a flat piece of meadow-land, by the side of the river Alne, a little distance from the castle. Sheltered from the north by tree-clad hills, it was girt in on the south by the cliff that rose on the opposite bank of the river, which flowed round it in a semicircular course. Near enough to the castle to claim its protection, the abbey yet enjoyed a picturesque solitude

of its own. Under the shelter of the Northumbrian earls it prospered, and received rich endowments from most of the chief families on the Border. It ranked as one of the great religious houses of England, and its abbots were often employed in high affairs. It was wealthy, and was a centre of learning and of religious life. Miracles were wrought at Alnwick Abbey by means of a curious relic, the foot of Simon de Montfort. When the great earl fell at Evesham, and his corpse lay mutilated on the field, his friend John de Vesey cut off a foot and brought it to Alnwick, where it was enclosed in a shrine of silver, and the sight of it cured many men of their diseases. This reverence to Earl Simon is a curious instance of the way in which the mediæval church absorbed patriotic sentiment, and lent itself to the popular feeling. It is not strange that Simon should be reverenced in Northumberland, so far away from the scene of his exploits; for he was connected in a way with the district, as lord of the manor of Dunstanborough, where, after his forfeiture, Thomas of Lancaster built his mighty castle.

Alnwick Abbey fell, with the rest of the monasteries, before Henry VIII.'s commissioners. It was more completely destroyed than most monastic buildings, since its nearness to the town made it a useful quarry for the burghers. Remnants of its masonry are still noticeable in the buildings of Alnwick, and it has now been entirely swept away save the entrance tower, which was probably used as a dwelling-house by the purchaser of the abbey lands. The lands of the abbey have now passed into the hands of the Percys, and form part of the park. The entrance tower, which still remains, is a massive structure of the fifteenth century, a good example of the late Perpendicular style. But all that was most characteristic of the abbey buildings has disappeared, and the gateway only serves as a reminder of the historic interest which once attached to a spot sufficiently attractive through its sylvan beauty.

Alnwick Park and its neighbourhood are rich in other memorials of the turbulent days of Border raids. On a hill-top not far from the abbey is a cross marking the spot where Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, was slain in 1093, while ravaging Alnwick. Close by it are the remains of a chapel of St. Leonard, founded about 1200 that mass might be said for Malcolm's soul. Another cross not far distant marks the spot where William the Lion surrendered himself prisoner to Ranulf Glanvil in 1174.



THE PORTER'S LODGE, HULNE PRIORY.

If a great portion of Alnwick Park consists of the domains of Alnwick Abbey, much of the remainder once belonged to another religious foundation, Hulne Priory, the first Carmelite monastery in England, founded in 1240. It is said that a Northumbrian knight, Ralph Fresborne, went with Richard, Earl of Cornwall, to the Holy Land, and there, impressed by the piety of the friars on Mount Carmel, brought some of them back with him to England. They chose for their new abode the site of Hulne Priory, because it reminded them of Mount Carmel; for Carmel was on a hill, with the river Kishon flowing below, and a forest beside it. It is true that the site of Hulne corresponds with this, but probably many other places had equal resemblance to Carmel on those grounds. The site must have been a savage and solitary place when first the monks settled there; now it is as fair a spot as the eye could wish to rest upon. Built upon a projecting spur of rising land above the river Alne, it is backed by rich woods, and commands a lovely view of a hill that rises steep in front on the other side of the river, rich below with heather, and clad on the top with waving pines.

Hulne Priory was neither a large nor a wealthy foundation: it was too near its powerful neighbour, Alnwick Abbey, which entirely overshadowed it. Yet the Carmelites were men of learning, and the library of Hulne was large—it possessed one hundred and fourteen manuscripts. The discipline of the Carmelites was vigorous. Each friar had a coffin for his cell, and slept on straw; every morning he dug a shovelful of earth for his grave, and crept on his knees to prayer. Silence and solitude and rigorous fasting were enjoined on all, and the stern simplicity of their life is still visible in the remains of their buildings.

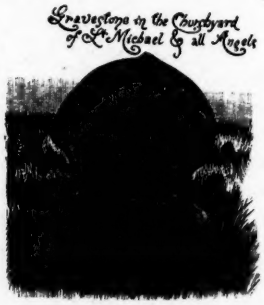
Hulne Priory, from its greater solitude, has escaped the destroyer more successfully than its neighbour, Alnwick Abbey. The porter's lodge and the curtain-wall that enclosed the priory still stand, and the ruins enable us to trace the



plan. The remains are not large in extent, and have been much tampered with, but we can see the division into an outer and inner group. All secular buildings are placed apart—the great hall, the bake-house, brew-house, farm-buildings, and bed-chambers for strangers, also a chapel where they might do their devotions. Beyond these were the buildings for the friars, clustering round a central cloister, which was well fitted for pious meditation. The remains show a simple, unadorned style of architecture, yet they have the elegance and grace which mark the Early English work, and mostly belong to the original structure of 1240. Some rude stone statues still remain, which give a vivid picture of monastic life. One represents a friar preaching with a face of deep eagerness, like a revivalist of the present day; another is of a brother in an ecstacy of devotion; a third is full of quaint humour, and shows the porter touching his cowl to the prior who has just entered the gate. Yet even this abode of severe devotion bears the marks of its connection with the Border land. The most important of its remaining buildings is an embattled tower of refuge for the brethren before the invasions of the Scots. It was a benefaction of one of the Earls of Northumberland; the inscription is still preserved, which tells that—

"In the year of Crist Jhū MCCCCXXXXVIII.
This towr was bilded by Sir hen Percy
The fourth Erle of Northumberland of gret hon and worth
That espoused Maud ye good lady full of virtue and bēut
Daught'r to Sir William harb'st right noble and hardy
Erle of Pembrock whose soulis god save
And with his grace cōsarve ye builder of this tower."

The park is full of lovely views, of which the most renowned is that from the hill of Brislee opposite to Hulne Priory. There is built amongst the trees a tower with a cresset on the top, in which bonfires blaze on occasions of great festivity. Thence the eye glances over the whole extent of the park, the town of Alnwick and, beyond, the sea, whose coast is marked by the castles of Bamborough, Dunstanborough, and Warkworth, while off it lies the little Coquet Island and breaks the expanse of blue. Westward is seen a lovely stretch of broken moorland country, over which rises the fine outline of the Cheviot Hills. M. CREIGHTON.



BENVENUTO CELLINI.

IF ever there were an artist whose works and ways expressed the spirit of his time, it was Benvenuto Cellini, the Florentine. Not only the mode of his achievements, but their variety and versatility were expressly characteristic of that wonderful period. He worked in gold and silver and bronze and marble. He engraved gems, he cut dies for coins, he set jewels, he restored antique statues, he carved new ones; he produced marvels of minute and delicate tracery in the precious metals, and colossal works in bronze and marble, which were large in conception and ambitious in execution; he directed the Pope's artillery in the castle of St. Angelo, and helped to fortify the gates of Florence for Duke Cosimo de' Medici. By a peculiar grace of the capricious fortune that presides over the survival of those children of the brain called books, we have preserved to us the biography of Benvenuto Cellini written by his own hand, or at least dictated by his own tongue. And the volume is warm with life to this day. Benvenuto has infused his own intense vitality into its pages. To open them is to behold the "Cinque-Cento" as it lived and moved and had its being; while for the man himself, he stands before us in full daylight, as clear and real a figure as any in history, or—which is saying more—in fiction.

It has often struck me that the book should have a special interest for us English, inasmuch as Benvenuto's portrait of himself has many traits of a certain type of character common in the works of our great Elizabethan writers: such, I mean, as the Bobadil of Ben Jonson, and the Parolles of Shakespeare. There are passages of the Florentine's autobigraphy in the true vein of Jonsonian comedy. The writer consciously, the artist unconsciously, reveals the absurdities and extravagances which belonged to the manners of the day. And in the extraordinary mixture of braggadocio, acuteness, valour, cowardice, bluster,



THE ANGELUS. DRAWN BY J.-F. MILLET.

(From the Photograph by Prætorius; by Permission of the Publisher, R. Gueraut.)



THE CELLINI SHIELD. (*Turin Museum.*)

frankness, and falsehood which Cellini attributes to himself and to many of his contemporaries, we have a striking confirmation of the degree to which the rare poet of "humours" drew from the life. The peculiar swagger of the swashbuckler was a foreign fashion, no doubt; and in the sixteenth century we imported our foreign fashions more largely from Italy than from France. It would be a curious study to follow the modifications which Italian *millanteria* underwent in the course of its acclimatisation among us rougher and stronger islanders, and how the Englishman's deep-rooted contempt and distrust of brag come out in the humorous view taken by our writers of these hectoring heroes.

Benvenuto Cellini began his life with the beginning of that great century known in Italy as the "Cinque-Cento." He was born on the night of the 1st of November, A.D. 1500. His parents were Giovanni Cellini and Maria Lisabetta Granacci, his wife, both Florentine citizens. Benvenuto's grandfather, Andrea, was an architect; his father, Giovanni, was also an architect, and moreover an excellent and enthusiastic musician. The derivation which Benvenuto gives of the name of Florence (in Italian Fiorenza or Firenze) is amusingly characteristic of the man individually, and the Florentine nationally. After speaking of the ancient edifices of the city which were made in imitation of those of Rome, he proceeds: "It is said that those who builded them were Julius Cæsar and sundry Roman gentlemen, who having conquered and captured Fiesole, raised up a city in this place" (*i.e.*, the present site of Florence). "Julius Cæsar had an eminent and valiant captain named Fiorino of Cellino, which is a castle near to Monte Fiascone, within two miles. This Fiorino having placed his quarters below Fiesole, where Florence now stands, in order to be near to the river Arno for the commodity of his soldiers, all those who had business with the said captain would say, 'Let us go to *Firenze!*' both because the said captain was called Fiorino, and because the spot by its nature produced a great abundance of flowers. Thus at the beginning of the city, Julius Cæsar deeming this an admirable name and appropriate, and because the names of flowers are of good augury, bestowed on the said city this name of Florence. And also to show favour to his valiant captain. . . . This we find chronicled, and thus we believe ourselves to be descended from that worthy." The man's complacent and undoubting faith in this choice bit of etymology and genealogy is significant.

Although Benvenuto speaks of his father as being an architect, it is plain that Giovanni Cellini did not follow the profession exclusively, or even chiefly. After the fashion of his time, when the subdivision of labour in art and industry was little practised, Giovanni combined in his own person the exercise of several various arts and handicrafts. He built organs with wooden pipes, harpsichords—"the best and finest then made"—violas, lutes, and other musical instruments. He occupied himself with what would be now called practical engineering, and designed various machines. He carved admirably well in ivory; and according to his son's account was "the first who worked well in that art." But his ruling passion was for music; and he set his heart on making his son a musician, beginning to instruct the boy in singing, and playing on the flute and horn, from his earliest years. He must be added to the long list of parents who have vainly striven against the natural bent of their sons' genius. Benvenuto, with the perversity of which we have so many examples, detested the flute and his music lessons, although he says he attained great proficiency as a player before he was fifteen. The father and son came at length to a sort of compromise: Benvenuto undertaking to practise music for a certain time every day, on condition that he was allowed to draw and design, and work in a goldsmith's shop at other hours. His first master was Michelagnolo, father of Baccio Bandinelli, the sculptor, between whom and Benvenuto there existed in later years a most violent enmity and rivalry. But the boy did not remain with Michelagnolo long. At fifteen years old he placed himself with another goldsmith, against his father's will. This was a certain Antonio, surnamed Marcone the Goldsmith; and he is stated by his illustrious pupil to have been an excellent craftsman and an honest fellow. A boyish quarrel with his brother induced Benvenuto to run away from home at the age of sixteen. He seems to have intended to go to Rome, but not knowing which road to take, he found himself at Lucca, whence he proceeded to Pisa, and there found employment in the shop of a principal goldsmith of the place called Master Ulivieri della Chiostra. His stay at Pisa is not worth recording here, except for the circumstance which he relates of his having assiduously visited the Campo Santo, and studied the *anticaglie*—antiquities—which he found there and in other parts of the city. He expressly mentions the ancient marble sarcophagi which were in the Campo Santo, and many of which are to be seen there to this day. Later on he is found studying in the same way at Rome, where he used to pass days among the ruins, drawing and modelling in wax from the pictorial and sculptured ornamentation to be found in the half-buried fragments of classic buildings, then more numerous, though more neglected, than at the present time. And it may not be uninteresting to call attention to the fact that this great artist, who, as has been observed, expressed so intensely the spirit of his own time, nourished his genius and taste by a diligent

study of antiquity, so far as the conditions of his age permitted him to do so. This study in Benvenuto's case was far from resulting in the cold and somewhat affected formality which is now jeeringly spoken of in Italy as the Academic style. The truth is, that there is an incalculable difference between imitation and assimilation. Art, like all other human things, is, and must be, the "heir of all the ages." But heirship does not consist in assuming an ancestor's doublet and hose.

Benvenuto, after about a year's stay in Pisa, returned to Florence, and to his old master Marcone; and during this period of his life he encountered Pietro Torrigiani (or Torrigiano, as Vasari calls him), the sculptor, who was then employed in England, and offered to take Benvenuto back thither with him. Of this Torrigiani two notable circumstances may be mentioned: the first being that he designed the bronze tomb of our King Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey; and the second, of a less creditable nature, that it was he who, by a violent blow of his fist, broke the nose of the divine Michelangelo Buonarroti. As lads they used to study together from the frescoes of Masaccio in the church of the Carmine at Florence; and Torrigiani boasted that one day, being irritated by Michelangelo's sarcasms, he "gave him a mark which he would bear with him to his grave." Another version is that Torrigiani was moved solely by jealousy and hatred of Michelangelo's genius and diligence. Certain it is that he was of a violent, haughty, and overbearing temper. Benvenuto's description of him illustrates what has been said above about the blustering bullies who furnished types for the comedy of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It has an inimitable flavour of Ancient Pistol and his compeers. "This man was of handsome presence, of great audacity, and had more the air of a soldier than a sculptor; especially in his wonderful gestures, and his sonorous voice, with a frowning trick of the eyebrows enough to overawe any man who knew what was what. And every day he boasted of his brave doings against those beasts of English."

In the early days of the reign of Pope Clement VII. (the Florentine Giulio de' Medici), in 1523, we find Benvenuto in Rome working at his craft as a goldsmith, and studying the best models both of painting and sculpture. Amongst others he used diligently to copy the admirable frescoes of Raphael in the Farnesina Palace, then known simply as the house of Messer Agostino Chigi, the Sienese banker, who built it. One day the wife of Chigi's brother, Madonna Porzia, saw Benvenuto at work there, and asked him what was his profession, whether that of a painter or sculptor. Upon the young man's replying that he was a goldsmith, she exclaimed, "You draw too well for a goldsmith!" Nevertheless she gave him some valuable jewels to set; and he acquitted himself of the commission to the lady's satisfaction and his own profit. Soon afterwards he made a large vase of chiselled silver for the Bishop of Salamanca, having obtained the commission by the good offices of a certain painter, surnamed Il Fattore, a pupil of Raphael. The vase was made and approved, and seems to have been one of Cellini's best works at that period. He speaks of it in the twelfth chapter of his treatise on goldsmith's work. But the affair gave rise to a mighty quarrel between the haughty Spanish prelate and the no less haughty Italian artificer. There were delays in the completion of the work, and then delays in the payment for it. And then, some slight injury having been done to the vase by a guest during the Bishop's absence, it was brought to Cellini by his reverence's servants to be repaired, and they implored him to make haste about the job, promising him to pay any sum he might ask for it. Cellini, in fact, did complete the necessary repairs within a few hours. But that same evening, the butler of the Bishop of Salamanca came running back to Cellini, in a great hurry and agitation, to fetch the vase, which his master had suddenly asked for to show to a friend. Now the work was done and ready; but Cellini, after his fashion, took huff at the butler's unceremonious impatience (the man kept crying before Cellini had time to speak, "Quick, quick, give me the vase!"), and answered that he did not choose to be quick, but meant to take his time. After a stormy scene, during which the butler's vehemence very evidently had the effect of hardening the artist's obstinate heart, the man rushed off, threatening to return with Spaniards enough to cut the insolent craftsman into pieces. This was not altogether an idle threat. In the city of the Popes, great men, and above all great ecclesiastics, were apt to take very summary methods of getting their own way. So Benvenuto put himself on the defensive, and when the Bishop's servants appeared, some afoot, some on horseback, and all armed, the artist showed them the muzzle of his arquebuss, and threatened to shoot dead the first man who should try to enter his shop. At the same time he roared at the full pitch of his voice: "Ah, ruffians, traitors, assassins! Are shops and houses to be ravaged in this way in a city like Rome?" The noise brought out a crowd of neighbours, and certain Roman gentlemen who happened to be passing took part with Cellini and cried, "Kill the rascals, and we will help you!" The affair ended without bloodshed, for the Bishop's men made off at the sight of Benvenuto's firearm; and finally a reconciliation was patched up between the prelate and the goldsmith. To realise a little what a long way the world has travelled since then, we have only to conceive Cardinal Howard's footmen bursting into a jeweller's

shop in the Corso with swords and bludgeons; or Signor Augusto Castellani receiving his customers' servants with a cocked pistol in his hand, and the passers-by near the Fontana Trevi inciting him to fire it.

During the same year Benvenuto worked for the Pope and for some of the highest dignitaries of the Papal court, always with increasing reputation. In the summer of 1524 there occurred a recrudescence of the plague which had made such ravages in Rome during the two preceding years (this was also the year of the great plague of Milan, described by Manzoni in the "Promessi Sposi;" and the pestilence was far more deadly in that city than in Rome). Cellini, partly to escape during several hours at a time from the crowded streets, and partly to distract his mind from the terror of the plague, took the habit of visiting the remoter and more solitary ruins of antiquity, accompanied by a servant lad who carried his master's arquebuss. The reason for carrying the latter was that numbers of pigeons built and dwelt among these crumbling solitudes. And Benvenuto, who prided himself greatly on being a good shot, used to alternate his studies of classic works of art, with making a good bag of pigeons. In the course of these excursions, he made acquaintance with sundry overseers who directed the labour of the peasants working in the vineyards. There are large tracts of vineyard and market gardens to be found within the walls at Rome even at this day. When Cellini wrote, a far larger portion of land was unbuilt on. The results of his acquaintance with the overseers are enough to make a collector's mouth water. Here are his own words: "The peasants in digging the ground constantly found antique medals, agates, cornelians, and cameos; even fine jewels also, such as emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and rubies. These overseers sometimes had these things of the peasants for very little money, and I frequently paid to the overseers for such objects as many gold crowns as they had given *giulj* to the peasants." (A *giulio* was a coin worth about fifty centimes of modern Italian money.) Benvenuto confesses that in selling the cameos, &c., to the Cardinals in Rome, he often made a thousand per cent. He describes three of the gems which thus came into his hands. One was the head of a dolphin carved in an emerald; another, a magnificent topaz as big as a large filbert, with a head of Minerva finely cut on it. The third, says Cellini, "was a cameo representing a Hercules binding the three-headed Cerberus. This was of such beauty, and made with such admirable skill, that our great Michelangelo declared he had never seen anything so marvellous. Again, amongst many bronze medals I chanced upon one bearing a head of Jupiter. This medal was the largest I had ever seen, and the head so well done that its equal was not to be found. Upon the reverse were divers little figures similarly well executed. I should have many important things to say on this subject, but will not dilate on it, in order not to be too long, as I have said above."



FROM THE BASE OF THE "PERSEUS."
(*Loggia de' Lanzi, Florence.*)

During this and two or three succeeding years, Benvenuto Cellini worked not only at his own branch of art but in various others, with prodigious activity. Moved, as he says, by an "honourable envy" (*una onesta invidia*), he vied with the most renowned craftsmen, with jewellers, silversmiths, seal-engravers, engravers of medals on steel, and even workers in enamel. He has left a monument of his acquaintance with the theory and practice of all these arts in his treatises, "Dell' Oreficeria" and "Della Scultura." The first, though simply bearing the title "On Goldsmith's Work," treats of jewellery, niello, enamelling, coining, and other branches. The second minutely describes the art of casting in bronze, and discusses the several methods of choosing marble for sculpture, of modelling in clay, and so on. To my mind, there can be

no more inspiriting example for workers in all departments of art than the example given by Benvenuto Cellini. True, he was a man of undoubted genius and extraordinary vigour; and genius and vigour are not given to all men. But his life teaches us the old and never too often repeated lesson, that even genius is unavailing without hard work and hearty work. Besides, there is in every mind that possesses but a spark of the true artistic spirit, a touch of that feeling which exclaimed, "Anch 'io son pittore!" The works of the great masters move such minds to an *onesta invidia*, as Benvenuto has it. That he himself was constantly actuated by this sort of noble emulation, is beyond doubt. And with all his wild vanities and irritabilities and braggadocio, his enthusiasm for the truly beautiful and excellent in art, his unwavering worship and loyalty towards Michelangelo, and other instances, prove that he, like every other true artist, "needs must love the highest" when he saw it.

An incident, which had its sequel and completion some years later in Ferrara, may here be mentioned, as showing to what excellence in his art Benvenuto had by this time attained. There came to Rome a certain famous surgeon, named Giacomo Berengario da Carpi, who was, moreover, a man of great taste and intelligence in the fine arts. One day, chancing to pass by Benvenuto Cellini's shop, he observed certain drawings which the artist had before him, and among them designs for sundry fanciful little vases (*parecchi bizzarri vasetti*) which Benvenuto had made for his own pleasure and amusement. Messer Giacomo the surgeon must have had a seeing eye, for he at once selected these designs, and ordered Benvenuto to execute the vases for him in silver. "The which," says Benvenuto, "I did with the greatest willingness,



BUST OF COSIMO DE' MEDICI, BY CELLINI.

(National Museum, Florence.)

being after my own idea" (*secondo il mio capriccio*). The vases were made, paid for, and delivered. Messer Giacomo displayed his purchases to the Pope, and soon afterwards went away from Rome. Some six years later, Benvenuto being then in Ferrara, a gentleman of the court there boasted to him that he cared nothing for the work of modern silversmiths, having seen with his own eyes an antique silver vase of such marvellous workmanship as to make all contemporary efforts in that sort appear very poor and mean by comparison. He, the courtier, possessed indeed a cast of this inimitable masterpiece of antiquity, which he would, as a great favour, show to the Florentine artificer. The cast was brought with much pomp and ceremony, and exhibited. And lo! it was Benvenuto's own vase, designed and made by him for the surgeon Giacomo da Carpi. At first, of course, he was not believed when he claimed it. The case was in truth embarrassing; for the Ferrarese gentleman, in his enthusiasm for the antique, had declared that for the last thousand years no man had been born capable of copying, much less originating, such a work. To which Benvenuto, in his usual trenchant manner, retorted that the vase was indeed a fine piece of work, but that he, having assiduously laboured and studied for six years since making it, could now produce a finer, and in fact had done so. It appeared afterwards that the surgeon had passed off the vase upon Duke Alfonso d'Este as an antique; and had invented a cock-and-bull story about his having obtained it for a cure effected on a great nobleman at Rome.

T. A. Trollope.



THE CELLINI SALT-CELLAR.

(*Vienna.*)

THE TOWERS OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.*

THE proverb that "the world knows little of its greatest men" has seldom been more thoroughly exemplified than in the personal history of Sir Christopher Wren. Miss Phillimore is Wren's latest biographer, and her work has been carefully and thoroughly done. There can be little doubt, too, that she has exhausted the materials which are, or are ever likely to be, available. Her sketch of the accessory conditions of the main subject, notwithstanding an undisguised leaning towards the monarchical and prelatic view of the history of the time, is accurate and interesting. But the actual facts concerning the personal life of the great architect which she has recorded are exceedingly meagre; and we are once more confirmed in the opinion that there is very little

* (1) "Sir Christopher Wren: His Family and his Times." By Lucy Phillimore. London: Kegan Paul and Co. (1881.)

(2) "The Towers and Steeples Designed by Sir Christopher Wren." By Andrew Taylor, A.R.I.B.A., &c. London: B. T. Batsford, High Holborn.

to be known about Wren himself, and that we must look for the man almost exclusively in his works, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." And in spite of the reckless outrage which has been done upon many of his achievements by the vanity of contemporary architects, who have dared to attempt so-called improvements on work they had not the sense to understand; in spite of the destruction wrought by a churchmanship which sees no scope for religion except on one day in seven, and pulls down churches whole-



THE PRINCIPAL WORKS OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.
(From a Drawing by C. R. Cockerell.)

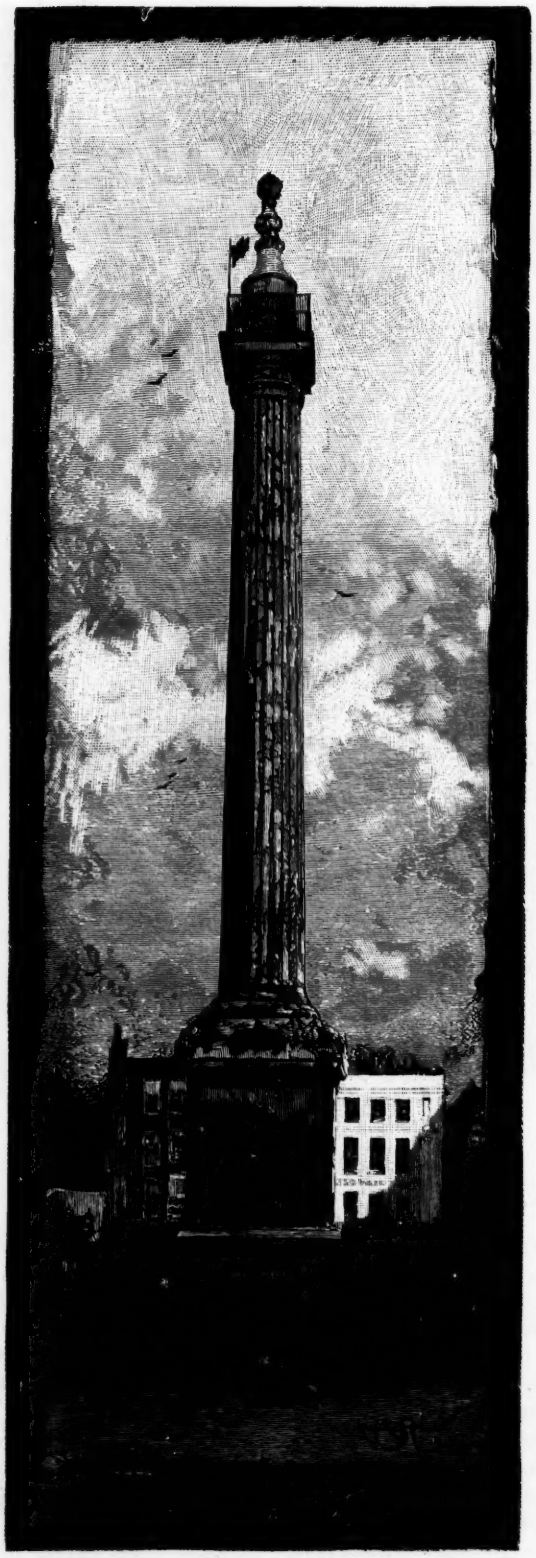
sale because they are only wanted on Sundays, London is still in great part a monument of Wren's genius, and those who have eyes to see need never be at a loss to know the great artist as he would have best liked to be known.

The second book, therefore, under notice, brief as is the letterpress, being abundantly illustrated, contains more of the man than any biography can bring to light. It seems to be a painstaking and careful little work; and though the sketches are of only moderate merit, the collection of so many designs in one volume is valuable and interesting. One rather wonders, by the way, how the author, who generally shows a fairly intelligent appreciation of Wren's design, can have accepted as his either the lantern of St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, or the spire of St. James's, Westminster (or Piccadilly, as it is generally called)—neither of which is worthy of him at his worst. Again, in spite of Mr. Ferguson, I have never been able to accept the western towers of Westminster Abbey as a success, especially in the face of Wren's recorded intention of following the style of the abbey in them: a style which, though he never thoroughly understood or valued it, he could handle with very fair effect. It is satisfactory to be able to correct Mr. Taylor on the authority of Miss Phillimore in, at any rate, most of these cases on the ground of fact; and for the remainder I am prepared to go bail for my opinion. As for the tower of St. Mary's, Warwick, lovers of Wren need not resent Mr. Taylor's inclusion of it among his towers, as it is a fine structure in its way. But it lacks the breadth and concentration which were characteristic of Wren's handiwork; Miss Phillimore says it is not his; and nothing but overwhelming testimony would convince me that it is.

In all great careers there are two factors, faculty

and circumstance, and these are meted out in very varied proportions. The triumph of faculty over adverse conditions is heroic and ennobling from a moral point of view, but the result is often saddening. When mediocrity is raised to eminence by prosperous influences, the effect is neither elevating nor satisfactory. The cases in which the highest faculty meets the most favourable conditions of circumstance are necessarily rare; but Wren's was emphatically one of the most conspicuous.

It may be interesting to consider how many circumstances co-operated towards providing for his powers the fullest scope. In the first place, he inherited the gratitude of the Royalist party, which returned to power just at the time when he was of an age to profit by its interest. Then, his scientific training had taught him to approach architecture from its practical side; and while his structural knowledge, acquired simply as a branch of general culture, fitted him to enter on the post of King's Surveyor, his eminence in science gave him an exceptionally strong position—the position of an equal among those who had patronage at their command. Having thus reached a point of eminence which his few early works had fully justified, such a field of operation as no man ever had before was



suddenly laid open to him. The Great Fire swept old London away, and left Wren a new London to build. Even then his good fortune was not exhausted. Though by that time a thoroughly trained architect, his powers had scarcely culminated, and the greatest of the works which fell to his lot was almost beyond him. The many delays which occurred in settling the design of St. Paul's were really of the utmost benefit to his fame. Those who have studied the drawings bequeathed to All Saints' Library, in Oxford, will see of how many discarded designs the present cathedral is the outcome, and will trace a progress from comparative crudity to the grand maturity we know. No doubt many will regret that the earlier design, known by the model lately on view at South Kensington, was not adhered to;* but even this was produced only after protracted study, and though it has its points of superiority, especially as to the interior effect, I

* Canon Venables has lately advocated the adoption of this design for the proposed cathedral at Liverpool. His arguments in its favour are very worthy of consideration, but does he think that the public will find a million and a half, or possibly two millions, for the purpose of carrying it out? Or if the design is to be adapted to a much smaller scale, a faculty not much inferior to Wren's will be fully taxed; and where, among living architects, does he expect to find the necessary qualification?



ST. ANDREW'S, HOLBORN.

doubt if, on the whole, the result could have been as satisfactory as the existing St. Paul's. Nor was this all. Having gained full maturity of power as well as perfect opportunity, he had the good fortune to live to complete his building, and at a very advanced age was able to view a new cathedral, and almost a new city, of which he was the author.

No doubt his path was not altogether smooth. The very delays which were so useful to his fame must have been a trouble to him at the moment; and the mean and unworthy treatment to which he was subjected in his later years, still more his final dismissal by George I.—the enemy of art as of all that was noble and elevating—were no light burdens to bear. Still, these misfortunes had no effect either on his career or his reputation, and it is from this point of view alone that I am now considering the circumstances in which he was placed. This being so, it is clear that in his case an unbroken series of favourable conditions gave occasion for the full development of a faculty that was perhaps unequalled in his field of labour; and that it was his fortune to turn to good account, and almost to transform into a fortunate event, one of the greatest calamities in history. It will be useful to attempt to arrive at some estimate of the extent and character of the changes which he effected in architecture; and to do this we must try to form an idea of the state of art as he found it and as he left it.

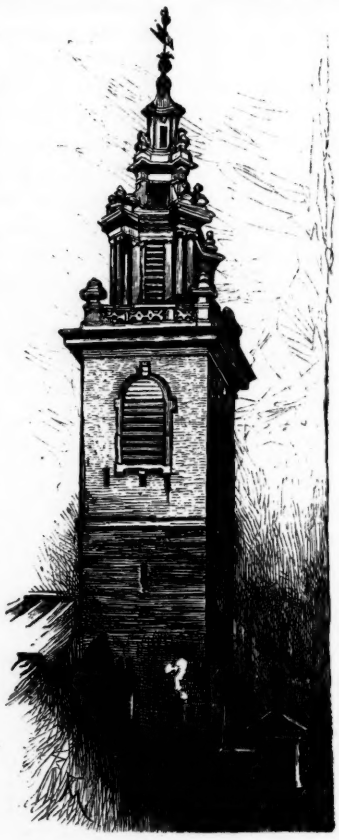
Gothic architecture, as every one knows, having passed through the three leading styles, popularly known as Early English, Decorated, and Tudor, developed in the later phases of the style last-named a luxuriance and a richness which were a symptom of approaching degradation. In the time of Henry VIII. it showed signs of losing its purity and its accuracy of detail; and these symptoms of deterioration had scarcely become apparent, when the effects of the Renaissance, which was then sweeping over Europe—involving in the change not art only, but literature, learning, and the whole range of thought—began to be visible in architecture. A little later the fashion of travel became general, and an acquaintance with foreign—and especially with Italian—styles set the popular taste in a new direction, while the marvellous development of brilliant fancy and almost reckless enterprise, which was characteristic of the reign of Elizabeth, gave an impetus to schemes of building in the novel fashion and on a noble scale. But, while in Italy, where Gothic design had never really taken root, the aim in architecture was towards pure Classic, in England the Gothic influence still held its own, and caused a fusion of the two elements; in varying proportions as time wore on, and the latter influence gained upon the earlier. In all the buildings which are generaly classed as Elizabethan and Jacobean, and which form one of the most pleasing types of national architecture, the motive is the same. The old mediæval architecture is the groundwork of the design, and the influence of the revival of classicism is apparent in the details and in increased scope and magnificence. Those who are familiar with such works as Audley End, Blickling, Hatfield, and Bramshill, will be at no loss either to understand the nature of the fusion, or to assign to each style its part in the general result. This was the state of architecture as it was found by Wren's great predecessor, Inigo Jones.

Jones had travelled in Italy, and had studied Italian architecture closely and accurately, and before his



ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET STREET.

impulse the lingering tradition of Gothic disappeared. It is useless to discuss whether his influence was or was not favourable to art. Many will find a charm in the earlier transitional style which will be lacking to them in his work. At any rate, the change he inaugurated was inevitable, and he only hastened an end which had long been approaching. As a designer, within the bounds which his own bent and the tendencies of culture in England had set for him, his work is very perfect. Such an achievement as the banqueting-hall of Whitehall, which in his great design was merely one feature of a magnificent whole, still holds its own as a perfect example of pure classic design. But Inigo Jones, though a consummate artist, was an artist of limited ideas. He had learnt his lesson thoroughly, and was fully competent to import the best Italian design; but he seems to have made no effort either to give it a national type or to make it elastic and adaptable.



ST. JAMES'S, GARLICK HILL.

It would be unfair to take this shortcoming as a proof of any defect of faculty. As we have seen before, faculty can only be appraised in relation to circumstance; and in the case of Inigo Jones, circumstance was as adverse as in Wren's case it was favourable. His greatest enterprises were brought to a close, and his career was ruined, by the Commonwealth. The Commonwealth was as complete an interregnum in the development of art as it was in the history of monarchy. The influences which were becoming predominant under Charles I. were suspended. When, with the monarchy, a new age of art returned, the conditions were greatly changed. The more recent tendencies in architecture had grown old, and in the diminishing perspective were already less detached from the older.

The work of any great artist is a resultant, partly of the influences which he inherits, partly of the original power he brings to bear upon his task. The brief retrospect which I have given will show us what Wren found ready to his hand, and the better enable us to see what he was able to accomplish. The nearest and most direct influence to which he succeeded was doubtless that of Inigo Jones; but this, as we have seen, was so far removed in time as to have ceased to predominate. Beyond this were the monuments of the Jacobean and Elizabethan styles, with their picturesque and fanciful features, their quaint lanterns and towers, displaying, as a general characteristic, a freedom and elasticity of style which was unknown to the later Classicism. Beyond these, again, were the stately products of the Gothic styles; and it must be borne in mind that, though mediæval architecture had fallen into disrepute and contempt, England was still studded with noble towers, which could not fail to delight and to influence a genius of so wide a scope as Wren's—especially as he was detached by circumstances from any dominant tradition. What ideas Wren derived directly from Continental architecture it is impossible to say. A journey to Paris at the beginning of his career is the only one that is recorded of him. To Italy he never went; and though, no doubt, the fashion of style which was in the air, and was constantly invading England—in travellers' tales, in drawings, in the various treatises then extant, and in other ways, to an extent now impossible to determine—must have had its due effect upon his design, it is fair to conclude that he was educated mainly on English examples, and was far more than his predecessor a genuinely English architect. It was mainly from the precedents which I have described that his works were developed. From classic architecture, as he had studied it in the work of Inigo Jones, and in such books as were available, was derived the main character of his work as to style; the picturesque freedom of the Jacobean methods suggested an elasticity which was unknown to the purer type; while the Gothic monuments of England taught him noble form and striking outline. All of these he fused in the varied and consistent style which he created.

Nowhere is the scope of his genius more apparent than in his towers and spires; and with the help of Mr. Taylor's book an excellent idea can be formed, both of the extent of his creative faculty and of the proportion in which his design was influenced by the suggestions of previous work. These towers may be generally grouped under three classes: first, those which are towers proper; secondly, those of which the tower proper is the principal, and the lantern or spire the subordinate, feature; and lastly, those in which the spire is of equal importance with the tower.

Of the first class may be mentioned, St. Michael's, Cornhill; St. Mary's, Aldermanbury; St. Alban's, Wood Street; St. Olave's, Jewry; St. Mary's, Somerset; All Hallows', Lombard Street; St. George's, Botolph Lane; St. Andrew's, Holborn; St. Clement's, Clement's Lane; and St. Andrew in the Wardrobe. The three first of these are thoroughly Gothic in general design. St. Michael's, Cornhill, indeed, is very closely studied from Magdalen Tower at Oxford, from which it differs mainly in the sections of the mouldings. They only depart from those of the original because Wren had not studied Gothic detail with sufficient accuracy to give them correctly, and not, as in other examples of his manner, because he altered them with a view to giving a classic turn to the design. It is worthy of note that Wren in his attempts at Gothic, in spite of the grave defect of inadequate knowledge, is often far more successful in the general result than many of the most distinguished modern Gothicists, who know nothing but mediæval architecture and its details. Probably there are few to be found who will not allow the tower in question, with all its defects, to be far more truly Gothic than the vulgar porch which an eminent hand has irreverently added. As for St. Mary's, Aldermanbury, it is no doubt a rebuilding of the ancient tower with only slight modification. It in many respects resembles the central tower of Canterbury Cathedral, from which Wren may have obtained some hints for its construction. The base of the tower is original, and the marks of the fire may still be seen in the interior of its lower stage. St. Alban's, Wood Street, has a good honest Gothic tower of excellent design, and is only defective, as was inevitable, in respect of detail. These towers may be taken as a group apart, designed by Wren as strict and deliberate essays in Gothic architecture. The tower of Christchurch, known as Tom Tower, is a more original but less successful effort in the same direction. The broken outline at the springing of the dome is quite as opposed to the principles of Gothic design as it is to those of dignified effect in any style. But it is a mistake which is constantly made in Victorian Gothic, without the excuse of ignorance on the part of its authors, and with far less ability of design to redeem it. In the other towers the aim has simply been to read into Classic some features of the Gothic. Speaking generally, the fenestration remains very similar to that which is characteristic of mediæval examples, and the proportion and distribution of members are not unlike. But the tracery disappears from the windows; the section of the cornice is classicised in form, and in place of pateræ we find a course of dentils and consoles; the pinnacles are replaced by urns, obelisks, and cartouches; and the tracery of the parapet is changed either to plain masonry or balustrading. The form of tower thus obtained appears to me a perfectly legitimate and satisfactory one, and the handling of the proportion to be quite as able as in good examples of the earlier type. This group of towers shows much variety of design within the limits set by great simplicity of outline, together with a thorough understanding of the elements of effect.

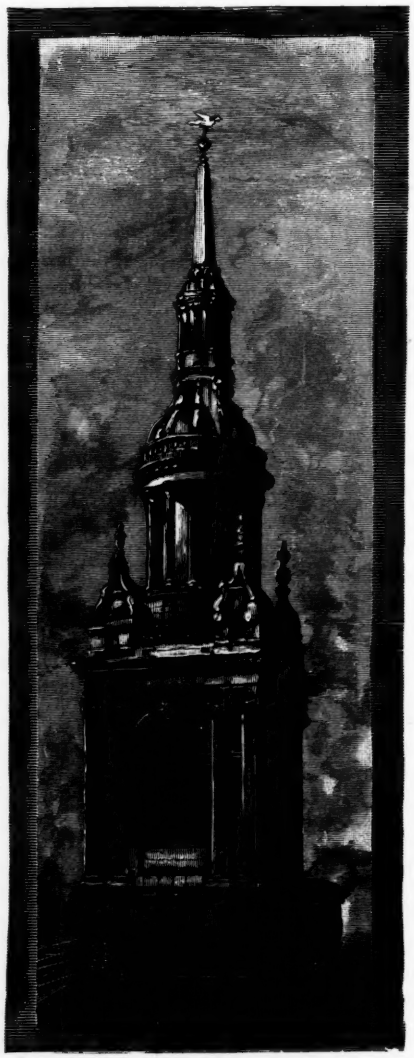
It is, however, in the combination of tower with spire or lantern that Wren's peculiar genius of invention is best displayed. In dividing the works which display this characteristic into the two classes particularised above, a somewhat arbitrary line must be taken, as it is difficult exactly to define between lantern and spire. The following, however, may be taken as well-defined lanterns: St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf; St. Mary Magdalene, Old Fish Street; St. Anne and St. Agnes; and St. Michael Bassishaw. The lantern of St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf, has been placed first in order as the one which most nearly approaches the type of the old Jacobean lantern as Wren may have seen it at Blickling or elsewhere. The termination of the tower by a bold cornice, immediately above which springs the lantern, is remarkably similar in character to some of these Jacobean



ST. MAGNUS', LONDON BRIDGE.

examples; and the treatment of the lower portion of the tower, with its square mullioned windows topped with bold cornices, goes far to confirm the suspicion that such monuments had not been left unstudied. The Jacobean feeling gives the note to many of the spires, which show the same type developed into more importance; and with such a starting-point it needed only great fertility of invention to reach by easy stages such a grand culmination as the spire of St. Mary-le-Bow.

There is no greater proof of imbecile invention than the tendency to adorn equally all parts of a design. In Wren's lanterns and in his smaller spires the principle of subordination is conspicuous. He seems always to concentrate all the richness of the design upon a single feature. In such examples as St. James's, Garlick Hill, and St. Stephen's, Walbrook, the tower below the parapet is of extreme severity, while the spirilet is of great richness; and the effect thus achieved is of a far higher value than could have been attained by the equal distribution of ornamentation. The distinction of the lantern from the spire is merely a question of degree, but all really important features surmounting towers are best classed with the latter. These might well be further grouped in three divisions, of which the first would be the spires proper—those most nearly allied to their Gothic predecessors; the second, those that might be defined as developed lanterns; and the third, those in which the effect was obtained by the grouping of well-known classical features. Here, again, the definition cannot be either accurate or exhaustive, as many of the examples before us will appear to have equal claims to a place in more than one division. Nevertheless, the classification will be fairly applicable to the majority of Wren's spires, and will be of special interest as exemplifying the three main elements in the constitution of his designs.



ST. MARY-LE-BOW.

Three of his spires, St. Margaret Pattens, St. Swithin's, Cannon Street, and St. Antholin's, Watling Street, are closely modelled on ordinary Gothic types. A fourth, St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, is equally Gothic, but Gothic of a comparatively rare form, found, so far as I know, only at Newcastle-on-Tyne and in Scotland. Of the remaining three, each one represents a different type of spire. It is well known that the principal problem which has presented itself in the successful designing of spires, and which has been the main motive of their various forms, is the necessary transition from the square tower to the octagonal superstructure. Wren solved this problem in various ways, both with precedent and without it. In St. Margaret Pattens he had recourse to the ordinary Gothic plan of placing pinnacles at the angles. The pinnacles become decorated obelisks, and the spire is cut up into panels; otherwise there is no change. In St. Antholin's, Watling Street, in my opinion the best of Wren's spires proper, now destroyed (under episcopal auspices), he had recourse to a type well known in Normandy. The square tower terminates with a well-marked cornice, and above this is an octagonal perpendicular storey, the angles left being filled by features that are semi-circular in plan and terminated by semi-domes. They occupy exactly the position and perform the functions of the spirilets found in known examples, and only differ in being attached and classicised. In St. Swithin's, Watling Street, he had recourse to a device of his own, on which he is scarcely to be congratulated, though it shows immense courage. This was simply to scoop out the top angles of the tower, and so obtain an octagonal base for the spire.

Of the second and third groups, space will not permit me to speak at length. Three well-defined examples are St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf, which I have already mentioned, St. Peter's, Cornhill, and St. Magnus', London Bridge, in all of which one

seems to see some trace of the influence of the Jacobean lantern. Of the third type, that obtained by the grouping of purely classical features, the best marked examples are Christ Church, Newgate Street; St. Michael's, College Hill; and, last and most elaborate, St. Bride's, Fleet Street.

It has been my object in the above analysis to determine the amount of Wren's indebtedness to anterior work, and to try and resolve the extent to which he drew on each of the three precedents at his command. The breadth and fecundity of his original invention may in some sort be inferred from the vast number of designs which fail to fall into any of my categories. Such examples as St. Michael Bassishaw; St. Mary's, Abchurch; St. Martin's, Ludgate; St. Nicholas', Cole Abbey; and lastly—his finest achievement in this field—St. Mary-le-Bow, may owe something to previous schools, but are as genuinely original inventions, and are as independent of precedent, as architecture has ever produced.

It is hopeless to attempt to review Wren's work in the limits of a short paper, and my readers must be content that I should have confined my consideration to his towers—by no means the least suggestive section of his achievements. We have seen, by a fragmentary review of his work, how, in this field, he succeeded in forming out of the sparse material afforded by previous styles a new, original, and homogeneous, though boldly varied, group of towers. It would be as easy to show that upon an equally slight basis of earlier work, with the aid of unexampled opportunities, he built up a complete, consistent, and national architecture, the influence of which is abundantly apparent at the present moment. Of his personal life we must still remain in almost complete ignorance; the written record is jejune and totally inadequate, and we must be content that it shall always be so. But the history of his art, in which his life must needs have been mainly absorbed, remains with us, written in most striking characters; and—if greed of gain and indifference to art on the one hand, and a narrow formalism and inelasticity of religious practice on the other, shall permit it—may still remain a delight and an example to future ages.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

A NEW LIFE OF RAPHAEL.*

MR. W. ARMSTRONG has done a service to English readers in introducing to them the new and handsome volume on "Raphael: his Life, Works, and Times," by M. Eugène Muntz. The book cannot indeed be said, either in its French or in its English form, to supply a conclusive or perfectly adequate treatment of its theme. It leaves the final picture still to be drawn, the final estimate still to be presented, of the life and work of that happy-starred and radiant spirit christened Raphael—"an angel nature in an angel name"—whose destiny it was to gather into one all the separate threads of artistic life and artistic effort in Italy, and to weave them into a contexture of beauty more harmonious and more complete than the world is ever likely to see again. But although the work of M. Muntz has no pretensions to a character of final or classical authority, it is a very serviceable as well as a very sumptuous volume in its way. It belongs to that increasing class of richly illustrated gift-books, in which the text has been written, not, as in old-fashioned gift-books was too commonly the case, hastily and by the first comer, but with diligent study and labour by an accomplished and distinguished writer. M. Muntz is well known as a historical critic of art, and holds the office of librarian at the École des Beaux-Arts at Paris. With one exception, to which we shall presently refer, he has availed himself in the present work of the researches of all the chief previous and contemporary inquirers. And he has presented the result in a connected narrative which, without being particularly brilliant, is full, orderly, and judicious. As a matter of proportion, M. Muntz gives perhaps almost too much space to the discussion of the social and intellectual surroundings in the midst of which Raphael at the various stages of his life found himself placed. His accounts of Urbino under the good Duke Frederick, of Perugia under the riotous leadership of the Baglioni, of the various artistic influences which Raphael found at work in Florence, and of life and culture at Rome during the papacies of Julius and of Leo respectively; all these could hardly have been written more justly, but they might have been written with

* "Raphael: his Life, Works, and Times." From the French of Eugène Muntz. London: Chapman and Hall.



STUDY FOR THE PICTURE OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON" IN THE LOUVRE.
(*Uffizzi Gallery.*)

more point and conciseness. In dealing with the productions of Raphael's art, on the other hand, M. Muntz never allows himself to fall, as does another distinguished Raphael critic in France, M. F. A. Gruyer, into the fault of a too rhapsodical prolixity. He gives the required information as to the origin, the subject, and the external fortunes and history of any picture plainly and to the purpose; putting the reader in the right way to make his analysis of its deeper meanings and its subtler qualities for himself, rather than choosing to make them for him. On the whole, the work of M. Muntz will enable the student to form a juster and a fuller general conception of the genius and work of Raphael than any single volume which yet exists, except perhaps that of Professor Anton Springer, of Leipzig, who has lately told the story of his life and of Michelangelo's together.

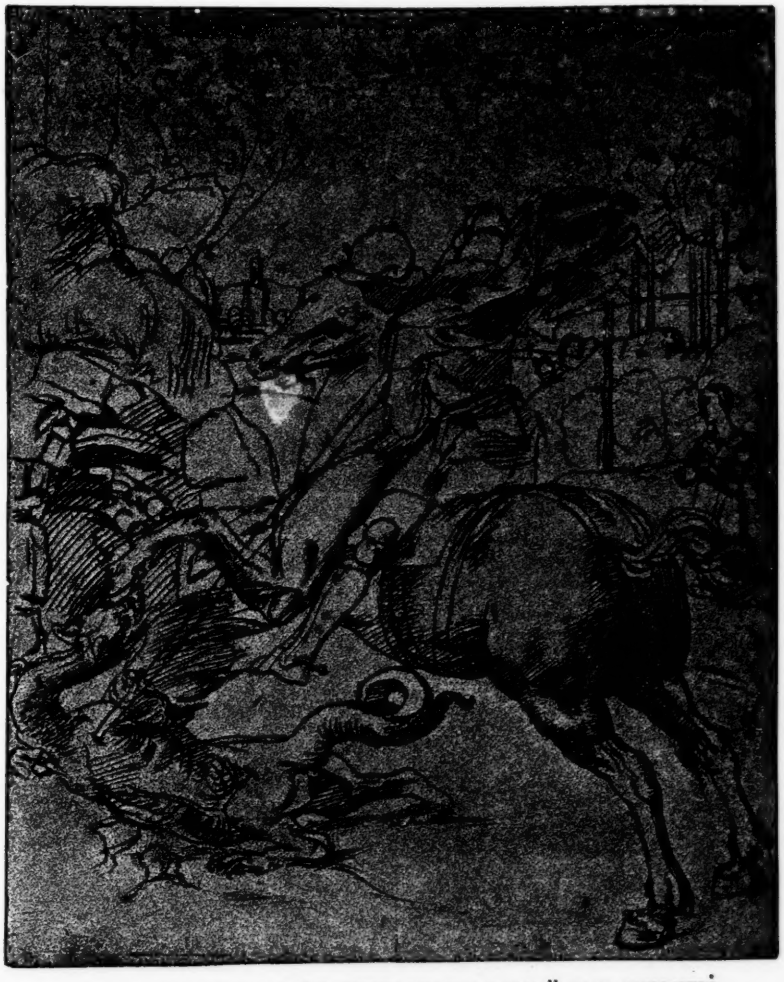
Of these two potent spirits, Michelangelo and Raphael, whose work represents the ultimate attainment and consummated power of art in Central Italy, Michelangelo is the masculine spirit, the spirit of strength, self-sufficiency, concentration, of indignant energy and defiance; Raphael is the feminine spirit, the spirit of sweetness, openness, and adaptiveness, of sunny ardour and all-conciliating grace. Born with one special and paramount artistic interest of his own, the instinct for suave and rhythmical combinations of linear form, Raphael possessed in addition an unrivalled gift of assimilation. He caught and made his own the best powers and properties of every teacher and of every school wherewith he came in contact. And the acquisitions made with this magical facility Raphael retained, not as an incongruous bundle of acquisitions. He was no mere gifted eclectic; the fire of his own spirit was strong enough to fuse them into one. His native instinct of grace, of linear perfection, purity, and balance, imposed its own laws upon all his acquired powers and properties besides. This essential quality of his art remains the same whether he is repeating, in his earliest days, the lessons of his Umbrian masters, Timoteo Viti and Pietro Perugino; or whether, on his first plunge into the currents of artistic life at Florence, he makes his own all the science of Lionardo and all Fra Bartolommeo's dignity of sentiment and amplitude of *ordonnance;* or whether, finally, he absorbs from his rival Michelangelo, at Rome, a great part of his gifts of stormy majesty and superhuman force. At the same time the more impalpable, spiritual qualities of Raphael's art fail to remain equally constant. This is not the place to inquire how or why the old charm and inwardness of feeling, the poetic favour which he had inhaled with the air of his Umbrian mountains, deserted him in the course of his career, and how it was only for a little while, until the completion of the first two or three of his great frescoes in the Vatican, that science and inspiration both remained at their height and equally balanced in his work. After this the science remained or increased with him; the controlling instinct of grace continued inalienable, but it was a grace henceforth often external and mechanical, and the inspiration, except for occasional and memorable returns, as in the Sistine Madonna, had departed.

The work of Raphael's Umbrian period, and the

manner in which its character gradually changes during the first part of his Florentine period; the work of his Florentine period properly so-called, culminating in the great "Entombment" of the Borghese Palace; and the work of his Roman period; these naturally form the three main historical divisions of his career as treated by M. Muntz. The Roman period, comprising the last ten years of his life, occupy by themselves nearly two-thirds of the book; as indeed is natural, considering the many-sided interest of the social world in which Raphael was in those days the most radiant figure, and the multifarious nature of his own occupations and achievements in its midst. Hardly Alexander or Napoleon ever put forth for the evil of mankind such devouring and unimaginable activity of body and spirit as Raphael during those brief years put forth for its delight.

On the whole, this Roman division of M. Muntz's book is the best done. In his account of the early life of the master, our author has profited by the researches and arguments of Dr. Springer; but not —it may be presumed that he wrote too soon to profit by—those of Signor Morelli. Writing in German, under the pseudonym of "Ivan Lermolieff," Signor Morelli has put forward some wholly new opinions upon the life and work of Raphael which have roused the warmest admiration, and in some instances the warmest antagonism, among students and historians of art. Dr. Springer had shown conclusively that Raphael cannot have entered the studio of Perugino at the age of thirteen, as usually supposed, but that he must have entered it in 1500, as a trained assistant rather than as an apprentice. With reference to the question from whom he had received his earlier lessons, Signor Morelli has shown reason for believing that the boy's teacher, after the death of his father, must have been his townsman Timoteo Viti, then lately returned from the studio of Francia at Bologna. Signor Morelli has further conclusively, to my mind, disposed of the account, reiterated by all authorities since Vasari, according to which this same Timoteo Viti, Raphael's lifelong friend, but his senior by many years, stood afterwards to him in the relation of a pupil, and came and helped him with some of his frescoes at Rome. Another matter on which the same sagacious and authoritative Italian critic seems to me to have proved his point is as to the origin of the famous album of drawings acquired for the Academy at Venice from the painter Bossi. These have been unhesitatingly attributed to Raphael; Signor Morelli shows that most of them are in reality by Pinturicchio, including one at least which M. Muntz reproduces amongst his illustrations as a typical example of Raphael's early manner.

In the attribution and identification of works of

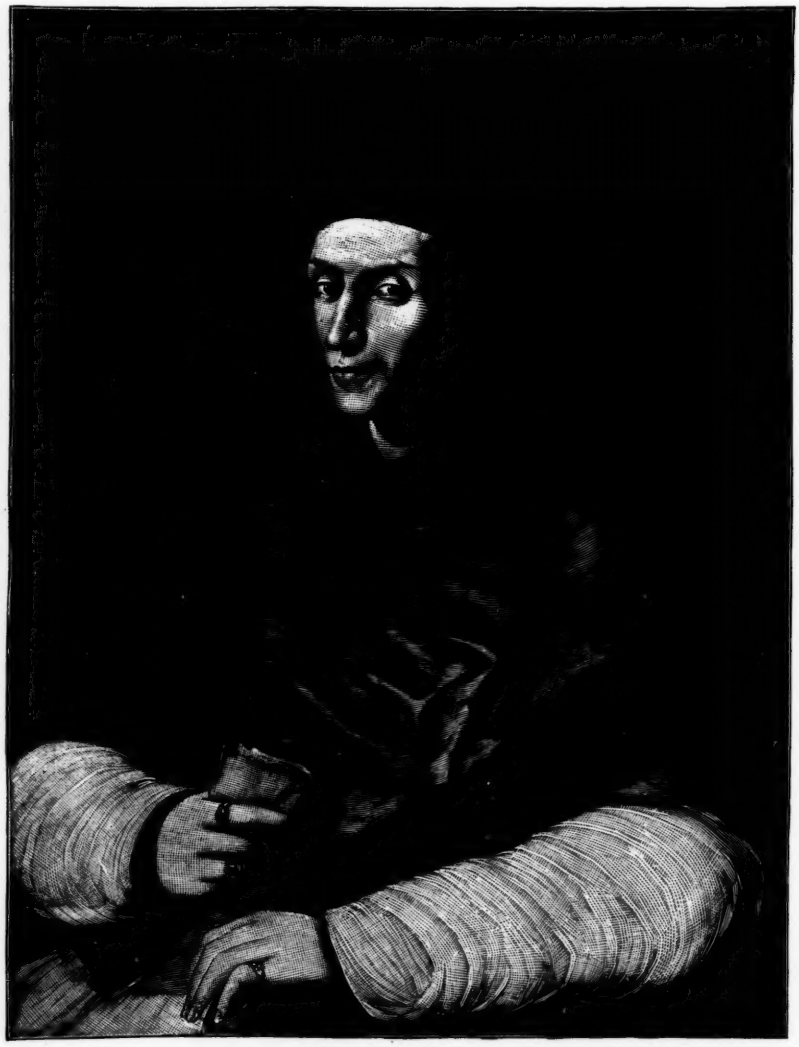


STUDY FOR THE PICTURE OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON" AT ST. PETERSBURG.

(Uffizzi Gallery.)

art, it cannot indeed be said that M. Muntz writes with quite first-rate knowledge or authority. Thus he accepts as a genuine Raphael Mr. Morris Moore's very beautiful, but very problematical, little "Apollo and Marsyas." Thus, again, he dismisses the to my mind almost certain, and at any rate most interesting, portrait known as the "Donna Velata," or "Veiled Lady," at the Pitti; a work which the best recent Raphael authorities have been agreed in recognising as an original study from the same sitter who was afterwards glorified by the painter into the "Madonna di San Sisto." In this M. Muntz follows the opinion of M. F. A. Gruyer, and that hastily expressed, but I believe no longer held, by the distinguished editor of the last edition of Burckhardt's "Cicerone." Once more, M. Muntz speaks, without any grounds except those of an idle tradition, as though the well-known engraving in which Marcantonio has represented a man in a cloak seated on a step, were unquestionably a portrait of Raphael, and probably a portrait of him as he sat shivering in the fever which carried him off.

By the courtesy of the English publishers, we are enabled to reproduce a few of the illustrations with which M. Muntz has adorned his volume. These are very numerous, and vary considerably in merit. A few are of first-rate excellence; I speak especially of woodcuts like that from Perugino's portrait of himself, and that from Raphael's so-called "Fornarina" at the Barberini Palace, or those from the emblematical *grisailles* at the Vatican. The choice made of original drawings for reproduction is copious and with a few exceptions judicious. But being reproduced by a mechanical process, and printed with the letterpress, the drawing in many cases seems thick and clogged, and receives a less really exact representation than in the woodcut copies employed in Professor Springer's work. The process reductions of line engravings are, as inevitably happens, in some degree marred either by spottiness of line or unpleasantness of texture, but are nevertheless valuable as setting before the reader's eye the compositions described in the text. The same may be said of the outline cuts, which in themselves have little charm or merit. To pass to the quality of the translation in the English edition—it is, as usual in such cases, fairly creditable, but capable of much improvement. That is to say, the style is inoffensive but somewhat wooden, and the rendering accurate on the whole, but not seldom wrong in technicalities: as where, to give



PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL BIBBIENA.

(Pitti Palace, and Madrid.)

one instance out of a number, a drawing "à la pierre d'Italie" is called a drawing "on Italian stone."

The examples accompanying our text will serve to give a fair idea of the style and the variety of the illustrations which adorn M. Muntz's pages. First come two direct reproductions of drawings from Raphael's early time; the originals are in the Uffizzi Gallery at Florence. Both are preliminary studies for pictures, and both illustrate the same subject —the fight of St. George and the Dragon. The picture completed after the former of these studies was the work of Raphael in his twenty-first year (1504); it was painted for Duke Guidobaldo of Urbino, and is now in Paris, where it forms one of the familiar jewels of the Salon Carré at the Louvre. From the weapon with which the hero is about to deal the finishing blow at his enemy, it is known as the "St. George with the Sword," while the picture painted from our second study is for the same reason celebrated as the "St. George with the Lance." This second work was painted two years after the other, in 1506, on the commission of the same patron, Duke Guidobaldo, who sent it in that year as a present to King Henry VII. of England, in acknowledgment of the honour the king had done him in making him a Knight of the Garter. It is in allusion to this that the St. George in the picture wears upon his leg a garter inscribed with the word *"Honi."* In course of time the painting unfortunately found its way from England to Russia, and is now in the Gallery of the Hermitage.

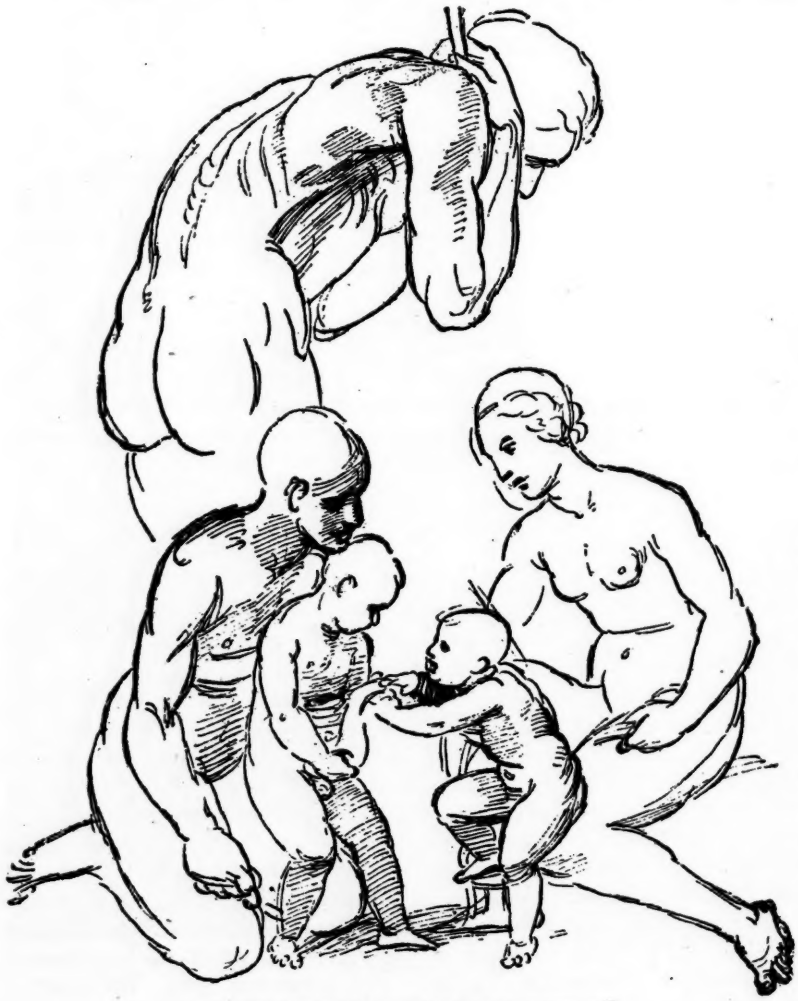


HOLY FAMILY, CALLED "DI CASA CANIGIANI."
(*Munich.*)

Of the two designs as here given, the second is somewhat the more finished, containing, in addition to the main subject, the sketch of a landscape background, in the spirit of Raphael's friend and helper, Timoteo Viti, and the figure of the princess who kneels praying as she awaits the issue. In the earlier design the saint strikes a back-hand blow with his sword from the left; in the later he thrusts with a lance from the right; the composition in this case showing, as M. Muntz justly observes, the influence of Donatello's bas-relief at Or San Michele in Florence, which Raphael had seen and studied in the interval. For the rest, the spirit of both designs is the same. There breathes from them both that innocency of the imagination which was a characteristic of the Umbrian religious schools, and that instinct of linear grace on which we have insisted as Raphael's own paramount gift. The sense of life and reality is lost in the sense of rhythm and

charm. It is not merely that the rearing horse is in either case somewhat childishly stiff in action; Lionardo da Vinci was the only artist who by this time had mastered and learnt thoroughly to express the movement of a horse in action; it is that all the auxiliary as well as all the leading lines—those of the knight's cloak and of his charger's tail and of the dragon's folds and all—combine themselves, especially in the earlier picture, into a scheme so full of suavity that the fight seems to be conducted to no warlike but rather to a dancing measure.

Perhaps the central instance in Raphael's work of this subordination of reality to charm, the suppression of all turbulences and dissonances under an inviolable rule of grace, is furnished by the picture which occupied so much of his time and labour towards the close of his period of residence at Florence; I mean the famous "Entombment" now in the Borghese Palace at Rome. This picture was ordered as a "Pietà," or subject of Mary mourning over her son, by Atalanta Baglioni, of the beautiful and ferocious race of the Baglioni of Perugia, herself a stricken mother, the story of whose life is one of the wildest of that or of any other age. It has been admirably told by Mr. J. A. Symonds in his "Sketches in Italy and Greece." Raphael's first intention was to paint the scene of mourning immediately following the deposition from the Cross, and to model his treatment on that adopted by his master Perugino in the well-known picture of the same theme now at the Pitti. Afterwards he abandoned this purpose, and chose for representation the later moment when the body of Christ has been raised by the disciples, and, surrounded by the weeping Maries, is carried towards the tomb; founding his design partly, it would seem, on that of Andrea Mantegna's impressive engraving of the same subject. The picture as at last completed is full of admirable accomplishment; the figure of the disciple sustaining the legs of the corpse is one of heroic beauty and prowess; that of the Magdelene pressing forward, and raising the left hand of Christ in hers, one of faultless grace and distinction; and the group of women about the fainting Virgin on the right has scarcely less beauty. But in this pursuit of beauty and distinction, the impression, not of reality only, but of sincerity, is almost lost; it is all too stately, too rhythmical and fairly ordered. Vasari, as the climax of praise, exclaims, "How *graceful* are these women in their tears!" (*tanto graziose nel pianto*); and there is the point exactly. As we look at the work, our sense of tears is extinguished in our sense of grace. It was through a long series of trials and experiments that Raphael arrived at the somewhat too cold and balanced beauty of this result. The record of those trials and experiments is preserved in a number of successive sketches and studies, preserved in the collections of Paris, Florence,



STUDY FOR THE HOLY FAMILY, "DI CASA CANIGIANI."

Oxford, in that of Mr. Malcolm, and elsewhere. Several of these are of extraordinary beauty. Their true relations to one another, and to the Borghese picture, were first pointed out by Mr. J. C. Robinson. M. Muntz has judiciously chosen five of the most important drawings of the series for reproduction in his work. I have preferred not to give any of them here, inasmuch as they cannot be perfectly appreciated apart and out of their proper sequence.

Our other illustrations include the fac-simile of a drawing for one of the Holy Families known as the "Madonna di Casa Canigiani." The original, in a somewhat injured state, is at Munich; and of the several known copies, one of the best is in the Corsini Palace at Florence. Before the drawing we have placed a sketch of the finished picture. The skill with which the movements are varied, and the play of line and limb made harmonious and rich, within the limits of this strictly pyramidal and symmetrical composition, are extremely characteristic of the master. The preliminary drawing (in which the upper figure, that of Joseph leaning on his staff, has been put in on a different scale, and no doubt at a different time, from the lower figures) makes it plain how Raphael had by this time acquired, under Florentine example, the habit of conceiving his compositions in the first instance in the nude, and making studies for them from undraped models. For an illustration of Raphael's Roman work, we have reproduced, after M. Muntz, a woodcut after his masterly, incisive portrait of his friend and patron Bernardo Dovizio da Bibbiena, diplomatist, scholar, author, and cardinal, the most astute and adroit of the courtiers of the Papacy, until his worldly wisdom at last overreached itself. Of the two fine examples of this portrait known, that at the Pitti is now supposed to be a copy, and that at Madrid to be the true original. SIDNEY COLVIN.

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART-NEEDLEWORK.

THIS excellent institution has now reached the tenth year of its existence, having been founded in 1872 under the presidency of H.R.H. the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, and an influential committee of ladies, for "the twofold purpose of supplying suitable employment for gentlewomen, and restoring ornamental needlework to the high place it once held among the decorative arts." To accomplish this latter purpose would, in truth, involve a return which we are not likely to witness to bygone habits and manners. Still, a certain amount of demand for large work is apparent, and fine designs for it are supplied by Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Morris, Mr. Walter Crane, and others. One of these, a *portière* for a music-room, designed by Mr. Burne-Jones, is a group of female figures embroidered simply in outline with brown crewel on linen. It has been copied several times, and will doubtless continue to be a favourite, although it is not so showy as those that are worked in colours. A large decorative scheme by Mr. Walter Crane, for the top and sides of a doorway, is very fine in many ways, but the figures are unsatisfactory. They are not worked in outline, but filled in with fine embroidery in silk; and the effect, especially in the faces, is coarse and unpleasant. The drawing of the human figure, both in this particular instance and generally in the designs of the school, leaves much to be desired. And even in cases where it is faultless, it is a question still, in spite of the example of ancient tapestries, whether figure subjects are suitable for finished needlework. It is almost impossible to prevent the faces from appearing distorted, the eyes from being blank and staring, and the nude parts of the figure from looking raw and coarse. This is especially the case when the figures are on a small scale. It should never be forgotten by designers for needlework that the art, however beautiful, is a limited one, and that it is useless to try and make it co-extensive with painting. It is a relief to turn from the uncomfortable Greek goddesses intermingled with the beautiful floral and linear elements of Mr. Crane's design, to such a piece of pure abstract decoration as Mr. Morris's wall-hanging. This, though rather more conventionalised, is somewhat similar in pattern to many of Mr. Morris's wall-papers and chintzes. It is worked in quiet tones, and forms a perfect example of this particular kind of decorative work. There are, however, many more sumptuous specimens of this larger type hung round the walls of the show-rooms. Curtains of creamy white satin inwrought with delicate wild roses, the colour of pink shells; curtains of gold and silver and many-coloured silks on yellow satin, or dark green or blue velvet; curtains, and these not the least effective, worked with crewels in simple outline on serge or linen. Among the table-covers is one made of brilliant red plush, with a sun in the centre richly embroidered in raised gold amidst a radiance of gold rays, and with the same design, reduced, in each of the four corners. Many of the folding screens, too, are vast and beautiful enough to be classed with the larger designs.

The demand, however, is chiefly for minor fancy articles, of which there are always a great number and variety on view. With many articles of dress, there are screens, table-covers, chair-backs, cushions, couvre-pieds, tidies, fans, sachets for gloves and handkerchiefs, hand-bags, purses, blotters, and envelope-boxes, menu and photograph cases, cigar, letter, and paper cases, postcard and telegraph form cases—cases, in short, for everything that the heart of man or woman can desire: not to speak of a few objects which can hardly be considered suitable for decoration in needlework, such as pairs of bellows and medicine cabinets. Many of these smaller knicknacks are made for Christmas presents. A couvre-pied designed by Mr. Fairfax Wade, and worked in thick filoselle of several shades of madder-red on a dark-red plush ground, is extremely beautiful and new in character; the same design in shades of blue seemed not quite so effective. A novel impression was produced by a blotter and envelope-box worked with a fanciful design of gold leaves and silver spider-webs on a green satin ground. A glove and handkerchief sachet worked in a dainty pattern of white and gold on dark brown velvet was particularly attractive. Still, those who visit the school year after year grow weary and depressed over the monotony of the designs. Honeysuckles and roses, lilies and irises, sunflowers and daffodils are assuredly a goodly sight in themselves; but is it not just possible to get too much of their portraits worked no matter how faithfully on tissues however exquisite? We shall, no doubt, be told that there is a greater demand for floral designs than for any others; but a School of Art-Needlework professing high aims should do its utmost to educate and enlarge the public taste by a constant supply of new and effective patterns. A very slight acquaintance with Oriental needlework will prove how narrow and comparatively poor are our ideas of decorative design. These must be enriched and enlarged; and however expensive the best and rarest patterns may be, it is the duty of the school to provide them.

The first purpose of the founders—that of providing suitable employment for gentlewomen—has been accomplished to a very great extent. A hundred and twenty ladies on the average are constantly employed in the school; some in embroidering, some in designing patterns, some in drawing the patterns on material, and thus preparing work for amateurs; others in making up the finished work for sale at the school, others in selling the work and materials in the show-rooms, others as clerks, book-keepers, and so forth. The regular course of instruction in the school—which costs the learner £5—consists of but nine lessons of five hours each. At the end of this course the learner is considered a "qualified worker of the school," and may, under the direction of the lady manager, take her place in the large and well-lighted work-rooms at the back of the show-room, where the workers are expected to sit at their frames for about seven hours a day. No applicant is admitted to the course of instruction until there is a vacancy. It is a principle of the school to provide constant and regular employment for its staff of qualified workers, very often even during holiday times, when they are given work to do at home. This constitutes one of its chief responsibilities and expenses. Everything is paid by the piece, so that earnings depend very much on individual industry. Much personal interest, we are told, is taken by members of the committee in the welfare of the workers. Besides several comfortable and airy work-rooms, there is a kitchen and refreshment-room, and a small room where any overtired worker may rest in a comfortable chair, and refresh herself with a book from the library or a cup of tea from the kitchen. The offices filled by ladies in the school who are not embroiderers are paid weekly, and the salaries are continued throughout the vacation. Classes, too, are held in the school for lady amateurs who wish to learn the art.

It has been said sometimes that the prices of the finished needlework as well as the materials on sale at the South Kensington School are higher than elsewhere. But it must be remembered that the enterprise is not merely commercial. It is also avowedly, if not primarily, one of social beneficence. The prices are, in fact, carefully fixed on the lowest scale which experience shows to be compatible with the maintenance of the institution. Admitting that the school can be undersold by other and private establishments conducted for a purely commercial purpose, its prosperity must depend on two things: on the amount of sympathy with its special aims which can be awakened among the purchasing classes; and on its securing and maintaining a pre-eminent position for excellence and originality of design, and for soundness as well as beauty of material. To a very great extent the school has achieved this already, and it is to be hoped that it will do so more and more. The general public who take up needlework merely because they think it is the fashion, and who insist upon having the same patterns of bulrushes and kingfishers, of startling sunflowers and staring ox-eye daisies, over and over again, will not perhaps care to pay more for them at the school than they do at ordinary shops. But if the school will supply a variety of thoroughly good decorative designs in its finished, as well as for its prepared, work, it cannot fail of securing a growing custom among those who are interested in the higher development of the art of needlework, and of increasing the number of such persons year by year.



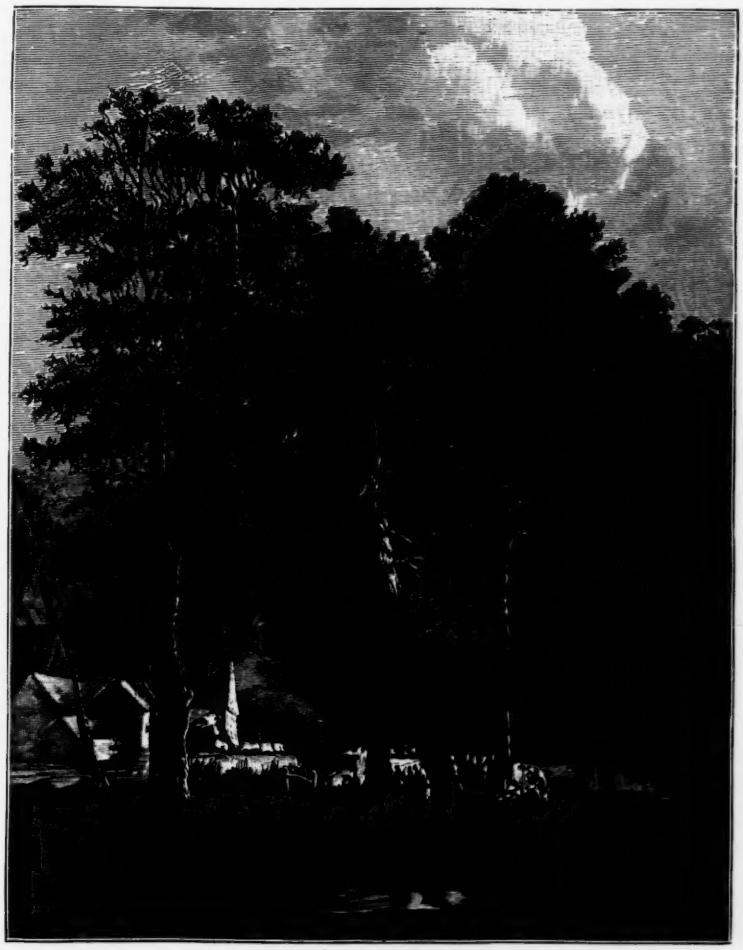
THE ANGELUS. DRAWN BY J.-F. MILLET.

(From the Photograph by Prætorius; by Permission of the Publisher, R. Gueraut.)

"OLD CROME."

JOHN CROME, called "Old Crome," to distinguish him from his painter-sons, was born in 1760, of humble parents (weavers), in a poor tavern at Norwich. He began his art-career when a mere child, and after the scantiest education as an apprentice to a coach and sign painter. In this way he got hold of pencils and colours; for in those days coach-painting was an artistic occupation, the panels of carriages being often elaborately decorated with fanciful designs. He was active-minded and determined. In spare moments he would draw from prints or anything he could get at; he would even attempt to copy nature. A camera-obscura, which was lent to him, gave him a mechanical aid in his studies, and helped no doubt to develop and elevate the admirable sense of accuracy which is a primary quality of his genius.

When his apprenticeship was ended, he painted signs for a living. He shared a lodging with another embryo artist, Ladbroke, and the two boys worked hard together. Two signs by Crome are still remembered: "The Two Brewers," painted in 1790, and carefully preserved at a brewery in Norwich; and "The Guardian Angel," which long hung high in front of a public-house at Southtown, near Yarmouth. It is said that he was sometimes so poor that he was compelled to paint sugar ornaments for confectioners, to clip his cat's tail to



LANDSCAPE, BY JOHN CROME.

(From the Picture in the Possession of W. R. Fisher, Esq.)



OLD JETTY, YARMOUTH, NORFOLK.

(From a Pencil Sketch in the Possession of Sir James Paget, Bart.)

favourite with the whole family, by whom it was always called "the green picture:" perhaps to distinguish it from a very dark autumnal landscape by Crome that hung near it; perhaps because of the sapling oak, with its spring foliage, which forms the principal object in its composition. Many years after, the fortunes of the house had changed. With an aching heart the owner made up his mind to part with his beloved Cromes. He asked his son, now Sir James Paget, then just past his pupilage at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to propose to Messrs. Christie and Manson that the pictures should be sent for sale to their auction rooms. He did so, and the member of the firm to whom he spoke inquired how much his father thought the pictures ought to realise. The son said he believed one of them, the "Grove Scene, Marlingford," to be worth a hundred guineas, others about fifty, or even less; and he was at once assured that there was not a Crome in the kingdom that would fetch a hundred pounds. He wrote the ill news home, and the pictures were not sent to London. The "Grove Scene" was afterwards privately sold to Mr. Sherrington, of Yarmouth, who collected Old Cromes, and at his death it passed into the hands of its present owner, Mr. Louis Huth. It was one of the two Old Cromes in the loan collection at the International of 1862, and excited great interest and admiration; it was also seen at the "Old Masters" some years ago, and now is worth a small fortune.

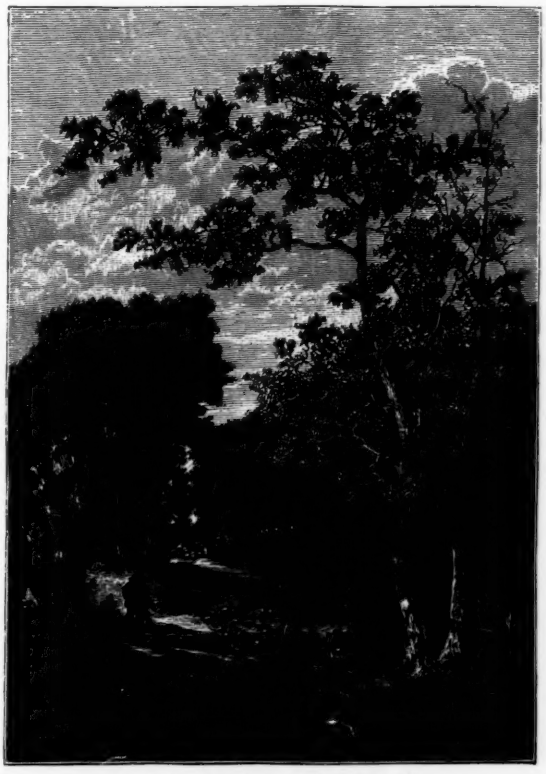
Several interesting drawings and sketches by Old Crome are in the family still. One of these, "The Old Jetty at Yarmouth," appears among our illustrations; fish is being landed on the beach, and in an upper corner of the drawing is roughly delineated one of the narrow carts peculiar to the town. Another is one of Crome's few water-colours: a large sketch of Matlock, done on the spot during one of his rare trips, the effect blotted in with broad firm touches. A third is an enormous pencil study of an old dying oak in Kimberley Park. It shows how carefully and closely Crome studied nature, and how thoroughly he understood the anatomy of trees. The peculiarity observed in dead oaks—of the branches becoming curved—is evidently perceived and noted down; the scant and scattered foliage, the gnarled and rugged trunk, the swelling of each branch as it leaves the parent stem, are all followed patiently and truthfully.

Crome also etched a good deal. Considering the enormous time taken up in getting from place to place for the purposes of teaching, and that from 1803 to 1821, the year he died, he contributed no less than 266 pictures, sketches, and studies to the exhibition of the "Society of Norwich Artists" (and a great many of his works were never shown there), his industry must have been extraordinary.

It is curious to trace the rise in value of his pictures. The "View of Mousehold Heath"—a favourite sketching-ground of Crome's, overshadowing, as it

does, his native city—was bought after the painter's death for £12, and passed from hand to hand till it was added to the collection of Mr. Yetts, of Yarmouth. It was the second of the two Old Cromes at the International of 1862, when art-critics first realised how great a master was the man hitherto esteemed but as a kind of local celebrity. It was bought for the nation at £400, and now hangs in the National Gallery. Of its kind it has incomparable merit. It shows us a wild flat, crossed by a narrow winding path; a great bank of heavy clouds is rising behind the edge of the heath; the mounds in the foreground are covered with gorse and docks. Another representative work in the National Gallery is the "View at Chapel Fields, Norwich:" of an avenue of trees, and of sleek cattle coming up a sunny road streaked with broad shadows from the overhanging foliage. A third is the admirable "Landscape with Windmill." On the top of a rising ground stands the mill, a road winding up to it; to the left are sand-pits, with donkeys feeding hard by; a tall sign-post stands by the open gate below, through which slowly rides the miller, all white, on his old white horse, his white sack across its back; a clump of trees fills up the right-hand side, and overhead is a grey, cool, peaceful sky. The effect—of mingled truthfulness and charm—is one not easily described nor soon forgotten. In March, 1867, at the sale of Mr. J. H. Gurney's collection, a noble Old Crome (a farmhouse) fetched 210 guineas. Its companion—a woody spot on the banks of the Yare, with gipsy encampment—realised 160 guineas. In the June of that same year, the magnificent "View of Cromer," at Messrs. Christie and Manson's, was sold for 1,020 guineas. In the Gillott collection, 1872, eight Old Cromes were sold at prices ranging from 130 guineas to 700 guineas; while at the sale in 1875 of the Manley Hall Gallery, belonging to Mr. Mendel, an upright landscape, representing a road scene, with a group of trees and a peasant, realised close upon £1,600. Like Millet and like Rousseau, whom he anticipated in so much, and whose art has so much in common with his own, he might, had he been so bold, have discounted the future to almost any extent he would.

Like them, too, the Norwich master is a prince of modern art. His practice and example are among the most beneficent that we can show; his place is with the greatest of these times. He was an admirable draughtsman and—in his own way and upon his own ground—an admirable colourist; he had a passionate and beautiful regard for nature; his sense of fitness and proportion in landscape was, in its kind and within its peculiar limits, of unsurpassed veracity and keenness. From the Dutchmen there is no doubt that he learned much. Their tradition was a kind of revelation to him; they helped him to strengthen and develop his instinct of tone and of value, his theory of composition, his knowledge of what may be called scenic anatomy, his faculty for perceiving and expressing the ideal latent in the homely and simple reality with which, from first to last, he fed his mind and enriched his imagination. But he brought to his task—of vivifying and enlarging the conventionality he had taken on from these masters—a simplicity of genius, a quality of cordial and cheerful poetry, a "plain heroic magnitude" of mind and temper that were all his own; and the advance he made, unaided and alone, was very great. It is of no moment now that he lived and worked in obscurity, that his influence was in a sense provincial and remote, and that his achievement remained unknown and unhonoured by the world for nearly half a century after his death, and until the revolution in which he might have been a prime mover was fully accomplished. The fact remains, not only that he was one of the greatest of English painters, but that his work is rich enough in primary qualities and elemental forces to have distinguished an epoch in the history of art. With Constable, he perceived and set in operation the



THE "GROVE SCENE, MARLINGFORD."
(By Permission of Louis Huth, Esq.)

principles of which modern landscape art—the art, that is, of Rousseau and J.-F. Millet as opposed to that of Raphael and Titian; the art which seeks to express nature, not by means of an exclusive and arbitrary selection of certain heroic aspects, but as an organic whole, as a living mass of co-ordinate and co-existing elements—is a direct development. And this he did with such a singleness of purpose, such a loving and intelligent truthfulness, such a fine imaginative sincerity, as make it not doubtful that, had circumstances permitted, his influence might have been larger in scope and more vitalising in effect than Constable's own. There is a real and close relationship between masterpieces like the "Cromer" and the "Mousehold Heath" of the Norwich painter, and masterpieces like the "Ferme dans les Landes," the "Berger au Parc," the "Joueur de Flûte," and the immortal "Semeur." ELISE PAGET.

MORE ABOUT BELLS.



BELLS are not always agreeable; and there is a good deal to be said about a bell-note, and the difference between it and bell-noise. The "Third Quarter"—drawn long ago by Richard Doyle (who seems, by the way, to have forgotten that it takes four bells to ring a quarter) for Dickens's famous Christmas book, "The Chimes"—is about as good an illustration of bell-noise as we need call for outside Big Ben. A bell-note and bell-shape were not arrived at all at once. Many old viols and oddly-shaped fiddles preceded the perfect Cremona, and many hoarse gongs, kettles, and globular cauldrons preceded the perfect bells of Hemony and Van den Gehyn. I shall not here enter into the subtleties of bell-shape and bell-metal, but the proportion of each may be roughly stated. The thickness and proportion of the true bell are of the utmost importance; so is the composition of its metal.

Bells vary in thickness from $\frac{1}{12}$th to $\frac{1}{15}$th of the diameter, their height being commonly about twelve times the thickness. The Belgian bells are somewhat thinner than the English bells. They are stationary, and calculated only to bear the lesser but all-sufficient stroke of a hammer, instead of the tremendous and pulverising thump of a clapper when swung round on a wheel, as in England. Bell-metal is composed of from 23 to 30 per cent. of tin, and the rest copper. New metal is the best, and the quality must be fine, which means expense. Hence an English bell-founder, dealing with an ignorant public, can usually outbid a Belgian artist, who will not stoop to use bad metal; and our British tradesman will thus produce a cheaper article—quite good enough, apparently, for us.

But now what constitutes a good bell? not only richness but also purity of tone, and in addition to this, when there are several, all should be in tune with each other. When struck on the sound bow the bell should yield one clear note; the third and the fifth should also be heard, but subordinate to the fundamental. When the bell gives one note loud, with its upper, third, and fifth more faintly, it is a true bell, fit for a musical suite. Should the third or fifth be louder than the fundamental, or should the bell yield a seventh, or a ninth, or other intervals, instead of clearly announcing its fundamental third and fifth, then it is a bad bell, unfit for a musical suite.

Severin van Aerschodt, the lineal descendant of the Van den Gehyns of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, prides himself upon casting a bell with a major or minor third at will; he also prides himself upon tuning a suite or carillon of bells in semitones with quite approximate accuracy. Now this important accomplishment of tuning bells is



"RING OUT, WILD BELLS."

what the English have never attained to, for the very simple reason that the bell art in this country has never been really a musical art at all. We have had at most our twelve big bells to think of; and we have used them chiefly for the athletic and arithmetical exercise of bell-ringing; and we have been content with a fair octave. But show me any tower in England with two octaves of English-cast bells in tune. The thing does not exist; but two and three octaves with their semitones are common enough in Belgium; because there, for centuries, the bell has been treated as a musical note, and the art of casting bells in large suites of from forty to sixty, and tuning them in octaves, has naturally enough been practised.

In a Belgian suite of forty bells, big and little, there will be one or two defective, no doubt; but we pass in forty what we condemn in fourteen. Now note where lies the difficulty: the English suite usually begins to err about the seventh bell, for the difficulty of casting the upper notes right with the lower is very great; and the old masters, like the Braziers and Brends of Norwich, Myles Gray of Bury, and Rudhall of Gloucester—all contemporaries with the great Belgians, and much more *liés* with them than we are—were better than any English founders now at work, for they made very good bells more or less under Dutch influence, and cast their octave (not more) fairly in tune. But bells have been getting worse and worse; all bell connection with the Low Countries has been snapt for over a century and a half; and we have not now, as far as I know, an English founder who can cast two octaves in tune. That is why I said to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's—"If you want your new bells in tune you must go to Belgium;" but they went not, and they have got them now out of tune to their heart's content—a terror to the citizens, and a curious commentary upon the self-reliance of learned ecclesiastical bodies. They were like deaf-adders then, and I dare say they feel sorry they are not deaf-adders now.

This new peal in the metropolitan cathedral begins to go wrong at the seventh note; the bells of St. Saviour's, Southwark, at the octave; the Fulham bells, which are an admirable peal, at the ninth note; Manchester Town Hall bells (very decent) are fairly right from A to A, but from C to C the upper C is sharp, and the octave is never perfectly recovered. Messrs. Gillett and Bland, perceiving this, have wisely, in arranging their airs, made use of the lower series of medium-sized bells which are best in tune; Taylor is best in his medium-sizes. I once said to Severin van Aerschodt—"It is a very odd thing the English bells all go wrong at the seventh or eighth note, and we never get well under weigh with a second octave in tune." "I don't wonder at it," he replied, "for that is our difficulty; we can tune the first octave, but the second is difficult, and the third exasperating!" "How long do you give to tune a bell?" I asked. "About four days to each bell that requires it; and to get a carillon right, the upper with the lower bells, there is no rule or limit. This is why I cannot supply bells to order as quickly as I would."

As regards our national English art of bell-ringing, it is well known that our peals of bells are swung right round, a tremendous blow being delivered each time. Before the time of Queen Elizabeth, only the half-wheel was used, but with the full wheel the battering science made a giant stride, and in 1567, one Fabian Stedman invented a truly appalling system of notation, by which changes on a few bells might be rung almost for ever and ever. You start with three bells 1, 2, 3, and proceed 1, 3, 2; 2, 1, 3; 3, 1, 2;



CATHEDRAL TOWER, MECHLIN.

3, 2, 1, and so forth. In this way it would take 91 years to ring out the changes on 12 bells at the rate of two strokes a second, while the full changes on 24 bells would occupy one hundred and seventeen thousand billions of years. It is impossible not to admire the ingenuity of all this hunting up and down, the dodging and snapping, the plain bob and triple bob major, and all the rest of it; it is terrible skill and good exercise; it is thirsty work too for the snappers and triple bobbers; and on a summer evening a little of it a long way off may be not at all unpleasant to hear. But it is not music; it is at most a sort of exercise in notation; and, in fact—the truth will out—the bell-ringer's paradise is the musician's inferno. The old sexton who is seen entering the "Old Church" door in Stanfield's pleasant drawing is the sort of adjunct invariably found necessary to the comfort and efficiency of the stalwart men who will presently set a-going the octagonal tower above him. He looks after the beer, greases the wheels, and gets the local carpenter to wedge the bell-frame, which by-and-by is to shake the tower down.

In Belgium night and day are set to music; every considerable town has its carillon of 20 to 40 bells, ranging from several tons to a few pounds. Antwerp boasts of 65 bells, but they are not well in tune together, though many of the small ones by Hemony are beautiful. The tower of Antwerp is one of the most commanding in the world; 126 steeples can be counted from its summit; by the aid of a telescope ships can be distinguished far out at sea, and the captains declare they can trace its lofty spire at 150 miles' distance. Bruges, with 40 bells, is the heaviest carillon; but Mechlin, with 44, is the best in tune. Ghent has 39. The new iron belfry has greatly impoverished the sound of the bells. Louvain has 40. Every ten minutes there streams from the Mechlin tower a little gush of harmony; at the half-hour a tune is played once, and at the hour two or three times over. This is delightful, simply because it is music and not noise. The ding-dong of one or two big discordant bells may well ruin house property and destroy the tympanum; but chords and fragments of a full pianoforte score rendered on a selection of 40 bells, some of them quite small, and a floating melody overhead like the sound of heavenly voices, hardly disturb the current of one's thoughts. Nay, they often stimulate the emotions and mingle pleasantly with all sleeping and waking life. When one leaves Belgium time seems dead; we almost resent the silent lapse of hours, full, it may be, of varied thought and feeling, yet suddenly unmarked by any flow of aërial melody.

"J'aime le carillon dans tes cités antiques,
O vieux pays gardien de tes mœurs domestiques,"

sings Hugo in the verses that, rising at middle night, at Mechlin in 1837, he wrote by moonlight on his window pane with a diamond. Even the careless and

irregular sounding of the "Angelus" has a weird and poetical effect from those old towers. As it streams over adjacent orchards and pasture-lands, the peasant pauses—as in our frontispiece, the drawing for Millet's noble and affecting picture, painted in the solemn loneliness of the Plain of Chailly, beside the immemorial oaks and beeches of Fontainebleau—and reverently bends his head and mutters a prayer. He feels his work is over; and

> "Be the day weary, be the day long,
> At last it ringeth to Even Song."

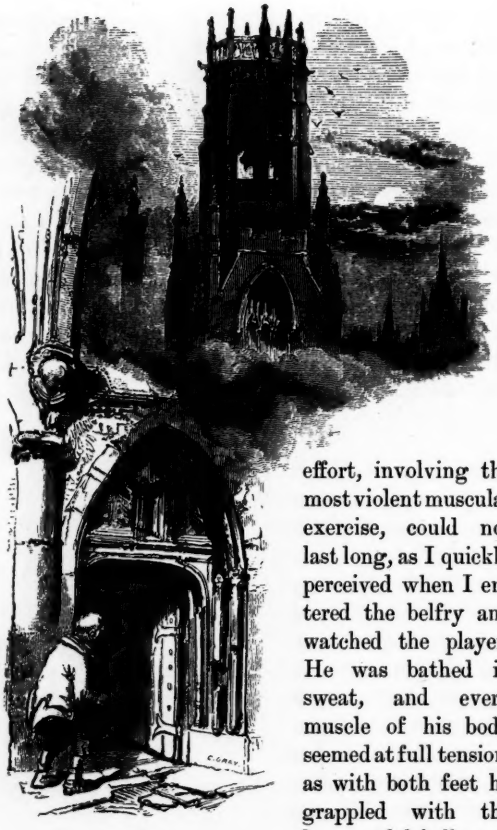
It was Millet's to express, in terms at once pathetic and august, the very soul of this solemn and touching time. He was pre-eminently the painter of man in nature; his imagination, touched with an heroic melancholy and heightened with an heroic ambition, loved to busy itself with elemental qualities and primary truths; and to their adequate presentment alone he bent his incomparable knowledge of nature and his unsurpassed technical skill. His "Angelus" is not merely a picture of dying lights and growing darkness and labour at rest; it is a portraiture of the absolute sentiment of an act of worship—an embodiment of the tradition of a thousand Christian years.

Let us ascend the noble tower of St. Rhombaud at Mechlin and see how the bells are played. The clock sets going a barrel studded with spikes which lift tongues attached to long wires, which in turn liberate hammers acting on the row of bells up aloft. At Mechlin the barrel weighs one and a quarter tons, and contains 16,200 holes, and the present tunes for the hour are produced by about 2,900 nuts or spikes. The tunes are altered and the nuts re-arranged for new tunes once a year. That is how clock music is produced. But enter another chamber in the tower, and we have before us a rough key-board; the tail of the key pulls a wire as before, and the wire is connected with the bell-hammer; but the directing or liberating force, instead of a peg in a revolving barrel, is the hand of a skilled musician.

It is the key-board performance on the mighty rows of bells which has made the bell music of Belgium famous throughout the world. The old rough jutting pegs struck with the hand, and a row of pedals worked by the feet, are still used as in Dr. Burney's time, but the effects produced are simply prodigious. Perhaps I may be pardoned for here re-describing my last interview with M. Denyn, of Mechlin, the greatest living carilloner, who, on hearing of my arrival, kindly gave a special performance on the Mechlin bells in my honour. I stood first at a remote corner of the market-place, just at the spot where a dark figure is seen standing, at the angle of a block of houses in our engraving of St. Rhombaud's Tower, and after a short running prelude from the top bells weighing only a few pounds to the bottom ones of several tons, M. Denyn settled to his work in a brisk gallop, admirably sustained at a good tearing pace without flagging for a single bar. Such an



ANTWERP TOWER.



THE OLD CHURCH.

(*Drawn by Clarkson Stanfield.*)

effort, involving the most violent muscular exercise, could not last long, as I quickly perceived when I entered the belfry and watched the player. He was bathed in sweat, and every muscle of his body seemed at full tension, as with both feet he grappled with the huge pedal bells, and manipulated with gloved hands and incredible rapidity his two rows of key pegs. After a slight breathing pause, M. Denyn bade me mark the grand legato style most effective in such arias as Beethoven's "Adelaide" and Bellini's "Casta Diva," which he played off accurately, melody and accompaniment, as from a pianoforte score. Then he gave me an astonishing specimen of bravura playing, putting down the great nine-ton and six-ton bells for the melody with his feet, and carrying on a rattling accompaniment of demi-semiquavers on the treble bells, and finally, after a few sweeping arpeggio passages, he broke into a processional movement so stately that it reminded me of Chopin's "Funeral March." Just after this, when he was in the middle of a grand fantasia on the "Dame Blanche," the clock barrel began suddenly working at the hour with a pretty French tune,

"Comme on aime à vingt ans."

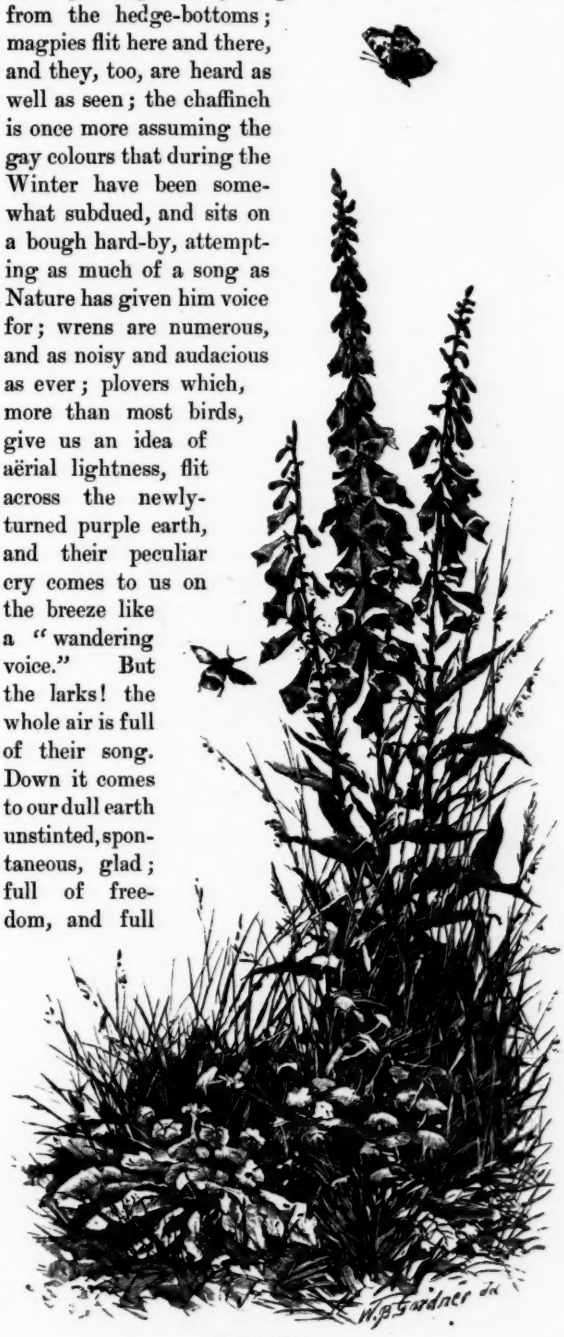
A lesser artist than Denyn would have been taken aback; but in his way Denyn is of the calibre of Liszt, who, on one occasion when he made a false note, surprised and bewildered his critics by the ingenuity with which he turned the false bar into something prodigiously daring and original. M. Denyn seized his opportunity, and waiting patiently until the barrel had done, plunged rapidly into an extempore continuation, which was so finely joined on to the mechanical tune that the people in the crowded market-place must have thought that the barrel had become suddenly inspired. Turning to me as he played, he bade me note the perfect control he had over the *pianos* and *fortes*, now lightly touching the bells, now giving them thundering strokes; and, as a personal compliment to his English guest, he wound up with "God save the Queen," beautifully harmonised. I must say that I never, on piano or violin, heard more admirable and expressive phrasing, whilst the vigour and fire of the virtuoso reminded me of one of Rubinstein's finest performances.

In several new carillons now in England, Messrs. Gillett and Bland have substituted for the rude jutting pegs a delicate key-board like that of an organ, by which a lady's finger can operate upon bells of any calibre. After each stroke the hammer is instantly lifted by machinery, and the only drawback is, that everything being mechanical, and the finger having only to liberate a hair trigger, no expression of *piano* or *forte* can be given, as with the rude Belgian peg, which, although it has to lift as well as liberate the hammer, yet admits of a gentle or a severe stroke corresponding to *piano* and *forte*. I need not say that the Belgian bells all hang in stationary rows. A great deal of nonsense has been talked, as nonsense is about everything, about the grandeur of ringing-peals: as if the full tune and tone of a bell could not be elicited by the descent of a sufficiently heavy hammer, instead of the bell being whirled round, with all its weight upon the clapper. This is no doubt the Æthiopian method of playing the tambourine: Sambo jumps up in the air, and brings the energy of his whole body down along with his fist, and the grandeur of the tambourine is thus elicited. This may do for the admirers of peal-ringing, but this is not music. Do you require Sims Reeves to bawl out each note at the top of his voice, or Joachim to play *fortissimo* throughout? Why, then, should you insist upon clanging these poor bells so unmercifully? No, peal-ringing is an exercise; but carillon playing is an art. A peal of bells is a noise; a carillon is music. As yet, however, it has only found its executant; its creative artist has not turned up. It has its Liszt; for its Beethoven it is waiting still. After all, there is no reason why he should not one day appear, and none why sonatas for the carillon should not one day be as popular as sonatas for the pianc. Given a great musician who could play the carillon, such work would come of itself.

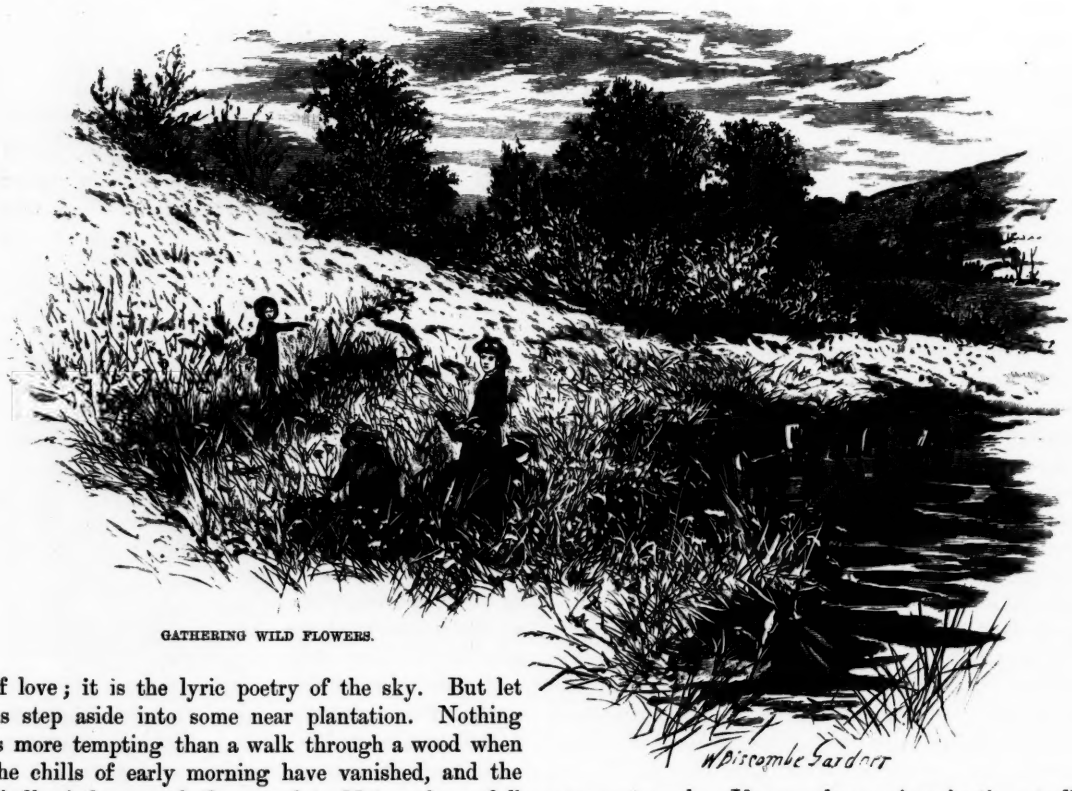
H. R. Haweis.

THE YEAR'S AWAKENING.

WINTER is gone. We look around us with the air of men awakened from a long and heavy sleep. Light has come again to our eyes, and at first, strangely welcome though it be, we hardly comprehend it. A new influence has begun to live and move—something that stirs us with almost imperceptible and wholly undefinable emotions. And what is this new influence and wonder that we call Spring? How comes it, and whence? Whither does it tend? It is an uprising, a resurrection from death, or what seemed death, and a putting on of a new garment of life. And it is universal. Every one knows the signs of Spring, and man, as well as Nature, has felt them. We go out into the air, and know again what has long been a stranger to our experience—a certain balmy softness that thrills and penetrates us. There seems to be a quality in the very light of Spring different from that of even the softest Winter day. A dweller in the town sees the red chimney-tops stand out from the dark roofs with sharper contrast, and the smoke that comes from them is bluer than lately. Even in London a clear Spring day reveals colours that are not usually seen in Autumn and Winter. But to one who lives by the sea—what is this that comes before his eyes this morning? Not a grey sullen plain of cold repellent ocean; not an angry purple mass of tumbling waters; but a calm surface, blue, and full of brightness. Mr. Black himself could hardly describe it; but indescribable though its beauty may be, its influence is felt most surely. It fills us with gladness. Are you among the hills? What are these lovely soft lights, and yet softer shadows, that hurry for ever under the cloud-flecked sky? They seem new to us; and new, indeed, they are, for winter has them not. They are swift and yet ceaseless, for as long as there is a cloud up above, and a sun behind that, they will come and go, "like souls that balance joy and pain," across the valleys. If we descend into the level country we see colour varied, indeed, but as yet subdued, for the hedges, unless we look very closely, are still brown; the wheat is hardly—perhaps not at all—visible; the grass is of a faint green; the woods are not yet fully dressed in their bridegroom's apparel. This is well, for after the darkness of Winter the eye must get used gradually to the increasing brightness of the year. Sight, however, reveals to us only a partial knowledge of the advent of Spring. The birds are, one and all, exulting. Even the grave rooks show a keen pleasure in the awakening year, and call to each other in cheery, clamorous tones; the noisy daws play and tumble in the air most youthfully; the pert starling is busier than ever and more of a chatter-box; partridges are pairing, and call to each other from the hedge-bottoms; magpies flit here and there, and they, too, are heard as well as seen; the chaffinch is once more assuming the gay colours that during the Winter have been somewhat subdued, and sits on a bough hard-by, attempting as much of a song as Nature has given him voice for; wrens are numerous, and as noisy and audacious as ever; plovers which, more than most birds, give us an idea of aërial lightness, flit across the newly-turned purple earth, and their peculiar cry comes to us on the breeze like a "wandering voice." But the larks! the whole air is full of their song. Down it comes to our dull earth unstinted, spontaneous, glad; full of freedom, and full



FOX-GLOVES.



GATHERING WILD FLOWERS.

of love; it is the lyric poetry of the sky. But let us step aside into some near plantation. Nothing is more tempting than a walk through a wood when the chills of early morning have vanished, and the kindly influence of the sun lets Nature have full play. Then, indeed, do the signs of Spring's creative power become very manifest. Of the birds mention has been made; insect life begins to move,

> "And the green lizard and the golden snake
> Like unimprisoned flames out of their trance awake."

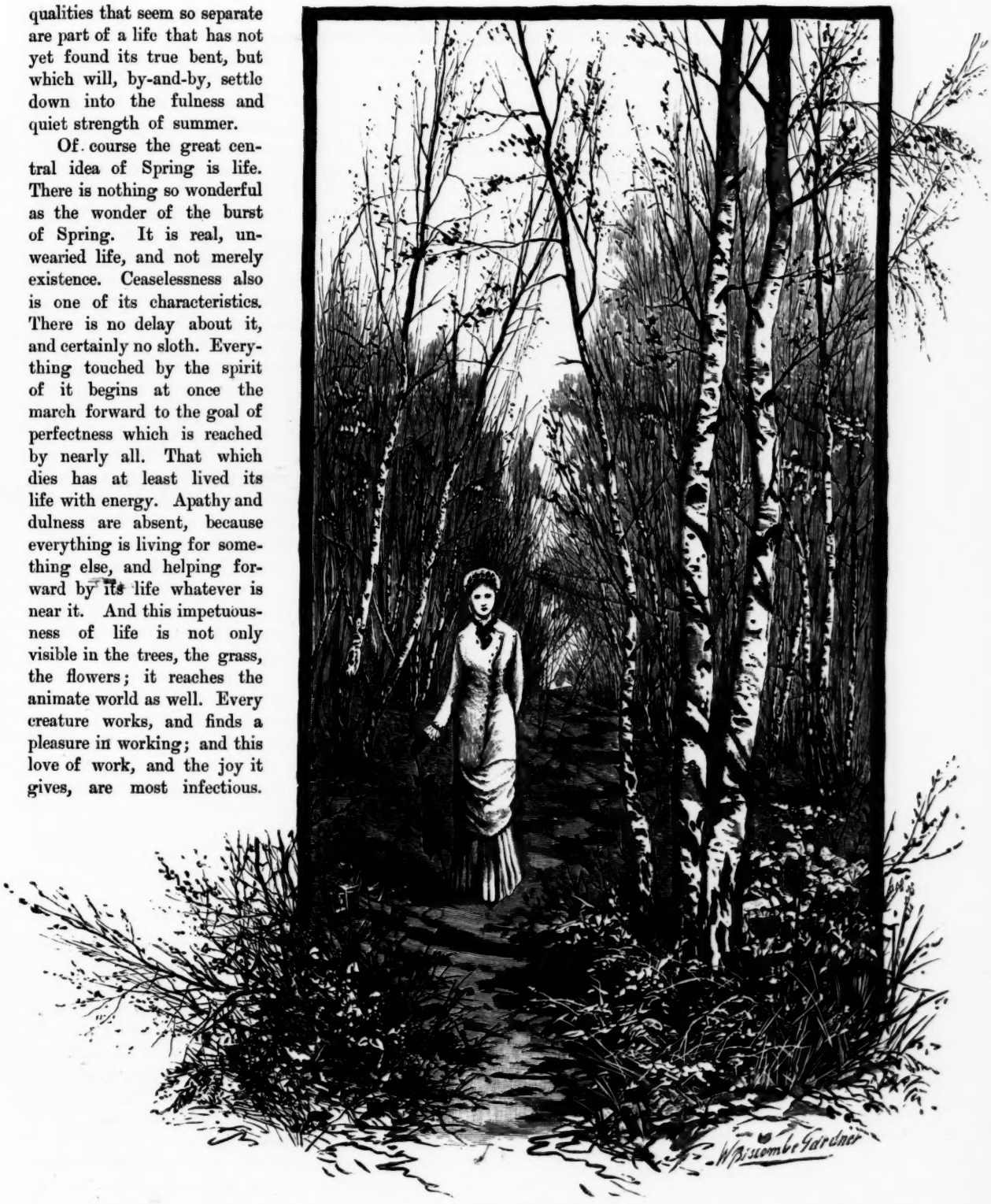
If we listen, we can almost hear in the stillness of mid-noon the very grass growing; a green and tender light seems to hover round the trees; a new sheen has come on the silver of the birches; bluebells, primroses, violets, wild hyacinths, and a hundred varieties of flowers are about us.

> "Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean,
> A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,
> As it has ever done, with change and motion,
> From the great morning of the world when first
> God dawned on chaos. In its light immersed,
> The lamps of heaven flash with a softer light;
> All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst,
> Diffuse themselves, and spend in love's delight
> The beauty and the joy of their renewèd might."

That is a splendid picture of Spring; and one may say that far more poetry has been written of this season than of any other. For not only through our senses do we know of the approach of Spring—by renewed energies, by unwonted activity, by a desire to be up and doing—but a certain quickening of our mental perceptions takes place. Analogies are found which no other period of the year would inspire us even to seek. If a man has an imagination at all, it is thoroughly roused by the physical emotion born of Spring, which communicates its message with magnetic quickness to the inner life of thought and feeling, and wakes that into action. The butterfly hovering over the fox-glove is an emblem of the young man whose fancy, we are told, "lightly turns," at this season, "to thoughts of love." And in the way it flits gaily from blossom to blossom it is also a type, perhaps, of the young man's fickleness, as well as of the light-hearted season that has given it birth. The bee may symbolise not the gaiety of love, but the energy of work. It, too, goes from flower to flower, but with a purpose different from that of the butterfly. Both are born of the Spring, and she—like Wisdom—is justified of her children. Analogies, too, of other kinds may be found in Spring. Not only does it typify single passions or phases in the life of man, but it is clearly emblematic of youth as a whole. There is the fulness of energy that marks, or ought to mark, the life of a young man; there is the prolific abundance that, in one form or another, is the gift of most of us in youth; there is impetuosity, too, that, unless it be disciplined, will wreck everything; there is hope that, for a few short years, is well-nigh unquenchable; and changeableness, and extravagance. Rightly viewed, there is nothing harsh or inharmonious in Spring. All these

qualities that seem so separate are part of a life that has not yet found its true bent, but which will, by-and-by, settle down into the fulness and quiet strength of summer.

Of course the great central idea of Spring is life. There is nothing so wonderful as the wonder of the burst of Spring. It is real, unwearied life, and not merely existence. Ceaselessness also is one of its characteristics. There is no delay about it, and certainly no sloth. Everything touched by the spirit of it begins at once the march forward to the goal of perfectness which is reached by nearly all. That which dies has at least lived its life with energy. Apathy and dulness are absent, because everything is living for something else, and helping forward by its life whatever is near it. And this impetuousness of life is not only visible in the trees, the grass, the flowers; it reaches the animate world as well. Every creature works, and finds a pleasure in working; and this love of work, and the joy it gives, are most infectious.



THROUGH THE BIRCHWOODS.

Birds (to speak of them again) seem to vie with one another which shall first finish the nest; but their eager rivalry is free from any touch of envy. All this work is the first outcome of the energy born of overflowing life, and the next is happiness. The blackbird, with notes as of Pan's own pipe, flutes it as if his function were to urge the whole world to love and live and enjoy. Larks infect one another with the spirit of gladness. The linnet, the thrush, the homely sparrow, the cuckoo, the tribe of immigrants that we welcome so gladly—all have a part in the "untaught harmony of Spring," and the chorus is indeed a happy one. The frolicsome lambs, the scampering hares, the darting rabbits, even the timorous field-mouse and the shy water-rat, are full of life and full of joy. And their joy is echoed in the hearts of a thousand poets. We all remember, for instance, how the "smale foules maken melody" eternal in the fresh page of Chaucer, and how, four centuries after, when "I and Eustace from the city went to see the Gardener's Daughter," the lark "could scarce get out his notes for joy," and the nightingale "sang loud as though he were the bird of day." Charles of Orleans turns away, the sweet old gentle amorist that he is, from Amours and Lyesse, and Mérencolie, and the other deities of his Olympus of abstractions, to remark—in one of the most graceful and most dainty of his dainty, graceful roundels—how

> "Il n' est ne beste ne oysseau
> Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou crye:
> 'Le Temps a laissié son manteau
> De vent, de froid, et de pluye,'"

and clad himself in broideries, "De soleil luisant, cler, et beau." Victor Hugo, most superb of modern voices, even ceases from scourging the scoundrelisms of the Third Empire, to consider the abiding gaiety of his little friends, the birds, and the return of fair weather and Floréal the green month, "Quand l'eau vif au soleil se change en pierreries." A perfect anthology of Spring songs would be a very hymnal of happiness.

Mention has been made of the changeableness of this season, and the artist has given us a charming sketch of the straits to which people may be put by the goddess of the Spring giving vent to her petulance. This fickleness of temper is, as every one knows, proverbial, and we laugh and are angry at it by turns.

> "Full many a glorious morning have I seen
> Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
> Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
> Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
> Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
> With ugly rack on his celestial face."

So was it three hundred years ago when these lines were written; so will it be if any poet should write of Spring three hundred—or for the matter of that three thousand—years hence. But to come to the sketch—which of us has not witnessed scenes of this kind a score of times? The household linen, cleansed to a point of immaculate purity, hangs in the warm sunlight and takes into itself the fragrance of the morning air. Suddenly—one knows not how or whence—there is a "sound of an abundance of rain;" the tree-tops begin to bend in the growing gusts; the blue sky is covered with clouds; a chilliness has come into the air. Anxious maids run quickly from the cottage to save their morning's labour from ruin. Almost before they can take the pegs from the lines and the linen in-doors the storm is upon them. Hail and rain descend with a vehemence much like the passion of a child; and in ten minutes the country-side is happy again, and the clothes may go back to the lines and props.

Well, this changeableness of Spring is, after all, very charming, and it is what most of us have a fondness for. It is singularly emblematic of youth—which is changeable, one would hope, not so much from sheer fickleness as from exuberance of life (whence must come reaction) and inability as yet to set life in its true groove. Winter renews his attacks from time to time, though ever more and more feebly, against the growing warmth of the year, and causes this changeableness; and it is even so that coldness and apathy and gloom and "the winter of our discontent" sometimes struggle to occupy the young heart, which, however, if it has gained a lesson from Spring, will before long win its summer of peace and warmth.

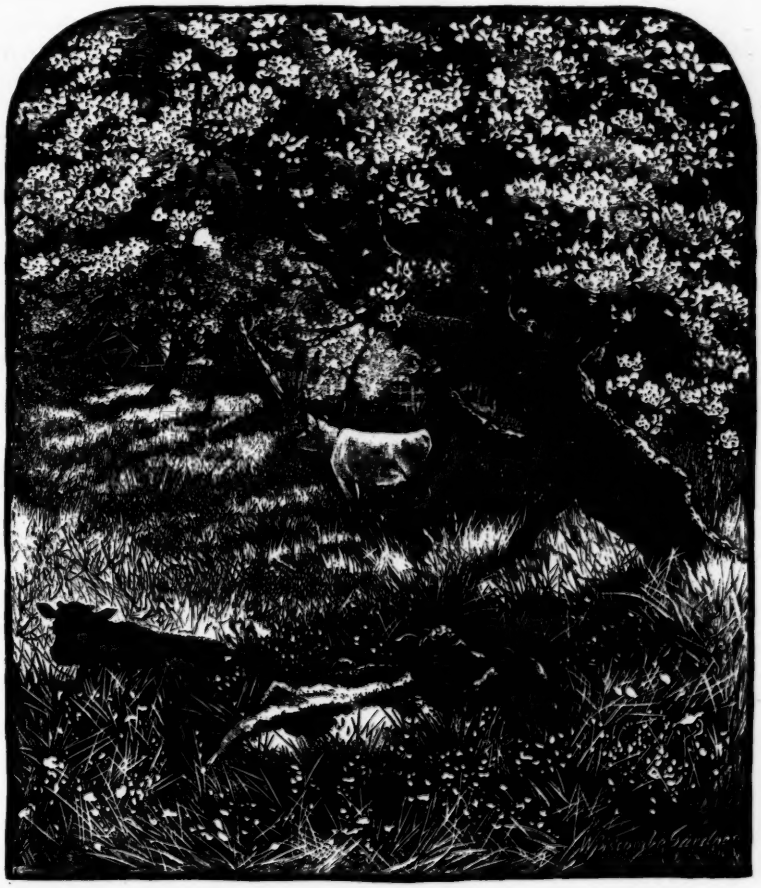
The author of the philosophical essay on "The Waning of the Year" in the November part of this magazine endeavoured to show that Autumn was less sad than Spring. It may, perhaps, be doubted whether he proved that somewhat difficult case. If the question were submitted to a ballot, probably the only people who would vote in favour of his proposition would be the morbid and the "unco'" sentimental—those who took pleasure in an unhealthy view of things, and those who revelled in the sadness of decay. If there is gladness at all in the idea of Autumn, it is akin to that joy which cries "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," and to none other; for Autumn is a season of ripeness passing swiftly to death. And if Burns, whose exquisite lines the author quoted, found melancholy in Spring, it was because his own dark individuality was ever before him—his own sensitive conscience ever claiming to be heard; and these shut out the joy of Spring. What are the feelings with which this season inspires us? Is not hope the foundation of them? We began to lose hope with the first sight of the yellowing leaves, and

as we went down the slope of Autumn into the darkness of Winter, we seemed to be entering the Valley of the Awful Shadow; but now the gates are passed, and we stand again in the light. And the image in which poets have ever embodied the idea of Spring is the most beautiful thing in the world—a young and perfect maiden. There is surely nothing sad in the contemplation or the idea of such beauty as that. If melancholy there be, it comes because the dark sorrows of the human heart are projected into the picture, because a selfish habit of introspection will not allow itself to be dissipated by the innocent and reviving influences of Spring. For joy, as well as life and love, is what she would give us.

Or, again, to take the case of Coleridge—one of the greatest of melodists, one of the most imaginative of poets, one of the most hopeless and futile of men. His work bore very plainly the impress of his own personality. Spring had no charming influence for him — some of the saddest lines he ever produced were written during an early season:—

> "All Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair—
> The bees are stirring—birds are on the wing—
> And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
> Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring!
> And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
> Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing."

It was the eternal *I* that was for ever thrusting itself forward. The *I*, with its needs, its longings, its sorrows, its bitter knowledge of—in the case of Coleridge—an ill-directed life, it might almost be said a non-directed, a vague, an aimless life. Spring was, no doubt, a very sorrowful time to him:—



APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

> "With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll;
> And would you know the spells that drowse my soul?
> Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
> And hope without an object cannot live."

"Work without hope"— that was his case; and the truth of it was intensified into overwhelming regret by the contrast before his eyes, for the work of Spring is certainly not without hope.



BEFORE THE STORM.

But take the case of any great impersonal writer, Shakespeare, for instance. In his life, no doubt, there were places as black and sad as most men could show in theirs. Yet he never thrust them into the joyous pictures he drew of Spring. The life and beauty of the season, the fact that it is for ever giving and spending, never keeping back, showed him that it is a time of gladness. All his allusions to Spring are happy ones: "the lovely April of her prime;" "three beauteous Springs;"

> "When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
> Hath put a spirit of youth in everything;"

and so forth; and the songs—that in "The Winter's Tale," for instance:—

> "When daffodils begin to peer
> With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
> Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
> For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale."

There seems little but gladness in Shakespeare's pictures of Spring, for he (great artist that he was) kept self in the background out of sight, and held the mirror up to Nature. And what has Scott—whose knowledge of our hearts was second only to Shakespeare's—to say on this subject?

> "The quiet lake, the balmy air,
> The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
> Are they still such as once they were,
> *Or is the dreary change in me?*"

No need to answer that question, or to say that for one line of poetry that shows Spring as a melancholy time, a hundred might easily be quoted to prove it is a season of gladness. For it is the youth of the year, and, like the youth of man, it is a season of promise. Future fulness of life is hidden in the bud, and we get the first glimpse of its coming perfection in the blossom. We know that but a tithe of these apple-blossoms will come to maturity as fruit, just as only a part of the promise of our youth is fulfilled. And in this prodigality of Spring some may, perhaps, see one sad touch, and be led to ask the question that is doubtless tinged with a little melancholy when no satisfactory answer can be given, "What is the use?" But if there is not quite a fulness of joy in the contemplation of this aspect of the season, such ought only to heighten the gladness of the rest. For so long as we keep within ourselves the consciousness of "one spark that will not be trampled out"—the spark of immortality—so long the extraordinary creative power of Spring must seem to us, in its yearly renewal, a confirmation and an earnest of our own imperishableness. The music of the new-born life of Spring will find an echo in our hearts. The central ideas of Spring—life, love,

joy—will thrill with magnetic influence the fibres of our being, and, in a sense, make poets of us all. Our intellects will be stimulated, our hearts touched, our wills strengthened to do good. The contemplation of so much life and beauty, such mingled tenderness and strength, will assuredly not fail to fill us with gladness. We shall look with wide enraptured eyes on the "wonder and bloom of the world," and be ready to say with the old Hebrew singer, "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. . . . Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." H. E. WARD.

"A TREATISE ON WOOD-ENGRAVING."*



INITIAL: UNA AND THE LION.
(Drawn and Engraved by W. Harvey.)

AT first sight the title-page of this handsome book is misleading. It is not, properly speaking, a new edition at all, but simply a reprint of the second edition which was issued by Mr. Bohn in 1861, when the first edition had become both scarce and commercially valuable. The book was originally published in 1838, and up to that period it is without doubt the most complete and exhaustive work on the subject. Mr. Bohn's additional chapter, which purposes to bring it up twenty-three years later, is practically of very little use. The cuts are interesting, if not selected with marvellous intelligence; but the letterpress is perfunctory and superficial, affording but little elucidation to the public, and little assistance to the student. The illustrations being good, however, and representative, we can forgive the rest, and pass it by.

But though it is thus not as full as it might be, this reprint is of more than passing interest just now. For wood-engraving has of late been a subject of wide if not always intelligent discussion. A popular weekly print, by a mysterious and interesting process, of a sudden became an oracle; and the whole daily press began to discuss wood-engraving with dramatic energy. The American newspapers and magazines took up the subject with great spirit, and for some time a desperate war was waged between engravers and their critics, that appears so far to have resulted in the usual way: the critics are more than ever convinced that they are perfectly right, and that wood-engravers know nothing about it. So that a really learned and authoritative work is particularly welcome; if only because it helps us to get some sort of clear calm insight into the disputed question, and enables us to form just opinions founded upon real knowledge and guided by undeniable experience.

When this treatise was first published there was a quarrel between the authors and the publisher—Charles Knight—that resulted in one of the curiosities of modern literature, the famous "Third Preface" by Chatto. There were two prefaces to the book, written respectively by each of the authors, but certain passages in that by Chatto were, for some reason not evident to the general public, suppressed: the result being that a wholly misleading impression was conveyed as to the actual

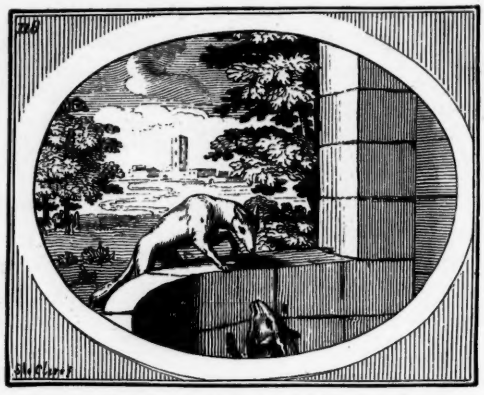


MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST."
(Drawn by W. Harvey; Engraved by John Thompson.)

share that Chatto had in the preparation of the work. The "Third Preface" was published separately in the form of a letter to the author's friend, Stephen Oliver. I have read it, and can say that

* "A Treatise on Wood-Engraving: Historical and Practical." By William Andrew Chatto. With upwards of four hundred illustrations engraved on wood by John Jackson. A new edition, with an additional chapter by Henry G. Bohn. (Chatto and Windus.) 28s.

it is as stinging as it is convincing; and that it leaves no room for doubt that the idea of the work, and the chief labour of it, were Chatto's own. It need not necessarily be inferred from this that any credit properly belonging to Jackson is withheld. It is difficult now to discover how much he really did. He was paymaster and proprietor, in which capacities he seems to have acted with somewhat high-handed severity, even going so far as deliberately to omit Chatto's name from the title-page — an omission afterwards corrected by Bohn in the second edition. Without going farther into an unpleasant controversy, it must suffice to say that nearly all the praise and honour the book so thoroughly deserves must be awarded to Chatto, who was an authority on the subject, and whose critical insight, erudition, and scholarly grasp inevitably give it a value that but for him it could never have possessed.



FROM THE COPPER-PLATE BY S. LE CLERC.

In reading Chatto's treatise, indeed, one cannot help being struck with the immense pains taken to make it thorough. In a subject such as this, which deals unavoidably with other and kindred arts, it is natural to find various side issues continually appearing during the course of historical investigation. Yet these are always pursued and followed up, as it were, to the bitter end. Thus, we have not only a history of wood-engraving, which virtually begins about 1423, but also an elaborate and learned account of the rise and progress of engraving before that time. Again, not only have we a most exhaustive and valuable chapter—which, by the way, is a little volume in itself—on the practical part of the subject, full of guidance and instruction, copiously and practically illustrated, but also a history of the rise and progress of printing in the Middle Ages. Every authority has been consulted; and everything likely to prove of the slightest value, as helping to the formation of opinion, as guiding criticism, or as aiding investigation, has been incorporated; while the errors of former writers, such as Otway and Papillon, have been corrected, and their fallacies—and perhaps, too, their frauds—clearly and conclusively exposed. This is no light labour in the case of wood-engraving, which, like printing, is a subject teeming with myths and uncertainties; and it is not too much to say that Chatto has earned the lasting gratitude of the student and the critical world.



FROM THE ENGRAVING BY W. KIRKALL FOR CROXALL'S "ÆSOP."

There is a completeness about the historic portion—so far as it goes at least—that is almost German in its thoroughness. Though the oldest wood-cut at present known to exist was probably produced about 1423, Chatto reverts almost to pre-historic times. His book opens with a learned disquisition on the archæology of engraving. For engraving is one of the oldest of the arts. It was practised in ancient Egypt. The bricks of Babylon were impressed with stamps with raised characters, and in the silent tombs of Thebes the stamps themselves—made of wood, too—have been discovered. Some of them may be seen any day at the British Museum, together with similarly marked lamps, and earthen tiles, and other domestic utensils, found on the site of old Rome. Then there were the ancient brands—*cauteria* or *stigmata* — for marking criminals and slaves: a practice in great force, by the way, in the Middle Ages, and, not so very long since, in merry England itself. Engraving, in some rough and primitive fashion or another, seems indeed to have been in constant use in Europe, from times antecedent to the birth of Christ until the early part of the fifteenth century, when it was first applied to printing purposes, and when the art, as we know it now, may be said to have developed into actuality. I shall not deal here, however, with the wood-engravings of mediæval times; Mr. Conway has already treated that part of the subject in his articles on the "Dutch Printers and Wood-cutters." Passing rapidly by the curiously romantic story of the beautiful

and talented Italian boy and girl twins, the Cunios, said by the imaginative Papillon to have produced some wonderful wood-engravings which nobody ever saw and nobody now believes ever existed; lingering for a moment to wonder at the combination of crude skill and noble feeling in the "St. Christopher," and at the singular loveliness and grace of the "Annunciation of the Virgin," the two earliest wood-cuts known, and both from block-books; skipping for the moment the learned account of the rise and progress of printing and typography, and the interesting history of wood-engraving in connection with the press; and noting the marvellous improvement that took place under the master-auspices of Dürer, Holbein, Burgkmair, and other German draughtsmen and wood-cutters; we arrive, towards the end of the sixteenth century, at a significant period in the history of the art. At this time the wood-cutters of Italy and France had attained great perfection of neatness and delicacy. But they were not content to work on in the true art-spirit. The religious fervour of mediæval times was spending its force. The key to all good wood-engraving—a true knowledge of the power of well-contrasted black and white—was lost. Artistic truth and natural beauty gave place to affectation, emptiness, and vanity. Force was exchanged for feebleness; honesty, however crude, for sham, however subtle; art, at once the noblest and simplest, for imitation almost as flaccid and ineffective and laborious as it is possible for imitation to be. And why? Because the engravers of those days tried to reproduce on wood the effects and processes that belong to copper. They ignored the special capacities of their own medium, and for true artistic freedom substituted the slavery of a meaningless mechanical precision. From that moment wood-engraving steadily declined, and finally, in the eighteenth century, sank into absolute insignificance.

The art, however, never really died out, as some writers have asserted. A complete succession of engravers can be traced, both in France and England, from 1700 to the days of Bewick, whose first wood-cut appeared about the year 1768. That good sometimes results from evil was perhaps never more aptly shown than in the gradual development of the highest and most artistic kind of wood-engraving from the failures and follies of the workers of the seventeenth century. They practically ruined their craft by striving to imitate engravings on copper. Yet it was from such imitations that Bewick appears to have obtained the hint which he afterwards adopted to such wonderful advantage alike of himself and of English art. His most noteworthy predecessor in England was Edward Kirkall, who, as far as can be traced, seems to have been born at Sheffield in 1695, or thereabouts. He engraved both on copper and on wood; and his earliest known work is, according to Chatto, a series of upwards of sixty wood-cuts in an edition of Howel's "Medulla Historiæ Anglicanæ," printed in London, 1712. The curious thing about these blocks is that they seem to have been engraved in the manner of copper-plates; the lines, that is, which should have been cut in relief, are cut *intaglio*, and thus appear white where they ought to appear black. But the work of chief interest executed by Kirkall is the series of cuts illustrating Croxall's edition of "Æsop's Fables," first published in 1722. Many of these are merely reversed copies of engravings on copper by S. Le Clerc, illustrating a French edition of the Fables published about 1694. By the courtesy of the publishers, we are enabled to give upon the opposite page a plate of Le Clerc, with Kirkall's reversed copy of it, and here is Bewick's masterly treatment of the same subject. There is not very much to commend in Le Clerc's work; there is still less that can please modern taste in the somewhat feeble copy by Kirkall. But there is an unmistakable beauty in the cut by Bewick that will live, and charm, for all time. It reveals a delicacy of touch, a world of poetry, truth, and infinite meaning that raise him high above his fellows. The effect is marvellously strengthened (mark the masterly use of his knowledge of the power of pure black, peculiar to wood-engraving), the foliage lives, the stones are real stones, built up by human hands, and worn by time and damp and storm; all is variety and veracity, and throughout the picture dwell the lights and shadows, the distances and delicate atmosphere of Nature. Even in our cut, which is but a copy of the original, we can perceive the fashioning of a master's hand: the treatment is simply broad; the result, at once strong and delicately subtle.



FROM BEWICK'S ENGRAVING IN THE "FABLES OF ÆSOPE."

It is, indeed, upon the principles and practice of Thomas Bewick that modern fine-art wood-engraving



INDUSTRY AND SLOTH.

(By Robert Branston.)

is entirely based. Fine-art wood-engraving: I use the phrase advisedly, because the mass of wood-engraving we see about us just now is not fine art at all, but the reverse. A striking and unvarying characteristic of all that Bewick did, and of all the best work of the men who followed him, is that every single line or touch of the graver has its own special meaning and its own peculiar beauty. But the thing that above all others raises wood-engraving into a distinct and thoroughly individual art is the power it gives of placing a pure white on a pure black. This is impossible with copper or with steel. Bewick finally grasped this peculiarity and turned it to account; and if he had, as seems more than likely, been led to his discovery by the blind and unintelligent imitation of copper-plates that before his time had characterised wood-engraving in Europe, to him must be awarded all the praise. But for his surpassing genius we might even now be a long way off the goal he reached a century ago.

There was virtually no wood-engraving in the true sense before Bewick's time. Broadly speaking, the kind of thing that preceded him was wood-cutting; and the distinction is one with a difference. We often see the two methods combined now-a-days, and with good effect; but the first kind of wood-engraving was a very simple and mechanical process, performed mostly with knives and gouges. The artistic merits of the engraving depended not upon the engravers, but upon the designers, whom we know to have been generally accomplished draughtsmen. The design was drawn on the wood with a point—*i.e.*, with a chalk or pen, or, in large subjects, with a small brush. The darker the tone required, the thicker and the closer the lines, until by-and-by, as the art progressed, all the varied cross-hatchings of the finest pen-and-ink work were introduced. The work of the engraver obviously consisted in merely removing the blank spaces of wood in and around the design, in such a way as to leave it standing in relief—in short, a perfect fac-simile in wood of the original drawing. All such work in which the lines have been previously drawn with a pencil or pen is now called technically by engravers fac-simile. This style is to be studied any day in *Punch*, the engravings of the pictures by Messrs. Keene, Du Maurier, and Linley Sambourne being first-rate examples of it. It is clear, then, that such wood-cutting as this, if often necessitating the greatest care and delicacy, and sometimes true artistic feeling, is after all mechanical, and merely reproductive.

But the style inaugurated by Bewick is not mechanical, though in a sense it is reproductive. It is perfectly free and individual: so much so, indeed, that no two men who have adopted it engrave in just the same way or with just the same



PWLL CARADOC.

(Drawn and Engraved by Hugh Hughes.)

feeling and expression. As an illustration of this, take, for instance, our initial letter, "Una and the Lion," drawn and engraved by William Harvey, and the engraving on the same page of "Milton Dictating 'Paradise Lost,'" drawn by William Harvey and engraved by John Thompson, perhaps the two ablest of Bewick's pupils. There is, doubtless, in the initial something of Bewick's feeling and manner, which were only natural. But the character of Harvey is distinguishable in the engraving as well as in the draughtsmanship, which for the moment must be put out of mind. In the design engraved by Thompson, however, there is a distinct individuality that the veriest tyro can scarcely fail to observe. Again, the "Industry and Sloth" of Robert Branston marks a separate style and personality quite apart from anything that Bewick did. Branston was in some respects superior to Bewick; but he uniformly failed in those subjects in which Bewick is pre-eminent to this day — viz., quadrupeds, birds, and landscapes. His trees and natural scenery, though meritorious, are very far below the standard fixed by Bewick's work. Hugh Hughes, a successor of Bewick and Branston, was a man of original talent, some of his work evincing wonderful appreciation of nature. Like Bewick and Branston, he drew his own subjects, one of which, "Pwll Caradoc," from his "Beauties of Cambria," published in 1823, we give. It displays a knowledge of natural form and a masterly handling of the tool hardly second to Bewick's, whilst it is full of delicately varied tones, light and shade, and natural spirit. Note, too, the skilful and artistic rendering of the foam and spray from the falling water, and the charmingly delicate treatment of the stems and branches of the trees. Our other examples, taken from Martin and Westall's pictorial illustrations of the Bible (1833), are also noteworthy in this respect. That by F. W. Branston—a brother of Robert—is individual and striking, if wanting somewhat in variety, whilst that by William Henry Powis is to this day a masterpiece of fine execution and exquisite meaning. Not a line but has its significance, its beauty, and its power. Every detail—whether of swirling wave or falling rain; of earthquake and rending mountain; of mighty rolling cloud and solemn storm, with sad, awful sunlight struggling through; of helpless beasts tamed into terrible fear, and of shrieking men and women and children—every marvel of earth or sea or sky is rendered or suggested with such truth and simplicity, delicacy and power, and such poetic and imaginative feeling as have rarely been displayed on so small a block. Much, of course, is due to the artist, John Martin; but what an engraver must he not have been who so interpreted a draughtsman's work! It may be taken as one of our standards by which to judge modern wood-engraving, English or otherwise.



THE FALL OF MAN.

(Drawn by John Martin; Engraved by F. W. Branston.)



THE DELUGE.

(Drawn by John Martin; Engraved by W. H. Powis.)

It is clear that wood-engraving, as perfected by Bewick and his successors, is a fine art: that is, it is a distinct means not only of reproducing with certain disadvantages the work of other arts, such as painting and etching, but also of directly interpreting Nature herself. The fac-simile style, as we have seen, is for the most part purely mechanical and impossible of execution without the aid of a practised draughtsman, upon whose artistic sensibility and skill the result must chiefly depend. But the tint style, which is the technical term for Bewick's method, is not dependent upon the draughtsman in at all the same degree. In the former nearly everything depends on the draughtsman, and only a little upon the engraver; in the latter only a little depends on the draughtsman, and nearly everything on the engraver. The fac-simile cutter has a perfect guide in the artist's work; but the tint engraver finds his chief guide in his own knowledge of nature in every aspect and every department. And while the one has every line ready to his hand, the other has nothing but a series of tones varying from black to white, which he has to interpret and translate into a series of lines of his own invention—a new set of lines, with fresh direction and varying strength and depth, yet always beautiful, always harmonious, and never false—for every object represented. The difference between the two styles—*i.e.*, between wood-cutting and wood-engraving—is further emphasised by this curious law: the effects of fac-simile are produced by strengthening the blacks; the effects of tint engraving by strengthening the whites. In the one process the more lines there are the darker the tone; in the other the more lines there are the lighter the tone. The fac-simile lines are in relief; the tint lines are *intaglio*.

The theory of Bewick's practice is that the unworked block, if inked, presents merely a black surface; and an impression taken from it will give a perfect representation of the block. Now, if the block is engraved upon, it follows that whatever is cut upon it will appear white on a black ground, which is exactly the reverse of a fac-simile block, an impression from which shows the design in black lines on the white ground of the paper. Turn back for an instant to that copy of Bewick's "Fox and the Goat," and compare it with any of Du Maurier's designs in *Punch*. The difference between the two styles is apparent at once. The whole effect of the Bewick is obtained by engraving white lines upon the solid black surface of the block, cutting the wood wholly away where pure white spaces are required by the design, and leaving it untouched where the deepest shadow is to come. In fact, the system is fairly illustrated in the engraving of the pit, in which from solid black a tone is gradually evolved by thin, delicate, white lines, gradually increasing in strength and vigour and in proximity to each other, until at last a pure white is obtained. Then, again, look at the way in which the leaves, and the trunk and stems of the tree behind the masonry to the left, are touched in and suggested by white lines and touches upon the black ground. Every one of these touches and lines has to be invented and fashioned by the engraver, who virtually draws each one as he cuts it—surely a feat of no mean skill! I cannot do better here than quote a few lines from an article by Mr. W. J. Linton, one of the best and most imaginative wood-engravers that ever lived. The engraver, he says, "has to draw an outline which (be pleased to observe this, though the remark be not new) is not in the picture. He has to invent, to design, the lines, the regulated strength and order of which shall not only most faithfully but also most beautifully round the forms, and place at proper distance and in perspective the hollows of face and figure. There is not a fold of drapery that can take its right position and proper value in the engraving without his most careful judgment and some degree of designing taste." Mr. Linton here, of course, is speaking of figure subjects; but his remarks apply with equal force and truth to any class of subject; and an engraving is artistically valuable in proportion to the degree of skill and feeling with which these subtle qualities are introduced.

HARRY V. BARNETT.

THE ARTISTIC ASPECT OF MODERN DRESS.

IT is undeniable that of late years there has been a great improvement in all that concerns the choice and arrangement of colour, whether in house decoration or costume. The advance in this latter direction has, indeed, been altogether remarkable; and whereas our streets were wont to be unenlivened by the slightest streak of brightness in women's dress, while our evening assemblies blazed with the rankest hues, tones at once stronger and softer have taken the place of the hideous blues and mauves and magentas of yore. A harmonious blending of tints, as well as a choice of pure colours, has become the "fashion" in costume. But in respect of form improvement is not so evident. It



EFFIGY OF BLANCHE DE LA TOUR.
FOURTEENTH CENTURY.
(*From Planché's "History of Costume."*)

is on the score of form in dress that I wish to suggest improvement, bringing to notice some possible hints for simpler and more useful kinds of apparel from obsolete and present national costumes.

All dress must needs begin in applicability. It was invented for use, and not for ornament; and it was only out of the exaggeration of its particular features that it ever became what is fancifully called "costume," and thence, escaping from all reasonable control, often descended to absurdity. Thus the Elizabethan ruff—in its original proportions, a becoming frame to the head and face—ended as a stiff and starched monstrosity detrimental alike to comfort and beauty. The stay and long bodice, possibly invented as a support to weak persons, and perhaps in their first stages even becoming to corpulent figures, degenerated into hard, whalebone stomachers unsuitable to the soft outlines of woman, and led to the very harmful and ugly practice of tight-lacing which has survived to our own age. Even the pointed shoe, laughable at last in its affectation, may have originated in a plausible desire to flatter the size and shape of the foot, though indeed it can never have been so pretty and comfortable a make as the full cloth or velvet shoe toed with leather. Many illustrations might be quoted of the danger of studying the becoming in dress before the reasonable; and, if this be allowed, it follows that all good modes must be developments of the dress of those who have to subordinate appearance to practice. The beauty of any garment consists in its fitness for the office assigned to it; and though the varieties of costume must, of course, be moulded to the separate exigencies of different stations and methods of life, as well as to individual peculiarities of face and figure, I cannot but think that women in the present age would do well to discard the present style of "making," which is complex in itself and overloaded with ornament, and re-model dress on the principles of those to whom the first and greatest consideration was convenient simplicity.

Trimming for trimming's sake is a fault which cannot be too carefully avoided. The embroidering of a border—provided the colours and design be well chosen—or even the sewing on of braids in the form of a border, on the hem of petticoats, skirts, or jackets, is a quite admissible, because a reasonable, form of decoration; so is a border of fur, or a hanging frill of lace or of fringe; but the unconsidered use of these things in inappropriate positions is a flagrant error. Lace, instead of being used at the edge, or apparent edge, of a garment, is too often sewn tight upon its surface, to "show the pattern;" whereas all such trimmings, being presumably the working or fraying of the border of the stuff, must necessarily be placed at its limit. Thus, too, insertions are applied upon a material instead of being sewn in between its edges; and frills are placed anywhere but as a pendent edging, their only legitimate use. Nor in adopting suggestions from the rich costumes of past days are dressmakers wont to be a whit more reasonable. For instance, slashed sleeves and bodices have been in vogue among us lately; and it may sometimes have been noticed that the "slash," instead of being a material, presumably that of an undergarment, pulled through holes cut in the top wear, has been a piece of stuff palpably sewn on outside the dress or sleeve, in the guise of a puff. So, again, with velvet collars and cuffs put on to trim a stuff dress; they should suggest an underdress turning back at the throat and wrists, but they are often separate, and removed from the edges, thus effectually dispelling the illusion.

The system of *revers*, of fancy waistcoats, of varied and reversible frills of two colours, should only be applied with the utmost care and discretion. The unfortunate wearer of these marvels of concoction would often appear, if the *raison d'être* of her costume were carefully sifted, to be carrying three or four robes, one above the other.



AN ANTWERP LADY.
(*From Planché's "History of Costume."*)

The most successful dresses are generally the simplest, for elaborate fashions cannot be



A WOMAN OF THE ABRUZZI.

well worn without careful study; and we may be sure that our safest patterns will be found in the costumes of women whose daily occupations necessitate the ease and freedom of the limbs and body—that is to say, in the dress of peasants and artisans in all ages, and in that of women in the days and in the countries where the mistress was wont herself to perform household duties. First and foremost in the latter class stands the most uniformly graceful of all shapes in robes: the mediæval dress, fitting tightly but easily over the bust and thighs, and then falling in folds to the feet. This make is very similar to the "Princess" robe of recent times, which one is sorry to find less popular than a few years ago. It is the most graceful of modern dresses, whether made to fasten up the front or at the back. The older variation is rather fuller in the skirt, almost suggesting a separate skirt gathered on to a bodice below the hips, although in reality the dress is all cut in one piece, like its modern imitation. Massive silver or gilt girdles were often worn around the hips with it, and through these the skirt was pulled, so as to disengage it from the feet in walking. It was thus equally convenient in the house and out of it; within doors it draped and gave warmth to the lower limbs, without being long enough to impede movement; and in the street, by means of the girdle, it was kept from out the mire. Generally made to fasten behind, it was oftenest fitted in front by means of three long and continuous seams, one down the centre, and one over each breast, reaching from the shoulder. A satisfactory modern variation has been invented, to fasten on the shoulders and under the arms, thus avoiding the unseemliness of fastenings down the back or front, and doing much to ensure smoothness of fit. This mode, so long as it be not pinched at the waist, is by far most universally becoming and practical of all. The dresses of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were often made low and unadorned at the throat, which would not suit our climate. The fashion of the "Marguerite" dress resembles that of the "Princess;" but it was cut low about the throat, and the sleeve of it was more fantastic, being sometimes puffed and laced. The sleeve of the mediæval "Princess" was usually a hanging sleeve, having another tight-fitting sleeve underneath, which ended in a concave cuff, like the petal of a flower, or in a narrow lace ruffling at the wrist. If worn without a hanging sleeve above, the fashion may be pleasantly varied by the "leg of mutton" sleeve of our grandmothers: cut in one piece with one seam, and without slashing, but so sloped as to form a puff at the top, thus giving additional breadth to narrow or sloping shoulders, and space for the free movement of the arm.



A MEDIÆVAL "PRINCESS." THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

The "Princess" or "Marguerite" robes, as well as some of the dresses of the French Republic and First Empire, avoid the immense difficulty of separate skirts and bodices, a fashion most detrimental to appearance and comfort. The dresses of the beginning of the century erred, at the same time, on the side of exaggeration quite as much as, and perhaps more than, any dresses have done before or after them, and deformed the figure by an absurd shortness of waist, as it had been deformed in the time of Elizabeth by stiffness and length of waist. Shortness of waist is always apt to flatter a thin or old figure, and make it appear younger and plumper; but a



A RUFF.

short-waisted dress is most graceful made in one length and full in front. To my mind it can be further improved by being cut Princess-wise behind, and with a broad waistband starting from beneath the arms to confine the fulness of the front. This avoids an unbecoming line traversing the middle of the back. The "Empire" dresses were worn with a sash all round the waist: sometimes broad, made of muslin or stuff to match the dress, and tied behind; sometimes of narrow ribbon, tied either behind or in front, with long ends. Walking dresses at the end of the century were usually made with round skirts, sewn on in gathers all around the tight-fitting, short-waisted bodice; sometimes the bodice had tabs all round, or a full box-pleated swallow-tail behind, and broad turn-back collars one above the other on the shoulders. Or, again, women wore very ample and pigeon-breasted kerchiefs, crossed over the bosom and tucked in at the waist. In a modified form, these fashions of the severer time of the French Directory may suggest most trim and dainty walking costumes for our damp climate, where dapper out-door dress is so important. They are prone, however, to slip now and then into the defect of "mannishness," although they avoid the worst feature of present female costume—the fashion of long bodices made separate from the skirt. This fashion is both highly injurious—it throws the whole weight of the skirts on to the weakest portion of the body—and exceedingly unbecoming, inasmuch as it divides the figure with a cross-line below the hips, which detracts from the wearer's appearance of height and gives her somewhat the look of a turnspit-dog—all back and no legs. This bad effect of the long-waisted bodice is, of course, more apparent when skirts are short, and it is for this reason that I would draw particular attention to the class of dress. Even where a good notion of a simple costume is considered, the modern dressmaker spoils it by her foolish fear—I can see no other reason for the invariable separation of skirt and bodice—of thickening her customer's waist.



A DUTCH FISHWIFE. (1793.)
(*From Planché's "History of Costume."*)

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For pretty and practical short walking-dresses the costumes of country people might often be considered with advantage. All peasant women—but perhaps most notably the Swiss and Italian *contadine*, who require the greatest ease of dress for their labours in the fields—get rid of belts and galling strings round the waist by wearing their skirts firmly stitched to the *bustino*, a sleeveless bodice with shoulder-straps. By this means they carry the weight of their skirts from the shoulders, and also secure perfect play to the arms, because the sleeves—those of the shirt—are independent of the bodice of the dress, and can be cut with a wider scoop in the arm-hole. Take, for instance, the costume of the women of Sorrento, of the Trastevere, or of the Abruzzi. They wear first a coarse white linen shirt fulled into a round or square band around the collar-bones, and often ornamented with coarse lace or needlework edging and insertion worked in with the weft of the fabric. These shirts are often heir-looms, woven by the hand of grandmothers and great-grandmothers, and are made even now by hand. The sleeves of the shirt should be set in full to the yoke—or, if the shirt be high, to the shoulder-piece—at the shoulder, and gathered into a band again at or below the elbow. No shape will ever be invented better suited to set off the curves of the female figure. Over their shirt these peasant women carry one petticoat of coarse woollen stuff, ornamented perhaps around the bottom with an arabesque border or with plain rows of coloured braids; and on to this skirt is sewn the low *bustino*, of different coloured stuff, lacing up in front. Bands cross from back to front of this bodice over the shoulders, supporting the weight of the skirt. The costume is com-



FROM A FRENCH FASHION PLATE.
(*Circ.* 1795.)

pleted by a large and long apron—either plain or embroidered—and a white linen scarf folded on the top of the head, and falling over the nape of the neck to protect it from the sun.

This dress is beautifully simple and perfectly practical. Its first principles are found in almost all the peasant costumes of Europe. Sometimes—in the poorest Italian districts—the women wear no bodice over the shirt, but only strong bands sewn behind to the centre of the waistband, into which the skirt is gathered, and crossing in front between the breasts so as to button on to the band again at the waist. This method might surely serve many ladies, who do not care for the unlovely and unhealthy constraint of stays, to lift the weight of their under-petticoats from the hips to the shoulders. The women of Northern Italy vary the national costume slightly by wearing coloured kerchiefs about their throats, in place of the ornamented neck of the shirt, and kerchiefs bound across their foreheads or tied under their chins. The Milanese have the further adornment of silver pins, so fastened into the knot of the hair behind as to stand out in the guise of a glory round their heads.

In France, in Germany, in Switzerland, the outlines are the same in the dress of all the working country classes. The people may be poorer, as in the fishing villages of Brittany, or richer, as in some of the more flourishing cantons of Switzerland; and their garments may have to be of coarser or finer material, of plainer or more bedizened fashion in consequence. But nowhere shall we find the original idea of the form different, because every woman who has to work has found that, to have free movement of the limbs and body, the dress must be in one piece, and the arms unbound by the tight seam of a dress-sleeve below their socket. Constructed on this principle are the charming gala costumes of Herrestadt, with the addition of linen collars framing the face, and of Berne, with the elaborately-laced stuff bodice fastened up by brooches to the top black velvet yoke round the throat, with the white shirt setting in folds over the bust and arms, between the yoke and the bodice, and silver chains hanging from one brooch to another beneath them. Or note the simpler Zürich costume, where an under-petticoat of bright colour hangs below the straight over-skirt some few inches, while its colour is repeated again in the low heart-shaped kind of waistcoat over which the lacings of the black velvet bodice cross to and fro, the snowy shirt being drawn in small folds from out the bodice, high round the throat and to the wrists. Of the same type is the simple dress of the Dutch fish-wife, with the white shirt showing through the dark bodice. In the gala dress of the Schaffhouse women the principles might be almost identically copied in our own stuffs and colours. The under-petticoat shows four inches below the top one, all round, and up to the waist in front, and might, in our case, be frilled or trimmed, although in theirs it is plain. The over-skirt falls apart in front from the open lacing of the bodice, on to which it is gathered, and its straight lines would be a new and pretty fashion after our late ecstasies in looping and draping. The shirt, instead of being white, might be of the same colour as the undermost petticoat, and show through the lacing of the bodice in front; by this means we should secure a uniform arrangement of colours.

It is the same with the head-dress. Would not the cool, flat, broad-brimmed hat of the Nice women, of the Lucerne maidens, and the Lombard rice-pickers, or the becoming chintz sun-bonnet of our own country-women for summer, the picturesque Rembrandt and Gainsborough hats for winter, be seemlier than the senseless concoctions of fashion? Would not the neat close-fitting caps and bonnets of the Zürich and St. Gall damsels, and of the North German and North Dutch girls, suggest shapes for town bonnets more comely than the French extravagances we know? Would not our English house and parlour maids often look both quieter and prettier than they do if they wore the little clinging soft muslin skull-caps of the eighteenth century, drawn to the shape of the head with runners, or the caps of the Auvergne and Normandy women, so dainty with their white frills framing the face? In the simpler modes of bygone ages, and in the national costumes of the present century, are innumerable hints and suggestions which, if we but tried to adopt them intelligently, would save us from most of those madnesses of fashion to which it is our fortune to be subject.

ALICE COMYNS CARR.

THE ART OF SAVAGES.—I.

DECORATIVE ART.

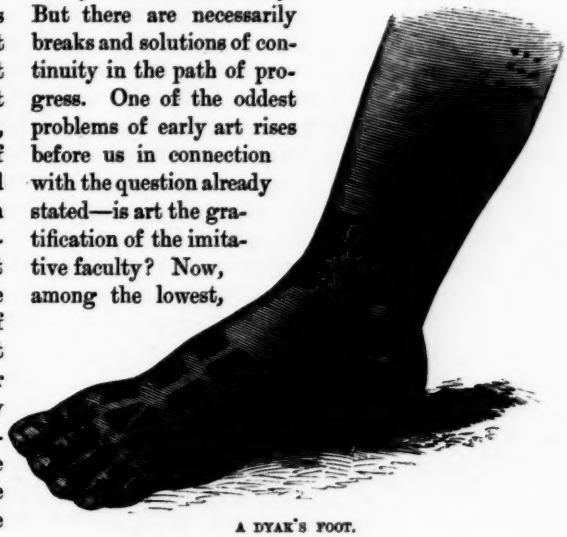
IN writing about the art of savages, I do not propose to discuss metaphysical conundrums as to the origin of art and of the artistic faculty in man. That is a topic on which volumes have been and might be written without much addition to our real knowledge. Even if we were able to discover and demonstrate the origin of the artistic faculty among savages, even if we could trace it to some obscure

germs in the habits of animals, we should yet be "no forwarder," as the farmer said after drinking several bottles of claret. For suppose we were to admit, with the Darwinians, that the æsthetic sense exists in the lower animals so powerfully that the prettiest spotted birds and beasts and speckled trout obtain the noblest mates, and so artistically improve the race, many philosophers would be afflicted with the congenital infirmity of the deaf adder. They would not listen to us, charmed we never so wisely. They would argue that, supposing the lovely colours of parrots, for example, to be the result of an æsthetic taste in parrots and of natural selection, men, too, by parity of reasoning, should be born into this world scored with the patterns and brilliant with the hues of blue china. For there is no doubt that, for countless centuries, almost all known races of men practised the art of tattooing themselves. Our engravings reproduce the patterns but not the old Nankin blue of Dyak tattooing. And if the prettiest parrot finds the prettiest mate, and bequeaths its rich hues to its chickens, why did not the best tattooed men and women hand on by heredity the colours and embossed patterns of their skins? No doubt the evolutionist, being cunning of fence, has some answer to these sophistries, though he cannot consistently argue that there is some divinity that shapes our frames, rough hew them as we will. But it would clearly be a mere waste of time and space, and even of temper, for us to study the origin of art from the point of view of the evolutionists, and to ask whether man derives his love of beauty from that delightful "greenery yallery" ape in the Zoological Gardens, whose coat is like green velvet turned up with yellow satin. Nor would it be wiser of us to approach the question of the origin of art in the spirit of the metaphysicians. One might quote Aristotle—his "Treatise of Poetry"—and aver that all art is the expression of man's imitative faculty and delight in imitation. But why does man delight in imitation? why does it heighten the pleasure which he takes in the beauty of the world? These questions would very rapidly lead us to consider the reconciliation of antagonisms—the sensible *schemata* of Time and Space, the "Notion" of Hegel (what it may have been few have a notion), the Categoric Imperative, and other transcendental and, properly speaking, unspeakable matters. We must, therefore, shun the whole obscure question of the origin of art, and adopt the simple and even lady-like hypothesis that man betakes himself to art because he likes it.



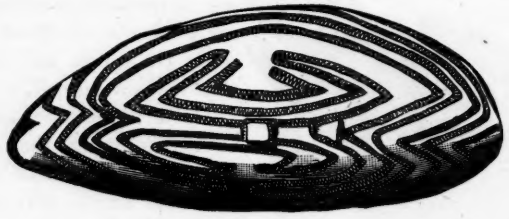
A DYAK'S HAND.
(From Bock's "Head Hunters of Borneo.")

Here it must be said that the theory of art as an expression of the imitative faculty is scarcely warranted by the little we know of art's beginnings. We shall adopt, provisionally, the hypothesis that the earliest art with which we are acquainted is the art of savages of contemporary or of extinct races. Some philosophers may tell us that all known savages are only degraded descendants of early civilised men who have, unluckily and inexplicably, left no relics of their civilisation. But we shall argue on the opposite theory, that the art of Australians, for example, is really earlier in kind, more backward, nearer the rude beginnings of things, than the art of people who have attained to some skill in pottery, like the New Caledonians. These, again, are much more backward, in a state really much earlier, than the old races of Mexico and Peru; while they, in turn, show but a few traces of advance towards the art of Egypt; and the art of Egypt, at least after the times of the Ancient Empire, is but slowly advancing in the direction of the flawless art of Greece. We shall be able to show how savage art, as of the Australians, develops into barbarous art, as of the New Zealanders; while the arts of strange civilisations, like those of Peru and Mexico, advance one step further; and how, again, in the early art of Greece, in the Greek art of ages prior to Pericles, there are remains of barbaric forms which are gradually softened into beauty. But there are necessarily breaks and solutions of continuity in the path of progress. One of the oddest problems of early art rises before us in connection with the question already stated—is art the gratification of the imitative faculty? Now, among the lowest,



A DYAK'S FOOT.
(From Bock's "Head Hunters of Borneo.")

the most untutored, the worst equipped savages of contemporary races, art is rather decorative on the whole than imitative. The patterns on Australian shields and clubs, the scars which they raise on their own flesh by way of tattooing, are very rarely imitations of any objects in nature. The Australians, like the Red Indians, like many African and some aboriginal Indian races, Peruvians, and others, distinguish their families by the names of various plants and animals, from which each family boasts its descent. Thus you have a family called Kangaroos, descended, as they fancy, from the kangaroo; another from the cockatoo, another from the black snake, and so forth. Now, in many quarters of the globe, this custom and this superstition, combined with the imitative faculty in man, has produced a form of art which represents the objects from which the families claim descent. This art is a sort of rude heraldry — probably the origin of heraldry. Thus, if a Red Indian (say a Delaware) is of the family of the Turtle, he blazons a turtle on his shield or coat, probably tattoos or paints his breast with a figure of a turtle, and always has a turtle, *reversed*, designed on the pillar above his grave when he dies, just as, in our mediæval chronicles, the leopards of an English king are reversed on his scutcheon opposite the record of his death. But the Australians, to the best of my knowledge, though they are much governed by belief in descent from animals, do not usually blazon their crest on their flesh, or on the trees near the place where the dead are buried. They have not arrived at this pitch of imitative art, though they have invented or inherited a kind of runes which they notch on sticks, and in which they convey to each other secret messages. The natives of the Upper Darling, however, do carve their family crests on their shields. In place of using imitative art, the Murri are said, I am not quite sure with what truth, to indicate the distinction of families by arrangements of patterns, lines and dots, tattooed on the breast and arms, and carved on the bark of trees near places of burial. In any case, the absence of the rude imitative art of heraldry among a race which possesses all the social conditions which produce this art is a fact worth noticing, and itself proves that the native art of one of the most backward races we know is not essentially imitative. Any one who will look through a collection of Australian weapons and utensils will be brought to this conclusion. The shields and the clubs are elaborately worked, but almost always without any representation of plants, animals, or the human figure. As a rule the decorations take the simple shape of the "herring-bone" pattern, or such other patterns as can be produced without the aid of spirals, or curves, or circles. There is a natural and necessary cause of this choice of decoration. The Australians, working on hard wood, with tools made of flint, or broken glass, or sharp shell, cannot easily produce any curved lines. Every one who, when a boy, carved his name on the bark of a tree, remembers the difficulty he had with S and G, while he got on easily with letters like M and A, which consist of straight or inclined lines. The savage artist has the same difficulty with his rude weapons in producing anything like satisfactory curves or spirals. We engrave above a shield on which an Australian has succeeded, with obvious difficulty, in producing concentric ovals of irregular shape. It may be that the artist would have produced perfect circles if he could. His failure is exactly that of a youthful carver of inscriptions coming to grief over his G's and S's. Here, however, we have three shields which, like the ancient Celtic pipkin (the tallest of the three figures opposite), show the earliest



AN AUSTRALIAN SHIELD.



AUSTRALIAN SHIELDS.

known form of savage decorative art—the forms which survive under the names of "chevron" and "herring-bone." These can be scratched on clay with the nails, or a sharp stick, and this primeval way of decorating pottery made without the wheel survives, with other relics of savage art, in the western isles of Scotland. The Australian had not even learned to make rude clay pipkins, but he decorated his shields as the old Celts and modern old Scotch women decorated their clay pots, with the herring-bone arrangement of incised lines. In the matter of colour the Australians prefer white clay and red ochre, which they rub into the chinks in the woodwork of their shields. When they are determined on an ambush, they paint themselves all over with white, justly conceiving that their sudden apparition in this guise will strike terror into the boldest hearts. But arrangements in black and white of this sort scarcely deserve the name of even rudimentary art. The Australians sometimes introduce crude decorative attempts at designing the human figure, as in the pointed shield opposite, which, with the other Australian designs, are from Mr. Brough Smyth's "Aborigines of Victoria." But these ambitious efforts usually end in failure. Though the Australians chiefly confine themselves to decorative art, there are numbers of wall-paintings, so to speak, in the caves of the country which prove that they, like the bushmen, could design the human figure in action when they pleased. Their usual preference for the employment of patterns appears to me to be the result of the nature of their materials. In modern art our mechanical advantages and facilities are so great that we are always carrying the method and manner of one art over the frontier of another. Our poetry aims at producing the effects of music; our prose at producing the effects of poetry. Our sculpture tries to vie with painting in the representation of action, or with lace-making in the representation of fretted surfaces, and so forth. But the savage, in his art, has sense enough to confine himself to the sort of work for which his materials are fitted. Set him in the bush with no implements and materials but a bit of broken shell and a lump of hard wood, and he confines himself to decorative scratches. Place the black in the large cave which Pundjel, the Australian Zeus, inhabited when on earth (as Zeus inhabited the cave in Crete), and give the black plenty of red and white ochre and charcoal, and he will paint the human figure in action on the rocky walls. In another paper I trust to return to the cave-paintings of the Australians and the bushmen in South Africa. At present we must trace purely decorative art a little further.



AN AUSTRALIAN GRAVE-STONE.

But we must remember that there was once a race apparently in much the same social condition as the Australians, but far more advanced and ingenious in art. The earliest men of the European Continent, about whom



SAVAGE ORNAMENTATION.

we know much, the men whose bones and whose weapons are found beneath the gravel-drift, the men who were contemporary with the rhinoceros, mammoth, and cave-bear, were not further advanced in material civilisation than the Australians. They used weapons of bone, of unpolished stone, and probably of hard wood. But the remnants of their art, the scraps of mammoth or reindeer bone in our museums, prove that they had a most spirited style of sketching from the life. In a collection of drawings on bone (probably designed with a flint or a shell), drawings by palæolithic man in the British Museum, I have only observed one purely decorative attempt. Even in this the decoration resembles an effort to use the outlines of foliage for ornamental purposes. In almost all the other cases the palæolithic artist has not decorated his bits of bone in the usual savage manner, but has treated his bone as an artist treats his sketch-book, and has scratched outlines of beasts and fishes with his sharp shell as an artist uses his point. These ancient bones, in short, are the sketch-books of European savages, whose untaught skill was far greater, I think, than that of the Australians, or even of the Eskimo. When brought into contact with Europeans, the Australian and Eskimo very quickly, even without regular teaching, learn to draw with some spirit and skill. In the Australian stele, or grave-pillar, which we have engraved, the shapeless figures below the men and animals are the dead, and the *boilyas* or ghosts. Observe the patterns in the interstices. The artist had lived with Europeans. In their original conditions, however, the Australians have not attained to such free, artist-like, and unhampered use of their rude materials as the mysterious European artists, who drew the mammoth that walked abroad amongst them.

We have engraved one solitary Australian attempt at drawing curved lines. The New Zealanders, a race far more highly endowed, and, when Europeans arrived amongst them, already far more civilised than the Australians, had, like the Australians, no metal implements. But their stone weapons were harder and keener, and with these they engraved the various spirals and coils on hard wood, of which we give examples here, and amongst the specimens of savage ornamentation on the preceding page. It is sometimes said that New Zealand culture and art have filtered from some Asiatic source, and that in the coils and spirals designed, as in our engravings, on the face of the Maori chief, or on his wooden furniture, there may be found debased Asiatic influences. This is one of the questions which we can hardly deal with here. Perhaps its solution requires more of knowledge, anthropological and linguistic, than is at present within the reach of any student. Assuredly the races of the earth have wandered far, and have been wonderfully intermixed, and have left the traces of their passage here and there on sculptured stones, and in the keeping of the ghosts that haunt ancient gravesteads. But when two pieces of artistic work, one civilised, one savage, resemble each other, it is always dangerous to suppose that the resemblance bears witness to relationship or contact between the races, or to influences imported by one from the other. New Zealand work may be Asiatic in origin, and debased by the effect of centuries of lower civilisation and ruder implements. Or Asiatic ornament may be a form of art improved out of ruder forms, like those to which the New Zealanders have already attained. One is sometimes almost tempted to regard the favourite Maori spiral as an imitation of the form, not unlike that of a bishop's crozier at the top, taken by the great native ferns. Examples of resemblance, to be accounted for by development of a crude early idea, may be traced most easily in the early pottery of Greece. No one says that the Greeks borrowed from the civilised people of America. Only a few enthusiasts say that the civilised peoples of America, especially the Peruvians, are Aryan by race. Yet the remains of Peruvian palaces are often by no means dissimilar in style, from the "Pelasgic" and "Cyclopean" buildings of gigantic stones which remain on such ancient Hellenic sites as Argos and Mycenæ. The probability is that men living in similar social conditions, and using similar implements, have unconsciously and unintentionally arrived at like results. Few people who are interested in the question can afford to visit Peru and Mycenæ and study the architecture for



TATTOO ON A MAORI'S FACE.



A MAORI DESIGN.



FROM A MAORI'S FACE.

themselves. But any one who is interested in the strange identity of the human mind everywhere, and in the necessary forms of early art, can go to the British Museum and examine the American and early Greek pottery. The Peruvian and Mexican vases are in the first room upstairs to the right, when you have passed the stuffed rhinoceros in the shiny old coat. Compare the Greek key pattern and the wave pattern on the vases, and compare the bird-faces, or human faces very like those of birds, with the similar faces on the clay pots which Dr. Schliemann dug up at Troy. The latter are engraved in his book on Troy. Compare the so-called "cuttle-fish" from a Peruvian jar with the same figure on the early Greek vases, most of which are to be found in the last of the classical vase-rooms upstairs. Once more, compare the little clay "whorls" of the Mexican and Peruvian room with those which Dr. Schliemann found so numerous at Hissarlik. The conviction becomes irresistible that all these objects, in shape, in purpose, in character of decoration, are the same, because the mind and the materials of men, in their early stages of civilisation especially, are the same everywhere. You might introduce old Greek bits of clay-work figures or vases into a Peruvian collection, or might foist Mexican objects among the clay treasures of Hissarlik, and the wisest archæologist would be deceived. The Greek fret pattern especially seems to be one of the earliest that men learnt to draw. The *svastika*, as it is called, the cross with lines at right angles to each limb, is found everywhere—in India, Greece, Scotland, Peru—as a natural bit of ornament. The allegorising fancy of the Indians gave it a mystic meaning, and the learned have built I know not what worlds of religious theories on this "pre-Christian cross," which is really a piece of hasty decorative work, with no original mystic meaning at all. Ornaments of this sort were transferred from wood or bone to clay, almost as soon as people learned that early art, the potter's, to which the Australians had not attained, though it was familiar to the not distant people of New Caledonia. The style of spirals and curves, again, once acquired (as it is by the New Zealanders), became the favourite of some races, especially of the Celtic. Any one who will study either the ornaments of Mycenæ, or those of any old Scotch or Irish collection, will probably recognise in that art the development of the Maori system of ornament. Classical Greece, on the other hand, followed more in the line of the ancient system of straight and slanted lines, and we do not find in the later Greek art that love of interlacing coils and spirals which is so remarkable among the Celts, and which is very manifest in the ornaments of the Mycænean hoards—that is, probably, of the ancient Greek heroic age. The causes of these differences in the development of ornament, the causes that made Celtic genius follow one track, and pursue to its æsthetic limits one early *motif*, while classical art went on a severer line, it is, perhaps, impossible at present to ascertain. But it is plain enough that later art has done little more than develop ideas of ornament already familiar to untutored races.

Decorative art is rather a dry topic, and can only be enlivened by the study of crowds of examples, which, as I have said, are to be seen at the Museum. There, too, the use of the early colours, red, black, and white, can be studied. My next paper will deal with savage designs of animals and of the human form, with the ascent from childish realism to the perfectly skilled selections of Greek sculpture. A. Lang.

PICTURES OF THE SEASON.

MODERN civilisation is full of little problems; and the problems of production and consumption are not the least puzzling among them. If the sight of the swarming population of London suggests the old but still unanswered question as to where the milk comes from, and if a stroll over a manufactory harasses inquiring minds with the query as to where the pins go to, there is also the standing and increasing perplexity as to the destination of all the pictures. For pictures are not consumed; very few of them cease to be. But more and more of them are produced year by year; exhibitions increase in number and are more eagerly besieged for space; not a block of houses of any importance seems to be constructed without a studio—or studios—appearing somewhere in its northern elevation; and the artist has long since taken the place of the soldier and the curate as the hero of the contemporary novel. Beside the tale told by exhibitions, however, there is the fact of the enormous number of pictures which must be painted and never exhibited, a considerable percentage of such work not being even intended for exhibition. Nothing impresses us so much with a sense of these numbers as a visit to a manufactory of frames. These humble accessories of art are significant of a mass of work, and imply an industry, which are really surprising. It would almost seem as if the yards upon yards of rectangular moulding and carving and gilding which



"FOOTSTEPS."

(From the Picture by Alice Havers, Exhibited at the Dudley Gallery.)

are turned out of a single London manufactory in one day would be enough to supply the painters of England; but when this huge quantity of matter —not intended, as food and clothing are intended, for destruction, or, as pins are, for loss—is multiplied by the working days of the year and by the number of the other frame-making places in all London and the provinces, the conclusion that we are—in some senses, at least—an eminently artistic people is inevitable.

The minor open exhibitions do much to foster, though they cannot satisfy, this curious activity. The stimulus of such galleries as the Dudley—which, one is rejoiced to hear, is in a condition the reverse of moribund—is applied to the labour of the whole country indefinitely and at large. So judiciously, too, has it been applied that what must be an incredible and incalculable quantity of work either sifts itself beforehand and never aspires to the selection of a committee, or is effectually sifted when it comes to judgment; so that minor pictures of a comparatively high standard of excellence are found to be the rule, and not the exception, in the most accessible galleries of the artistic year. Inevitably, too, these galleries will form their own little circle of habitual contributors; there are some names which are found as a matter of course, though by tacit consent, in their catalogues season by season. All the Dudley collections are interesting—the winter show of oil-paintings, the water-colours of the spring, and the black-and-white of the more advanced summer; their character rises rather than deteriorates, and the cabinet pictures of the season of 1881–82 have been generally allowed to be of rather more than average excellence.

Miss Alice Havers unites landscape with figure in her usual pleasant way in the "Footsteps" which we engrave. Her studies of landscape—meadows, or foliage, and sky—show great care and an observation of inanimate nature which should be commended in a painter who has so attractive a knack of figure-drawing. Her subjects almost always, and rightly, treat of female interests, forms, and costumes. The present little work—a painted "Little Comedy," so to speak—tells enough, and not too much, of its little story; for it is left to the ingenuity of the spectator to conjecture whether the two damsels who have strayed in confidential talk out of sight of the house windows are startled by stray or by expected footfalls, and—in the latter case—which of the two, the girl who looks behind or the timid companion who reassures or dissuades her, is the one for whose ear the sounds of approach have most importance.

The little dog is drawn with spirit and expressiveness, and the graceful growths at the stream-side with tenderness and truth. In "Night Expelled by Day," Mr. Stock has taken a subject often treated in allegory but never hackneyed: being as fresh, indeed, as the ever-new wonder of the dawn itself—that daily "great event" so impressively ushered in by Mr. Charles Reade, in one of his novels. The group he gives us is suggestive and graceful, and is touched with a certain imaginativeness of the type peculiar to a movement in art which has—very generously—been called the New Renaissance. Night lies failing and weary; her head is thrown back and slightly raised, as if in expectation of the influence of dawn. The figure floats in a blue cloud, among stars; the full moon is underneath, paled, as is the figure, by the golden and ruddy presence of the coming sun, in the midst of which appears the Day. In the drawing of this vigorous masculine form the artist has made the most of the intended contrast with the languid lines of Night, without exaggerating or overdoing the muscular development. The foreshortening of the lower limbs is good; that of the arms cannot be considered so successful. The general colour of the picture, and of the flesh especially, is full of charm—the most pleasing passages being perhaps in the face of Night, with its expression of pathetic repose.



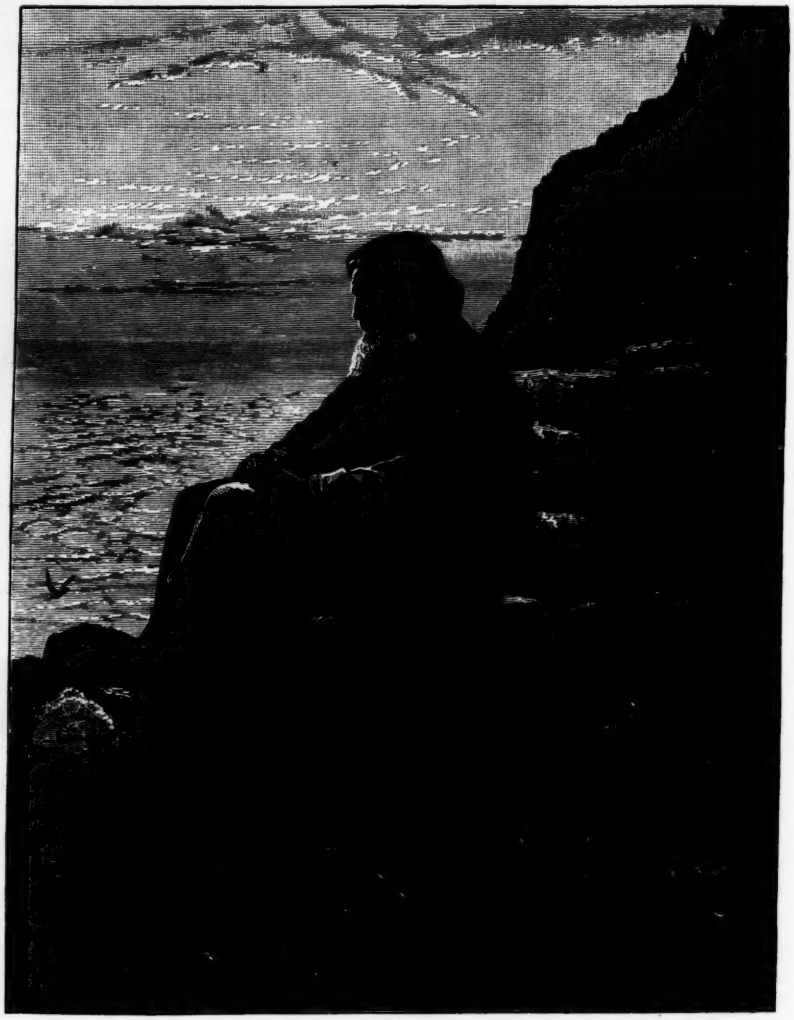
NIGHT EXPELLED BY DAY.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by H. J. Stock. By Permission of Dr. Dyce Brown.)

Mr. Dollman paints animal life with a quasi-human meaning in a manner which Landseer introduced and which his practice hardly justifies. It is a manner which may be considered as the fable-treatment of beast and birds, and has far more to do with La Fontaine and Æsop than with the actual life of the fields and woods. Mr. Marks, as a rule, is more realistic; he chooses his birds, for instance, for the unconscious comedy of their true expressions, but does not often distort the brute expression of less comic creatures into the likeness of the look of man: as Landseer did in his "Diogenes and Alexander," and often besides. The living crows in "Don't Care was Hanged" are a trifle exaggerated and self-conscious, to be sure; but they are expressive in their way, and their heads and attitudes are full of character and meaning. The sad end of their reckless comrade had evidently been, before its occurrence, the subject of many an ancient saw and modern instance from the older and more skilful rascals who are viewing the fulfilment of their wisdom. The picture is strikingly effective in its arrangement of black against a yellow evening sky. Mr. L. C. Henley's "The World Forgetting" comes from the winter exhibition in Suffolk Street, and is a sufficiently pensive, and not extraordinarily impressive, study of a monk—some soldier, or gentleman adventurer, turned Dominican friar, and meditating in his black and white habit by the sea within sight of his convent walls. Full of repose, the subject is fairly

interesting, if it is not particularly imaginative; and it has given the artist an opportunity for careful and agreeable work. He has laudably abstained from making his recluse express any hint of those sentimentalities and regrets of the heart which are as rare in reality as they are common to nausea in pictures; and though there are many to whom his tale may therefore seem but half told, it is only because they have been trained up on artistic falsehoods, and cannot recognise artistic truth when they see it. As for Mr. Henley's correctness as to costume, it must, in a measure, be taken for granted. For friars of orders gray, brown, and black are not so easily distinguished as might be supposed: as any one can vouch who has tried to understand the subtler differences of calced and discalced Dominicans, Augustinians, Carmelites, Trinitarians, and Passionists, at their head-quarters in Rome.

In the "Episode of the Siege of Saragossa" of that middle-aged young poet, François Coppée—whose work, it may be said in passing, is one of the cleverest and most careful imitations of real poetry we have—M. Jules Girardet has found an excellent pictorial incident, combining an energetic motive with a good antithesis of character. The scene is the interior of the cathedral. The French are breaking in; the two priests have gone to the altar and brought out the Host, to conquer their conquerors with the benediction. As the soldiers rush in, one of the priests rolls down the altar steps with the monstrance at his side, shot to death, while the other, with lifted hand, essays with his last breath to bless the intruders. He has just reached the words "Spiritus Sanctus," when a drummer boy yells an "Amen," with a scream of laughter, and a bullet cuts off the words for ever. The strongest passage of the picture is the boy's laugh; it breaks from the evil young face with a genuine impulse. Every one knows how rare in painting a perfect laugh is: how easy it seems to be to get the position of the features, and how difficult to inform them with merriment. From the mere grimace produced by a painter who has drawn a laugh according to rules of expression, to the half success achieved by a good artist who has missed the fulness of impulse by some indefinable want which may be a matter of a dot or a line or less, the degrees of failure are many. In the present case M. Girardet has accomplished something more than the difficult attainment of a really frank laugh, for he has mixed the mirth of the boy's face with a wickedness which is yet not the wickedness of demon or man, but merely that of a *gamin*. Melodrama is



THE WORLD FORGETTING.

(From the Picture by L. C. Henley.)

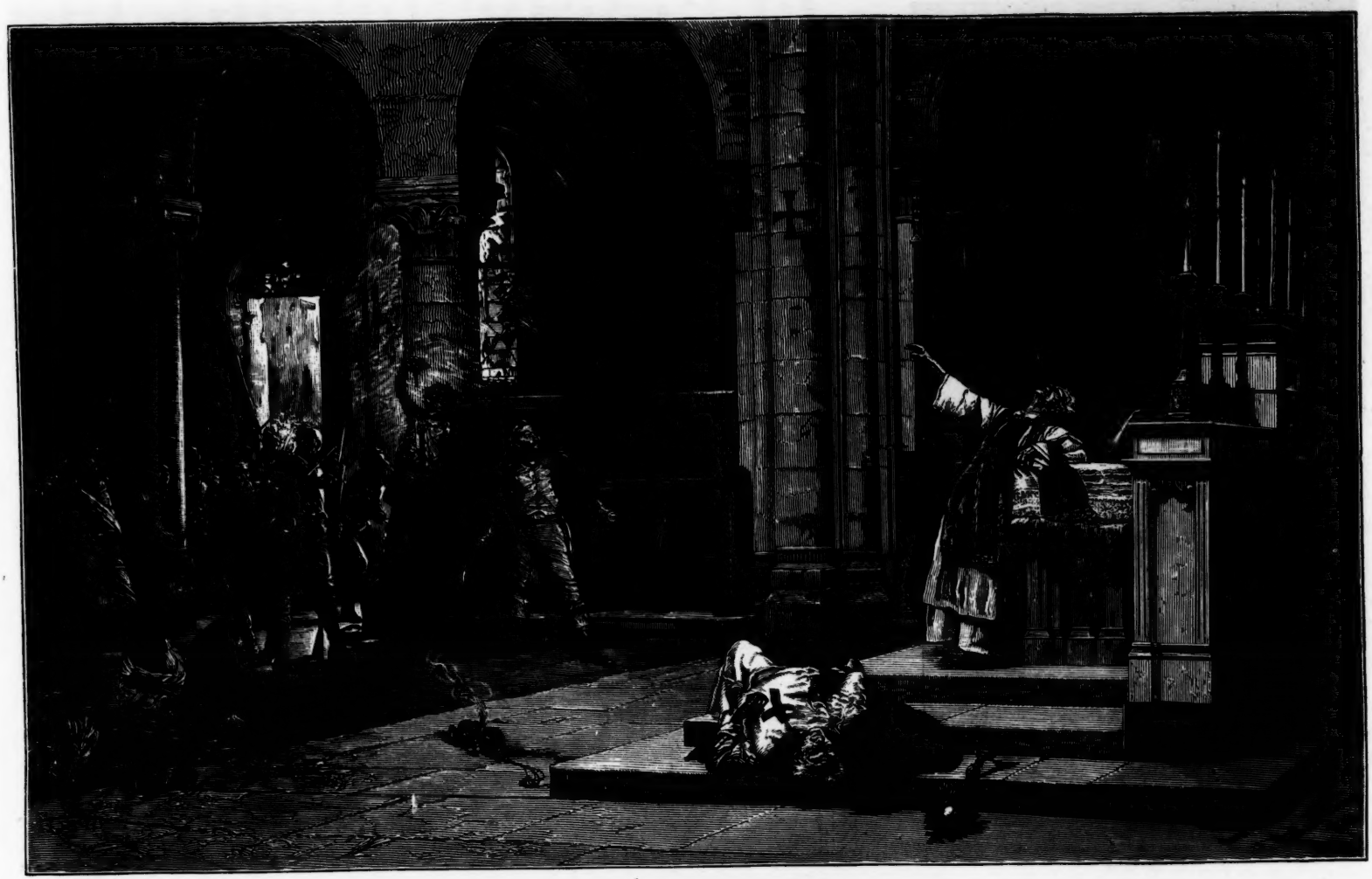


"DON'T CARE WAS HANGED."

(From the Picture by J. C. Dollman.)

present in both his groups; but it is melodrama of a good type, the actions of the priests being as true, and withal as restrained in their artistic treatment, as those of the soldiers. It may be added that, regarded as a study of draughtsmanship and of light, the "Episode" is not less satisfactory than it is in the matter of motive and expression. It was the best picture in the cosmopolitan exhibition at the United Arts Gallery in Bond Street—a show noteworthy for its wealth of good subjects. In this respect, by the way, we have but to compare contemporary international work to be struck with the contrast. Triviality of subject is too apparent in purely English collections, the inspiration of our minor painters running in the grooves of little pictorial fashions, which are as small and as frivolous as the fashions of society itself. Prevailing fancies in dress, indeed, rule on the walls of the Royal Academy in a way which certainly does not make for the dignity of English art: odds and ends of last century costume, introduced by the slenderest of incidents, being as rife there as in certain drawing-rooms. We are, of course, only speaking of that minor art which deals with incident, and does not concern itself with the larger, more general, and more thoughtful interests of sacred groups, landscape, allegory, and portraiture. But if incidents are chosen, it is well that they should show research, imagination, and power of realisation. Military subjects, whether battle pieces or the side passages of soldier life, may be considered as furnishing the best material for this sort of art, and the red brick walled gardens of a hundred years ago, with the railway stations and grand stands of a later date, as supplying the most trivial. One of the happiest signs, by the way, in the growing school of painting in the United States is the imagination shown in this important matter of subjects. If our own national neglect were due to an exclusive attention to the technical quality of art, it might be—so far—forgiven; but such a reason has very much less weight in England than elsewhere.

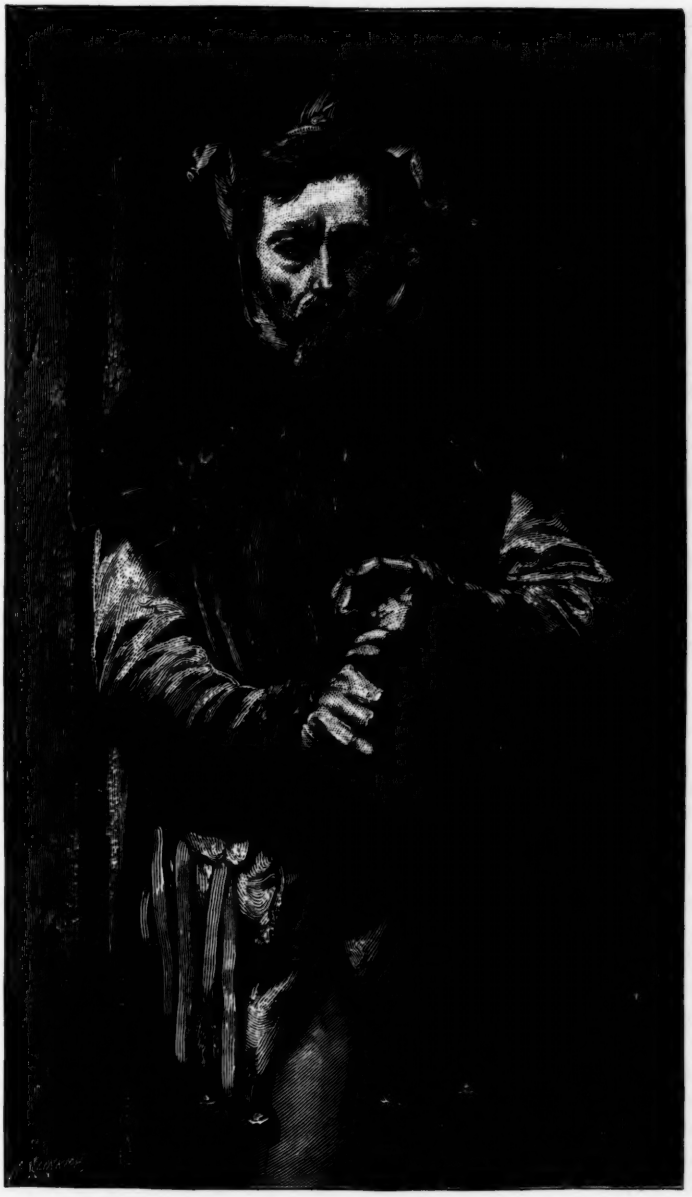
Mr. J. D. Watson has a genuine talent for black and white, which is evidenced, not only in his illustrations of "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress," and in many of those other drawings of his with which we are familiar in the pages of weekly and monthly periodicals, but also in the fact that his works in colour always translate effectively on the engraver's block. "Learn of the Wise and Perpend," our last example, is no exception to this general rule, nor does it otherwise fall short of the artist's known qualities as a sound draughtsman, who in the drawing of features and hands gives us a breadth and simplicity at once his characteristic and his charm. It is a spirited attempt at an ideal portraiture of the abstract Shakesperian Clown. The sitter is not exactly Touchstone; he is a thought too solemn and too dry. Nor is he the jester who went roistering with Sir Toby and Sir Andrew; he is not young nor gallant enough, nor is his a mèlodious aspect. He is far too respectable for the Pompey of "Measure for Measure," and not nearly transcendental enough to have gone out into night and storm and desolation with Lear. He is so "deep contemplative," and withal so seemly and so staid, that he might almost be a leader-writer in disguise. There is a flavour



EPISODE OF THE SIEGE OF SARAGOSSA.

(From the Picture by Jules Girardet. By Permission of Messrs. Goupil & Co.)

of rates and taxes about him—a suspicion of the franchise, as it were—that is less suggestive of Arden than of Hammersmith. For all that, however, he is a very pleasant fellow. He would be excellent company; he is a humorist and a breaker of jests; it is obvious that he would prefer the "Young Duke" to "Juventus Mundi," and that he eschews the society of those who dogmatise about politics. Mr. Watson is very heartily to be commended on his production.



"LEARN OF THE WISE AND PERPEND."

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by J. D. Watson.)

Our selection, as far as it goes, is fairly representative of every-day art and of certain of its principal ambitions and tendencies: illustrative and ideal, anecdotic and sentimental, melodramatic and humorous. The examples it includes are more than interesting in themselves. They bear witness to a great and manifold earnestness, in application and intention, which is one of the most cheering signs of the times. They show conclusively that, if we are not great artists, it is not—at all events—for lack of diligence. We spare no pains to discover what is most pleasant and agreeable in us; and when we have compassed the discovery, we put it to the most generous use we may. It follows that while a great deal is now-a-days produced that is art in no single sense of the word, a great deal more is achieved that, of its kind and in its degree, is not only art, but art of fairly good quality. This of itself is matter for congratulation. What is not less satisfactory is that there is a ready market for all of it, and that certain species of good work command a readier sale and a higher price than any sort of bad. The rank and file are not, perhaps, so competent in modern England, or France, or Germany, as those of the Italy of the Renaissance; and — whatever may be said of the increase of culture — it is evident that the sentiment of art is neither so common nor so finely and fully developed in the public of Mr. Millais and Sir Frederick Leighton as it was in the public of Raphael and Titian. But our painters and their public understand each other, and are in perfect sympathy. The artist paints to please, as he did three centuries ago. His work is honestly meant and done; and his success is well deserved. The conditions of modern life are unfavourable to the development, or even the existence, of the heroic in art; but of the good qualities they encourage there is an abundance.

THE GLASGOW INSTITUTE.

THE Annual Exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts is gradually becoming an important factor in the art-education of Scotland. Always more cosmopolitan in character than the common run of English or Scotch collections, a direct attempt has of late years been made to make it representative, not only of home art, but of what is best in the contemporary schools of France, Holland, and Germany. In the summer Black-and-White Exhibition, for example, more than half the space was allotted to foreign pictures, and in the spring exhibition, lately opened, there is a great deal of foreign work in colour. With so formidable a rival as the Royal Scottish Academy at Edinburgh, there would be little chance of a second really representative Scotch exhibition at Glasgow. Thus the Academy acts as an index of the contemporary art-work of Scotland, while the Institute enables some comparison to be drawn between this and work from abroad. Scotland does not shine in the comparison; but there are not wanting signs that the lessons of the Institute are not wholly thrown away. Many of the younger artists show a notable advance in breadth and scope of artistic sentiment, and a just and liberal opinion is forming as to the superiority of the Continental course of study. On the other hand, the influence of much of this foreign work—particularly work of the French landscape school—is not altogether subject for congratulation. While its directness and simplicity are sufficiently apparent, the fact is not always present that the most "impressionist" of Frenchmen goes through a severe and systematic training; and that, however simple his effects may appear, they are inevitably based upon certain laws of design which draughtsmanship and academic training alone can inculcate. Some of the young Glasgow painters seem to ignore this foundation, and complacently begin at the wrong end; and not a few works are shown which have nothing beyond eccentricity and accident to remove them from the commonplace. And as it is thus in technical effort, so, too, is it with the higher motives. The education of the hand is not enough if the education of the mind is not co-equal with it, nor is emotion to be expressed by conventional symbols unless, in the first instance, these symbols are the outcome of a phase of the painter's mind. The mere affectation of painting in an abnormally low scheme of colour, and tacking on the result to a suggestive title, does not necessarily represent solemnity, nor is the grave sympathy of a Millet with the peasant life in which he has been born and bred to be parodied by the painter who only regards the labourer as an occasion for pictorial effect. There are not very many specimens of this affected and artificial work in Glasgow — not more, perhaps, than one finds now-a-days in most galleries; but the exhibition would have been all the better, and its effect all the healthier, without even these.

Of the foreign work, one or two examples consigned under well-known names are of doubtful authenticity. Thus it is extremely difficult to ascribe to Millet an ill-drawn and flimsily painted marine subject, in which the sea is given with no attempt at subtlety, either of form or colour, beyond a series of parallel touches of white to represent the crests of the waves. There can be no such doubt about the Rousseau—silvery, noble, and charming—in which the hand of the master is at once discernible. Nor can the delightful delicacy and distinction of a Corot—with its masses of grey-toned foliage in the hazy light of dawn—fail to impress the spectator with its truth both to art and to Corot. Besides these, many living Frenchmen of repute have sent pictures direct from their easels, while Dutchmen, like Israels, Mauve, Artz, and Mesdag, are well and largely represented.

Much place in the galleries is given to English pictures which have been already exhibited. Among these, mention may be made of Cecil Lawson's fine landscape, "Barden Moors," with its strong flavour of De Wint; and of Mr. Millais' "Principal Caird," a portrait painted for Glasgow University, and one which will probably take its place in days to come as a genuine illustration of Scottish history, for good portraiture, after all, is the only true historical painting. Interesting too, at this time, is an early figure picture by John Linnell, in which, with simple idyllic grace—not wholly free perhaps from a tendency to over-refinement—a scene of country life is pictured in the strong rich tones of Linnell at his best. To these may be added a few of the important pictures of last spring: Pettie's "Fisherman in the Highlands," McWhirter's "Mountain Tops," Prinsep's "Young Solomon," and Reid's "Peace and War." Grosvenor Gallery achievement is represented by Mr. Burne-Jones, who contributes a "Sea

Nymph," graceful and expressive in line, suggestive in drawing, and rich and full in colour; by Mr. Albert Moore, whose delicate and subtle sense of tone and rhythmical design finds excellent expression in "The Beads;" by Mr. Holman Hunt, who sends his portrait of Professor Owen; and by Professor Legros, with one of the most vigorous and masterly of his famous *études de têtes*.

Turning to Scotch work, the impression is that the strongest and most individual influence is that of Mr. McTaggart. The growth of his power has recently been marked, and this in the face of more uniformly adverse criticism, both from the press and from the public, than probably any other living artist has experienced. To find a parallel, one would have to go back thirty years or so to the reception which the young Pre-Raphaelites got from the London press. In their case, though, the criticism carried with it a remunerative notoriety, which in Mr. McTaggart's it has not. Moreover, unlike the majority of these experimentalists, he has never swerved from his original path, and to this singleness of aim may be attributed his present success. The problem which he set himself to accomplish dealt less with motives than with means. Always a true artist in his appreciation of the varying phases of country life, he has endeavoured to paint them with the fullest realism, more especially as regards light and air. No picture in Glasgow approaches to the excellent veracity of his "Summer Breezes," where two sunny children are set against a background of breezy tumbling sea. Somewhat similar as dealing with the prosaic, but eminently pictorial, episodes of quiet village life, are the works of Mr. W. D. M'Kay and Mr. Lawton Wingate; but neither of these painters has achieved such a mastery as Mr. McTaggart. The former paints a summer landscape, with village children playing on the grass by a broken gate; the latter, dealing also with summer, just turned from spring, gives us a bit of clear, sunlit meadow-land, with cattle in the shallow pools of water, under the shade of tender foliage. The best of the Glasgow work is contributed by Mr. David Murray, who worthily vindicates his recent election as an Associate of the Scottish Academy, and by Mr. Joseph Henderson; while good landscapes come from Messrs. Wellwood Rattray, William Young, William Pratt, and R. M. G. Coventry. That the exhibition, with some shortcomings, has much in its favour, is undeniable.



DOOR-KNOCKER.

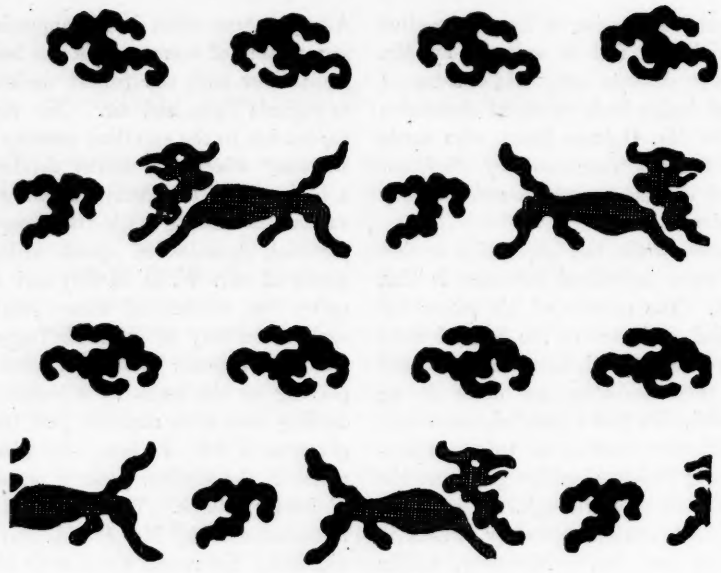
THE DECORATION OF A HOME.*

OUR early ancestors the apes, if we can judge of them from their undeveloped posterity (the present generation of monkeys), appear to have had no decorative sense. This, like many other faculties, moral as well as artistic, now possessed by human beings, must have been dormant during the Simian period. That it was transmitted to us cannot of course be doubted, or how could we have obtained it? The birds have it very strongly, according to Mr. Darwin, and choose their mates by an ordeal not at all unlike a South Kensington Museum examination; and there can be no doubt that the oyster, though, like our fathers, rather careless as to the front view of his house, shows, like ourselves, exquisite taste in the decoration of his "interior." He is the prototype of those daily lessening human beings who ground their disregard of architectural beauty on the plea that you do not live outside but inside your house, and he has a better reason for holding this view, as he is unable to judge how it looks from the road. Our taste in dress—or at least the taste of our wives and daughters—is doubtless inherited from the birds, our taste in wall-papers from the oyster, and both, equally without doubt, by transmission through the ape, whose conditions of existence were not favourable to their exhibition. Like Adam and Eve, he had no need for clothes; he had not a nest, let alone a house, to adorn; and the first problem of decoration, viz., "how to vary pleasantly the monotony of a blank space," was of inferior importance to that which nature propounds daily, even to the modern "æsthete," viz., "how to fill pleasantly an empty one."

Whether, however, we accept the Darwinian theory or not, we must allow that uncivilised human creatures are very like apes, and that the decorative sense, dormant or not in the monkey, is one of the first to show itself in man. Nor is this unnatural; for when he, to suit his own purposes, began to alter things that nature had made, when he stripped the beautiful leaves from an ash twig to make

* "Grammaire des Arts Décoratifs: Décoration Intérieur de la Maison." Par Charles Blanc, de l'Académie française et de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts, Professeur au Collège de France. Paris: Librairie Renouard, H. Loones, successeur, 6, Rue de Touracon. (1882.) 25 fr.

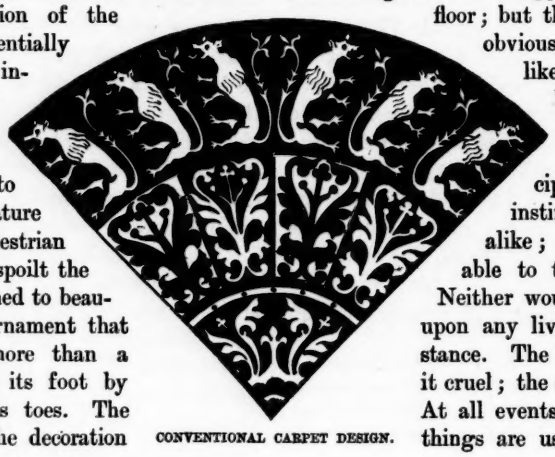
him an arrow, or burnt a hollow in a tree-trunk to make him a receptacle for grain, he destroyed beauty. The thing was indeed useful, but something had been lost in making it so. Possibly a dim sense of contrast between the pleasure of looking at the thing manufactured, and that of looking at the thing out of which it had been hacked or burnt, created a dissatisfaction with the appearance of his handiwork, and a wish to improve it. Hence may well have arisen the decorative sense in man, desiring to beautify what he had disfigured. Some of the earliest of these decorative efforts (long before history begins) are careful figures of reindeer carved or scratched upon bone implements. In these we see the two sources of the visible arts, the desire to make beautiful, the desire to imitate. What the man of the bone age did with the reindeer, what the ancient Peruvians did with birds and flowers, what the Greeks and Etruscans did with the human form, is not, however, the most elementary kind of decoration. Odd scratches and marks with a sharpened flint on wood, with the end of a stick or the finger-nail on pottery, rude combinations of the curve and straight line are the purest form of art—the real art for art's sake. But whatever the first manifestation of the artistic sense, it was essentially decorative, and was as instinctive as the desire to walk in a child. Like a child's steps also, there was no doubt as to what to do or how to do it, for nature helps both artist and pedestrian at first. No savage ever spoilt the shape of the thing he wished to beautify by applying to it ornament that was inappropriate, any more than a child spoils the shape of its foot by attempting to walk on its toes. The form might be bad and the decoration barbarous, neither of them giving any pleasure to us civilised creatures; but the one did not war with the other. The savage was right as far as he went; he only meant to decorate, and he did it.



MODERN JAPANESE CARPET.

It is just because we have lost this sense, because we want to decorate and do not know how to do it, that such a book as M. Charles Blanc's "Grammaire des Arts Décoratifs" is necessary. It is only civilised beings that need grammars, and the learned and cultivated Frenchman spent some five-and-twenty years in discovering and illustrating certain principles of decoration, some of which when we read them appeal at once to our common sense as axioms that need no proof. Many, if not most, of these are only applicable to the arts of civilised man; but others are applicable to all decorative art, and these the savage never violated, though he never knew them.

M. Blanc tells us that "effects of perspective are absolutely forbidden in the decoration of the floor." This sounds difficult, but the reason makes its comprehension easy. Nobody likes to walk upon a floor that looks uneven. He also tells us that the human figure is an inappropriate decoration to the floor; but the reason of this is equally obvious, for it is not natural to like to tread upon a human being. The action is one that we neither ought, nor wish, to do; its principles are opposed to our instincts and our prejudices alike; among men, it is agreeable to the London rough alone. Neither would it be pleasant to tread upon any living thing, a dog for instance. The humanitarian would think it cruel; the cautious would fear a bite. At all events, if the shapes of living things are used for the decoration of



CONVENTIONAL CARPET DESIGN.

the floor, they should have no relief, for the floor should seem flat, and they should be so slightly indicated or so changed in aspect that there can be no fear of mistaking them for the real. We give two instances of how animals may be made available for decoration of the floor without any fear of after-consequences to the walker. In one of these cuts, the origin of which I do not know (it is probably French or Italian of the sixteenth century), we see a lion; in the other (a modern Japanese carpet), dogs and crabs. The figure of the lion on his haunches, with his tail stuck up, his mouth open, and his claws showing, is expressive enough of the savage nature of the beast, yet inspires no terror. He is reduced to a mere symbol, but he makes a very effective pattern. The Japanese designer, while robbing his animals of any pretence of life by representing them *en silhouette*, and probably by choosing their colours without regard to nature, has still managed to give them character, spirit, and direction. The direction of the crabs in one line is, however, counteracted by that of the crabs in another, and the dogs in the intervening lines are arrested by interposed crabs, so that direction does not pass into movement, which would be as unpleasant as inequality of surface in a floor-covering. A famous Oriental rug once belonging to Sir David Wilkie, and now preserved with great care by Sir Frederick Leighton, represents a lion hunt with equal skill. But what Orientals can do in a line of art in which they are supreme, it is not always wise for Europeans to attempt. Should any lady desire to work a hearthrug with animal forms, let her think of this Japanese design, and hesitate before she tries to imitate one of the late Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures. Even in this highly æsthetic generation such disregard of all decorative proprieties has, I fear, been known.



CABINET. (FRENCH. SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.)

Although the refinement of feeling which (when it is aroused from torpor by M. Charles Blanc) teaches us that the human figure is of too great dignity to be soiled with dirty boots, and that it is not nice (physically or morally) to tread upon the ribs of a dog, belongs to later civilisation, these two designs illustrate at least two principles which are never violated in archaic art—viz., (1) that the decoration of an object should regard the position and use of that object; (2) that the decoration should be subordinate to the thing decorated, or, in other words, should beautify the thing and not overlay it with another kind of beauty. A rug covered with a life-like or picture-like representation of one of Landseer's dogs is not only a disagreeable thing to tread upon, but it ceases to be a rug beautified (or uglified), and becomes instead beauty (or ugliness) in the shape of a rug. If beauty, it should be hung up to be looked at, not laid down to be trodden upon; if ugliness, it has no right to disfigure the drawing-room.

The British man and woman who are content to "know nothing" about art, but proudly assert that they "know what they like," are still too common, in spite of the spread of artistic knowledge and the cultivation of artistic taste. M. Charles Blanc very properly points out that something is due to the senses of your guests. An Englishman's home

is certainly his "castle," and he has a right to do what he likes there; but hospitality is an English virtue, and a man who is careful to provide good food for his guests' appetites, and not to offend their prejudices by his conversation, should also be careful not to offend their eyes by the distressing colours of his curtains, or the hideous shapes of his furniture. Here again is a truth which only needs to be spoken to assure us of its reasonableness. If a man have not good taste he should cultivate it as a social duty; if the senses of colour and form be absolutely wanting he should call in an expert. No insensibility to smell can altogether excuse, though it may palliate, the offence of saluting your guest with a strong odour of "green-water" as soon as he crosses your threshold; and it must not be forgotten that eyes are as sensitive as noses, and, what is more, they are doors to the mind, the heart, and the intellect.

Although it may be inferred from its title-page that M. Charles Blanc's book is concerned only with the decoration of the interior of the house, he rightly includes in it the ornaments of the street-door. Except for people—now-a-days comparatively few—who live in houses of their own, doors that open into the air are matters of little interest. The bolts and the knocker belong to the landlord, and few of us care to spend money in changing them. It is, therefore, rather to landlords and house-builders than to occupiers that the design of the knocker which forms our initial letter must be recommended. This can be done with the greater confidence, as it possesses qualities dear even to the Philistine. It is "useful," "sensible," and "handsome"—three epithets peculiarly English in relation to art. There is a good solid ring which, as the French say, "accuses its object." It asks to be taken hold of; it is evidently loose in its ring, and can be raised; it has a nob to make a noise against; and, finally, no amount of force is likely to injure it or the door, or the pretty but simple ornament of the plate that fastens one to the other. How much better is it to use a knocker like this than a slip of metal that only makes a feeble clatter; to hit a knob with a ring than to hammer the chin of an unfortunate satyr! How much more reasonable to belabour a door with an honest piece of metal than with a knot of slippery soft snakes or a piece of riband!

Another of M. Charles Blanc's excellent aphorisms is, that in furniture the straight lines should be mainly vertical, the curves mainly horizontal, in direction. He argues for this not only with good sense, but with much eloquence and fancy. He points out how with curtains and festoons to the windows, and hangings to the doors, the vertical lines which attest the structure of the apartment are nearly effaced. He also points out that the dresses of ladies, their supple forms and elegant gestures, abound in curves. If, he argues, we make our tables and chairs with cabriole legs, or otherwise bend the straightness of their supports, all sense of stability will be gone. The extent to which our natural instincts as to the fitness of things can be dulled by misuse can scarcely be more strongly exemplified than by the fact that, to the mind of so sensible a person as M. Charles Blanc, it seems to need such subtle reasoning to prove to us that the tables on which we place anything or everything which comes to our hand should not only be, but look, capable of affording it support, and that the legs of the chairs we sit upon should inspire confidence as to the result of transferring to them the weight to which our own legs have already testified. Part of this abdication of common sense is, doubtless, due to the growth of one art out of another. The manner of representing natural objects, such as rocks and trees, used by the painters of the early Italian schools, would not have satisfied senses not already accustomed to the presentation of these objects by the goldsmith and missal painter; and the notion of surmounting a cabinet with a pointed roof would have seemed absurd to persons unaccustomed to see such things on houses and churches. The reason of the pointed roof was to carry off water; and the form became beautiful; and it did not occur to the cabinet-maker and his customers that the beauty appropriate to one use was inappropriate to another, and that a cabinet had no water to carry off. So the pent, with many other characteristics of buildings in the open air, was transferred from architecture to furniture, and it was left for M. Charles Blanc, among others, to prove to the present generation that resemblances between churches and bureaux are only justified by uses and properties which are common to both. In the beautiful cabinet of which we give an illustration, though certain ornaments are borrowed from architecture, they are modified with regard both to the material and the purpose of the thing. The top has no pediment, but is terminated with a straight line, affording a shelf on which vases, busts, or other beautiful things may rest securely; the pillars are carved and channelled and cut away, and yet do not suggest want of strength, because their burden is not great. Though the vertical lines are partially destroyed, yet enough of them remains to give a sense of stability; and the ornament is profuse and elegant as becomes a thing whose ostensible object is to decorate a room. No doubt, too, it has a use as a container of things; but as these are hidden from view, there is no need to regard them in the design. Assuredly it would give a shock to nerves of æsthetic delicacy to find on opening those beautiful doors a row of gallipots and a scrubbing-brush; but

that is the business of the possessor and not of the cabinet-maker, who has a right to suppose that his design will be duly honoured. It is different in the case of cabinets or book-cases which show their contents, through glass or without it; then the destination of the work should be taken into consideration by the workman, and affect his design.

In the recent renascence of public interest in decorative art no branch of it has attracted so much attention as that of ceramics; and it is not only as critics and purchasers, but as decorators of and painters on china, that "amateurs," especially ladies, have distinguished themselves. It would be folly to deny the great merit of modern decoration of this sort, or that the tendency to represent far more of the natural appearance of things than is conveyed in the masterpieces of Greece or China has not legitimately added to those pleasures which the decoration of china is capable of affording us. At the same time it cannot be too steadily insisted on that this tendency leads to much that is not decoration at all, but merely the painting on plates and bottles of pictures which have no business there. It is a tendency founded in a great measure upon ignorance of what proper decoration is; and there is no better way of learning this than by studying the works of the potters of Greece and China, who knew it perfectly. The object of decoration is, as before stated, to make a thing beautiful; and if you have an undecorated vase your decoration must be subject to the vase, and not the vase to the decoration. The Greek who decorated the noble vessel of which we give an illustration thoroughly understood this. He has taken pains to mark the main lines of its design with bands of beautiful ornament, and, while introducing between them human figures engaged in strong action, has not for one moment forgot that it was the vase he was decorating. He has not attempted to give light and shade, for in doing so he would destroy the appearance of evenness of surface. He has been careful so to conceive the energy of his characters that their gestures will not interfere with the idea of roundness essential to the vase. He has, moreover, so disposed the limbs and drapery that they shall answer what I have stated as the first problem of all decoration, viz., "how to vary pleasantly the monotony of a blank space." In this prime element of decoration, however, the Chinese probably excel all nations, not because they vary their spaces more pleasantly, but because the pleasure is more entirely due to the variation. In the vase and bowl figured on our next page the decoration has not only been the first, but the only object. In the Greek vase, though the design of the figures was subordinated to the thing that was to be beautified, and indeed ennobled, by them, the dignity and expression of them was preserved. In the Chinese work we find the things of which the patterns are made—horses, men, trees, and flowers—cared for only as means of decoration. There is little attempt to preserve their natural beauty. Large flowers, by their bulk and general *rondeur* of outline, are convenient to break up the surface into pleasant indefinite spaces not destructive of the bulbous shape of the lower part of the bottle; twigs and leaves are convenient, from their properties of winding and wandering, to fill up the interstices lightly and completely, so that the eye shall find



A GREEK CRATER.

no monotony nor any space unpleasantly vacant; but the real beauty of structure and formation is little



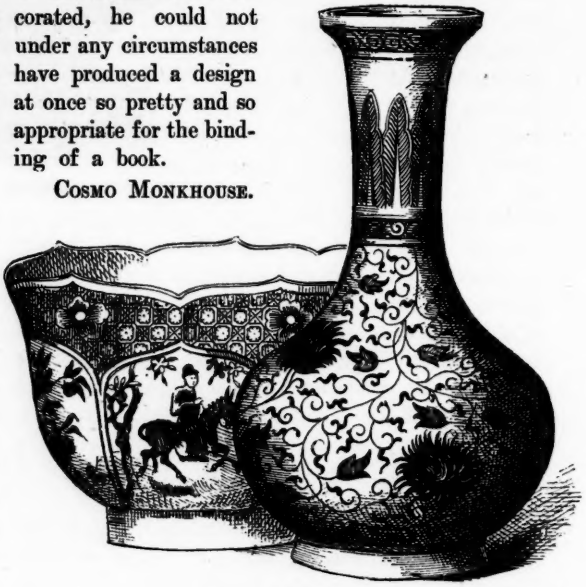
BOOKBINDING DESIGN.

more regarded than in the case of the horse and his rider on the bowl, whose only duty is to "fill" a particularly shaped space. Both the bowl and the bottle are, nevertheless, perfect as instances of pure decoration. In the Greek example the design has been modified to suit the shape of the vase; in the Chinese the design has been suggested by the shape and exists for it only. This Oriental power of establishing not only harmonious relations, but an inseparable connection between an object and its decoration, seemed at one time to be almost unattainable by Europeans; but all Asiatic races have it more or less, and of late years signs that the "sense" is growing in Europe—and not least in England—have not been wanting. There is no reason (as is shown by Japanese art) that it should not coexist with a deeper feeling for the beauty and structural truth of things than the Chinese show; but pure decoration must be what is called "conventional," not only because a certain arbitrariness of shape is necessary for the perfect decoration of arbitrary forms, but because no too obvious resemblance to nature should divert attention from the thing that is decorated to the "decoration" itself.

But even the decoration of china does not occupy the minds of so many persons as the "decoration" of a room. Here the word is used in a different sense, viz., the making one thing beautiful by the disposition about it of other things which have each a separate use or beauty, or both, of their own. This art of judicious arrangement of furniture, pictures, china, &c., so as to make a room as beautiful as possible with given materials, is one which can scarcely be taught. It seems to be another "sense," and one not always possessed by persons whose houses are full of beautiful things. Often, by a kind of natural compensation, those who have little to spend are able to make their homes not only more pleasant, but as wholes more beautiful, than their richer neighbours. With this kind of "decoration" the last work of M. Charles Blanc deals little, but his hints as to the special tone which should be given to each room with reference to its peculiar use are excellent. If he had been spared to us longer, there would have been no one more fitted to instruct us upon this, or upon any other subject dealing with the application of the laws of "æsthetics." Unfortunately his "Grammaire des Arts Décoratifs" is the last fruit of a life spent in useful and noble labour.

Twice Directeur des Beaux-Arts (in 1848 and 1870), he was called upon not only to write books and give lectures, but to administer and reform the art-education of France. He discovered for us some laws which had been forgotten, others which had never before been formulated. He found taste without a standard, and genius without a guide; and there are few workers of his age that have done more to recover the one and to act as the other. He met with much honour in his own country, and he was widely known and esteemed beyond it. As a writer he was remarkable for the clearness of his style, the soundness of his judgment, and the excellence of his taste; but none of his qualities was more abundant or more useful than his "common sense." Some share of this, "of all things most uncommon," is necessary, not only to comprehend, but to act upon the principles of decorative art; and if the maker of the ornament at the top of our page had not considered the limits and capacities of the tools, and the materials to be employed, as well as the shape and the use of the article to be decorated, he could not under any circumstances have produced a design at once so pretty and so appropriate for the binding of a book.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.



CHINESE PORCELAIN.

A PAINTER OF THE STREETS.

J. G. BROWN, the painter of "Pups," and "Tough Customers," and many a pleasant study of street-life besides, was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was apprenticed to the glass-works of that city, but during his two last years there he found time to study drawing during the evenings with W. B. Scott, a local artist. When his apprenticeship was completed, he had the world "before him where to choose." His enthusiasm for art simplified his decision. Wherever he went in order to ply his trade, one thing was settled—it must be where he could increase his opportunities of art-culture. Edinburgh, nearer at hand than London, naturally attracted his attention. Entering the glass manufactory there, to gain a subsistence, he resumed his evening studies with the pencil. His talent was so evident that Lauder, who rarely took pupils, readily admitted him to his studio, and for thirteen months faithfully and kindly directed the young artist's efforts. It was while studying in Edinburgh that Brown took a medal in the antique class at the Royal Scottish Academy. At that time he had no other purpose in view but to spend his days in Great Britain. No better art-field could be found, and there was little reason to doubt that he could eventually have won success in his native land; but it was written otherwise.



FROM "TOUGH CUSTOMERS."
(Painted by J. G. Brown.)

There are thousands still living, both in England and her colonies, who remember Harry Russell and his emigrant songs. Many who have since made fortunes in the United States or Australia owe their first impulse towards those countries to those songs of the people. Tyrtæus led the Greeks to victory in war by the power of the lyric; and song in these latter ages has urged the people to the victories of peace. Among those whose life was influenced by Russell was the young art-student of Edinburgh. This was doubtless owing in part to the circumstance that he is unusually susceptible to the power of music, and is himself an accomplished violinist.

Mr. Brown was twenty-two years of age when he landed in New York in the summer of 1853. Not all are so well equipped for the inevitable struggle of life as he, entering at the dawn of manhood on the path of fame and fortune in a land that holds out such a promising future to the world. He was well equipped, I say, because not only youth and health were on his side, but he was also willing, nay, impatient to work, and had a trade that could support him until he gained a footing in his chosen career of art. It was not long after landing in the country that was to be henceforth his own that Mr. Brown (one of whose chief characteristics is enterprise and business capacity) obtained a position in the glass-works of Mr. Flint at Brooklyn. Such was the satisfaction he gave his employer that ere many years he won the daughter's hand in marriage.

In the meantime Mr. Brown did not neglect his art nor forget that this was the pursuit he had marked out for himself. His first beginning in art in America was with occasional portraits, which gave such gratification that the young painter was soon fully occupied in that department. The success that attended his portraits of children, especially in family groups, obtained him invitations to New York, which is related to Brooklyn as Westminster is to Lambeth, the two municipalities being separated merely by a narrow arm of the sea called the East River. In New York it was suggested to Mr. Brown that he might make a hit if he would undertake *genre* compositions representing the various scenes and types of child-life in the streets of the great metropolis. The possibilities of the subject had already occurred to his quick and observant eye. He had become aware, too, of the fact that New York is the centre of art in the United States, and had recognised the truth that the artist not only finds inspiration in such a place, but also those stimulating encouragements and corrective influences which are derived from contact with minds actively engaged in pursuits kindred to his own. Removing his quarters, therefore, from Brooklyn to New York, in 1860, Mr. Brown took the studio of Mr. George H. Boughton, who had just left for England, which has ever since been his home. This *atelier*, which Mr. Brown still occupies, is in the famous Studio Building in Tenth Street.

There could not have been a more propitious time for the attempt. It is true that the great Civil War had recently commenced; but while that conflict brought much suffering, sorrow, and privation to the North as well as to the South, it also produced ere long inflation and speculation, and while some lost their all, others made great fortunes. Great prodigality in the diffusion of wealth naturally followed, and a general activity in all pursuits kept equal pace with the extreme restlessness of the financial centres. Never before had Americans been more ready to encourage American art; never before nor since have they paid such generous prices for the productions of American studios. This condition of things continued years after the close of the war in 1865, until the inevitable crisis and panic which always follow a period of inflation arrived in 1874, and for a time affected the income of all American painters, except a favoured few who combined good art and popular favour to an unusual degree. Among this number Mr. Brown must be included. And yet another circumstance favoured him upon his settlement in New York. The immigration from Europe had now been going on for so many years that it had begun to modify the types of human nature in the streets, while the increasing number of poor foreigners accustomed to out-of-door occupations introduced new effects. Street vendors and booths, groups of strolling musicians, and other characters common to European cities, also began to show themselves in the cities of America, and nowhere more than in New York, modified in its turn by the condition of things in the United States. Mr. Brown was quick to perceive the artistic possibilities of these effects, and to reap profit from his observations; and therefore it is that I say he began his career in New York at a most auspicious moment.

But while engaged in original composition, Mr. Brown was likewise keeping before him the advantage of improving himself in the technicalities of his art. He accordingly took drawing lessons for two years in the studio of Cummings, a delightful old gentleman, whose memory is pleasantly cherished by numbers of his pupils who have brought credit on their teacher by their subsequent efforts. Cummings's specialty was miniature-painting, which naturally required both firmness and delicacy of designing; and it is doubtless to him that Mr. Brown owes in part the exhibition of similar qualities in his own paintings. It is not a little singular that while so careful to perfect himself in the great and important matter of drawing, he has never taken any lessons in painting either in oil or aquarelle; and yet we feel

no marked absence of merit in his employment of colour. It is true that it would not be as a colourist that he would be most distinguished, and that sometimes a finer feeling for the tender pearly greys of flesh-tones would render some of the faces in his work more harmonious and agreeable; but at the same time it must be conceded that there are no glaring blemishes in his scheme of colour. The tone of his water-colour paintings seems to me to be more attractive and artistic than that of his oil-paintings, which are, however, exactly of a nature to be improved by the mellowing touch of time. This is all the more likely, because his method of laying on pigments is safe. He does not experiment nor meddle with dangerous colours such as crack or incline to destroy each other. He is wont to employ a simple palette. For flesh-tints he almost invariably confines himself to the use of vermilion, yellow ochre, and cœrulean blue or cobalt. To these he adds Vandyke brown, raw ochre, and burnt sienna for the accessories. It is rarely he resorts to other pigments. Unlike most figure-painters, he scarcely ever employs bitumen, mummy, or any other glaze, nor does he make any previous drawing on the canvas. His skill and long previous practice in drawing have given him such confidence that he commences at once with the brush and his three primary colours, adding turpentine in the first painting, as the child-models are easily fatigued, and it is important to get over much ground at the first sitting.

His method of composition is to collect all the figures that are to appear in a given design at one time in his studio. Posing them in various arrangements, he finally succeeds in arriving at what he is after. His art is evidently portraiture carried a point farther. There is little evidence of fancy in his works, or of sympathy with nature aside from the human nature he has made his specialty. For the same reason it is apparent that to represent vigorous action is not within the scope of his abilities—at least he shows little inclination for it. I have never seen in any of his paintings such lively movements as we see in Wilkie's "Game of Blind Man's Buff." But when an object is stationary before him, he discerns it acutely, analyses and seizes its character, and depicts it with truth and spirit. A remarkable example of this appears in his well-known "Dress Parade." The war-spirit which has infused all ages and ranks inspires the street *gamins* as well. Too young to shoulder the musket, they yet imitate in their humble way the "pomp and circumstance" of a profession to which they aspire. Ranged in line, with old brooms for muskets, these comical lads gaze with varied but earnest expression towards their captain, a handsome youth who has contrived to pick up a cast-off shako. The band is represented by a serious, diminutive shoeblack, whose rude, dingy box serves for a drum. The variety of character displayed in this admirable composition, and the success with which it is rendered, make it one of the most important *genre* paintings in American art.

In 1862 Mr. Brown was elected an Associate of the National Academy. The year following he was chosen an Academician. At present he holds the position of Vice-President of the American Society of Artists in Water-Colours. He is also President of the mutual assurance organisation called the Artists' Fund Society. This institution insures 4,000 dollars to the family of each member. The annual dues are paid out of the proceeds of an exhibition held every winter, to which each member contributes a painting whose market value is not less than 100 dollars.

There are two features which especially distinguish Mr. Brown's art. It is, in the first place, distinctly and emphatically native to the soil. The *genre* painters of Holland were not more truly national than he is. I do not recollect a single work from his easel which shows evidence of foreign inspiration. Nor is this because he has confined himself to the painting of child-groups. Quite otherwise, for he has found numerous other subjects for his pencil as well. It is rather because, whatever the *motif* he selects, it is at once recognisable as being wholly American in subject and treatment. Take, for example, as a representative instance, the familiar face of the slave negro in the painting called "Hard Times." He is not an ordinary African; he is a type of the slave of the South, born and grown old on a Georgia plantation. Altogether the reverse are his studies and paintings of the hardy "down east" fishermen. At the entrance to the Bay of Fundy, off the coast of Maine, lies the Isle of Grand Menan. It is somewhat the shape of Alderney, a long narrow tableland elevated hundreds of feet above the sea, and surrounded by a wall of precipices. It lies in one of the most tempestuous parts of the coast of North America. In winter it is beaten by tremendous surges, and in summer it is often shut out from the world by dense fogs. It is only reached by sailing craft which are accustomed to cross the strait in almost all weathers, being manned by a sturdy class of sea-dogs, who are born amid the roar of breakers and are never out of sight of the ocean. Their vocation is fishing; they plough and reap their crops "from the farm that pays no fee." Even as the early Puritan worked in his field with the musket ever at hand, lest a stealthy Indian tomahawk should suddenly crash through his brain, so the fisherman of Grand Menan, in his little jigger, fishes with one eye on his line and another on the waves that may at an

unexpected moment mount over his bark and overwhelm it. Leaving the streets of New York and his favourite haunts in early summer, Mr. Brown some years ago turned his face towards Grand Menan. As he expected, he found admirable subjects for his pencil in the rugged little isle—lassies with plump, rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and a bearing full of health and spirit. Men also were there whose every feature, look, and action were intensely powerful with originality and force of character—men who know little of the world, but are within their sphere manful, daring, and independent as Vikings. Here was a theme for the brush at once new and attractive, and Mr. Brown was not the man to neglect such a field. But when he undertook to paint these children of the sea, they utterly declined to pose for him. He hit on this expedient to overcome their reluctance. He joined them one day in one of their fishing excursions; while they were giving all their attention to their lines and seines, he succeeded in taking oil-sketches of several. These he showed them when they returned to land. The effect was magical. They were so pleased to see that he had not caricatured them, and so surprised at their satisfactory appearance on canvas, that after this all the opportunities he chose were offered him. In consequence, he produced a number of vivid and characteristic scenes, which are also artistically effective.

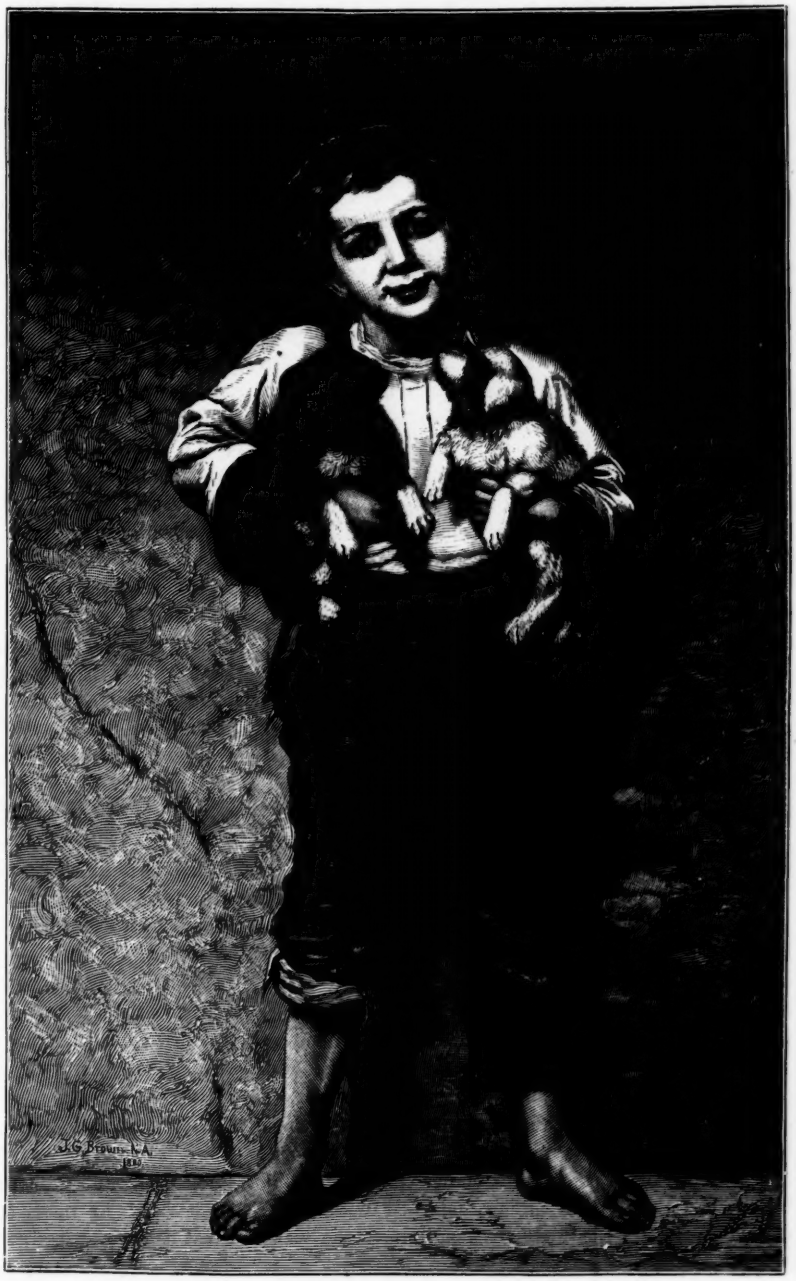
When one sees these vigorous paintings he feels convinced that the picturesque is not confined to the Old World alone. In the works of Mr. Brown we learn to perceive, if we had not already seen it, that in variety of types of character there is no city richer than New York, no country more opulent that the vast territories of the United States. American painters have been long in finding out this truth. The efforts of such men as Mount, Catlin, and Ranney were almost entirely sporadic, producing little influence on the national art. But the abundance of material entirely fresh and sufficiently pictorial which the country offers—whether it be Indian, Mexican, or Quadroon, "down-east" fishermen or farmers' daughters, street *gamins* or apple vendors—is beginning to attract attention, and a number of unusually meritorious artists are already devoting their energies to developing this vein. But it must



J. G. Brown

be admitted that to Mr. Brown the credit is due of being one of the first to direct public attention to the artistic possibilities of low life and *genre* in America. Who, until he saw it, thought of painting that homely, every-day scene—a group of bare-legged, bare-footed tatterdemalions with no school and no business to occupy them, whiling away a healthy, graceless apprenticeship in youthful indolence, strollers about the rusty wharves, fishing doubtless with stolen hooks and lines, and enjoying their sport none the less for that? Mr. Brown calls his representation of this familiar scene "Fishing off the Dock." Somewhat akin to it is "Longshoremen at Dinner." We see before us a knot of stevedores, or men engaged in ship-loading. It is noon-time. On a hot summer-day they are resting on the freight lying on the wharf, snatching a cold bite and chaffing each other in the rough jargon of the day-labourer. This is a strong piece of work, but it is less to my liking than some of the painter's attractive compositions of child-life, such as "Tough Customers," from which we have engraved a group, which represents a little flower-girl, besieged by the admiring but penniless ragamuffins, who are endeavouring by a little blarney to win the roses they cannot afford to buy. "Pups," which explains itself, is a happy illustration of Mr. Brown's facility with single-figure pictures, as well as of the heartiness with which he identifies himself with the rollicking enthusiasm of a cheerful, healthy boy.

A painting still more recently executed impresses me as one of the most successful examples of the painter's talent for grasping character—a quality in which no mannerism nor any sign of failing power is yet observable. I refer to the fine composition called "The Lost Child." A little girl, five or six years of age, has strayed away from



PUPS.

(From the Picture by J. G. Brown.)

home. In childish despair, and longing for her mother in piteous tones, she is weeping, and wiping her pretty blue eyes with her plump little fists. Around this helpless waif a group of street urchins has collected, incited by curiosity or sympathy. The individuality of character and the variety of expression the artist has succeeded in imparting to the different faces show large resource of talent, and mark this as one of his most important works. It is not surprising that Mr. Brown, by such able renderings of popular subjects, receives not only the respect of his brother artists, but also the substantial applause of the public in the form of prompt sales at first-rate prices. Such paintings serve the excellent purpose of opening the eyes of the public to the artistic effects that are ever about them if they but choose to observe, and arouse their sympathy for the teeming and often helpless humanity with which every great city, in the New World as in the Old, abounds.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

A MAN OF CULTURE (CINQUE CENTO).

RIMINI* is a spacious town, with many large piazzas. It lies pleasantly on the bank of the river Marecchia, whose mouth once formed a fine harbour, but the sea has receded and has left its traces on the marshy tract which now separates the town from the coast. The country immediately round Rimini is a plain lying between the sea and the spurs of the Umbrian Apennines, which form a fine background to the fertile fields. Most striking among these hills is the rugged outline of Monte Titano, which shelters the towers of San Marino.

Now, apart from its pleasant surroundings, Rimini is a town full of varied interest. Its position at the mouth of a river marked it out in the earliest times as an important place. It was an old Umbrian settlement; and under the Romans was a stronghold on the frontier of Italy proper, at the junction of the two great Roman roads—the Via Flaminia and the Via Emilia—which formed the chief lines of communication between Rome and the north. The student of Roman antiquity will find in Rimini two splendid memorials of the early Empire. Augustus began, and Tiberius finished, a massive bridge over the Marecchia at the point of junction of the two great roads. The bridge has withstood even the treacherous changes of the sandy river, whose deposits have driven back the sea a thousand yards since the bridge was built. It is true that the pillars have slowly sunk, the bridge has lost its original roundness, and the grace of its proportions has suffered. But the main structure has survived, and only one of its fine arches shows traces of repair. The key-stones of the arches, adorned with vases carved in relief, the niches which relieve the wall-spaces between the arches, the massive cornice with its rich sweep of moulding—all these denote the thoroughness and carefulness of Roman workmanship. Equally important is the triumphal arch of Augustus, which spans the road leading from the town to the bridge. It is built of Istrian limestone, and has on each side of the arch a Corinthian column which once held a statue on the top. Between the two columns and the arch are medallion reliefs, which still remain—heads of Jupiter, Minerva, Mars, and Venus. The architrave has been somewhat spoiled by additions of mediæval brickwork, which were requisite to convert the arch into a fortified gateway in the city wall. Still, the proportions of the arch and its fine sculptured work had a powerful attraction for the great architect who in after-days drew from it his inspiration for the great artistic monument of the city.

I need not trace the fortunes of Rimini in the troubled times that followed on the fall of the Roman Empire. Nominally it passed into the territory which was subject to the Holy See. Really, it followed the example of other Italian cities, and passed under the domination of a noble family, the Malatesta, who from their castle of Verucchio, on a rock a few miles down the Marecchia, developed such a habit of interfering in the affairs of Rimini that their permanent protection was found necessary by the citizens. Early in their history the Malatesta lords of Rimini appear in a lurid light, and the verses of Dante have rendered immortal the story of the unhappy love of Francesca da Polenta, wife of Giovanni Malatesta, for her husband's brother Paolo, surnamed Il Bello.

I pass on, however, to the most famous of his line, Gismondo Malatesta, who ruled over Rimini from 1432 to 1468, and made his city one of the great centres of Italian art. Touching him and his doings a welcome store of knowledge has been given by M. Yriarte, whose labours in illustrating Italian art have before this ("Un Condottiere au XVe Siècle")

* "Rimini: Études sur les Lettres et les Arts à la Cour des Malatesta." Par Charles Yriarte. Paris: Rothschild. (1882.) 25 francs.

deserved our gratitude. His book, beautifully printed and adorned with illustrations (many of which, by the courtesy of the publishers, we are enabled to reproduce), is in itself a work of art. Written easily and gracefully, it carries lightly the burden of much erudition and careful study. Under M. Yriarte's pen Rimini becomes the centre of all that is most characteristic of the history, the art, and letters of Italy at its most interesting time. With his help I shall trace a few of the features of an art-patron of the fifteenth century.

If we read only the records of the history of the time, we should reckon Gismondo Malatesta as a brutal ruffian, little removed from a bandit, who is a terrible character; but it must be remembered that papal censures are never wanting in comprehensiveness. Pius II. had no cause to love Gismondo Malatesta; but though he fulminated against him as Pope, he still had something to say for him in private. "Gismondo Malatesta," he writes, "had great powers of mind and body, and was richly endowed with eloquence and military skill. He knew history, had no small acquaintance with philosophy, and, whatever subject he pursued, seemed born for it especially."

Strange as it may seem, these two judgments of Pius II. were both true, and Gismondo Malatesta is the most conspicuous example of the wondrous



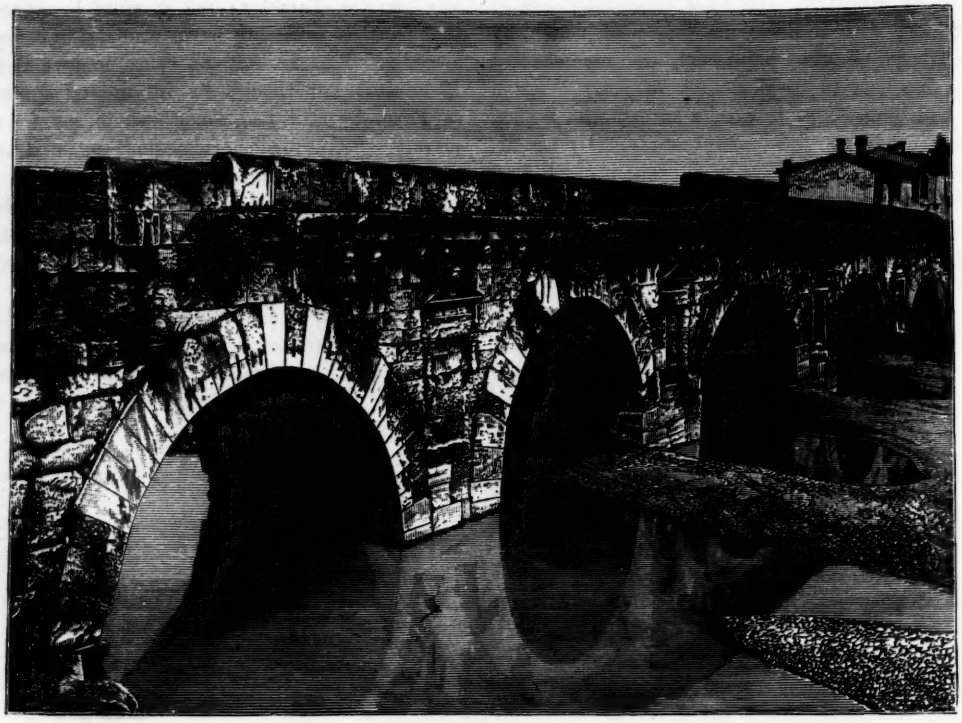
ISOTTA.
(By Matteo da Pasti, 1446.)



GISMONDO MALATESTA.
(By Matteo da Pasti, 1445.)

was the scourge of Italy, and whose violence was restrained by no considerations either of principle or expediency. He was excommunicated by Pope Pius II. as a heretic who denied the immortality of the soul, and had committed every crime, mentionable and unmentionable alike. His life, the Pope says in a summary, was defiled by every villainous and disgraceful deed. Nay, the Pope burned him in effigy in Rome; and it is worth noting that he employed the best sculptor in the city to make the effigy, and paid handsomely to have a good one. "The effigy," says Pius II. with complacency, "had the face, the figure, the dress of Gismondo, so that you would have said it was the man himself rather than his semblance." Out of the mouth of the figure issued a legend, "I am Gismondo Malatesta, king of traitors, enemy of God and men." This contradictions of character in which the Renaissance period was so fertile. Gismondo thoroughly mastered the lesson that to man all things are possible. He trusted to himself, and to himself only. He pursued his desires, whatever they might be. His appetites, his ambition, his love of culture, swayed his mind in turns, and each was allowed full scope. He was at once a ferocious scoundrel, a clear-headed general, an adventurous politician, a careful administrator, a man of letters and of refined taste. No one could be more entirely emancipated, more free from prejudice, than he. He was a typical Italian of the Renaissance, combining the brutality of the Middle Ages, the political capacity which Italy early developed, and the emancipation brought by the new learning.

Italy alone could supply the position which ren-



THE ROMAN BRIDGE, RIMINI.

dered such a man possible. Nominally a vassal of the Holy See, he knew that he must maintain himself by his own capacity against the growing power of the Pope and the hostility of powerful neighbours. To fortify and embellish his capital were measures of political wisdom as well as of private preference. Moreover, it was necessary for him to hold a larger position in Italian affairs, and to enjoy larger revenues than the lordship of Rimini could give. For this purpose he, like other petty rulers, adopted the profession of a soldier. On the decay of the old citizen militia there grew up in Italy bands of mercenary troops, whose services were hired to those States which wished to go to war. At first these troops were led by foreign adventurers; in time the Italians organised bands of their own. The leaders of these *condottieri* rapidly rose to importance; and the princely house of Sforza, at Milan, sprang from a peasant of the Romagna, who embraced the profession of arms. Soon, however, these wandering generals were superseded by the smaller rulers of cities, who undertook the task of keeping under their command bodies of troops, whom they were willing to let out to hire to those of their neighbours whose pockets could afford the expensive luxury of war. It was not altogether a bad bargain for commercial States. The Florentines and Venetians could employ their time more profitably in trade than in military training, and when they wanted soldiers they hired them from the lords of such cities as Rimini or Urbino, who had time at their disposal for soldiers' work. Yet this mode of warfare had its disadvantages. The *condottieri* fought as a means of earning their livelihood, and were inspired by no patriotic motives. In war after war the same forces came together—sometimes allied, sometimes as enemies. Each general knew the ways of the rest, and conventions were established for the purpose of conducting battles as cheaply as possible. Blows, however, were not much in favour; campaigns were carried on with much strategy, but engagements were rare. When a fight took place there was little loss of life; those who fell were mostly overthrown by the crush of their comrades. Defeat involved the vanquished in imprisonment until their ransom was paid.

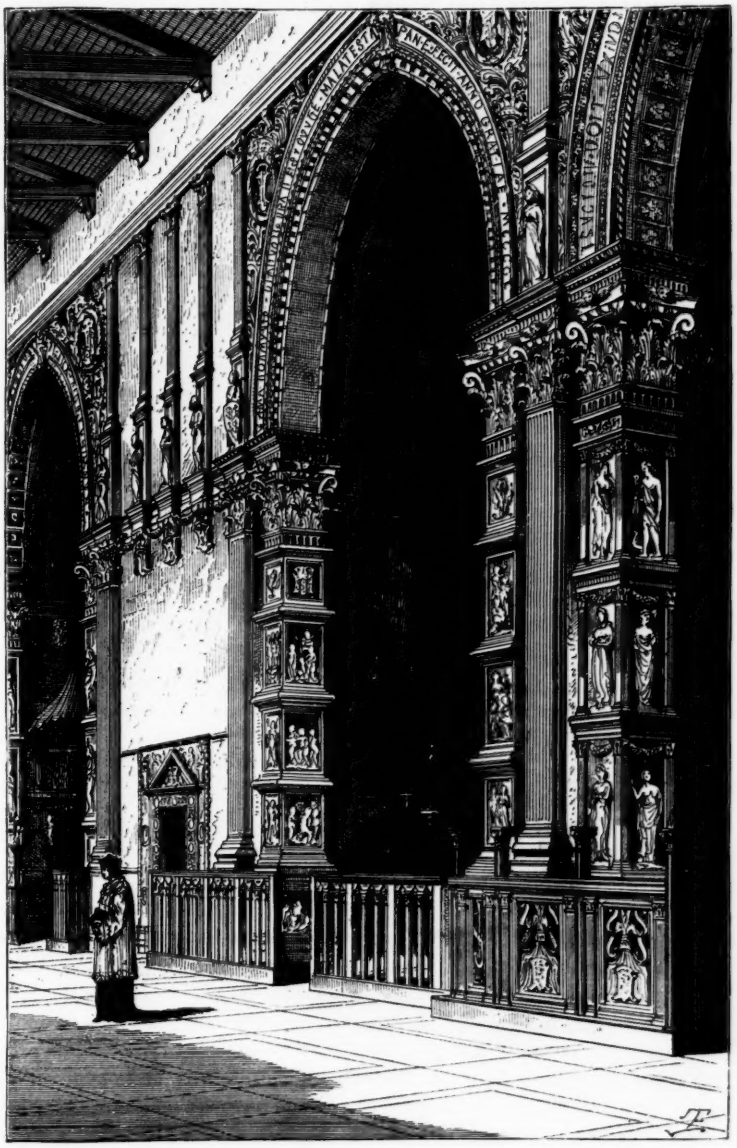
Thus warfare was a very gentlemanly proceeding, and everything depended on the good faith of the general towards his employers. Before he took the field he bargained for terms, and a formal contract was drawn up and signed. Then he led the stipulated number of troops to the city which employed them, and which generally supplied a few soldiers of its own. Their temporary army was reviewed before the citizens, and one of the magistrates made a stirring harangue to the troops, and gave the commander

the city standard. All this was gratifying to the Italian love of pomp, and troops were generally estimated by the cleanliness of their armour and the splendour of their trappings. When the ceremonial was over the general led his soldiers to the field; and they entered on their campaign with light hearts, for they knew they would be well paid, and that no great mischief would befall them. The Italian genius turned even warfare into a fine art.

Chief amongst the *condottieri* of his day was Gismondo Malatesta, and his ancestors had been so before him. Gismondo himself showed his courage very early. At the age of thirteen he delivered Rimini by leading the soldiers to make a night attack upon the beleaguring forces. At the age of fifteen, immediately after his accession to the good lordship of Rimini, he fought and won a decisive battle, which freed his dominions from the army which the Pope had sent against them.

This precocity is characteristic of Gismondo's character. He early learned to depend solely and wholly on himself. Growing up in watchfulness and in suspicion, he knew the value of energy and deceit. Tall, slender, with an aquiline nose and keen bright eyes, his face was full of penetration and quickness. His bearing commanded respect and true obedience. His soldiers trusted him, for he shared all their toils, and was the first in every danger. He was a steady disciplinarian, but he was strictly just, and he had a ready eloquence which moved men's hearts. His courage was quite heroic; he shrank from no danger, and succumbed to no fatigue. He went hungry or sleepless without a murmur, and asked no one to do what he was not willing to be the first to do for himself. Passionate in the satisfaction of his personal desires, he could direct a siege with the utmost patience, and in the middle of his military operations he could dictate letters to Piero della Francesca about paintings, or to Lorenzo di Medici concerning the decoration of a chapel.

His artistic interests, moreover, curiously affected his political conduct. Once he had hired his troops to Alfonso of Naples against Florence. The Florentines sent their learned chancellor, Gianozzo Manetti, as an ambassador to Gismondo; and Manetti so fascinated him by his talk and by a present of translations of newly-discovered Greek manuscripts, that Gismondo agreed to remain neutral. One is sorry, however, to find that his self-denial did not go so far as to lead him to return to Alfonso the instalment of pay which he had already received. Another time, when fighting for Venice in the Morea, he went to visit the famous Platonist, Gemistus Plethon. Finding



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, RIMINI.

him recently buried, he disinterred his remains from ground polluted by the Turk, and carried them reverently to Rimini.

Equally remarkable are the contrasts in his private life. At times he acted like a savage brute, at others he was a model of courtesy. He is said, for instance, to have seated one of his servants on the fire, and held the poor wretch there till he perished. A terrible story was current of his wild and savage passion for a German lady who passed through Rimini with her husband, and of how he lay in ambush to seize her on her departure. Her escort was stronger than he expected, and fought desperately, till at last Gismondo, unable to endure the thought that his prey might escape, rushed madly at the lady and foully slew her. Yet this same man felt a profound and intellectual love for a lady of Rimini, Isotta degli Atti, to whom he wrote poems, and whom he celebrated in every way that art made possible. It is true that he married two wives from political motives, but Isotta was the lady of his heart, and in the end he married her as his third wife. The following sonnet shows plainly enough the sincerity of Gismondo's passion, and is a fair specimen of his poetic power; it is addressed "To Isotta:"

"O delicate sweet light, soul lifted high,
O gentle creature, from whose worthy face
Beams the clear lustre of an angel's grace,
In your sole excellence my hope doth lie:
My safety's anchor, rooted fixedly,
You moor my feeble bark in one safe place;
My being's prop and stay in every case:
Pure turtle-dove of sweet simplicity.
The grass, the flowers, bend low before your tread,
Rejoiced to be of such sweet foot the prize,
Stirred gently by your azure mantle's sweep;
The sun, when in the morn he lifts his head,
Rises vainglorious, but when you he spies
Discomfited he hastes away to weep."



MUSIC.
(Bas-relief in the Capella di San Gaudenzio.)

The many representations of Isotta which have come down to us do not suggest any physical charms which could account for Gismondo's profound and lasting attachment to her. She looks tall, gaunt, bony, large-featured, with a prominent nose and a long ungraceful neck. Her strong character, rather than her personal beauty, must have made her attractive to Gismondo. At all events, he paid her homage such as rarely falls to lady's share. Medallists, sculptors, and painters reproduced her face; poets were bidden to sing her praises; the monogram $ of Sigismundus and Isotta adorns the works which commemorate Gismondo's name, and the inscriptions "Isotta Italiæ Decus," "Divæ Isottæ Sacrum," still testify to the wish that her name should be immortalised.

This sketch of the character of Gismondo Malatesta is necessary for the understanding of the great monument which he raised in Rimini, every detail of which bears the impress of the personality of its founder. In token of his gratitude for his success in war, Gismondo vowed in 1445 to build a church in Rimini, and he carried out his design in a way which made his church unique among the ecclesiastical buildings of Italy. Even in his own day Gismondo's church was an amazing thing, and Pope Pius II. said, "He built in Rimini a noble church in honour of St. Francis, but he so filled it with pagan works that it seemed not so much a Christian church as a temple of unbelievers who adored false gods." Posterity has endorsed the Pope's opinion, and to this day the church is little known by the name of its patron saint, but is called in Rimini the "Tempio Malatestiano" (the Temple of the Malatesta). Gismondo chose as the object of his vow the existing church of St. Francis, the burial-place of his family, and he summoned as his architect the great Florentine, Leo Battista Alberti.

Few men, even amongst Italians, possessed greater natural gifts, and cultivated them with greater care, than did Alberti. His many-sidedness, his versatility, his vast knowledge, and his fine perception are equally marvellous. Supreme in martial exercises and athletic sports, he was eminent as a musician, as a scholar, an architect, a painter, and a poet. He was also a student of the exact sciences, physics, mechanics, astronomy, medicine, and law. In Florence he has left us proofs of his architectural skill in the façade of St. Maria Novella, and in the severe and stately lines of the Rucellai Palace. If Brunelleschi was the founder of Renaissance architecture, Alberti gave life to the classical forms of construction, and nowhere more conspicuously than in his work at Rimini.

Gismondo's first intention was to rebuild the church of St. Francis, but out of respect for the tombs and chapels which it contained, he changed his plan, and commissioned Alberti to inclose the brick building of the thirteenth century in a case of

marble, so as to preserve the old chapels. This difficult task Alberti accomplished, and his genius only found greater scope in grappling triumphantly with the limitations imposed upon it. For the façade Alberti took his inspiration from the noble proportions of the Arch of Augustus. It was a happy thought to weave together the past and present glories of the city, and mark significantly the nature of the architectural revival which he had undertaken. Three stately arches, separated by Corinthian pillars, form the façade; in the middle of the central arch is a simple doorway giving access to the cathedral. Massive simplicity and grace of proportion give this arrangement an exquisite charm. The sole ornamentation is on the strip of red Verona marble which crowns the basement and supports the bases of the columns. As this was exposed to rough usage, the ornaments are simple and not cut in relief, but the monogram of Sigismond and Isotta alternates with the rose and elephant, the badges of the Malatesta, and here and there medallions with inscriptions and coats-of-arms. Only in the spaces above the arches hang six crowns of flowers and fruits, like votive garlands, and on either side of the door are carved long flowing wreaths to represent the offerings of the faithful. A massive entablature surmounts this first storey of the façade, and above it rise two pilasters which inclose a bay. Unfortunately, the work was never finished, and the gable of the old Gothic church peeps out incongruously between the pilasters. The imagination has to supply the rest of Alberti's design. The side walls are treated with equal simplicity and grace. A series of arches, of the same size as the side arches of the façade, form an arcade along the walls; but they are real arches, leaving visible the walls of the old church, and in the recesses which they form are placed antique sarcophagi containing the bones of men of letters whom Gismondo delighted to honour. It should rather be said that they were meant to contain their bones, for most of them are cenotaphs. Here, however, rest the remains of Gemistus Plethon, which Gismondo brought from the Morea, and each of the tombs is inscribed with the glories of him for whom it was intended.



VENUS.

(Bas-relief in the Capella del Santo Sagramento.)

If the outside of the church is imposing through its simplicity, the interior is overwhelming by the richness of its ornamentation. Yet even here the severity of the early Renaissance is at once apparent. The main lines of the architecture are respected, and the decoration is but an embroidery, not an addition to the structure. The interior shows a nave of large expanse, with four chapels on each side, separated from one another by a space of wall, flanked by pillars which support Gothic arches extending to the roof. One chapel on each side has been walled in, to make it a more secure receptacle for precious relics; the other six are separated from the nave by balustrades of marble and porphyry. Each chapel is lighted by two Gothic windows, between which stands the altar. The wall and chapels of the interior are those of the old building, and Alberti's skill is conspicuous in the harmonious blending of the two styles. On classical columns rises a Gothic arch at the entrance of each chapel, but the pilasters, which are carried up between the arches, reconcile the eye to the transition between the two styles which is everywhere apparent.

Wherever the eye falls it meets with decoration, rich through its profusion, yet severely simple in its details. All is of the same period; all is dominated by the same thought, and inspired by the same taste. Everything is full of symbol and allegory, yet the symbolism is not Christian, but speaks of Gismondo and Isotta, and the glories of the Malatesta line. Monograms, scutcheons, crests, recur in new combinations on the balustrades, the friezes, the pavement, the roof, everywhere. Roses, elephants, and the interlaced initials of Isotta and her lover meet the eye in the most unexpected places. Elephants of black marble form caryatides of pillars or support tombs against the wall.

Everything speaks of the lord of Rimini, everything is inspired with the simple elegance of the classic style. The spirit of old Roman art has been set to express the passionate aspirations of mediæval Italy, and the splendid result has been employed as the decoration of a Christian church. Nowhere has the Italian Renaissance expressed itself so frankly, so joyously, as in the temple of the Malatesta at Rimini.

Every detail of this decoration merits attentive study. On the side walls of the chapels are carved, in slight relief, lovely forms of quiring angels; on

the balustrades stand Cupids bearing scutcheons; the columns are adorned with plaques of marble reliefs, where, from a blue background, allegorical figures detach their simple outlines. The work is conceived in the Tuscan manner, which Donatello perfected, but it has an abandonment and joyousness of its own. We ask ourselves what does it mean, and whence did it come? M. Yriarte has done much to render possible an answer to these questions.

Many of the reliefs explain themselves, and are but purely decorative. The most beautiful among them is a series representing cherubs playing upon instruments of music. Draped musicians play the guitar, beat the tambourine, dance with cymbals, and blow trumpets; while others sport with the emblems of Isotta and the badge of Gismondo. The whole workmanship recalls the sculpture of Luca della Robbia and Donatello for the music gallery of the cathedral of Florence, and the sculptors at Rimini were clearly under the influence of these great masters. Even more curious is the series of reliefs representing the planets. Diana, holding a crescent, is mounted on a triumphal car drawn by two horses; Mars, as a warrior, with drawn sword and brandished shield, stands on a chariot armed with scythes; Venus rises from the waves, drawn by swans who walk upon the waters, while a flock of doves hover over her head. Another series which sets forth the signs of the zodiac is less interesting, as its representations are more realistic, and suggest a collection of strange animals. Thus, a goat browses on a hillside; a huge crab is suspended in the heavens, while underneath is a representation of the sea with Rimini on its shore.



LEO BATTISTA ALBERTI.

(From a Bronze Plaque in the Collection Dreyfus, at Paris.)

Sibyls and Old Testament heroes also occur, but these are more ordinary subjects. Suddenly, however, we come upon a chapel which is adorned with designs of the games of childhood. Little *amorini*, full of the mischievous joy of infancy, sport amidst the waters, chase ducks, ride on shells, or are mounted on the backs of dolphins; or they dance merrily round a fountain, conduct their leader in a mimic triumph, and even ride a-cock-horse, and play at horses. The next chapel rises suddenly to most serious allegory, and represents the works of man. It is the later counterpart of Giotto's large conceptions round the base of his campanile, or the more sombre allegories that run inside the doorway of St. Mark's at Venice. Symbolism has become more complicated, more learned, more pedantic. Giotto frankly represented man at his labour, whatever it might be. Here, on the other hand, we have impersonations. Agriculture is a woman gazing on the face of the sky and holding fruits in one hand, while with the other she scatters seed upon the earth; Education is a stately dame with a staff thrown over her stalwart shoulder, and looking down upon a group of boys and girls who run to clasp the hem of her garment; Music is a maiden with rapt face and timid awe-stricken mien, who opens her lips in song, and holds in her hands a guitar.

For the student of Italian art all this work is full of the deepest significance. It gives a new sense of the richness and fertility of the age in which it was done. The records relating to it have all perished; and critics once wished to assign the sculptures to the great Italian masters, Luca della

Robbia, Donatello, and the like. M. Yriarte has gone far to prove conclusively that they were the work of much smaller men—Simone Ferucci, Agostino di Duccio, Bernardo Ciuffagni. But all owed something to the presence of Alberti; and their work was directed by Gismondo himself, and supervised by his chief minister of art, Matteo da Pasti, whose fame survives as a medallist. Italy was all full of artists. A fitting opportunity alone was needed for congenial work, and the work was exquisitely wrought. The fiery nature of Gismondo found ready instruments to accomplish what he wished; his desires were so exactly in accordance with the artistic spirit of his time that they were executed with precision and with force. The temple of the Malatesta remains what Gismondo meant it to be, a memorial of himself, of his life, his character, his ideas, and his love. The only thing inside the church that rises to another level is a fresco by Piero della Francesca, representing Gismondo kneeling before his patron saint, St. Sigismund. It is painted above the door of the Chapel of the Relics, and in its simplicity and strength leads back our mind from the multitudinous details of the decorative work to the grand façade of Alberti.



FAÇADE OF THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, RIMINI.

The church was not finished outside, and the decoration of the choir was never begun. For things at last went very badly for Gismondo. His unscrupulousness made him a vast body of enemies, and Pope Pius II. in the end was much too strong for him. He was defeated by overwhelming superiority of numbers, and was deprived of most of his dominions. His unquiet spirit found some occupation after his downfall in fighting against the Turks in Greece, where he died at the age of fifty-one. With him the glory of Rimini departed.

M. Creighton.

QUEEN ANNE PLATE.

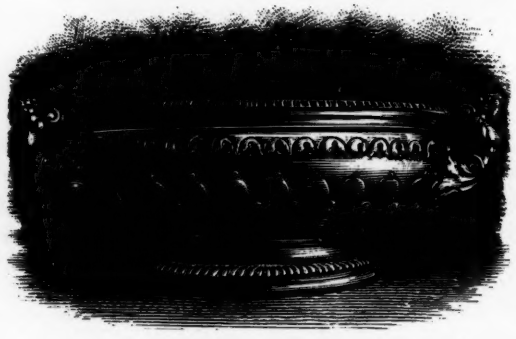
In the present article I purpose to say a few words about English silver plate of the eighteenth century—the century which produced a great deal of the work now so eagerly sought after by the collector. What is popularly called "Queen Anne plate" is, however, not always plate which may have been made and hall-marked between 1702 and 1714; the name appears to be applied in common parlance to the plate of nearly half of the eighteenth century. This is the epoch to which we owe some of the finest work that English silversmiths have ever produced; and perhaps the name of Queen Anne may not unfitly be invoked to introduce us to the plate of the period which her reign so admirably commences. In England, as in France, we may divide the century into five periods; and we may use the fashions of one country to illustrate more clearly the work of the other.

Although it is somewhat difficult to ante-date specimens of English plate now that the hall-marks invariably found upon them are well understood, there has always been a marked tendency on the part of dealer and collector alike to exaggerate the antiquity of the objects they have to sell, or have secured for their collections. In the case of old

French plate, the marks of which have not been so easily interpreted hitherto, this tendency has been very remarkable, and has led to no little confusion of ideas as to the proper sequence of French styles. Let us first, then, note the successive fashions of the century, and then go on to consider what examples of each the English collector may hope to acquire for his own particular cabinet or sideboard.

In England we have first the period in which massive simplicity held its own, plain gadrooning, or chased strap-work, being the principal, if not the only, kind of ornament in vogue. This was merely the continuation of the fashion which had prevailed throughout the reign of William III., when people seem to have tired of the extravagant acanthus decoration which had covered everything in the times of the later Stuarts, and had been so popular in France during the middle third of the reign of Louis Quatorze. The plate of the true Queen Anne period is characterised by a certain plain solidity, and is no more than the massive and well-wrought plate of the previous generation stripped of its redundant ornament. This period corresponds with the last part of the long reign of Louis XIV., and is represented in England by the gadrooned punch-bowls called Monteiths, which are preserved among the treasures of some of the famous City companies, and by great wine-fountains and wine-cisterns such as those of which the late Earl of Chesterfield permitted reproductions in electrotype to be made for the South Kensington Museum. Its great helmet-shaped ewers and strap-worked double-handled cups are also familiar objects. To this fashion succeeded in England a style that exactly corresponds to that "style de la Régence" which French amateurs so enthusiastically admire; when simple forms are covered with low chased reliefs, giving an exquisite play of light and shade—a favourite decoration being the chasing out of surfaces into shallow panels which may contain medallions with heads or busts in somewhat higher relief, *guilloche* or plait ornament, and the like. It prevailed in France from 1715 to 1735. The best examples of the English style of this period, which corresponds to the reign of George I., and the first ten years of George II., are the candlesticks with plain angular mouldings and square bases, often with the corners cut out or set back and rounded, and the plain melon-shaped tea-kettles, that are still to be found in many a collection of family plate. The English specimens please by their simple and elegant form alone; the French by the charm of their ornamentation as well.

At this point we come to the greatest divergence to be observed in the century between the French and the English styles, and even this fails to take them very far apart. The French were completely carried away by the *rococo* fashions that found favour with the court of Louis XV., and—to an even greater extent—with that of Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony; while the English silversmith betook himself to applying ornament in the *rococo* taste to the forms which he had ready to his hand. Articles of domestic use in France took the most fanciful and grotesque forms, and the most extravagant and irregular outlines that the *goût de rocailles* could suggest, while the English workman merely covered his massive two-handled or helmet cups with *rococo* ornament, though he sometimes twisted their stems and handles into an approach to *rococo* work. The Frenchman actually shaped his vessels as shells, fish, vegetables, tree-trunks, knots of riband, or anything that would give him the absolute irregularity of form and line that the taste of his public dictated; the Englishman applied such features in profusion to the decoration of vessels which are themselves of more regular and sober design. While such an artist as Meissonnier would put a whole basketful of vegetables or of shell-fish on the top of a soup-tureen, the nearest approach to the *rococo* in England is some of the work done by that celebrated smith Paul Lamerie, in the last ten years of his life. He died in the year 1751. I have seen, from his hand and belonging to this period, a small cream-jug of very massive silver and very fanciful form, that it would be difficult to distinguish from French work.



PUNCH-BOWL: ENGLISH.
(*Temp. Queen Anne.*)

When the French fell into the later fashions of the reign of Louis XV.—those fashions, that is to say, which in house decoration and furniture are associated in our minds with the name of that monarch — the English goldsmiths came more fully under their guidance; and for a time the diagonal flutings, or gadroons, intermingled with fruit and flowers of beaten and chased work—the flowers in very sharply chased relief; or sometimes applied in full relief as detached sprays to the surfaces to be

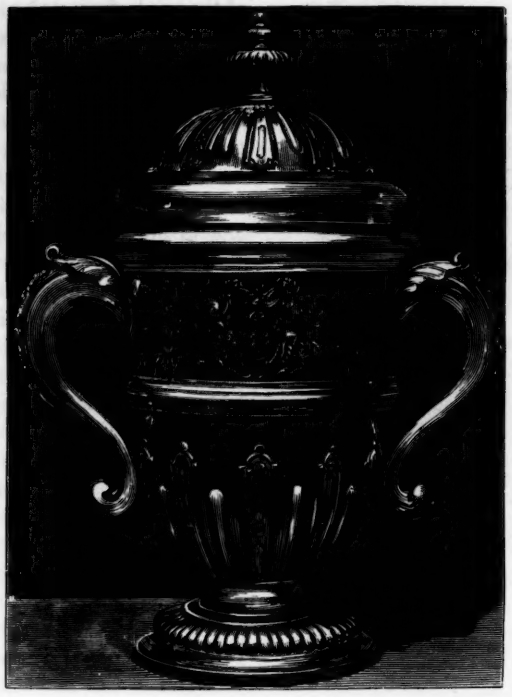
decorated—are as often found in England as in France. The execution rather than the design marks the difference between the work of the two countries. During the reign of Louis XVI. we are confronted with quite another order of ideas. The style of this period is conspicuous for elegance and grace. These qualities it owes to the classical models afforded by the Roman metal-work found at Pompeii a few years before the end of the reign of Louis XV. The Roman design had but to get suggested to supersede all the previous fashions; and onwards to the Revolution French plate is characterised by the very graceful hanging wreaths, medallions containing heads or subjects, knots of riband, and comely hind's-foot stems, that are the well-known features of the Louis Seize period. The English artist devoted himself to the study of the same models, which—first through the pottery of Wedgwood rather than through silver work—became astonishingly popular in this country, as well for domestic decoration and furniture as for plate. Many houses in London are still rich in ceilings and mantelpieces the work of the brothers Adam, from whom Adam Street, Adelphi, takes its name. These popular decorators devoted themselves to the style with which their names have become so thoroughly identified. Flaxman, too, designed for the silversmiths Rundell and Bridge, as well as for his friend, the great Josiah Wedgwood. The oval pointed and fluted vases that found such favour with the cabinetmakers and potters of the reign of George III. were soon reproduced in the oval tea-urns, standing cups, and other objects for table use and sideboard decoration, that are so characteristic of the last years of the century.



BRANCH CANDLESTICK: FRENCH.
(Circa 1720. Style de la Régence.)

It need only be added that while at first the excellent decoration in bas-relief that marks this period in French art is found in English also, such good work seems to give way on this side of the water, for the last ten years or more of the century, to decoration of the same style, but effected by engraving only. We are then obliged to content ourselves with the engraved wreaths of flowers tied up with knots of riband in bows that trail round the edges, and form shield-shaped ornaments in the centre, of the everlasting oval salvers, oval salt-cellars, oval tea-pots, oval coffee-pots, for the rest of the decade or two that made everything oval, and that take us on into the nineteenth century. Turning for the rest of our space to such representative specimens as the collector may procure for his cabinet, it will be well to bear in mind that, if the population of England has very much more than trebled itself between 1700 and 1882, the plate-buying and plate-using classes have increased in very much greater proportion. At the beginning of the last century even silver forks were not very general; and it was not until the reign of George II., or later, that they were commonly found on the tables of ordinary gentlemen of good means. It is, therefore, easy to guess how many of the hundreds, or thousands perhaps, of Queen Anne forks that have passed from dealer to collector within the last ten years are likely to be genuine. It is much easier to find old spoons than old forks, and yet genuine Queen Anne spoons are rarities indeed. Does it ever occur to the collector to ask himself how it is that he hardly ever sees Queen Anne spoons, though he has been able to acquire a complete set of three-pronged forks for his table? The reason is this: that Queen Anne spoons, having thin flat handles, and the notched end, called by the French the *pied de biche*, or hind's-foot, are not well adapted for modern domestic use, and have been left to the collector; whereas the three-pronged forks are of convenient shape and size, which has led to a demand for them by a class of persons who are unable to distinguish the forks of Anne from the forgeries of Victoria. It may be asked why the new forks are not as good as the old. If they are bought as modern, and paid for at the current market price of silver plate, well and good; but if they are stamped with imitations of the hall-marks of the time of Queen Anne, and sold to

unsuspecting antiquaries for as many guineas an ounce as they are worth shillings, the customer may



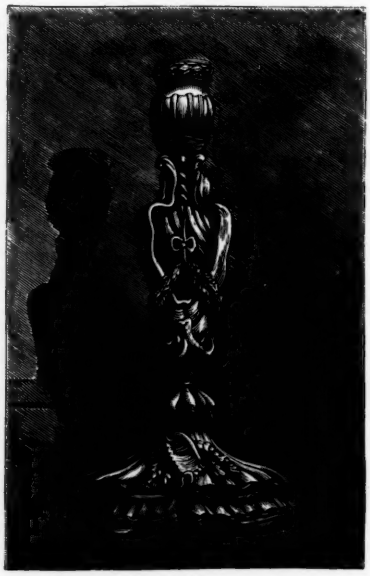
COVERED CUP: ENGLISH.

(Early George II.)

be excused for thinking that he has had very much the worst of his bargain. And, what is even more ridiculous, the plate-forger does not confine his attention to simple forks and spoons. An enterprising tradesman has even ventured on occasion to include in his sets of Queen Anne table-plate, fish-knives by the dozen, and pierced fish-slices—articles, it need hardly be added, never used even by his eager customer's grandsire, much less by grandsires of earlier date.

When we get well into the reigns of George I. and George II., forks as well as spoons have become more common, and in the latter reign the first four-pronged forks are found. The spoons, too, change at about 1715 or 1720, from the Flat-Handled, to what has been christened by Mr. Octavius Morgan the Hanoverian, pattern: with a rib up the front of the handle, which is turned up at the end in the opposite direction to that which is the more modern fashion. This new spoon has at first a plain rib, or rat-tail, running down the back of the bowl, and forming a sort of prolongation of the stem. The prolongation, later in the century, is shortened into a drop. Fifty years afterwards—say, for the date's sake, 1780—this rat-tail disappears; and at the end of the century sharp corners, or shoulders, are added to the stems, near the handles, and just above the bowls, and we have the fiddle-pattern spoon, which has remained in vogue ever since.

Turning to larger articles, the most characteristic feature of the double-handled cups of the early years of the century is their extreme plainness. This, however, is often relieved by the raised straps, chased in solid relief, that surround the lower part of the bowls with a kind of upright palisade. The well-known cup at Goldsmiths' Hall, from the hand of Paul Lamerie in 1739, is one of these; it is ornamented with the masks and the bunches of fruit and flowers, that displaced the plain straps in England at the time when the *rococo* style reigned supreme in France. A very fine cup of the raised-strap period, made by one Lukin at the very beginning of the century, was lately sold at Messrs. Christie and Manson's for a large sum of money; but it was an exceptionally fine cup, each strap ending in a cartouche or medallion, containing a head in profile chased in high relief. To go on to smaller drinking vessels, the porringers, with diagonal flutes round the bowl and two thin handles, which are found down to 1715, or thereabouts, have been much sought for. Some good examples have a cable round them above the fluting, and sometimes a string-course of stamped acorns, stars, or other small devices. One of these does duty for a communion-cup in a small village church in Gloucestershire. The present writer once counted more of these porringers—all of them illustrious in what professed to be Queen Anne hall-marks—standing in a row on the shelf of a silversmith's



CANDLESTICK: FRENCH.

(Louis Quinze rococo. After Lasteyrie.)

shop, than he has seen in all the ancient collections he has had the privilege of inspecting put together.

The tankards are not so wide as those of the seventeenth century, and the lids are usually raised and convex instead of flat. Of recent years many of them have been spoiled by the application on the sides of pastoral or allegorical scenes: the pastoral incidents to adapt them for use as prizes for fatted cattle at agricultural shows.

Early tea-pots the collector will not find; but tea-caddies in sets of two, fitted into shagreen cases, were not uncommon in the reign of George II. Some of them are graced with remarkable and sharply-executed festoons of flowers.



TEA-CADDY: ENGLISH.
(*Early George III. Louis Quinze Style.*)

The coffee-pots and chocolate-pots of the Queen Anne period are tall and tapering vessels; the coffee-pots being often octagonal, and the chocolate-pots circular, with cap-shaped tops, octagonal or circular to match. Of the Louis XV. or George II. period there are some excellent coffee-pots, with diagonal gadrooning and chased festoons of flowers. Others of the same period show sprays of flowers applied in full relief.

There are three principal fashions of candlesticks. First are the plain ones, with the set-back corners, that have already been mentioned. As time goes on they are decked with more and more gadrooning of the Louis XV. type. They are smaller than the more modern examples, and occur until 1745 or 1750. To these there succeed the taller Corinthian-column candlesticks which we find produced in the early years of George III.; and to these, again, the candlesticks with vase-shaped nozzles and hanging wreath decoration that were made in large quantities at Sheffield, onwards from 1773. Salvers with shaped edges of good and solid work, sometimes showing escallops at the angles and standing on low feet, are seen in the reign of George II. Some are cut out at intervals all round the edge with deep semicircular indentations. A number of these are known of about the year 1735. The engraved wreaths which adorn the oval trays of the middle period of George III. are too well known to need description.



EGG-CUP: FRENCH.
(*Circa 1775. Louis Seize Style.*)

The reader will remember that until 1720 he must look for the figure of Britannia seated, and the lion's head erased, for standard marks; and that until 1715 he will have to read as best he may the curious alphabet of letters called "court-hand." After 1720, although plate made of the higher or Britannia standard (which, we may note in passing, was of the same quality as the French standard in those days called *argent-le-roy*) is not unfrequently found till about 1735, the old sterling of England, which always bears the lion passant and the leopard's head crowned, is in almost general employ. The new sterling, or higher standard, used from 1697 down to 1720, was not found so serviceable, nor, when in the shape of



CHOCOLATE JUG: ENGLISH.
(*Louis Seize Style.*)

domestic plate, to stand wear and tear so well as the old national sterling quality, which was restored in 1720. The collector may esteem himself fortunate if, with a few spoons and forks, he succeeds in acquiring a genuine and well-executed piece by a good maker to represent each of the several periods into which I have chosen to divide the eighteenth century. WILFRID CRIPPS.

"ALONE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOSEF ISRAELS.

THE back so ofttimes bent in toil's dumb prayer,
Amid the fields, is stricken straight by Death;
But silence on her lips is sweeter breath
Than sighing life; her face is smoothed of care
Like some sea-pool be-rippled, then left bare
To list and learn what night to ocean saith,
To gaze upon each star that wandereth,
And calmly shine with Heaven's own secret there.
Soul-hungered men and women! who shall tell,
Save Death, what is this Life of love and strife,
And what the answer for such dark Surprise
As stands between these two that loved so well?
Her ears are tuned to some supernal life;
'Tis his seem hearkening for a sound that dies.

ERIC S. ROBERTSON.

THE GREAT CLASSICAL FALLACY.

CHARLECOMBE HOUSE—so let me call it, lest I jar too much on the feelings of its proprietor—Charlecombe House, upon whose Italian terrace I am standing, is one of the largest, barest, and most pretentious pseudo-classical mansions in all England. It was built in the darkest period of the eighteenth century, when the classical craze was at its highest pitch of frenzy, and when people fancied that poetry consisted in talking stilted nonsense about Cynthia's pallid ray, while art was popularly believed to be synonymous with the erection of bastard façades having three storeys, representing respectively the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders. Charlecombe House itself is an exquisite illustration of the ideas of the period. Warburton thought it was in vastly elegant taste; Soame Jenyns considered it chastely beautiful; and even Horace Walpole found it not amiss as a Northern echo of the Florentine palaces. From the terrace here I can get a splendid view of the house and grounds, and can wonder silently, in our nineteenth century fashion, what on earth can ever have induced a human being, a hundred years or so since, to put together so much good stone and mortar in so utterly astonishing and meaningless a shape.

In the centre, a flight of tall steps leads up to a great white portico of Bath stone, supported by big false Corinthian pillars, and decorated by stucco mouldings. On either side, a long bare arcade separates the wings from the central building, and forms a sort of covered promenade, connecting the three isolated fragments of the house with one another. At the ends, the wings themselves stand up in gaunt solitude, with doors and windows of strangely tortured design and decoration, the obvious result of a fearful struggle on the part of the architect violently to twist the stereotyped forms of a Greek temple into some remote adaptation to the needs of an English dwelling-house. In front and below me, a line of terraces, each terminated by a white stone balustrade, leads down to the little valley and the artificial lake. Platform, arcade, and niches are all adorned with very classical statuary, in dubiously classical materials, varying from marble through oolitic freestone to plaster of Paris



ALONE.

(From the Picture by Josef Israels, Exhibited at the United Arts Gallery.)

and other like abominations. An Apollo Belvedere stretches out his empty arm on a pedestal below the portico; a Discobolus endeavours to deliver his quoit into the centre of the artificial lake; and a Laocoon under a stucco canopy closes the vista into the dingle from the Palladian bridge. The broad steps, the great symmetrical doorway, the mere mass and volume of the pile, give it still a certain grandeur of its own, as of a real ideal unattained; but its coldness, its bareness, its total want of colour, life, spontaneity, astonish and depress one. In an age when this was vastly elegant taste, it is hardly to be wondered at that Horace Walpole should have turned to the sham mediævalism of Strawberry Hill, or that Gray should have taken refuge in that remarkable printed wall-paper which was "almost Gothic." The house belongs to the same terrible style as, say, Prior Park at Bath, or the unspeakable High Street façade of Queen's College, Oxford.

There are certain points, however, about the classical craze of the eighteenth century which still require, it seems to me, to be more fully pointed out. It was, I believe, not merely a mistake, but a fallacy as well; not merely an artistic blunder, but a positive historical and archæological error also. Everybody now admits that classical art is not the only nor necessarily the highest form of art; that the exclusive admiration felt for it was one-sided and ridiculous; that the slavishness of eighteenth-century copyism, the total want of originality in all decorative matters, was destructive to æsthetic feeling; that the classical craze was a pure fad, and a fad with very disastrous artistic results. Everybody recognises, too, that classical architecture is not fitted to the needs of modern life; that classical decoration is not always fitted to our climate; and that attempts to adapt classical ornament to English scenery are apt to make both look decidedly ridiculous. But beyond all this, there remains the fact, seldom sufficiently dwelt upon, that the eighteenth-century notion of Greek and Roman art was itself essentially mistaken, false, and one-sided. The thing our fathers aimed at, the model set before their eyes, the idea they had in their mind as a standard, was not Greek or Roman at all. It was entirely founded on a wrong notion of antique art, a notion derived from a very incomplete knowledge of what antique art in its totality had really been. The coldness, stateliness, and severity which to most eighteenth-century minds seemed the essence of classicalism, and which to the mass of men in our own time seem its essence still, has in reality nothing to do with Greek or Roman art at all, and is merely a false idea read into the remains of that art from a study of the very incomplete relics which existed at and shortly after the epoch of the Renaissance. The classicalism of the last century was a travesty of the real classicalism of Athens and of Rome, with many of its most distinctive characteristics left out. We may study the various aspects of the delusion in the illustrations we have collected of the pompous front of Queen's College, of the frigid, meaningless spire of St. John's, Bermondsey, and the poor circlet of the Burns monument at Edinburgh. But the Greece and Italy unfolded by modern archæology are something wholly different from this, and something different not merely in detail, but altogether alien in kind.

White marble, bare stone, cold and naked walls, severe austerity, these are the types and symbols of classical art as most ordinary thinkers imagine it. No meretricious colouring, no gilding, no drapery, no upholstery; very little decoration, very few accessories; everything correctly simple with a Spartan simplicity; white togas and chitons, funereal Etruscan black-and-red vases, chilly marble statues, scanty tripods, hardly any furniture, and a good deal of bare floor with a profusion of Greek key-pattern or honeysuckle design;—that is about the ordinary modern English notion of an Athenian or Roman house. And the restoration of a Pompeian villa at the Crystal Palace, excellent as it is in most of its technical detail, has probably done a great deal to perpetuate this very partial and one-sided idea.

On the other hand, if we look at Greek and Roman art, at the Greek temple, at the Roman house, as archæology and classical literature combine to portray them for us, we get a very different picture indeed. For my own part, I have not much hesitation in saying that if we could walk into an ordinary citizen's house on the Cœlian Hill some time in the first century, we should probably find its general effect a great deal more like that of a London drawing-room fitted out by Mr. Morris, than like that imagined by the strictly "classical" builder of Charlecombe House. Good decorative art, whatever the style or period, always produces in the lump very much the same total impression. You get at first an indescribable sense of satisfaction, a vague consciousness of due colour-stimulation in due proportion, of pleasing lines and curves, of general unobtrusiveness; and it is only afterwards that you are able gradually to analyse and comprehend the whole in its separate efficient elements, one by one in their individual order. And when I put together what we know of all decorative art everywhere, what we know from written authorities of antique art generally, and what we know from existing remains of its various parts, I have no hesitation in saying that its total effect as it was originally designed must have been very much that of all good decorative art elsewhere, at any time whatsoever.

I do not mean, of course, that Greek or Roman art was gaudy and over-coloured. Far from it: a certain reticence and reserve in the matter of colour

seems to have been habitual with the antique artists. Nor, as to form, did they indulge in meaningless twists and twirls and wriggles in furniture or fictile products or decoration. But, on the other hand, it is quite certain that the ordinary notions as to the extreme severity and chilliness of classical art are wholly overdrawn. Richness of colour, richness of ornament, wealth of decorative device, there was at Athens and at Rome as well as elsewhere. We can only judge of the general effect of antique art by a few fragments, mostly buried and discoloured; but the fragments tell their own tale very clearly. There are Greek vases and pottery-ware in the British Museum which fairly startle many visitors who have derived all their notions of Greek art from the Elgin marbles. Pompeii is a real awakener as to the nature of that continued Greek art which lived on in Italy under the Empire. The town was but a second-rate country municipality, hastily rebuilt after the earthquake of A.D. 63; and yet it gives us a very different picture of a Roman home from the one we used to get in Bekker's "Gallus." To put it plainly, a certain Parisian gaudiness and glitter is conspicuous in all the Pompeian decorations. Doubtless, if we had better Roman specimens—cabinet paintings from the great houses on the Palatine or the Quirinal—we should find all this a good deal toned down. The Pompeian frescoes stand probably to the real high art of the Imperial period somewhat in the same relation as ordinary chromo-lithographs stand to our own highest painting and engraving; but the fact remains, none the less, that the one surviving example which we possess of Imperial Roman home decoration is decidedly florid, and almost vulgar in its easy brilliance. Fantastic imitations of architecture; vistas of imaginary arches and columns; arabesques, sprays of foliage, flowery borders, festoons of lilies; winged figures poised in the air, and clad in very bright colours; such designs as these, extremely brilliant in tone when first exposed, cover the walls of all the "villas," or, as we ought rather to call them in many cases, the cottages. For all save one among the buildings yet excavated seem to have belonged to humble families. Even the fuller's workshop was adorned with characteristic paintings, still to be seen at the Museo Borbonico.

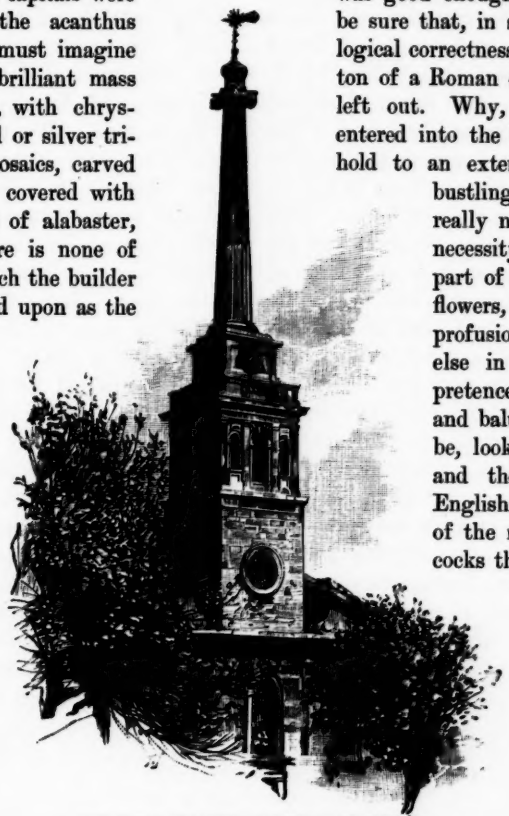
If we turn from the hasty frescoes of Pompeii—mere rapid daubs, for the most part, deftly executed by clever house-painters, with the aid of artistic traditions and patterns, but hardly more to be accepted as standards than most of our own wall-papers—if we turn from these to the great remains of ancient art, the statues and bas-reliefs, we see traces of just the same richness and variety in colouring. We must think of the great marble temples of the Greeks, not as cold and white, but as coloured and



THE GREAT CLASSICAL FALLACY: FAÇADE OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

gilded. The statues were coloured, the bas-reliefs were coloured, the friezes and pediments were coloured. The fluting of the columns was thrown into higher relief by tinting; the capitals were brought out by painting the acanthus leaves or the volutes. We must imagine ourselves surrounded by a brilliant mass of polychromatic decoration, with chryselephantine statues, and gold or silver tripods; with paintings and mosaics, carved work in wood or ivory, vases covered with colour, and goblets cut out of alabaster, onyx, jade, or amber. There is none of that poverty and severity which the builder of Charlecombe House looked upon as the essence of classicalism. On the contrary, there is endless wealth of decorative beauty, rich in harmony of hue and in infinite diversity of contour.

It was just the same at Rome. "Non ebur atque aureum Mea renidet in domo lacunar," says Horace; and surely that does not look like a "classical" severity. The fact is, the Romans ransacked the world for decorative materials and natural colour. They had not all the paper, and cotton prints, and aniline dyes, and lacquer, and Berlin wool, and glass beads, which enable us to make our houses vulgarly gaudy with crude colours, at the cheapest possible rate; but they had green-veined marble, and red porphyry, and dark-blue lapis-lazuli; they had gems, and pearls, and precious stones; they had ivory and vermilion; they had agate, and amber, and Tyrian purple, and coloured pottery-ware. Roman life moved against a perpetual background of mosaic, and bronze, and gold and silver handicraft. In the Museo Borbonico, once more, you may see painted statuettes, and blue or variegated cut-glass vases, and cameos, and crystals, and terra-cottas, which by no means fit in with the Laocoon and the canopy at the end of the artificial lake here in the grounds of Charlecombe. Our ideal toga is too white—we forget the purple stripe; our Roman boy has no bulla; our mosaics have faded into black and white; our wall-paintings into dingy colours. But above all, we forget the perishable coverings of the skins, the hangings, the tapestry, the needlework, the woven fabrics, the curtains, and the thousand little knick-knacks which give the finishing touches to every home. Prince Jerôme Napoleon's Pompeian villa in the Champs Elysées quarter (I forget the street) was good enough in its way; but you may be sure that, in spite of its seeming archæological correctness, it was but the bare skeleton of a Roman dwelling with half the spirit left out. Why, flowers alone must have entered into the life of every Roman household to an extent of which we inartistic, bustling, industrial moderns have really no conception. They were a necessity of full-dress, a component part of every dinner-table: Italian flowers, too, growing in that wild profusion which I know nowhere else in the world. What a poor pretence, after all, these terraces, and balustrades, and statues seem to be, looking down on the greensward and the lake through a cloudy English atmosphere, when one thinks of the roses, and oranges, and peacocks that would brighten them up under the blue sky and brilliant sunshine of Florence or Naples!



THE GREAT CLASSICAL FALLACY: ST. JOHN'S, BERMONDSEY.

How, then, did the eighteenth century come so greatly to misread the spirit of classical art? I fancy it was natural enough, if one thinks of the materials upon which it had to form its judgment. Imagine a pleasant and pretty ordinary modern English home destroyed by fire, or overwhelmed by an earthquake. Let the pomegranate paper and the delicate dado peel off the walls; let the carpets and the rugs decay; let the crewel work, the cretonnes, and the table-covers moulder into dust; burn the chairs and sofas; destroy the books and pictures; rot away the screens, and curtains, and Japanese fans; and bury the whole desolated ruin for a thousand years in earth and ashes. At the end of that time, what will remain of it? Some bare plaster walls; a charred deal plank floor; a ceiling with doubtfully decorative mouldings and a hideous central rose; a few fire-irons and gas-hangings; a white marble mantelpiece, not over-effective in design; and at best, perhaps a Vallauris vase or two discoloured with age, a Doulton jug faded white and yellow, and some bad bronze or glass ornaments, to bear witness alone to the average condition of English industrial art in the nineteenth century. From some such medley as this people in the dark

age of artistic degradation had to form their ideas of classical architecture and classical sculpture.

The Italian Renaissance was the beginning of the misconception. In their reverence for the antique, the cinque-cento enthusiasts dug incessantly for torsos and fragments. That was well; and they found them. But the torsos misled them when found. After all, they had but the fossil bones of ancient art; and, great as the painters and sculptors of the Renaissance were, they had not always that peculiar skill which enables a Cuvier or an Owen to re-construct the living animal from a single bone. True, they could often (though not always) re-construct the skeleton. Given an arm or a leg, they could suggest a Venus or an Apollo. But they could not wholly re-construct the entire living organism of flesh and blood, the vivid world of art, many-hued and prismatic, of which these torsos were but faded and discoloured fragments. They thought of the antique sculptures too much as many people think of the green patina on ancient bronzes. They looked upon the verdigris as though it were part of the original design. Yet they never fell into the same extravagance as their later successors, and especially their successors in Northern Europe. Though they had not the general glimpse of ancient art as a whole which we get from the charred and buried relics of Pompeii and Herculaneum (first partially unearthed in the eighteenth century), they could form some notion of antique decorative painting from the frescoes of the old Roman Thermæ of Titus, which powerfully influenced the minds of Raphael and Michelangelo, but which have long since disappeared, save in a few hardly distinguishable traces.

On the other hand, the worst and coldest form of the classical mania was that which infected England in the eighteenth century. Here, our own native mediæval school of decorative art had been rudely suppressed by the Reformation. All that was really beautiful in art was known only as "Gothic;" and the wave of Renaissance classicalism was unopposed by any contrary tendency, such as that which the necessities of church ornamentation and the strong traditions of the mediæval school produced in Italy and the South. Our easy-going, periwig-pated classical scholars of the dark artistic period knew ancient art, as a rule, only by hearsay; at the very best, they knew it by a visit to the dead bones of Nîmes and Arles, or to the unexcavated ruins of Rome itself. We must make great allowances for them. They had no Pompeii to correct their false notions; they had few relics even of the ordinary museum type. Greece was an unknown land, ruled over by that isolated and almost Central African monarch known to our great-grandfathers as the Grand Turk. The Elgin marbles were still among the ruins of Athens: the Etruscan vases were still in the tombs of the Lucumos. Ancient art had to be judged from Roman handicraft alone; and Roman handicraft had to be judged from the torsos of the Vatican and the bare walls of the Thermæ or the Colosseum. Hence it is no wonder that the English tourist looked upon the antique world as chiefly remarkable for its squareness, its whiteness, and its utter severity. A generation which had been taught to consider all history and all art as divisible into classical and Gothic; and which had further been taught that the classical was infallibly right, and the Gothic was unutterably wrong;—a generation imbued with such notions as these, from its cradle upward, by a liberal application of birch-rod, had absolutely no alternative but to build Charlecombe House, and all the other meaningless houses of the same sort in every part of England. Their whole literary and artistic interest centred on Horace; and they fancied Charlecombe House would have seemed to Horace as great a marvel of vastly elegant taste as it seemed to Soame Jenyns himself.



THE GREAT CLASSICAL FALLACY: THE BURNS MONUMENT, EDINBURGH.

But if we look at the place which Greek and Roman art held in the history of the world's art-development, we can hardly hesitate, even apart from what we now know of its

remains, to put it in its proper light as regards colour, form, and decoration. The great classical fallacy is a bubble that you can prick at once with a very simple needle—the needle of comparative archæology. We know that the Greek and Roman schools stood between the Egyptian or Assyrian on the one hand, and the Byzantine and mediæval on the other. The works of the Egyptian school have been preserved for us in their entirety, and we can see with our own eyes that they are strongly polychromatic. The works of the Assyrian and Babylonian school have been largely destroyed; but the remnants suffice to show that they, too, were just as strongly polychromatic. From these, through Hittite, Phœnician, and Ionian, the Greek school took its rise. It handed on their traditions, transformed and idealised by the plastic and artistic Hellenic genius, to the Romans; and the Romans handed them on to the Byzantines and mediæval Italians. These two latter schools are also polychromatic, delighting in gilding, in glitter, and in colour. It is impossible not to believe that the two great intermediate types of art were themselves polychromatic too; it would be difficult not to believe it, even if we had not their works; but we have more than enough now to show that they undoubtedly were so. In fact, there never was a style of decorative art on earth which did not use colour lavishly, except the bastard "classical" style of the last century. And now, strangely enough, when great artists are trying to teach the people how to get rid of the cold blank spaces and crude jumbles which are our heritage from that period of artistic anarchy, the common complaint is that they want to do away with colour. People who talk in this way can never have seen a good modern interior at all, or else they would know that it is nothing but colour, colour everywhere; only the colour is duly harmonised and subordinated, instead of staring out in great crude patches—like polychromatic posters on a London hoarding—against a bare background of poverty-stricken white. GRANT ALLEN.

"NARCISSUS." DRAWN BY VICENTE POVEDA.

THE author of this pleasant little work, Señor Vicente Poveda y Juan, is a young man from Alicante. In Spain he is held to have talent and to be a painter of real promise. His fellow-townsmen, indeed, have adopted him as a kind of local glory, and have sent him off to Madrid, with a yearly allowance from the municipal funds, to make himself a painter with such speed as he may. It was in this way, and by means like these, that some forty years ago, young J.-F. Millet got marched off to Paris by the good folk of Cherbourg, to learn his art there under Paul Delaroche; and his case is only one of many. The painters who have been apprenticed to art by their native cities are neither few nor inconsiderable; so that Vicente Poveda has only to do good work and succeed in getting it applauded to be strictly *en règle*.

Just now his chance is excellent. The Spaniards are keenly interested in Spanish art, for of late years it has stood higher in the world's regard than at any time since the days of Velasquez. The brilliant practice of Fortuny and the dashing and attractive cleverness of men like Ximenes and Madrazo have been only too favourably appreciated. Their work is as well known in Paris as in Madrid, and American millionaires are never so happy as when they are covering it with gold. Of course it is not what is called high art. If it were it would, in all probability, be neither so marketable nor so popular as it is. But it is gay and vivid and ingenious; it is most of it accomplished craftsmanship; it has the irresistible charm of novelty; it is undeniably pleasant to look at. Only purists would deny its worth, or make sport of its uses; and of these its professors can afford to think lightly in their turn. At exhibitions they possess the line; the picturesque journalist is their slave; they are hunted down by men with cheque-books; they amuse and they delight, and what, after all, does Velasquez do more? It is evident that—for the moment at least—it is they who are right, and the purists who are wrong. Nothing tells like success; and Fortuny is one of the most successful painters of the century.

One day Vicente Poveda will perhaps produce a masterpiece in his turn. Meanwhile he is only the painter of "Narciso," a water-colour drawing exhibited at the annual show of the Circulo de Bellas Artes in Madrid. His work is not altogether satisfactory, it must be owned. It is clever, however, and it is agreeable; and—what is more to the purpose—it is tolerably Spanish. Señor Poveda's Narcissus is in some sort a descendant of the Rinconete and Cortadillo of Cervantes and the Lazarillo de Tormes of Hurtado de Mendoza; he may claim kinship—many times removed no doubt—with the urchins of Murillo and the boy blackguards of Goya. He and they are of one common type; and with a little change of detail and a great change of sentiment he might



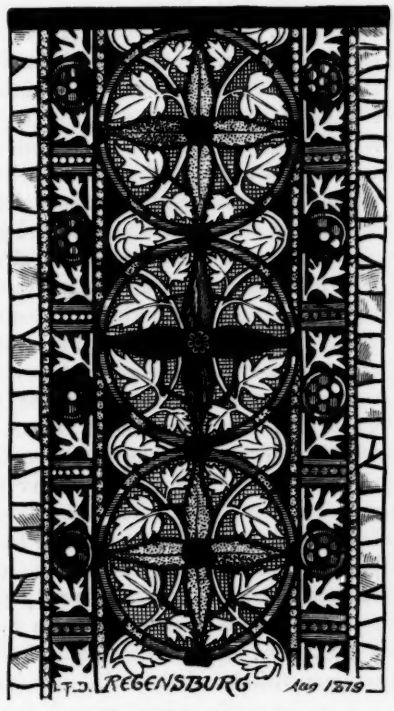
NARCISSUS.

(Drawn by Vicente Poveda.)

take his place among them at once. As he stands, however, he would have not much in common with them. There is little or nothing of the picaroon about him. He does not look at all as though he could pick a pocket or pack his cards, nor as if he could cheat at dice or play at knives, nor as though he would ever grow up to wear irons or hire himself out to commit assault and battery. He reminds one not so much of a Spanish Dodger as of a Spanish Oliver Twist; and for all his cropped head — like Jack Sheppard's in George Cruikshank's etchings—and the sordid picturesqueness of his appearance, it is only by courtesy that he is one of the dangerous classes. He is a cobbler's prentice, indeed, and will soon be able to make an honest living. Just now his master is out—at the barber's round the corner — and he is happy and idle. Being a sentimental youth, he is playing at Narcissus, and admiring his lantern jaws, not in a clear fountain, but in the pan wherein he has to soak his leathers. What he sees to attract his gaze is more than we can tell. As much, it may be, as the beautiful Greek who pined away for love of his own fair face, and was changed into a flower by the pitying gods, that he might hang his head at gaze for ever. His fate will not be such a gentle one. His master will return in due course; there are many straps within reach; and——!

GLASS-PAINTING IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

A FREQUENT element of interest in the majority of Gothic buildings is the evidence of growth. The variations in style, and the transition from one style to another, form a chief feature in the interest they awaken. The art of glass-painting followed the architectural fashion of the day—a little behind it perhaps, but always in its footsteps; and the character of the glass in a church is apt to be as various as the forms of the windows themselves, although it is not by any means a rule that the style of the glass is identical with that of the masonry in which it is set. If in one century it was found necessary to glaze a window that had been constructed in another, there was never any thought of simulating the character that the earlier craftsman had impressed upon his work. The artist had not learned to be archæological; he simply put in the best glass he could, and left it to us to indulge in the affectation of this style or that. Gothic art was always unaffectedly of its own date, and we are never working so wide of the spirit of Gothic workmen as when we masquerade in their old clothes. It results from the progressive character of Gothic art that in most of our great cathedral and other mediæval churches we find glass of several dates and characters in the same window, adding no doubt to the interest of the work in the eyes of the student, but in the early period of his studies perplexing him too. It is not always that we find enough old glass of any one period under the same roof to enable us to form an adequate idea of what a mediæval minster may have been in the days of its builders. To one who has only had the opportunity of studying old glass from isolated pieces surrounded by white glass or modern caricatures, York Minster is something of a revelation. Here are more than vestiges of old work. We have a series of windows illustrating the progress of Gothic glass-painting. Of the very earliest period there remain only fragments, that none but an expert will detect among the later work in which they are imbedded; but we have one perfect example of the later Thirteenth Century grisaille in the "Five Sisters" (see page 22 of this volume), while the art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is illustrated as amply as one could desire. The latest phase of the art is abundantly represented in the choir. The large east window, which dates from A.D. 1405—an early example, therefore, of the Perpendicular style—is a quite magnificent specimen of



DECORATED GRISAILLE GLASS.

its kind. It is filled with a vast array of small subjects, over a hundred in number. The colour is therefore pretty evenly distributed over the immense area of the window, and it is brighter and richer than is usual in later examples. The effect is that of a mass of brilliant but broken colour set in white. The two large windows at the north and south ends of the choir transepts belong to the same period. Much more characteristic of late Gothic are some of the smaller windows: for example, the second and third windows from the west, on the north side of the choir. They are remarkably fine specimens. It is from them, indeed, that the design of the great mass of modern mock-Perpendicular "figure-and-canopy" glass, as it is called, appears to have been derived.

It is fortunate, for purposes of study, that this later work is practically confined to the choir of York, for it is in glass of the intermediate Gothic style—in Decorated glass—that the minster is richest. This glass is said to be more common in England than any other antique make. At York it is dazzlingly abundant. Setting aside the "Five Sisters" already mentioned as belonging to the earlier period, we may look upon the vast nave, the chapter-house, and the vestibule leading to it, as a museum in which is shown to the best advantage at once the largest and most perfect collection of Decorated glass that exists — in this country or anywhere else. The windows of the chapter-house and of its vestibule are all comparatively early examples of the style, and have a great deal in common with the "Five Sisters."



GERMAN GLASS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

For the development of the arts was always gradual. Our distinctions of style are at the best arbitrary. We may devise a classification which will serve to distinguish one marked type from another, but it is quite impossible to draw any hard-and-fast line between the later examples of one and the earlier of another. We may choose to divide Gothic art into three classes, as we may subdivide the spectrum into three positive colours; but the indeterminate shades by which they gradate each into the other defy classification or description.

Whatever the resemblance, however, between the late Early English of the transept lancets and the Early Decorated glass of the chapter-house, a glance will show that, in passing the vestibule, we have passed from one period of glass-painting to another. In the design of these windows you find a marked departure from early precedent, a departure as marked as in the shape of the openings themselves. The early glass-painters contented themselves, for the most part, with the simple choice between deep rich windows and windows in grisaille. We now come to a period when panels of grisaille and of rich-coloured glass alternate in the same window. In the narrow lights of the Decorated period the iron bars which supported the glass in its place were, as a matter of course, fixed horizontally into the mullions; and, as the wall-space between the openings became less and less, and the number of lights grouped together in one window more and more, these bars resolved themselves into more or less obvious lines across the window, cutting it up horizontally as the mullions did perpendicularly, and subdividing the window into so many panels. These panels the artist got to accept as a starting-point in his design. Here in the chapter-house, for example, he divided his windows horizontally into nine parts (as the mullions already divided them into five lights), and these he filled with panels of ornament and figure-work, arranged alternately in tiers of grisaille and colour: or, to express it in other terms, he conceived his window as a mass of grisaille broken by four horizontal bands of colour superimposed. The suddenness of the change, from rich to delicate, he obviated by the introduction of a certain slight amount of colour in the midst of the white glass, and of white amidst the coloured, and, further, by borders of colour to the grisaille in each light, in this way connecting one coloured panel with another. But the fact is that the upward tendency of these long lights is so clearly defined by the mullions that they take pretty good care of themselves, and it is scarcely possible to hurt them by any horizontality in the design of the glass. One feels, indeed, that before the introduction of the horizontal transom which marked the succeeding style of architecture,

some such opposing lines were wanted in order to counteract the perpendicular tendency of the groups of tall lights; and this band-like treatment of the glass has the effect of holding them together. Another obvious difference between this work and the earlier is in the ornamental use of forms borrowed directly from nature in place of more conventional foliage. This approach to naturalism was common to all ornament of the second Gothic period, and characteristic of it. It is unnecessary to know much about style to know that glass in which one can detect the natural foliage of the vine, oak, ivy, or what not, does not date back beyond this period. The word "Decorated" has, in short, a distinct meaning, and the style so called is more florid than that which went before.

The charm of these chapter-house windows is not one of detail. Rather does it reside in composition and effect—an effect in which colour plays a chief part. As with the subjects in Early glass, so with the patterns here: often they are only to be traced with difficulty, the design being overpowered by a multitude of lead-lines, many of which were no part of the original scheme. They form a network in which are caught jewels of colour that sparkle like amethysts, rubies, and sapphires, the silvery surface of the white glass gleaming through the meshes of lead. It may reasonably be urged that the very indistinctness of this work, and of much that is earlier—its surpassing beauty notwithstanding—goes to prove that its charm is more due to fineness of material and to accidental variety than to design or execution. Though the designs of some of the patterns in the chapter-house and vestibule are ingenious and not without grace, they are never exquisite, either in proportion or in line; nor are the figures remarkable as art. One looks at them with delight without searching for the details of form, just as one may listen to a symphony for its orchestral colouring and effects, and not for its motives and their developments. The sole disturbing element in the chapter-house is the one window of modern imitation-old glass, an attempt at forgery only too transparent. It is easy to turn one's back on that, and then there is nothing to disturb the sober majesty of the real old work.

The large west window of the nave illustrates another kind of design also typical of its period, and, notwithstanding its different appearance, based upon the same system of bands running horizontally through the entire width of its eight lights. The plan of the window is extremely simple. Its principal lights are occupied by figures of bishops and other saints, standing each under his own canopy. The figures are arranged in rows across the window, and the alternating masses of figure-work and canopy give, in stronger colour, the band-like effect which has already been observed in the lighter windows of the chapter-house. The construction of this design is faintly masked by the substitution of subjects for single figures under the topmost tier of canopies, and by the interruption of these canopies by two additional figures in the central lights; but no new principle at all is involved in it. The colour is strong rather than rich. Its most beautiful parts are contained in the tracery openings, which are filled with semi-natural foliage in white and yellow on a ground of green or ruby, each opening, except the very smallest, having its own little border of ruby or green, complementary to the ground-colour. Such a treatment of tracery is by no means uncommon in Decorated work, but it is seldom that the result is so silvery and so satisfactory as here. The windows at the west end of the aisles are fair specimens of the smaller figure-and-canopy windows which were common at the time. That in the centre of the three lights in the north aisle is a more than usually interesting example. The niched shafts, with little busts of kings and other figures at intervals, redeem it from commonplace; but the side lights have canopies that suggest something of the metallic hardness that one associates with German work. On our next page is an example of a very common type of contemporary English canopy. The association of the foliated border with the canopy is of frequent occurrence. The crucifixion window at the end of the south aisle is not without richness of effect. It exhibits, however, two failings common to the period: the figures are rude, and the canopies are out of all proportion with them. The disproportion is, however, slight compared with what is common in Germany. There the figures are often completely dwarfed by the preposterously tall canopies surmounting them. It is no uncommon thing to see a poor little saint overweighed by a lantern-like structure towering to five or six times his own height above him. There is an immense window in Augsburg Cathedral, the greater part of it canopy, to which the figures are quite subordinate. The disproportion characteristic of the period is felt also in the aisle windows at York, the most of which are Decorated in style, and treated again on the principle of alternate bands of figures under canopies and ornament in grisaille. They are mostly rich and full in colour. Perhaps the most interesting part of them is in the borders, many of which are heraldic in design, and set forth eagles, lions, and all manner of creatures, capitally composed and drawn. One window on the north side has at its base an extra-broad border, in which is represented a complete hunt, with dogs, huntsmen,

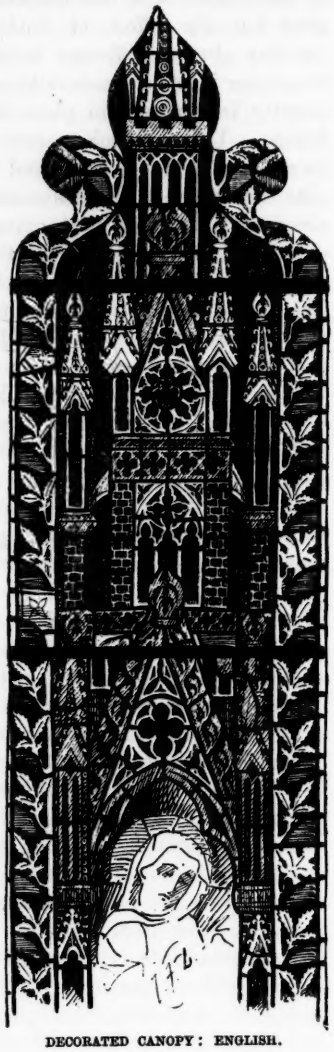
and the rest, the side border consisting of a kind of tree covered with climbing monkeys. The leaves and monkeys are of much the same size: as in the Terra Incognita of heraldry such things, it is assumed, would naturally be.

Most of the French cathedrals contain examples of Decorated glass, but none is of sufficient importance to be discussed in detail. Even in the church of St. Ouen at Rouen, so singularly complete a specimen of intermediate Gothic, the contemporary glass is comparatively ineffective. The cathedrals of Troyes, Chalons, and Evreux may be instanced as containing good examples; and the church of St. Pierre at Chartres is uncommonly rich in it. In the church of St. Radegonde at Poitiers is some glass of the period, that deserves notice if only on account of the manner in which grisaille and colour are associated; for it is to be borne in mind that the combination of grisaille and colour in the same window is characteristic of this second stage of the art. There are here two long round-headed windows, each with a border of blue, interrupted by little fleurs-de-lis and castles, and bounded on each side by a line of ruby. This is what is called a "block border," common enough in all styles. Within this is the usual grisaille pattern, leaded up and painted in the ordinary manner. But upon this background of pattern-work in grisaille are leaded up figures in rich colour, resting on no base, but, so to speak, imposed in front of the grisaille. These figures are neither large in scale nor very closely packed, so that a good deal of the ground is free. These patches of colour, unevenly dispersed amidst the grisaille, break its surface delightfully, and produce an admirable effect.



OLD GLASS: FOURTEENTH CENTURY FIGURE-WORK.

It is in Germany that the Decorated glass reached its fullest development. Some of the richest Fourteenth Century glass extant is to be found in Strasburg Cathedral. One reason is that a good deal of the earlier glass was saved from the old building, and incorporated into the new windows of the nave, when the cathedral was rebuilt after the great fire of 1298. There is so much of Early feeling in the Strasburg windows that this seems certain; and probably even the design of the later glass was influenced by the desire to make it harmonise with the older. The fine series of kings in the north side of the nave are in certain respects much earlier in style than are the Fourteenth Century canopies under which they stand; but those canopies themselves have all the mosaic character and jewel-like effect of Early glass, so that there is no incongruity whatever. A very notable feature in these same figures is the glazing up of the faces: the eyes being white glass, while the beards are brown or grey or olive, and the flesh glass is of a reddish tint. This is a treatment familiar only in Early glass, and more appropriate to distant clerestory windows than to the near lights of a nave. It is not impossible that some of these once glorified the clerestory of the earlier church. Among all this beautiful glass there is nothing that can be called really fine in drawing. The strength of the period does not lie in drawing. (The figure from New College, which we give, is one of the finest there, and illustrates a period so late in the century that it may more properly be classed with Perpendicular figure-work.) There is skill in composition, though it is of a conven-



DECORATED CANOPY: ENGLISH.

tional kind; there is character, sometimes verging on the grotesque; there is dignity and grandeur of design; but the drawing—well, the colour would excuse much worse. An exceedingly rich effect is produced by the way in which the nimbi of the kings are increased, with ring after ring of colour, until they fill the whole width of the niche with their glory, in the midst of which the letters which compose the saint's name are set like gems. The idea of framing these panels of gorgeous colour in broad borders of silvery white was singularly happy. In the triforium and clerestory above, and also in the upper windows on the south side of the nave, there are somewhat similar figures, but scarcely any are quite as fine as these, and many are greatly inferior. This is mainly due to the fact that they have suffered restoration, some of it necessitated by the bombardment of the city during the Franco-Prussian war.

The distinctly Decorated windows on the south side of the nave are less imposing than the kings opposite, but they are of considerable interest to any one who really cares about old glass. They exhibit a wonderful variety of design, which is sometimes achieved by very curious combinations. One window, for instance, is filled with little images of saints under an arcading that is suggestive of pigeon-holes, and none the less so that to each little saint is attached his label. There is also an interesting "Last Judgment" window, one light of which is blocked up with masonry; hard by, in another window, is a large white devil, who has apparently escaped from his proper place, but has not succeeded in freeing himself from the flames, which form a beautiful ruby background. There are other subjects equally curious. Mention should be made of the "St. Christopher" window, which is strangely ugly, and of the two large circular windows on the south side, which are examples of exceptionally good and taking colour.

There is some good Decorated glass at Cologne Cathedral, but it is all "within the gales." There are two or three rich windows worth seeing in the sacristy, and there are others equally good in the chapels of the choir. Nearly examined, the very tall lights at the extreme east end, that look so well from the nave, are very interesting in design. At Freiburg, in the Black Forest, the windows in the nave of the cathedral have, for the most part, good Fourteenth Century glass. Among the Decorated details there are some particularly happy renderings of natural forms; but there is no single window that will typify the period. At Regensburg, or Ratisbon, there is a quantity of Decorated glass, most of it good in colour (excepting where it has been restored), and much of it exceedingly interesting in design. Two of the windows in the chapel south of the choir are remarkable in design as well as brilliant in colour. A rough sketch of one of them is given on page 289. There is a modern window close by, as if to show by comparison *how* good these old ones are. Here, as at Poitiers, the two lights of a window are treated as one, and the border occurs only on the outer edge of each light.

The finest glass of the period existing at Nuremburg is to be found in the church of St. Sebald. Later



OLD DECORATED GLASS AT MUNICH.

work occurs at St. Sebald's, some of it belonging to the Sixteenth Century; but the Fourteenth Century windows are undoubtedly the finest there. They are the darker windows of the choir (the lighter ones are later Gothic or Renaissance glass), and they are not striking in design, except for their simplicity. Anything in the way of glass much deeper in tone it would, however, be difficult to imagine. The white glass in them is horny in tint, and there is little even of that. The first impression produced by some of them is that they are entirely without white glass. The intensity of the colour might be described as *velvety*, only that would imply that they look like something else than glass, which they do not. As the light fades towards evening, they become dull and heavy; but on a bright day they are richly perfect. They exclude a great deal of light, and the expedient has been adopted of filling the upper half of the window with white glass; but this is a very unsatisfactory solution of the difficulty. It is not to be compared to the belt-like arrangement of light and dark at York. Nevertheless it was a common practice in Germany to let the coloured glass end arbitrarily about half-way up the window, and put plain white glass above. The same thing occurs in the cathedral at Munich. Here there is a good deal of very rich glass more or less of the Nuremburg type; but it is so thoroughly mixed up with later glass that it would be difficult to refer to it excepting on the spot. There is, however, ample opportunity at Munich for the study of Fourteenth Century glass in the museum, where is exhibited a series of admirable examples brought from Regensburg. Of two of these we give illustrations. Like other German patterns, they are in marked contrast to contemporaneous French and English designs, between which there is a considerable affinity. Our designs consist, for the most part, of interlacing strips of colour, with occasional coloured bosses at the intersections or in the centres of circular and oval forms, and with foliated ornaments painted on a white ground, the proportion of coloured glass to white being always small. German work is more mosaic in its character, bolder in design, stronger in colour, richer in effect, and more varied in its intention. It has not the delicacy of English work, and I will not say that it is better; but it is more interesting on account of its variety, and more suggestive of what may be done in the way of ornamental glass. For this reason my examples are mostly German.

LEWIS F. DAY.

A "ROSE-WATER RAPHAEL."



IT is only in France that Boucher is known and loved as he deserves. In England, where sentiment counts for so much and art for so little in art, it is the fashion to despise his achievement, to ignore his accomplishment, and to overlook the splendid qualities of grace, ease, exuberance, imagination, and spontaneity that he possessed. It is nowhere to be gainsaid, however, that he was a representative man and artist. He told the story of his century upon canvas, with its mimic love and heartless laughter, in a way that accords thoroughly with the written memorials of that fantastic time; he may be said to have been a leader in that dance of death which ushered in the Revolution. He was the painter in ordinary of a society that had the Pompadour for its Juno, and Sophie Arnould for its Minerva, and whose Phœbus-Apollo was Voltaire. It was at once soulless and exquisite, vicious and trifling, abnormally artificial and extravagantly selfish. It was a society, as Mr. Austin Dobson puts it,

> "Whose greatest grace was *jupes à la Camargo*,
> Whose greatest merit *gentiment se rendre*."

It lived upon ballets and epigrams; it made millinery heroic and a fine art of the barber's mystery; it peeped at eternity through a flirted fan, and took no thought of time save when he was bringing round an assignation. It held pleasure a duty and irreligion a virtue. Its humour was one of eternal dalliance, and it went down into the pit with a light jest on its lips and a lighter love in its heart. Boucher, who was born to be neither better nor worse than his time, grew moulded, not only in art but in character, to the circumstances of his environment. He was a man of genius, but he aspired no higher than to live and paint the frivolous life he saw about him. All the same, it must not be forgotten that his work often exhibits powers, of execution and invention alike, which might be sought in vain in work of far greater renown.

As lives and adventures sometimes run into one another, and sometimes remain separate in individuals, so has Art its life in some and its adventures in



FRONTISPIECE TO MADAME DE POMPADOUR'S ETCHINGS.

(Designed by François Boucher.)

others. There are Michelangelos and Titians who keep in the high and earnest path among the laurels; there are Bouchers and Mignards who prefer the byways among vines and roses where pleasure presents herself in her most alluring shapes. It is the "Penseroso" and the "Allegro" over again. Boucher must be classed with the many adventurers in art who amuse and delight us, but who fail to elevate our hearts or ennoble our imagination. He was born in 1703, not in 1704, and died in 1770, not in 1768, as is generally supposed. He received his first lessons from an artist named François Cars, who, employing him to assist in the minor work of the studio, at once recognised the fine imagination of the boy Boucher. The young painter remained with Cars for some time, earning his lodging and sixty livres a month. He eventually became a pupil of the then popular Lemoyne, whose influence on his style was such that the early productions of the pupil were in more than one instance mistaken for those of the master. In 1723 he gained the prize in the Academy competition: his subject was a Biblical one; what has become of the picture is unknown. This, his first success, entitled him to be sent to Italy; but the privilege of visiting that land of art fell to another who had friends at Court. Boucher, however, made the best of his disappointment; and being invited, on the death of Watteau, to take part in engraving the works of that artist, he at once undertook the task which was eminently congenial to his taste. He met with unlooked-for success in this enterprise, which had no doubt a considerable influence on his later achievement, and helped to make him the painter he was. In 1725 he made a journey to Italy with a friend; but this visit produced no noticeable impression on him, for on his return to Paris the tone he had caught up in his master's studio showed no signs of change, while no new direction was given to his ideas. Indeed, he is found depreciating the old masters with as much energy as his contemporary Lamotte depreciated the ancient poets — much as now-a-days the *rapins* of Bonnat and Carolus Duran make light of the heroic idealism of Mantegna or the superb distinction of Van Dyck. There is something almost sublime in the tone indulged in by Boucher and some of his school. Not only did they regard Raphael and Michelangelo with disdain—calling the one a woman, the other a monster, the one Paradise, the other Perdition—and counting them the painters of another world, who used a dead language meaningless to modern ears; they went yet further, and dared to find truth herself below their ideal. Boucher assumed that Nature was badly lighted and too green; and Lancret, siding with him, opined she wanted harmony and charm. The mere existence of such views must appear incredible to any one not acquainted with the artificial spirit of that artificial age. But when we consider

that the poets and romancers drew their scenery from operas and *salons*, and that these furnished the painters with figures—not even excepting Watteau, the Perrault of painting, from whose magic brush a whole fairy-land had sprung—is it surprising that what little of truth and nature there is in the work of that day should be but their reflection in the theatrical mirage?

On his return to Paris, then, we find Boucher religiously following the tenets of this topsy-turvy school of art, and, what is worse in the case of an artist, meeting with immense success in society. This tended to spoil him, as it has spoiled many before him and since. He became the painter *à la mode;* after that he was true to nothing but to his time. A boon companion of the first water, Boucher was one of the leaders of the famous *diners du Caveau*, where, in company with Piron, Fuzelier, Collé, Saurin, Duclos, Rameau, the two Crébillons, Caylus, Diderot, and others, he joined, glass in hand, in that carnival of wit and song of which a chronicler has left us so picturesque an account. "These joyous companions," says Laujon, "were in the habit of meeting almost all the year round, more especially during winter and autumn, on the first and sixteenth day of every month, when they dined, each paying his shot at the *caveau*, where each was in turn the subject of an epigram. If the jest was voted just and piquant, the victim of it drank the health of his censor in a glass of water; if unjust, the glass of water was served as a punishment to the censor, while the others of the company took off a toast to the author." These experiences must have supplied Boucher with many a study for the Bacchanalian groups he depicted; they are known to have had an influence on many, especially on the dramatist Piron. Thus much we know for sure, that Boucher's portrait of one of these jolly companions—Crébillon Fils—is by far the finest in existence.

When Mdme. de Pompadour raised herself to power, she became Boucher's protectress and friend, in the first instance employing him to paint a "Nativity" for the Chateau de Bellevue. We all know her lôve of art: how, when love and politics allowed, she spent her spare time in etching, and how she liked to be painted with all the paraphernalia of the studio—brushes, palette, and canvas—about her. Boucher was her painter in ordinary, and he produced at least six life-sized pictures of her. Boucher's portraits, however, are comparatively few; one of the best known is the delightful "Portrait of a Girl," now in the Louvre. The royal minion found Boucher of use in many ways. He helped her to amuse her master, and so prolong her abominable reign. To this end she consulted him about the plan of an ideal boudoir; and he set to work and produced one decorated with a series of pictures so perfectly adapted to the humour of the Well-Beloved, that when Louis XVI. came to the throne he at once ordered them to be hurried out of sight. They were exported to Germany, but a while later they found their way back to France, and they were bought up by Lord Hertford. M. Thoré, who relates the anecdote, avers that, for adroitness of touch and charm of colour, they are assuredly the finest Bouchers in the world.



THE BOY IN THE FIELDS.
(*Drawn by François Boucher.*)

Boucher, notwithstanding his uncommon success—supplying

as he did the whole world of pretty women, noble and the reverse of noble, with his paintings and designs—was surprisingly moderate in his prices. This must be partly attributed to his generosity of nature, but more to his wonderful facility and the rapidity with which he worked, for he used to boast that he earned 50,000 livres a year. He produced miniature figures for clocks, decorative designs for salons and boudoirs, pastorals for albums. He was appointed inspector of the Gobelins, and made a number of drawings for tapestries. He also illustrated books—among others the entire works of Molière; and we must agree with M. Paul Mantz, his latest and ablest critic, that in these designs he suppresses the seventeenth century, and seems to think that the author of the "Misanthrope" is his



SCENE FROM "LE SICILIEN," BY J.-B.-P. MOLIÈRE.

(From the Etching by François Boucher.)

contemporary, that Celimène is still of this world, and that Valère will sup with him on the morrow. His illustrations of these and other works of fiction are much esteemed. Of their manner a good example is to be found in one to the "Femmes Savantes," in which the scornful expression of the blue-stockings serves to place in relief the exquisite humility of Henriette, who is too meek to show emotion by any other sign than a quiet tear, which she is wiping away that it may not be regarded as a protest. Another, from "Le Sicilien," the most elegant and graceful of Molière's farces—for which, together with the other examples given, we are indebted to M. Quantin—exhibits a charming freedom in costume, gesture, and grouping. For all his notoriety, however, the Academy for a long time refused to elect Boucher one of its members; later on, though, he became Academician, and on the death of his friend Vanloo he was appointed the king's painter. In this place I can only tell one story of Boucher as a courtier, though he played the part successfully enough. When he was presented to Louis XV., the king, surprised at the painter's looks, and thinking from the style of his painting that he must necessarily be young and gallant, naïvely remarked that he did not know if Boucher looked older than he expected after all. "Sire," said Boucher, "the honour with which your Majesty overwhelms me will make me young again."

I should have liked to dwell on the most romantic episode in Boucher's life, which so beautifully shows how false he could be to a true woman and how true to a false one, the true eluding him who had so long deserted nature: I mean his adventure with Rosina and the Marchioness which I have alluded to elsewhere ("Paris Originals"). The fact is, however, that Mr. Austin Dobson, in the charming "Story of Rosina," amongst his "Vignettes in Rhyme," has so told the tale that all others must pause who would attempt it anew. Boucher married one of the most beautiful women of his time—not Mdlle. Perdrigeon, as so many biographers persist in saying, but Marie-Jeanne Buzeau, who, after being for a long time supplanted by a fictitious rival, has been re-instated by MM. de Goncourt. That he was slow in making up his mind to marry at all is proved by his witty remark that marriage was not habitual to him.

As it is no easy matter to study Boucher's various works, which are said to number upwards of ten thousand, special attention may be directed to the magnificent publication, "François Boucher,"* by Paul Mantz, issued by the great house of Quantin, the most lavish and enterprising of art-publishers. It is by far the best monograph on Boucher that I know. It contains, among scores of other illustrations—some of which we give—a very striking etching by Lalauze of a portrait of Boucher in the Louvre; the exquisite "Pastimes of Winter;" "The Woman with the Fan," in the possession of M. Edmond de Goncourt; "Cupid and Psyche," in the Gobelins; and "Venus Pleading to Vulcan for Arms for Æneas," which was painted to serve as a model for tapestry, and in which Boucher showed the first signs of decadence. M. Paul Mantz, I should add, is as thoroughly well acquainted with Boucher's times and the facts of his environment as he is with Boucher and Boucher's work. For some interesting examples of Boucher as a decorative artist, Guiffrey's monograph on the brothers Caffieri—an excellent book—may be consulted. Though there are many works by Boucher in England, there is but one, "Pan and Syrinx," as it is called, in the National Gallery. It is a small exemplar, measuring not more than sixteen inches by twelve. It consists of five figures, one of which, if the Arcadian surroundings count for anything, may possibly be Pan, though his horns are absent, and his legs, which should show as the legs of a goat, are concealed by the rushes growing about the cave out of which he is emerging. Underneath are a brace of nymphs, one of whom may be Syrinx, though there is no proof of this about her. The faun has surprised the nearest of these nymphs, who, with slightly disturbed limbs, rests in an attitude of fear. The two remaining figures are Loves, which hover over the recumbent forms and seem more perturbed than the nymphs themselves. It is a fine little picture. The "carnations" are exquisite; the colouring generally is bright and well contrasted. Whether it represents Pan and Syrinx, or whether the two figures are nameless nymphs, which, from the fact that there are two, appears more probable, is I think an open question still; while the picture itself has yet to be authenticated by the authorities who, I suppose, are in possession of its history. Artists in search of decorative subjects may, however, resort to the Print Room of the British Museum, where Boucher's exquisite work is very largely represented in etchings and prints.

When Reynolds visited Boucher on his return through Paris from Italy, he found him at work upon a large picture, and learned from him that he employed no sort of model. The careful President expressing his surprise, Boucher replied that he found models necessary during his youth when he was studying art, but that for a long time he had ceased to use them. Reynolds thought that Boucher, during the first half of his career, had merit sufficiently eminent to serve as a study to half the painters of his country, and that he combined grace and beauty

* "François Boucher." Par Paul Mantz. (Paris: A. Quantin.) 100 francs.

with a good method of composition, though these qualities were often directed by bad taste.

The ruling passion has in all times shown itself strong at the close of life, as if it were the last to die. Gainsborough's latest thought was that of meeting Van Dyck in heaven; Nelson's, in thanking heaven that he had done his duty. In the century which Boucher graced, it was even a fashion among leading spirits to be witty, poetic, or romantic at the last, to encounter death as the starving Shacabac did the empty dishes on the Barmecide's table. Mdlle. Quinault died *coiffée;* Caylus passed away in a pun; Moncrif surrounded himself with singers and dancers, and departed this world to a rigadoon. Boucher's last hour was equally characteristic of his life; his end was also a euthanasia after its kind. He had resolved to die alone, and he did so, brush in hand, and with a last "Venus" on his easel—the most touching he had ever painted. He might have ended more decorously; more fittingly and appropriately he could not. He has been called a "rose-water Raphael," but he is rather a Foppington Rubens, a Rubens half great painter and half fribble. What so natural as that he should die as he had lived, working down to the level of his age and painting it its only goddess! What that goddess was we know. In these days we should know her for a professional beauty. To Boucher and his contemporaries she was a marquise who had forgotten her hoop. She was already *passée de mode* when her painter died. Five years afterwards, in 1775, Beaumarchais produced the "Barbier de Seville;" and in no great while from that the Dubarry had lost her head, the monarchy had disappeared, and Boucher's Venus had become the Goddess of Reason, and was preparing the way for Napoleon.



CHILDREN PLAYING.

(*Drawn by François Boucher.*)

Whatever else may be thought of Boucher as an artist, his grace and facility of expression were extraordinary, far greater than that of many both in the past and the present who occupy a higher place in art than his. His great indifference to models is but another clue to his entire attitude towards nature and his precursors in art. Like Fragonard, he flung his thought on the canvas, and a sure-handed draughtsman, he was bolder than those who were trammelled by stricter rules. With a full faith in the magic of his touch, he was a Hafiz in art, caring neither for the past nor the future, but living only in the present, and loving it till it became a paradise through the enchantment of his brush. The De Goncourts, who are among the best informed of his critics, say of him in their "L'Art du Dix-Huitième Siècle," that in his freedom of treating the nude he neither hides the form in its beauty nor veils it in its shame. His divinities, his nymphs, his nereids, his women—the *petites créatures déshabilées* of J.-F. Millet's solemn and destructive criticism—are evidently undraped, but they are charming all the same. Boucher's Venus is only human, but he knows her by heart. He gives her all the allurements of *abandon*—the facile smile, the engaging air. In her light, flying figure he incarnates the spirit of light, fleeting phantasy. Perhaps the one and only critic of the time who opposed him with anything like persistency was Diderot. He talks of graces borrowed from Deschamps — of affectations and a world of patches, rouge, and trinkets; of libertine satyrs, and little by-blows of Bacchus and Silenus; of a degradation in taste, colour, composition, character, expression, and design; of the imagination of a man who spends his life on the lowest levels of debauchery. But such criticism as this is suggestive

of a personal animosity, which was said to be encouraged by Greuze. It must be added that Diderot modified these severe opinions, and admitted that Boucher might have been the great painter of France. He was compelled, too, to do Boucher justice on the subject of his children; had he not done so he would have stood alone among critics, for they are never spoken of without praise. In the little group, "Children Playing," is told a lively story. The boy is lazy and unwilling to join in the fun, but though he keeps his hands deep in his pockets, it is evident by his smile that the fond and pleasant coaxing of the girl will prevail. A worthy pendant to this is "The Boy in the Fields," the terror of whose face and form on finding himself in awful proximity with the cattle, little as they seem disposed to harm him, is a charming exemplification of what may be called the tragic in infancy. Some etchings of children by Boucher's hand, —and very notably the "Sleep," and the "Caging the Dove" — are not only admirable, but insist on being studied. In the second of these one asks to what class of beings these immortal babes belong; and their newly-budding wings give one the reply, as if to justify the portraiture of what surpasses humanity. In the first are two children in two very different attitudes; the depths of slumber are portrayed in every feature and in every limb.



THE SWING.

(Design for Beauvais Tapestry, by François Boucher.)

Nothing shows Boucher's absolute facility so strikingly as the figures in what may be called his aërial scenery. An art that can deceive us into the belief that the law of gravitation is suspended must rank very high, especially when such masters as Titian and Raphael have not achieved in it all that it is possible to conceive. The heroic figure in "The Transfiguration" does not quite attain to fixity of place; it looks as if it had ascended and might suddenly fall. So, in like manner, in "The Assumption of the Virgin" the somewhat heavy Virgin does not appear secure: at least not in the sense that applies to the floating forms in Boucher's work. In so comparatively trifling a piece as the "Frontispiece to Madame de Pompadour's Etchings" there is an innate lightness in the very substance of which the amorini are made. It is seen in every part of their limbs, which rest on the air like cork on the waters. This remarkable art is made up of countless minor details: among them, the absence of effort in the figure itself, at the same time that the hands are so employed as to betray an absolute unconsciousness of danger. These remarks are equally applicable to our tail-piece—a baby Bacchus, in whose unsupported form is shown the confidence of perfect safety, while all jubilant, with lifted arms, it leans upon the air it seems to inhabit. So, too, the swinging girl, in Boucher's design for Beauvais tapestry which is given above, seems scarcely to need the rope to sustain her; remove it and let her hold on to the air itself, and her place in it would still appear secure, if only from the arrangement of her dress.

In depicting the supernatural there is in Boucher's touch a certain divine conventionality, by means of which he actually spiritualises matter. We see it in

his "Neptune and Anymone" at the Trianon. The disordered garments out of which the adventurous beauty seems actually emerging amidst the hurry and confusion around; the rising spray of waters; the clouds; the storms that follow Neptune as he comes to rescue her from the satyr's grasp; in depicting these things the painter seems to have given Nature herself a living drapery. Still more applicable, if possible, are these remarks to that most charming of his pictures, the "Rinaldo and Armida," at the Louvre, which reminds one of certain melodies in Gluck's incomparable operatic romance—the "Voici la charmante retraite," for instance, and the enchanting "Au temps heureux où l'on sait plaire"—and in which the drapery, itself mere woven wind, seems at the mercy of a breath of air. These and many others are results not surprising if we are allowed to interpret the remarkable portrait of Boucher in the Louvre. It is that of the man as he lived and wrought; and, in its utter and unique superciliousness, it shows him for one who is wont to regard all things as beneath him and at his command, not excepting even Nature, whom he criticised so irreverently and so freely.

A. Egmont Hake.



THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

JUDGED by the standards of popular criticism, the current exhibition of the Scottish Academy will scarcely be pronounced a striking one. The average exhibition-goer is generally captivated by some one or two canvases which inevitably imprint themselves on the popular mind by the strength of other than purely artistic qualities. In painting, as in other arts, the melodramatic has a distinct attraction for the public, which is always ready to swallow questionable stuff, if only the subject be obvious enough and the canvas sufficiently large. There are few such pictures in the Academy galleries, so the exhibition is not a popular one. On the other hand there are evidences of much conscientious and intelligent labour, and a healthy feeling for outside work—in the canvases of many of the younger men especially. The obvious weakness of the school is its lack of imagi ation. Technical skill is expended on unworthy subjects; "bits" are painted with no more genuine inspiration than goes to the making of subjects for a drawing-book. As far as it goes, much of the achievement is right enough; but then it is only student's work, such as should be preparatory to the full fruition, which in this case seldom seems to come. Artistic fancy runs in the common ruts of conventionalism, and cheap and trivial themes recur with painful regularity. There are dozens of painters who have technical skill enough to paint fine pictures, but there are few, indeed, who have imagination enough to think out a subject worth painting, or to idealise what they do paint into art. Naturally much of this skill expends itself in portraiture; and, in this respect, Scotch painters hold their own, even in the presenc of such an admirable example of contemporary English work as Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of Samuel Cousins, which is probably the gem of

the present exhibition. It is a high standard of criticism to compare any piece of portraiture with such an exceptional canvas as this, but the work of Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., may be said to be very little inferior to it. Mr. Reid is not to be ranked with those whose whole stock-in-trade is technical skill. His landscapes and flower-subjects—alike tender and sympathetic—were his claims to recognition until a few years ago, and even the noble portraiture to which he now confines himself is scarcely an equivalent for their loss. Of this year's Reids the chief is a portrait of the Lord President of the Court of Session, intended for a musty corner of the old Parliament House. With an obvious regard to its final destination, which is a place of dim lights and dark oak carvings, the painter has pitched it in a high key of colour, and has relieved the rich, official robes of crimson and ermine against a still more brilliant red screen. More sober in its scheme of colour, but eminently characteristic and life-like, is the portrait of Duncan McLaren, late Member of Parliament for Edinburgh. Other portraits are those of Sir Bartle Frere, exhibited at the Academy in 1881, of Mr. J. A. Froude, and of Principal Tulloch, the last the property of the Queen. Not confining himself so strictly to portraiture as Mr. Reid, Mr. M'Taggart shows skill little inferior to his. Piquant and vivacious in expression, and broad and dexterous in handling, is a portrait of a lady in white costume, gracefully posed against a golden-brown background. But it is in landscape that one sees the full strength of this painter, in work such as his "Away to the West as the Sun Wears Down," where the very spirit of the scene—its freshness and breadth, its play of colour, its flying lights and shadows — is grasped with rare artistic instinct. Recurring to portraiture, we have a charming example by Mr. Robert Gibb, R.S.A., who paints the head of an elderly lady with delightful precision of modelling and with much tenderness, if with perhaps a trifle of over-refinement, of colour.

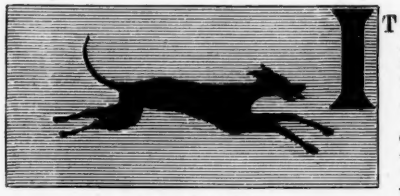
The most distinctively Scotch work, in its human interest at least, is contributed by Mr. W. D. M'Kay and Mr. J. L. Wingate. Others there are who paint the highland glens and mountains, but they alone seem capable of fully grasping the pastoral spirit of the country. Thus we find Mr. M'Kay dealing with the whole rotation of field labour as it falls in its various seasons; and Mr. Wingate, not concerning himself so obviously with labour, but displaying stray glimpses of village life in sunshine and shade. Of several goodly canvases by Mr. M'Kay, his "Turnip Shawing"—where groups of field-labourers are at work, in the hazy light of a frosty morning—is perhaps the best. Little inferior to this in treatment, and even more valuable as a study of country life, is "Sheep-Shearing:" of a shearer struggling with one of his flock, and overlooked by a herd-boy, characteristic and individual in every line of him. In Mr. Wingate's chief canvas, "Winter Twilight," the day's work is done; the labourer, turning homewards, has stopped for a while to gossip over the hedge with a neighbour in her cabbage garden. Behind the figures are the branches of a beech-tree, with delicate tracery of hanging twigs against the warm sunset sky; and still further off are square tiled houses and the corner of a well-filled kirkyard. Of native flavour also, but panoramic first of all, is the large landscape by Mr. James Archer, R.S.A.: a view of Perthshire moorland, heathery and tanned, with flying shadows and trailing mists about the mountain-tops. Also dealing with Scots scenery are the contributions of Mr. John Smart, R.S.A., who sends a dramatic glimpse of "Glen Ogle;" of Mr. Alexander Fraser, R.S.A., who confines himself to the scenery of the west coast; and of Mr. John McWhirter, who exhibits his "Valley by the Sea," a broad sunlit canvas, painted in Arran and exhibited at the Academy two years ago.

Of very different complexion are the figure subjects of Mr. Hugh Cameron and Mr. W. E. Lockhart. The first finds inspiration in modern France, the second in mediæval Spain. There is a true pathos and a subtle artistic contrast in Mr. Cameron's "Child's Funeral in the Riviera." Under a blue cloudless sky, beside a broad expanse of bluer Mediterranean, a procession of gaily-attired children bear the coffin of their playmate to its burial-place. At their head marches the village priest, stern-faced and sad, with a soft play of light on his withered cheek; and behind them is a sun-browned village, with clustering vines and olive-trees. All is sunshine and bright colour; and though Death is walking in the midst, he is scarcely to be recognised in his brilliant disguise. Not so direct in inspiration, Mr. Lockhart's picture is neither so human nor so thoughtful. It goes back to the history of Ruy Diaz, the Cid Campeador of Spain, whom it pictures in the act of presenting a group of captives to his august mother. Strong in drawing, and broadly dexterous in colour, the composition is faulty enough to tell its story no more than haltingly. In a less ambitious picture, Mr. Otto Leyde, hitherto known as one of the most graceful of Scottish portrait-painters, gives a pleasant glimpse of happy child-life—a string of sunny urchins tumbling on a sand-hill. Of statuesque pose is a figure, by Mr. Robert Herdman, of "Antigone," with bound hands, awaiting the consequences of her devotion; and to be mentioned for graceful design is the same artist's "Penelophon," the beggar maid who won the heart of King Cophetua. The single example of Mr. Thomas Faed has all the faults

and few of the virtues of his manner; whilst the one canvas representative of Mr. Thomas Graham shows him at his best—spontaneous, bright, and graceful. Among the younger men, Mr. David Murray sends several landscapes in which a distinct attempt is made to improve upon the more or less prosaic treatment of landscape to which one is now-a-days accustomed. Mr. J. C. Noble is also noticeable for the variety and excellence of his work; and Mr. W. B. Hole, recurring to the history of the Pretender, paints an episode of the flight after Culloden with considerable descriptive power and incisiveness, much human interest, and not a little charm of colour. Other pictures deserving of mention are the figure subjects of Messrs. Robert Macgregor and Robert Noble, and the landscapes of Messrs. Colin Hunter, Keeley Halswelle, George Aikman, and Joseph Farquharson.

THE ART OF SAVAGES.—II.

REPRESENTATION.



BUSHMAN DOG.

IT appeared in a former paper that the art which aims at decoration is better adapted to both the purposes and materials of savages than the art which aims at representation. As a rule, the materials of the lower savages are their own bodies (which they naturally desire to make beautiful for ever by tattooing), and the hard substances of which they fashion their tools and weapons. These hard substances, when worked on with cutting instruments of stone or shell, are most easily adorned with straight cut lines, and spirals are therefore found to be, on the whole, a comparatively late form of ornament.

We have now to discuss the efforts of the savage to represent. Here, again, we have to consider the purpose which animates him, and the materials which are at his service. His pictures have a practical purpose, and do not spring from what we are apt, perhaps too hastily, to consider the innate love of imitation for its own sake. In modern art, in modern times, no doubt the desire to imitate nature, by painting or sculpture, has become almost an innate impulse, an inborn instinct. But there must be some reason why for this; and it does not seem at all unlikely that we inherit the love, the disinterested love, of imitative art from very remote ancestors, whose habits of imitation had a direct, interested, and practical purpose. The member of Parliament who mimics the crowing of a cock during debate, or the street boy who beguiles his leisure by barking like a dog, has a disinterested pleasure in the exercise of his skill; but advanced thinkers seem pretty well agreed that the first men who imitated the voices of dogs, and cocks, and other animals, did not do so merely for fun, but with the practical purpose of indicating to their companions the approach of these creatures. Such were the rude beginnings of human language; and whether that theory be correct or not, there are certainly practical reasons which impel the savage to attempt imitative art. I doubt if there are many savage races who do not use representative art for the purposes of writing—that is, to communicate information to persons whom they cannot reach by the voice, and to assist the memory, which, in a savage, is perhaps not very strong. To take examples. A savage man meets a savage maid. She does not speak his language, nor he hers. How are they to know whether, according to the marriage laws of their race, they are lawful mates for each other? This important question is settled by an inspection of their tattooed marks. If a Thlinkeet man of the Swan stock meets an Iroquois maid of the Swan stock they cannot speak to each other, and the "gesture language" is cumbrous. But if both are tattooed with the swan, then the man knows that this daughter of the swan is not for him. He could no more marry her than Helen of Troy could have married Castor, the tamer of horses. Both are children of the Swan, as were Helen and Castor, and must regard each other as brother and sister. The case of the Thlinkeet man and the Iroquois maid is extremely unlikely to occur; but I give it as an example of the practical use, among savages, of representative art. In much the same way, the grave-pillar above a chief of the Crane tribe—the pillar carved with a reversed figure of a crane, with ten heads of men, and with a turtle rampant—fulfils the purpose of an epitaph, and the savage passer-by reads—

HERE LIES
SNAPPING TURTLE,
BRAVE OF THE CRANES.
He Took
X.
SCALPS.

Even the Australians have what the Greeks would have called the *σκυτάλη*, a staff on which inscriptions, legible to the Aborigines, are engraven. I believe, however, that the Australian *σκυτάλη* is not usually marked with picture-writing, but with notches—even more difficult to decipher. As an example of Red Indian picture-writing we publish a scroll from Kohl's book on the natives of North America. This rude work of art, though the reader may think little of it, is really a document as important in its way as the Chaldæan clay tablets inscribed with the record of the Deluge. The coarsely-drawn figures recall, to the artist's mind, much of the myth of Manabozho, the Prometheus and the Deucalion, the Cain and the Noah of the dwellers by the great lake. Manabozho was a great chief who had two wives that quarrelled. The two stumpy half-figures represent the wives; the mound between them is the displeasure of Manabozho. Further on you see him caught up between two trees—an unpleasant fix, from which the wolves and squirrels refused to extricate him. The kind of pyramid with a figure at top is a mountain, on which, when the flood came, Manabozho placed his grandmother to be out of the water's way. The somewhat similar object is Manabozho himself, on the top of his mountain. The animals you next behold were sent out by Manabozho to ascertain how the deluge was faring, and to carry messages to his grandmother. This scroll was drawn, probably on birch bark, by a red man of literary attainments, who gave it to Kohl (in its lower right-hand corner he has pictured the event), that he might never forget the story of the Manabohzian deluge. The Red Indians have always, as far as European knowledge goes, been in the habit of using this picture-writing for the purpose of retaining their legends, poems, and incantations. It is unnecessary to say that the picture-writing of Mexico and the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt are derived from the same savage processes. I must observe that the hasty indications of the figure used in picture-writing are by no means to be regarded as measures of Red Indian skill in art. They can draw much better than the artist who recorded the Manabozhian legend, when they please.



RED INDIAN PICTURE-WRITING: THE LEGEND OF MANABOZHO.

In addition to picture-writing, religion has fostered savage representative art. If a man worships a lizard or a bear, he finds it convenient to have an amulet or idol representing a bear or a lizard. The savage theory of the world is that like influences like. This is the origin of burning people in effigy. When colonists burn Mr. Gladstone in effigy at the Cape they know well enough that they are doing that statesman no harm; but they inherit the rite from the savage age, when to burn an effigy of a man, or to transfix it with spears, or to melt it, if it was made in wax, before the fire, was supposed to make the living man melt and fade away, by virtue of the sympathy between himself and his effigy. Ideas of this sort often prevent savages from allowing artists to take their portraits. A magical and malevolent use, they think, may be made of the portrait; but if one adores a lizard or a bear, one is just as likely to think that prayer and acts of worship addressed to an image of the animal will please the animal himself, and make him propitious. Thus the art of making little portable figures of various worshipful beings is fostered, and the craft of working in wood or ivory is born. As a rule, the savage is satisfied with excessively rude representations

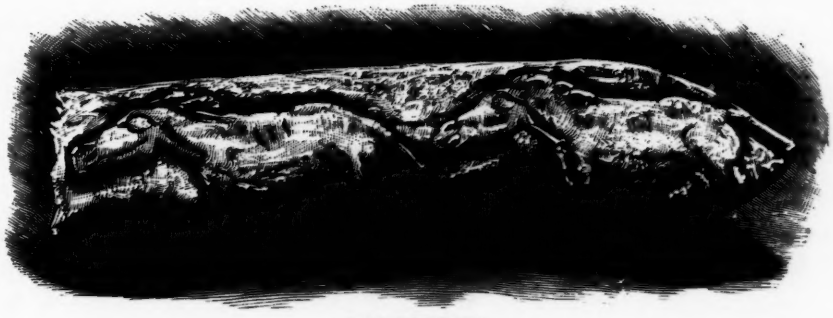


BUSHMAN WALL-PAINTING.

of his gods. Objects of this kind—rude hewn blocks of stone and wood—were the most sacred effigies of the gods in Greece, and were kept in the dimmest recesses of the temple. No Demeter wrought by the craft of Phidias would have appeared so holy to the Phigalians as the strange old figure of the goddess with the head of a mare. The earliest Greek sacred sculptures that remain are scarcely, if at all, more advanced in art than the idols of the naked Admiralty Islanders. But this is anticipating; in the meantime it may be said that among the sources of savage representative art are the need of something like writing, and ideas suggested by nascent religion.

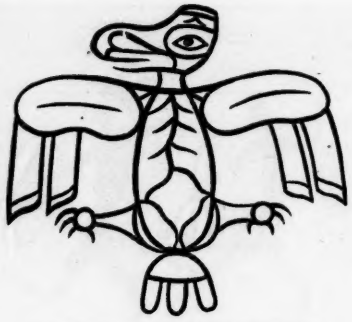
The singular wall-picture from a cave in South Africa, which we copy from the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, probably represents a magical ceremony. Bushmen are tempting a great water animal—a rhinoceros, or something of that sort—to run across the land, with the purpose of producing rain. The connection of ideas is scarcely apparent to civilised minds, but it is not more indistinct than the connection between carrying a bit of the rope with which a man has been hanged and success at cards—a common French superstition. The Bushman cave-pictures, like those of Australia, are painted in black, red, and white. Savages, like the Assyrians and the early Greeks, and like children, draw animals much better than the human figure. The Bushman dog in our initial is all alive—almost as full of life as the dog which accompanies the centaur Chiron, in that beautiful vase in the British Museum, which represents the fostering of Achilles by the centaur. The Bushman wall-paintings, like those of Australia, seem to prove that savage art is capable of considerable freedom, when supplied with fitting materials. Men seem to draw better when they have pigments and a flat surface of rock to work upon, than when they are scratching on hard wood with a sharp edge of a broken shell. Though the thing has little to do with art, it may be worth mentioning, as a matter of curiosity, that the labyrinthine Australian caves are decorated, here and there, with the mark of a red hand. The same mysterious, or at least unexplained, red hand is impressed on the walls of the ruined palaces and temples of Yucatan—the work of a vanished people.

There is one singular fact in the history of savage art which reminds us that savages, like civilised men, have various degrees of culture and various artistic capacities. The oldest inhabitants of Europe who have left any traces of their lives and handiwork must have been savages. Their tools and weapons were not even formed of polished stone, but of rough-hewn flint. The people who used tools of this sort must necessarily have enjoyed but a scanty mechanical equipment, and the life they lived in caves, from which they had to drive the cave-bear, and



PALÆOLITHIC ART.

among snows where they stalked the reindeer and the mammoth, must have been very rough. These earliest known Europeans, "palæolithic men," as they are called from their use of the ancient unpolished stone weapons, appear to have inhabited the countries now known as France and England, before the great Age of Ice. This makes their date one of incalculable antiquity; they are removed from us by a "dark backward and abysm of time." The whole Age of Ice, the dateless period of the polishers of stone weapons, the arrival of men using weapons of bronze, the time which sufficed to change the climate and fauna and flora of Western Europe, lie between us and palæolithic man. Yet in him we must recognise a skill more akin to the spirit of modern art than is found in any other known race. Palæolithic man, like other savages, decorated his weapons; but, as I have already said, he did not usually decorate them in the common savage manner, with ornamental patterns. He scratched on bits of bone spirited representations of all the animals whose remains are found mixed with his own. He designed the large-headed horse of that period, and we print a copy of his drawing on the preceding page. His sketches of the mammoth, the reindeer, the bear, and of many fishes, may be seen in the British Museum, or engraved in such works as Professor Boyd Dawkins's "Early Man in Britain." The object from which our next illustration was engraved represents a deer, and was a knife-handle. Eyes at all trained in art can readily observe the wonderful spirit and freedom of these ancient sketches. They are the rapid characteristic work of true artists who know instinctively what to select and what to sacrifice.



RED INDIAN ART: THE THUNDERBIRD.
(By Permission of J. P. Lippincott & Co.)

Some learned men, Mr. Boyd Dawkins among them, believe that the Eskimo, that stunted hunting and fishing race of the Western Arctic circle, are descendants of the palæolithic sketchers, and retain their artistic qualities. Other inquirers, with Mr. Geikie, do not believe in this pedigree of the Eskimo. I speak not with authority, but the submission of ignorance, and as one who has no right to an opinion about these deep matters of geology and ethnology. But to me, Mr. Geikie's arguments appear distinctly the more convincing, and I cannot think it demonstrated that the Eskimo are descended from our old palæolithic artists. But, if Mr. Boyd Dawkins is right, if the Eskimo derive their lineage from the artists of the Dordogne, then the Eskimo are sadly degenerated. In Mr. Dawkins's "Early Man" is an Eskimo drawing of a reindeer hunt, and a palæolithic sketch of a red-deer; these (by permission of Messrs. Macmillan) we reproduce on our next page. Look at the vigour and life of the ancient drawing—the feathering hair on the deer's breast, his head, his horns, the very grasses at his feet, are touched with the graver of a true artist. The design is like a hasty memorandum of Leech's. Then compare the stiff formality of the modern Eskimo drawing. It is rather like a record, a piece of picture-writing, than a free sketch, a rapid representation of what is most characteristic in nature. Clearly, if the Eskimo come from palæolithic man, they are a degenerate race as far as art is concerned. Yet, as may be seen in Dr. Rink's books, the Eskimo show considerable skill when they have become acquainted with European methods and models, and they have at any rate a greater natural gift for design than the Red Indians, of whose art the Thunderbird brooding over the page is a fair example. The Red men believe in big birds which produce thunder. Quantaht, the Adam of Vancouver's Island, married one, and this is she.

In my first paper I tried to show how savage decorative art supplied the first ideas of patterns which were developed in various ways by the decorative art of advancing civilisation. The same progress may be detected in representative art. Unfortunately our space scarcely permits me to follow the gradual advance with sufficient minuteness, or to illustrate it with the large number of designs which the subject requires. Books, like the guide-book to ancient Greece which Pausanias wrote before the



PALÆOLITHIC ART: A KNIFE-HANDLE.

glory had quite departed, prove that the Greek temples were museums in which the development of art might be clearly traced. Furthest back in the series of images of gods came things like that large stone which was given to Cronus when he wished to swallow his infant child Zeus, and which he afterwards vomited up with his living progeny.

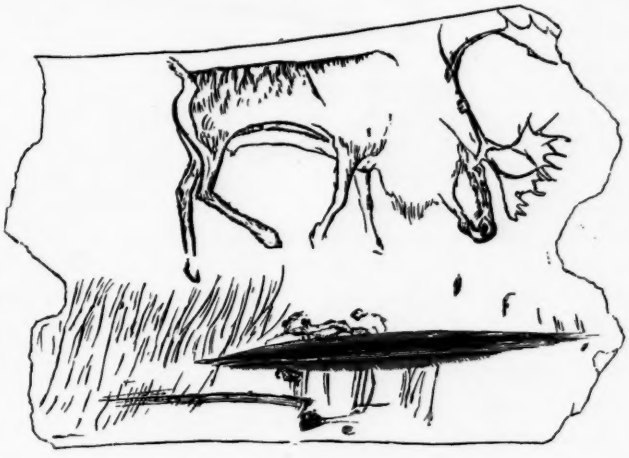


ARCHAIC GREEK GEMS.

This fetish stone was preserved at Delphi. Next came wild images of beast-headed gods, like the horse-headed Demeter of Phigalia, and it seems probable enough that there was an Artemis with the head of a she-bear. Gradually the bestial characteristics dropped, and there came such rude anthropomorphic images of Apollo—more like South Sea idols than the archer prince—as are now preserved in Athens. Next we have the stage of semi-savage realism, which is represented by the metopes of Selinus in Sicily, now in the British Museum, and by not a few gems and pieces of gold work.

"Savage realism" is the result of a desire to represent an object as it is known to be, and not as it appears. Thus Catlin, among the Red Indians, found that the people refused to be drawn in profile. They knew they had two eyes, and in profile they seemed only to have one. Look at the Selinus marbles, and you will observe that figures, of which the body is seen in profile, have the full face turned to the spectator. Again, the savage knows that an animal has two sides; both, he thinks, should be represented, but he cannot foreshorten, and he finds the profile view easiest to draw. To satisfy his need of realism he draws a beast's head full-face, and gives to the one head two bodies drawn in profile. Examples of this are frequent in very archaic Greek gems and gold work, and Mr. A. S. Murray suggests (as I understand him) that the attitude of the two famous lions, which guarded vainly Agamemnon's gate at Mycenæ, is derived from the archaic double-bodied and single-headed beast of savage realism. Very good examples of these oddities may be found in the *Journal of the Hellenic Society*, 1881, pl. xv. Here are double-bodied and single-headed birds, monsters, and sphinxes. We engrave three Greek gems from the islands as examples of savagery in early Greek art. In the oblong gem the archers are rather below the Red Indian standard of design. The hunter figured in the first gem is almost up to the Bushman mark. In his dress ethnologists will recognise an arrangement now common among the natives of New Caledonia. In the third gem the woman between two swans may be Leda, or she may represent Leto in Delos. Observe the amazing rudeness of the design, and note the modern waist and crinoline. The artists who engraved these gems on hard stone had, of necessity, much better tools than any savages possess, but their art was truly savage. To discover how Greek art sprang in a couple of centuries from this coarse and childish work to the grace of the Ægina marbles, and thence to the absolute freedom and perfect unapproachable beauty of the work of Phidias, is one of the most singular problems in the history of art. Greece learned something, no doubt, from her early insight into the arts which the priests of Assyria and Egypt had elaborated in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Nile. That might account for a swift progress from savage to formal and hieratic art; but whence sprang the inspiration which led her so swiftly on to art which is perfectly free, natural, and god-like? It is a mystery of race, and of a divine gift. "The heavenly gods have given it to mortals."

A. LANG.



PALÆOLITHIC SKETCH: A RED DEER.

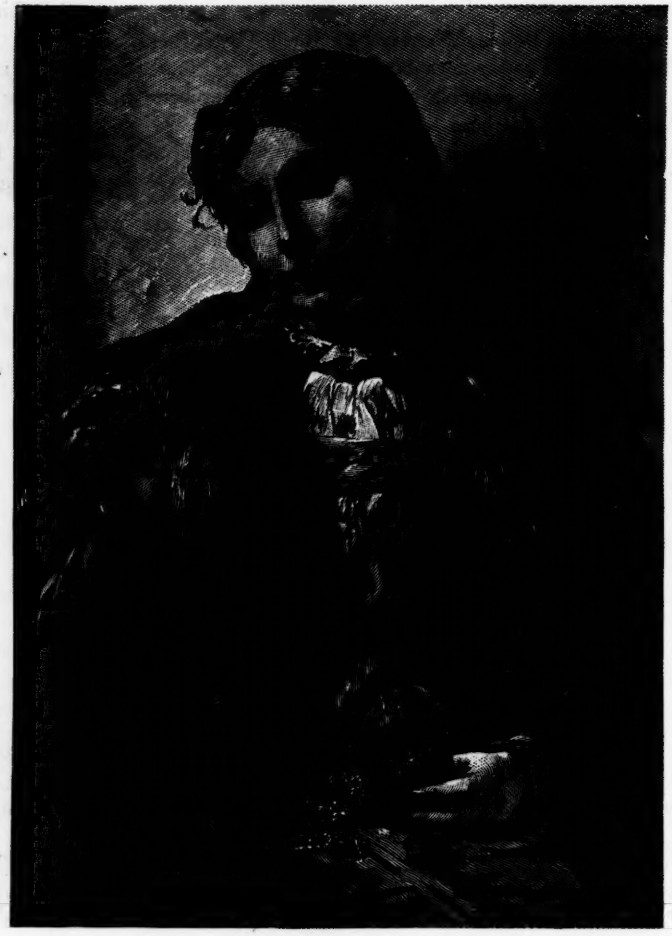


ESKIMO DRAWING: A REINDEER HUNT.

"GRETCHEN."

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. LINDENSCHMIT.

GOETHE'S Margaret has been a painter's heroine—and a musician's, too, for that matter—almost from the first. The reason is not far to seek. She is not only a romantic ideal; she is an eternal type of womanhood, and her story is that of a large proportion of the human race. She is of to-day, like Lady Clara Vere de Vere; and she is of all time, like Clytemnestra and like Helen. She loves, and lets love; she is betrayed; she suffers and sins and dies. There is no more than that. You can tell her story in a dozen words; but to do so is to state the essentials of a certain order of tragedy, and to formulate the absolute conditions of a certain type of romance. Gretchen is even more representative in her way than is Hamlet in his. Her like is everywhere; the facts of her experience are part of the substance of life; when she wails of peace departed and her heart's heaviness, she personifies a grief as old as woman's love and only less general than woman's happiness. She is a popular heroine, in fact; and the emotions she suggests and the sentiments she embodies are common to us all. Hence it is that her face and form—her yellow hair and her blue eyes, her gentle grace, her troubled innocence and miserable remorse—are the painter's dreams we know. Of course the fact that her surroundings are picturesque and her attitude romantic counts for something. But it is for comparatively little after all. No amount of braveries will make a popular type; they are barely enough to make a fashionable lay-figure. If its sentiment is remote or unsatisfactory, the thing is good for a season at most. If Gretchen had had but her braided locks and her pretty mediæval frock to recommend her, she would have gone the way of all dummies, and at once.



GRETCHEN.
(From the Painting by W. Lindenschmit.)

As it is, her charm seems perennial. She is the Ophelia of the modern world, as Faust is the Hamlet; and musicians and painters never tire of working in her honour. At her wheel, in prison, in the church, in the garden, and before her mirror—we have seen and heard her everywhere: in the Academy and at the Salon, on the stage and in the concert-room; orchestrated by Berlioz, drawn by Retzch, painted by Ary Scheffer and Delacroix; to the Mephisto of Mr. Phelps and the Faust of M. Capoul; in Mr. Gilbert's iambics, and Gounod's melodies, and Hervé's jigs, and a hundred modes besides. In Herr Lindenschmit's picture she is shown—much as Albani and Nilsson and Gabrielle Krauss have shown her—at a crisis of her fate. Faust and she have met; Mephisto has come in with the jewels; she has looked and coveted. And the Fiend's tremendous "Sie ist gerichtet" is inevitable already.



THE WIDOWER.

(From the Picture by Luke Fildes, A.R.A., in the Collection of Thomas Taylor, Esq.)



LICENSING BEGGARS IN SPAIN.

(From the Picture by J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., in the Collection of Thomas Taylor, Esq.)

THE PICTURES AT ASTON ROWANT.

A PUBLIC gallery is not a usual accessory of country life. Many treasures of bygone art are scattered over the length and breadth of the land, in ancient castles and ancestral mansions; but they are for the most part unknown to the general public, or inaccessible to it. Far rarer and—to the Philistine, at least—much more attractive is a country collection of modern English paintings. A quiet hour in such a place is a pleasant variation upon tennis, boating, pic-nic, and the other forms of rural dissipation. We may renew our acquaintance with old Academy favourites, perhaps lost sight of since the close of the exhibition took them from our ken; and we may fall in with companions of theirs whose existence is for the first time revealed to us. Such a pleasure as this may be enjoyed in Mr. Taylor's gallery at Aston Rowant, Oxon. The public are admitted on Wednesdays, by ticket to be obtained in the adjoining villages; and the large number of persons who avail themselves of this permission is testimony enough to the fact that Mr. Taylor's generosity is worthily appreciated.

It is, perhaps, a matter of individual taste whether to place pictures together in a gallery, or to disperse them about the walls of several rooms, so that at breakfast, dinner, or afternoon tea, in morning-room or library, the eye may rest on some favourite work, and the mind be drawn out by some suggestive subject or some pleasant scene. As Haydon, writing of an experience of this sort, aptly puts it: "We dined with the Claude and Rembrandt before us, and breakfasted with the Rubens landscape." At a first glance probably the latter scheme of arrangement would seem the more attractive; and so it would be in very deed if (and the *if* is an important one) it were not impossible to find an equally good light for every picture. Some must hang in the shade, and some at such an angle to the light that their surface is nothing but glaze; in others, perhaps, a masterly effect of perspective or atmosphere is lost through our not being able to see it from a sufficient distance; or the hard necessity may arise of cutting a sky-light into a dining-room window in order to obtain light enough for an important work. These are some of the disadvantages inseparable from the hanging of pictures in ordinary rooms. The Duke of Westminster's collection in London is so dispersed, much to the detriment of

many interesting works. Only in a gallery built and arranged with a special view to obtaining a good and equal light can these drawbacks be overcome. In this respect the one now under consideration is eminently successful. It is seventy feet long and twenty-six feet wide, and its height exactly corresponds to the width. There is a good and equal light—strong, but subdued and without glare—on every part of the walls. The dado is, perhaps, a little too low; it brings the smaller pictures somewhat uncomfortably below the eye-line. Again, in sunny weather, the light colour of the mirror-like oak floor produces a slight reflection on the pictures. This, however, is greatly obviated by the rich, sober tones of the velvet-pile rugs in the centre and at the end. The gallery is not perfect, it may be, but it is excellent of its kind. The English masters honoured in it are a great deal better situated than some of the old Spaniards and Italians. Too many of their masterpieces are "blackening in the daily candle-smoke" above unfrequented altars, or "mouldering on the damp wall's travertine" in the mildewed hush and darkness of lonely side-chapels and sacristies.

By far the greater number of the pictures at Aston Rowant are by British artists. It is not that Mr. Taylor is either narrow-minded or exclusive. On the contrary, Rosa Bonheur, C. v. Piloty, Edouard Frère, Hector Leroux, Münthe, and Verboeckhoven, all find a place on his walls. Still, the work of modern English painters predominates. Nothing, for instance, can be more English in subject and feeling than Mr. Fildes' "Applicants for Admission into a Casual Ward," already engraved by us.* It is so well known, and has been so often and so well described, that any further comment would be superfluous. The picture by the same artist, reproduced in our frontispiece—"The Widower"—is less widely known. It is a work full of pathos and of vigour, and it has the merit of telling its own story, with great simplicity and directness. The scene is a poor cottage; the details are all from nature; the actors are people we know; the fact is one of daily occurrence; and the sentiment is common and true. The motherless child is dying fast; the father and his eldest girl are grief-stricken and helpless; the younger babies know nothing of it all, and are eating and laughing as though sorrow and death were a thousand years away. It is a sight that may any day be seen, in high life and in low; and it is presented with the tact and insight, the knowledge of character and gesture and emotion among the poor, to be expected from an artist who has had the honour to serve with such a master as Charles Dickens. The accompanying engraving will doubtless recall it to the minds of those who saw it in the Royal Academy Exhibition a few years ago. It has lost little by reproduction in black and white, which does away with the somewhat "burny" tone of the colouring. The desirability of treating *genre* subjects on so large a scale is open to discussion. Judging from the spectator's point of view, everything that is in the picture could have been as well and fully expressed on a canvas one-fourth its size; but again, looking at the matter as a student, it is undeniable that there is no discipline equal to that enforced by working on life-size figures. In a smaller work that hangs hard by—a work depicting a subject of heroic and classic interest—one has, on the contrary, a feeling of want of space. It is not that the figures are unduly crowded, nor that there is any awkwardness in the composition, but that the impression produced on the beholder would be heightened if the motive had been worked out on a larger scale. This picture, which we have engraved, is "The Burial of Themistocles," by Hector Leroux, an artist in whose work the influence of David is unmistakably evident. A long procession of mourners, white-robed priestesses, and warriors bearing ensigns and banners, accompanying and surrounding the bier on which the dead patriot is laid, is seen descending the rocky coast towards the tomb, the entrance to which is visible in the distance. The deep blue of the sea and the cool grey of the rocks give a quiet, subdued tone to the local colouring, relieved by the tender greys and whites of the draperies of the priestesses. The sentiment of the figures is one of dignity and refinement; and the composition, as a whole, may be regarded as an altogether satisfactory example of a painter whose ability his countrymen have not been slow to recognise. He was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1877, and the medals he has won at various exhibitions have placed him *hors concours*, and given him a very honourable position.

Returning to our English artists, we come at once to Webster, a painter who finds—or rather used to find—his material in his own country and in his own time. His work belongs to a past generation, and is in a measure forgotten. Still, the fun and humour which he delineated belong to all time. Here is a picture of his which, although painted as recently as 1873, shows all the qualities and characteristics of his best period, about 1838, when he produced his "Foot-ball" and his "Slide." It is called "The Prompter." The expression of the ancient pedagogue as he discovers the urchin, who thought he was safely screened behind the schoolmaster's desk, is capital. The colouring is quiet and harmonious, and presents an agreeable

* See "Magazine of Art," vol. iii., p. 41.

contrast to that of "The Wreck Ashore," painted a year later, and in the same collection. Another work, whose humour is its chief attraction, is Mr. E. Nicol's "Doubtful Sixpence." A canny Scotchman, who will not be cheated if he knows it, is testing between his teeth the quality of a sixpenny-bit received in change at the village shop. Very knowing he looks as he gives the testing bite, and from the complacent smile on his face we may conclude that the result is satisfactory.

In all the world there is no better painting country than Spain. It is a painter's paradise; for it is rich in novelty, a mine of motives, a dream of colour and light, and romance and character. Mr. Burgess's "Licensing Beggars in Spain," engraved at the head of this article, gives a glimpse into all its conditions—social, religious, and picturesque. It is a clever and dashing representation of an assemblage of professional mendicants, who, seeking the sanction of the law for the prosecution of their calling, put on the most impudent disguises, and lie themselves into a certificate with the easiest effrontery imaginable. Their only redeeming point is their indisputable picturesqueness, and in this they offer a striking contrast to the confraternity in England, as depicted in the "Casuals," which hangs opposite. On the whole, too, they seem anything but dejected in spirits, and their company is the reverse of depressing. The applicant whose turn it is to face the official table wears a scarlet handkerchief round his head; his body is draped in a long tattered shawl; he has a crutch under his left arm; he carries his left leg in a sling; his right hand on his heart, he makes an insinuating reverence to the arbiter of his fate. He flaunts a gallant rosary with a great crucifix attached, and he thus brings down the priest who stands behind the magistrate, and who is probably well aware that his parishioner's lameness is a mere matter of crutches and bandage. He is accompanied by a dog after his own heart, who is sitting on his hind quarters and presenting a tin saucer in his mouth. Towards the left side of the picture a blind beggar is lifting up the corner of his bandage to see whence comes the sound of chinking money, which some of his neighbours are displaying to each other. A tatterdemalion, who is going out of the room, waves his licence with an air of triumph. Nor is a touch of pathos wanting in the motley. A sad-faced little girl, a tambourine player, is guiding her blind father, whose guitar, partially projecting from under his long faded cloak, stamps him a street musician. The various textures of material—tiled wall and floor, brass warming-pan, and bright green shutters—are well rendered, and the perspective, always a difficult thing to manage, is particularly successful. This picture, exhibited in 1876, contributed largely to Mr. Burgess's reputation, and he was shortly afterwards elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. It has never before been engraved. Another work by Mr. Burgess in this collection is "A Rush for Water after the Ramadan."



THE BURIAL OF THEMISTOCLES

(From the Picture by Hector Leroux, in the Collection of Thomas Taylor, Esq.)

An artist who in his earlier paintings found inspiration in the same country as Mr. Burgess, but who latterly has become more widely known as a pictorial Orientalist, is Mr. Edwin Long. It is interesting to compare the subject and styles of both his periods. Good specimens of each are in Mr. Taylor's collection. "A Question of Propriety," painted in 1870, belongs to the time when Spain was



RETURNING FROM THE COMMON.

(From the Picture by Verboeckhoven, in the Collection of Thomas Taylor, Esq.)

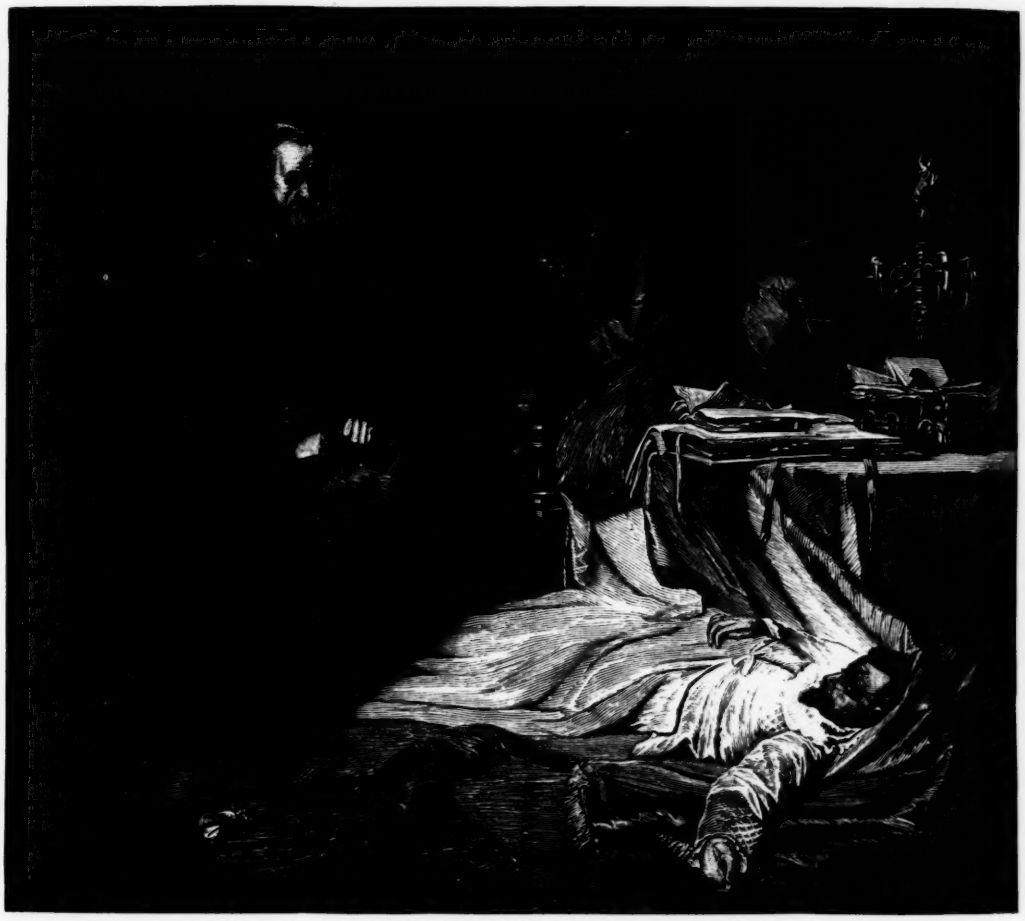
in the ascendant. It shows a Moorish dancer going through her performance before a group of ecclesiastics. Cardinals, monks, and priests are seated at a long table, in the centre of which stands a crucifix. The varied expression on their faces is strongly depicted; some scowl, some look sad, some are severe, while others smile good-humouredly, and appear to be enjoying the fun. A group of musicians and soldiers and servants of the Holy Office occupies the left-hand side of the picture; while in front, the dancer is pointing her dainty slipper, and, her castanets in air, is putting forth all the charm "of woven paces and of waving hands." The figures are considerably under life-size; some of the heads—particularly among the cardinals and priests—are vigorously and solidly painted, and carefully drawn; a sombre tone pervades the background, which is relieved by the scarlet and purple robes of the judges, and the brilliant and fantastic costume of the dancer. It is altogether an interesting and attractive picture. "The Gods and their Makers," a better known and later work of Mr. Long's, may be classified as archæological *genre*. The idea expressed is the obvious one that "idols are the work of men's hands." The attraction of the picture lies in its soft, glowing colour and agreeable composition. There is a touch of humour, too, in the white cat, which is being held up to sit as a model for the destined object of adoration. It was painted eight years later than the "Question of Propriety," and is looser in the drawing and less solid in the execution. Another Oriental subject, but of present times, is Mr. J. E. Hodgson's "Returning the Salute." A negro is firing a rusty cannon from the fort by means of a fusee attached to a long stick. A great deal of quiet humour is expressed in the contrast of the deadly fright of the cannoneer with the cool intrepidity of the native officer who is standing afar off—safe, serene, and dignified. A European man-of-war is seen in the harbour, whose salute these warriors wish to return becomingly. "Relatives in Bond," by the same artist; the "Interior of a House in Cairo," by Frank Dillon; "A Street in Cairo," by David Roberts, R.A., conclude the list of Oriental subjects.

An agreeable change from these glowing canvases, which with all their brilliance are a little theatrical in sentiment and effect, is presented by Rosa Bonheur's vigorous and sombre "Taking Horses to Water." It is one of her early achievements, having been painted in 1842. The drawing of the horses is equal to any of her best work, but they have not so much action as those in her famous "Horse Fair," now in the National Gallery. Then the background is heavy and gloomy; its style shows a great deal more of the influence of the old masters than of the influence of nature. "Early Morning in the Pyrenees," painted by Rosa Bonheur in 1876, thirty-four years later, is remarkable for the naturalistic treatment of the landscape, the effect of morning mist on the mountains dispersed by the rising sun forming an

admirable background to the cow and calf which stand on one of those fertile and flowery patches of verdure which alternate so refreshingly with the rugged mountain rock. The late Eugène Verboeckhoven, a veteran in the same walk of art, is represented by one of his pleasant and skilful cattle pieces, a flock of sheep with their shepherd coming across a common. This we have engraved. T. S. Cooper's "Cattle" is good in expression and drawing, particularly as regards the bull in the middle of the picture; an additional charm is given by the Cuyp-like effect of evening glow in the background.

Mr. Briton Riviere's delightful "Sympathy," though it hangs in the dining-room and not in the gallery, must still be considered as part of the collection. It is so widely known through the engraving that description is unnecessary. S. E. Waller's "Home" strikes a chord in the same key. It is a pictorial variant on Campbell's pathetic line, "The hare shall kindle on the cold hearth stone," and it shows a deserted mansion, overrun with wild vine and creeping weeds, with the deer feeding round the grass-grown portals; and the owner, returning after long absence, finds no other welcome than neglect and desolation. "The Cotter's Revenge," by R. Ansdell, R.A., though less complex in the sentiment it expresses, is still an interesting work. It has never been exhibited, and is, in consequence, not so well known as it deserves to be. A cotter, lying in wait behind a block of granite, with gun loaded and pointed, awaits the approach of the deer who have ruined his corn-field; the colouring is subdued and pleasant. "Reconnoitring," by W. H. B. Davis, R.A., represents horses and a cow looking at each other over a hedge, and is vigorous and effective in handling, with a pleasing atmospheric effect.

Mr. Taylor's collection, in respect of landscape, includes some good work by Vicat Cole, R.A., and Linnell. The "Autumn Solitude" of the former is a pleasant river scene, with wooded banks,



THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN.

(From the Picture by C. v. Piloty, in the Collection of Thomas Taylor, Esq.)

rich in the exquisite tints of an English autumn. J. E. Linnell's "Fishermen" gives one of his brilliant sunsets, with a dappled sky, and banks of cloud on the horizon. Mr. Peter Graham's "Rainy Day" and a winter scene by Münthe complete the series as far as the Old World is concerned. There are, however, several paintings by the American artist L. R. Mignot, whose untimely death, when only thirty years old, cut short a career of much promise. The most important is "The Jung-Frau: Evening." It is of large dimensions, and is unfortunately unfinished. The distant mountain peaks in the background, slowly tinging with the on-coming Alpine glow, contrast with the cold, grey, sunless tones beneath. The effect is true and beautiful, and one regrets the unfinished foreground, all the more as it has been tampered with. Other works of this artist are scenes in Ecuador, distinguished by a fairy-like atmospheric effect. There are several pleasant pictures of the sea. An attractive little work both in expression and tone is Mrs. E. Hume's "After a Storm"—a mother and children standing on the coast looking out to sea. Mr. J. C. Hook, more correctly speaking a coast rather than a marine painter, is well represented in his "Leaving at Low Water, Scilly Isles," a pleasing and truthful effect of figures against sea and rock background. Colin Hunter's "Hours of Rest" is a harmony of blue-green sea and sky: with boats moored to the shore, and fishermen with their nets over their shoulders going quietly home to their well-earned repose.

A German artist, less known in England than in his own place, is Carl v. Piloty, Director of the Munich Academy of Fine Arts. A small replica by his own hand of his large picture, "The Death of Wallenstein," is interesting, if only by reason of the rareness of his work in this country; but it entirely fails to convey an adequate impression of the colouring, the handling, and the expression of the original. This is in the new Pinacothek in Munich, having been purchased by the Bavarian Government. Of the replica at Aston Rowant we give an engraving. It depicts the last meeting of Wallenstein and Seni, the Duke of Friedland and his *prophète à gages*. The time of counsel, however, has gone by. Butler and Devereux have done their work, and the great captain has passed beyond the reach of warning, and the need. He lies discrowned of life and glory and greatness; and the seer, whose province it was to spell out the sayings of the stars for him, stands looking at the frightful fact that is the outcome of his presages. It is Schiller, but Schiller adapted and arranged by Piloty. In the tragedy, which Coleridge translated and even Carlyle admired, the Astrologer does not pause to consider the corpse of his murdered lord. He sees it, and he hurries from its presence—as people do in plays—with cries of horror and amazement. Piloty has illustrated the incident as seemed good to him; and his illustration is assuredly a clever and good example of the species of *genre* which is called historical art.

I have already noted an interesting feature of the Taylor collection in its exhibition of works by the same artists, executed at different periods of their career. Marcus Stone, A.R.A., furnishes yet another example with his "Episode from the Childhood of Greuze," and "The King is Dead; Long Live the King." The former dates from 1862; it is carefully and solidly painted, and harmonious and rich in tone. "The King is Dead; Long Live the King," although a much larger picture and more ambitious in subject, is scarcely so satisfactory in point of *technique*. Still, it tells its story well, and is not deficient in expression. CHARLOTTE J. WEEKS.

"A TREATISE ON WOOD-ENGRAVING."

IN an article under the above heading in the April number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART the writer revives the old story of the disputed authorship of the work in question, and in doing so he has awarded but scant justice to one of the parties concerned. The quarrels of authors, except in rare instances, have very little interest for the general public, and I should have thought the lapse of time in the present case would have rendered the subject of still less moment to readers of to-day. However, when I find this old controversy revived in the pages of a popular magazine I am impelled to ask the privilege of being allowed to say a few words in the interests of truth and in justice to the memory of my brother, the late John Jackson.

The writer of the article, in speaking of John Jackson's share in the production of the "Treatise on Wood-Engraving," says, "It is difficult now to discover how much he really did." It happens that I am about the only person now surviving who can tell this. I was an inmate of John Jackson's house while the work was in progress; I was often present at the discussions between the joint authors; and I was frequently employed as a messenger between

them. I therefore claim to know something about the matter, and, if permitted, will show that the idea of the work was Jackson's, and not Chatto's, and whatever "praise and honour" the book deserves should at least be fairly divided, and not given entirely to the latter.

The late John Jackson had through life to struggle against the depressing influence of bad health, which kept him much at home. He amused his leisure hours by collecting materials for a work on Wood-Engraving, which was steadily pursued for some time before he applied his information to any specific purpose. His plan was to give a short introductory history to precede the practice of the art which he proposed should form the principal feature of the work. At this time he met Mr. Chatto at the house of their mutual friend, the late Mr. E. Landells. An intimacy sprang up between them, and Jackson suggested to Mr. Chatto that he should assist him in the projected work. Mr. Chatto was a literary man, whose previously published writings had not been in the direction of artistic research, and until he joined Mr. Jackson in investigating the history of wood-engraving, he was, I believe, an entire stranger to the subject. As the work proceeded the historical portion gradually assumed much larger proportions than was at first intended, and Jackson's purse and his patience both felt the strain. He paid Mr. Chatto liberally for his portion of the work, he wrote the practical part himself, and in all cases where practical knowledge was required in the examination of old engravings, his opinion was adopted. He was therefore as much entitled to credit as the architect who designs a building and superintends its erection, or the sculptor who models a statue and gives the finishing touches to the marble. When the work was finished the two friends disagreed about the wording of the title or the preface, and the completion of a most arduous undertaking was embittered by this unfortunate quarrel. Mr. Chatto, who survived his former friend many years, expressed, in the retirement of the Charterhouse, regret that this quarrel had ever happened. The work was eventually published with *two* prefaces, one by each author, to which Mr. Chatto afterwards added a *third*, containing much irrelevant matter, addressed in the form of a letter to Stephen Oliver. This was a *nom de plume* assumed by Mr. Chatto in a work entitled "Rambles in Northumberland and on the Border."

I think I have shown that the title-page of the so-called new edition issued by Messrs. Chatto and Windus is not correct. "A Treatise on Wood-Engraving: Historical and Practical, by William Andrew Chatto," is misleading. John Jackson was the sole author of the *practical* part (chapter viii.). He originated the entire work, paid the whole cost of authorship and illustrations, and he never made a penny by the venture. On the contrary, he reaped a large harvest of trouble and vexation of spirit.

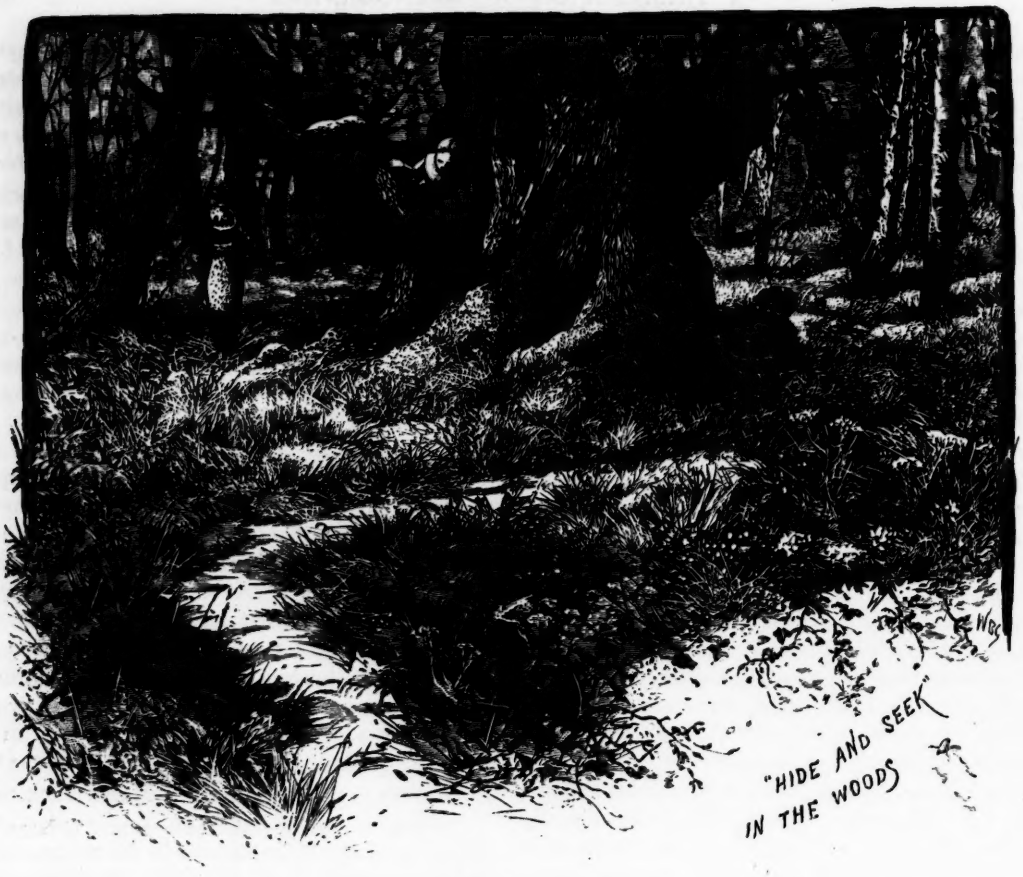
The concluding paragraph of Mr. Chatto's own preface to the first edition ought to settle once for all this old dispute:—"It is but justice to Mr. Jackson to add that the work was commenced by him at his sole risk; that most of the subjects are of his selection; and that nearly all of them were engraved, and that a great part of the work was written, before he thought of applying to a publisher. The credit of commencing the work, and of illustrating it so profusely, regardless of expense, is unquestionably due to him."

I beg leave to point out one or two errors into which your contributor has fallen. John Thompson was not a pupil of Bewick, but of the elder Branston. Branston did not, like Bewick, draw his own subjects; the example of his work, "Industry and Sloth," was drawn by John Thurston. And F. W. Branston was not his brother, but his son.

In conclusion, I may be allowed to express my regret that a standard work like the "Treatise on Wood-Engraving" should have been spoiled by the addition of a supplementary chapter which in no sense represents the progress of the art since the first publication.

MASON JACKSON.

[We fully sympathise with the very natural feeling which has prompted Mr. Mason Jackson in this matter, and are glad that the article of our contributor has elicited so interesting a communication. That Mr. John Jackson projected the "Treatise on Wood-Engraving" we are not prepared to contest, and he no doubt was responsible for the production of the cuts. But if the late Mr. Chatto's statement in the "Third Preface" be correct (and it is substantially confirmed by a letter there printed from Mr. F. W. Fairholt), Mr. Jackson did not himself engrave more than *sixteen* of the three hundred illustrations, the remainder being the work of pupils and assistants. Mr. Chatto evidently wrote under great irritation, and with needless energy; but as far as we are aware, this particular statement has never been contradicted. When, in addition to this, the whole of the first seven chapters, or historical part, is given to Mr. Chatto, as well as the "literary composition," claimed by him, of the eighth, or final chapter, from Mr. Jackson's rough materials (*v.* "Third Preface," p. 26), it is manifest that Mr. Jackson's active part in the book is considerably reduced; and although the entire suppression of his name as author in the title-page of the recently issued third edition is, perhaps, an extreme course, we can understand the difficulty of defining the exact measure and nature of his collaboration. He apparently provided, and to the extent abovementioned executed, the illustrations. But his remaining functions seem to have been rather those of proprietor and occasional technical referee than "joint author;" and if his position is underrated at present, it has certainly been gravely exaggerated in the past, since he has hitherto been generally credited with the "Treatise," to the practical exclusion of Mr. Chatto. With respect to the "supplementary chapter" added in 1861, we thoroughly coincide in the view taken by Mr. Mason Jackson.—Ed. MAG. OF ART.]



SUMMER-TIME.

IF Spring be a season of hope, Summer, the Year's manhood, is one of fruition. If the one have for its central ideas life and joy, the other is marked by fulness and strength. If the abounding life, the extraordinary productiveness of Spring, give to it something of unrest, a deep repose stamps Summer —a repose born not of idleness, lassitude, apathy, but of quiet and conscious strength, of a knowledge of something accomplished, of promises fulfilled after many trials, of a life lived thus far not in vain. The silent processes of Nature have patiently done their work. The waywardness, impetuosity, changefulness of Spring have been borne with and forgiven; even the harshness of Winter, appearing, as we know it did once and again, in the midst of opening leaves and tender blossoms, has not wrought much harm. The mighty mother has been patient throughout; she has had faith in her child, and this rich and beauteous fulfilment is the result. The manhood of the year is with us in its glory and plenitude and strength.

What a flood of light, what wealth of vegetation, what vivifying heat! What glow and variety of colour in every flower, every feather of each bird, every wing of each insect! What sounds of harmony, from the sleepy song of the river at deep mid-noon to the passionate throb of the nightingale's voice through the still and fragrant eventide! It were difficult to decide which is the most beautiful period of a Summer's day. Much must depend on where we happen to be at any particular time. Take this exquisite picture of a Summer dawn among the mountains:—

> "The point of one white star is quivering still
> Deep in the orange light of widening morn
> Beyond the purple mountains: through a chasm
> Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
> Reflects it: now it wanes: it gleams again
> As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
> Of woven cloud unravel in the pale air:
> 'Tis lost! and through yon streaks of cloud-like snow
> The roseate sunlight quivers: hear I not
> The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
> Winnowing the crimson dawn?"

What must be the effect on a man's nature of a sight like that? What a rousing of the imagination, what a stimulating of the intellect, what a stirring of the heart! And dawn in the plains and valleys is hardly less lovely. Before the stars

are altogether quenched, the duskiness of the eastern horizon changes into a soft grey; rosy streaks begin to break through the veiling clouds; there is movement in the air; birds wake and call to one another through the dimness; presently, a rush of sunlight as the earth wheels on, and life has once more begun. Mists are sucked up and vanish; beasts leave their lair; man goes forth to his work. As the day advances everything in Nature is penetrated with life-giving warmth; hour by hour a richer glow deepens into the very heart of the rose, a diviner scent folds itself round the leaves. But as noon comes on, silence possesses all things. Does Nature sleep? Is she weary or exhausted? Is it her hour of prayer? The bees are the only creatures that seem to be stirring, and as we lie under the many-blossomed lime, and lazily watch the white clouds floating over heaven, we hear them hum and murmur on and on at their work of honey-gathering. And who shall describe a Summer afternoon? The spirit of it is nowhere better given than in "The Lotos-Eaters." Indeed, lying on the lawn under that same lime, or in the shade of a huge cedar, we become lotos-eaters ourselves. Life seems to pass into a dream; we close our eyes and hear distant voices stealing upon us; visions, like an opium-eater's fantasies, mingle strangely with the realities around us:—

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep."

The townsman, jaded with the turmoil and din of city life, could lie for ever thus, forgetting the cares and anxieties that corrode his heart till it well-nigh dies within him. For all the birds are quiet; not a breath of air stirs; the kine are knee-deep in the neighbouring stream, where the kingfisher goes darting now and then, where the dragon-fly poises and gleams and hovers. The joy of perfect calm is everywhere present, nor is it dispelled as the day passes slowly into evening. Indeed, a fine sunset is the very crown of a long Summer day, and



"THE DEEP MID-NOON."

its splendours fill us with awe and gladness. The "wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist" are suddenly changed—"touch, mingle, are transfigured"—become rosy or golden or crimson; even the east catches the glow; intervening spaces of saffron and pale green sky stretch far and wide; every moment there is transformation; till the day sinks away from us, and here and there twinkles the point of some pale appearing star, and twilight passes from grey to violet, and violet evening deepens into purple night. The great change is complete; the under world is a place of rest, and is one with darkness and the tranquil stars.

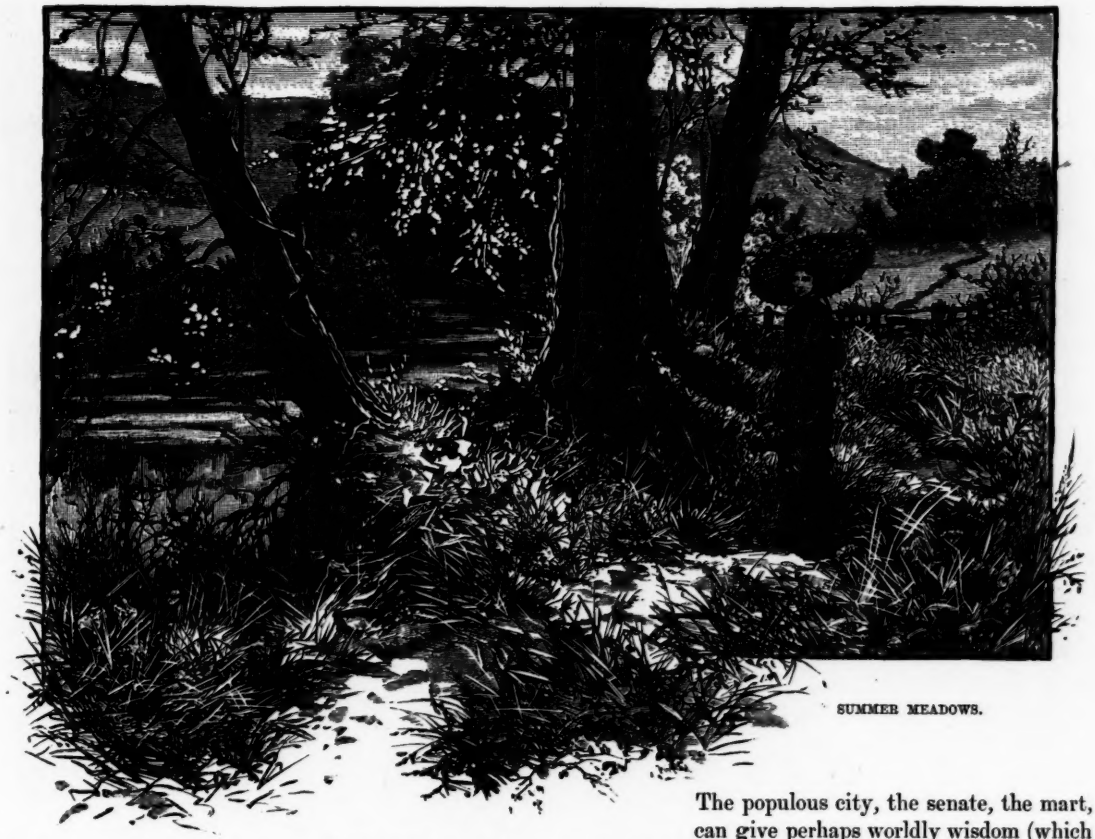
Then comes the hour for contemplation. It would be strange indeed if it were not so, for while day shows Nature in her bright aspect, evening reveals her in her thoughtful one; and surely we sympathise with Nature in all her moods. Seated within the dim and dusky verge of the wood, full of mystery and the solemn spell of evening, with the dark valley beneath, and hills beyond on whose summits the varying lights of the departed day still linger and fade, we yield ourselves up undisturbed to meditation. Almost do we see with a poet's eye. So wrapt in silence is everything that we hear, or think we hear, the beating of the heart of Nature.

"The red light pales along the range,
And glooms to mournful violet;
The dying glow grows sad and strange,
My eyes with some stray tears are wet,
Thinking of thee!"

Or, if not "thinking of thee," thinking, perhaps, of wasted hours, of whole weeks and months when we spent our strength in chasing phantoms that ever mocked us as they fled, of vain strivings after nothing. Or of that rapturous time, as it seemed to us, when at last, after many endeavours, we plucked the fruit, and it turned to dust and ashes on our lips. We smile now at all this, but it is a smile of no bitterness. For the night—"the huge and thoughtful night"—goes on with majestic pace, and the holy stars look down on us, and the soft air moves mysteriously; and as the dew falls to replenish the herbage, a dew of blessing descends on the soul. And with all this beauty and wonder of night comes strength, and with strength calm; and we know that that hour at least has not been spent in vain.

Every one must be struck with the completeness of Summer, and the content that that completeness gives. As with the seasons, so with our lives. In manhood there is no longer the impetuousness, the rashness, the over-exuberance of youth. Our energies are better directed; they have found their true groove, and, as a consequence, have now not a show of leaves only, but promise of fruit as well. So is it with Summer. The fitful moods of Spring are past; after much striving the year has reached its summit; there is a sense of fulness and repose that the earlier season, with all its unspeakable beauty and charm, could not give. And this repose is not the result of a cessation of force. How should it be? As well might we say that the calmness of manhood is the consequence of no more strength being left in us. To make our lives diffusive we have no need to bluster and rave. Good results can be brought about—are generally brought about, in fact—by still persistence, and not by noisy self-advertisement and clamorous demonstration of our supposed high qualities. And the repose of Summer is of this steadfast and strong kind. In fact, it is only repose because there is no longer need for growth. Things have reached their full period, and now quietly ripen. And in our manhood—the summer of our lives—the process is the same. Outward circumstance still affects us, no doubt, to some extent; but it is no longer the chief influence. The current is set, and we follow it; we ripen inwardly, our energies, our thoughts, our impulses being controlled and guided by the memories and experience of earlier years. And it would be strange if this completeness and repose failed to bring content: not the lazy content of things being well with us, but that which comes from a knowledge of promises kept, pledges fulfilled, work done. We may not have reached our ideal—we may have set ourselves none to reach; but if we have quietly done well what came to our hands, we are still right to feel content, and content in no small measure. It may not be perfect satisfaction, but it may be enough to give us courage to go a little further and achieve still more, just as Summer does not pause at July, but goes on gloriously through August, and even beyond.

It is impossible not to touch upon the influence the seasons exercise on art. Summer is not the least bountiful of inspiration to the painter. Perhaps the glory and glow of Autumn give him his richest chances; they allow him to employ every colour of his palette, leaving him yet conscious, however (as every true artist must be conscious, even as to his noblest efforts), that the highest has not yet been reached. As to Spring, her spirit and aspect are extremely difficult to catch and portray. Her charms are so inconstant—so rare, delicate, shifting, elusive. It is not that there is no inspiration in Spring, for there is almost too much of that; but in nothing does she more fully justify her character of a coy and shrinking maiden. Sometimes you think you have won her; you are allowed to approach near, and even nearer yet; you may gaze into her sweet and timid eyes; she will even let you take her warm fingers in your hand, where—to quote the exquisite language of "Eothen"—"they throb like a whisper



SUMMER MEADOWS.

on your listening palm." But when you least think it, while you are thrilled with joy by the sense of her near presence, while your brain is in a whirl and your heart throbbing with all conflicting hopes and fears, when now at last, after many efforts, you think you have surely won her, she has turned and fled in sunshine of laughter or tempest of tears. Not so with Summer. There is a rich and happy constancy, a noble steadfastness about it that well repays the painter's toil. And then the delight of the open air —the long warm hours, the fragrance of the breeze, the cool solitude of the wood when the sun is high, the wonder of light—ever constant and ever bountiful, on sea and land, on mountain and valley.

And while Summer has much to give to the painter, what has she not to give to his brother the poet? Who has not read old Andrew Marvell's "Garden"? It is odorous with Summer's breath, and warm with her inspiration. The poet, sick at heart with the "toil and turmoil, cark and care" of life political and social, walks one afternoon, or early evening, into the solitude of his garden—an old English garden, be it remembered. Here, surely, is peace. What are the vain efforts of men to win honour, power, riches (at how terrible a price!), compared with the repose and innocence that are found here? The populous city, the senate, the mart, can give perhaps worldly wisdom (which generally means cynicism), but can they bestow much besides? Can they bring peace to the mind or contentment to the heart, or teach us the true meaning of life? Here, while the eye is charmed with form and colour of tree, fruit and flower, the soul is fortified and solaced by contemplation and communion with Nature. Soon the visible world seems almost to vanish; lesser pleasures than this absorbing one withdraw themselves; memory is busy, the imagination is roused;

> "The mind, that ocean where each kind
> Does straight its own resemblance find,"

is able to gather, from watching the silent processes of Nature, ideas and sustenance that even the reverent study of humanity alone cannot reveal. It is in such a retreat, with perfect withdrawal from the outside world, and perfect self-surrender of himself to the spirit of the hour and place, that the poet becomes a prophet. And even the commonplace among us feel that, under the benign influence of a summer day in such a garden as Marvell walked in, the "killing care and grief of heart" of every-day life fall from us. We forget our sorrows and forget our wants. Life, in a word, has become ideal, and there remains nothing to us but a "green thought in a green shade."

Summer, in fact, is a time of universal enjoyment. At this season more than any other we become persuaded of what the wisest and brightest of modern essayists has somewhere called "the liveableness of life." They are few who feel with the young woman in the song:—

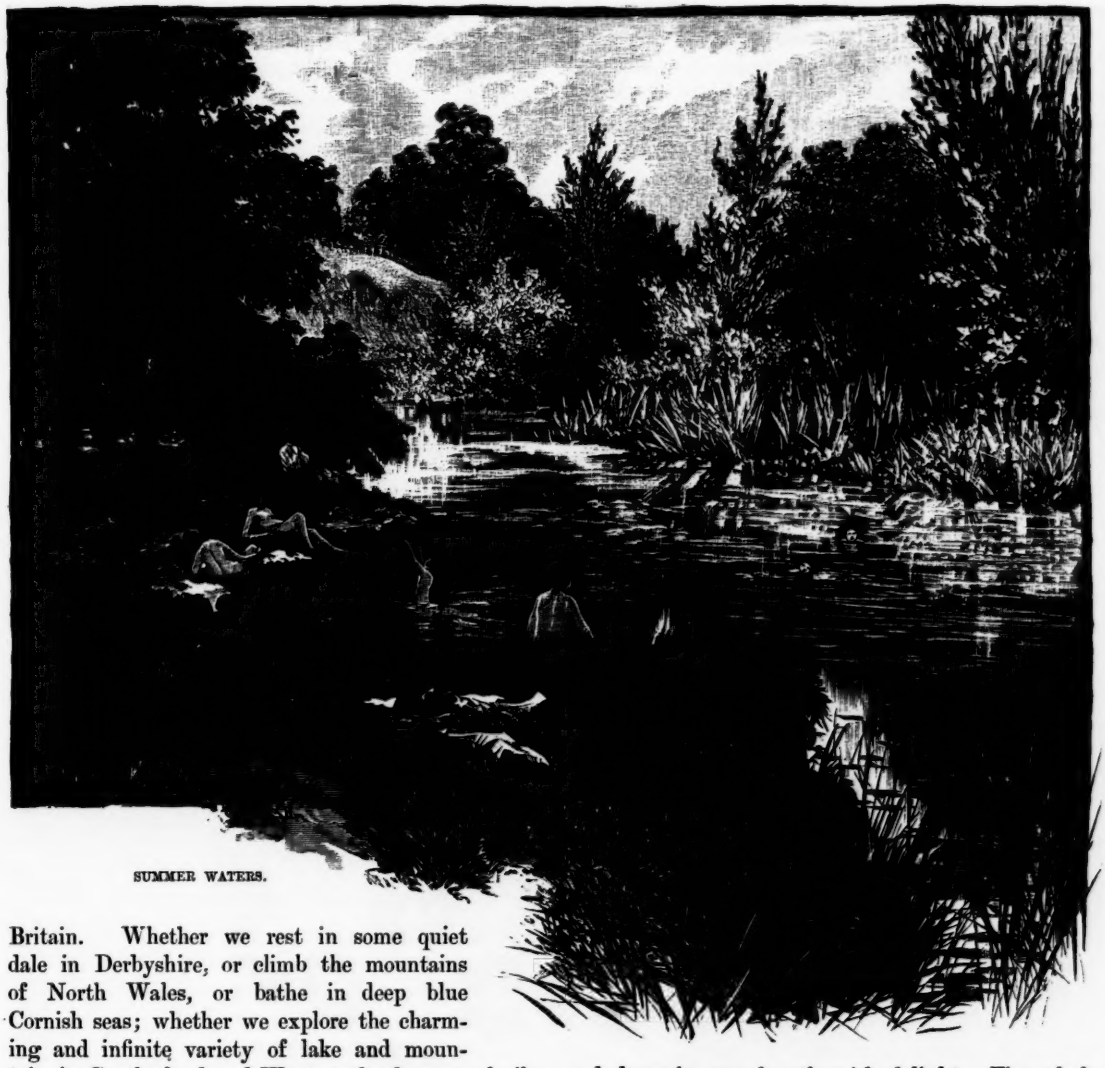
> "Simmer's a pleasant time:
> Flowers o' every colour;
> The water rins ower the heugh,
> And I long for my true lover;"

and who protest that "Sleep they can get nane For thinkin' o' their dearie." For the most of men it is enough to be alive: alive and breathing the rich warm air, rejoicing in the goodly sunshine, delighting in the generous influences that press in on every hand. The summer woods, through all their leafy glooms and vivid glades, teem with a sense of grandiose and solemn cheerfulness; the voices of children at hide and seek through their green and golden labyrinths, sound out with something of the fresh sincerity of nature's own. In the sight and touch of summer waters —all "glassy, cool, translucent" — is the witchery, the spell, of a happy, irresistible inspiration. It is small wonder if boys will fib and go truant for their sake. All the sweet Naiads of Hylas could not increase their attractiveness, nor fill them fuller of provocation than of themselves they are. As for the summer meadows, they fairly laugh with plenty, they are radiant with pleasantness and peace. To walk alone in them is to feel like the season in person. To take your dog with you, and watch him frolic away and round through the lush grasses—his tongue gleaming, his ears flying, his coat all tangled with seeds—is to think sorrow an anachronism and winter an old wives' tale.



SUMMER WOODS.

Summer, too, is a season of gladness to most of us because it brings holidays. It is not only the little children of Bethnal Green and Whitechapel revelling for a day in Epping Forest, or the happy school-boy living for a brief space the life of a water-rat, to whom Summer is welcome. Every class of society, from the statesman to the apprentice, enjoys some time of recreation. From the glades of Epping to the lone and level sands about the Great Pyramid, the jolly world is alive with excursion trains and flying sandwich papers; not a Saturday but sends its beanfeasts roaring and trumpeting along suburban roads. Whole libraries have been written—and will be written—of summer tours. One author sings the praises of Norway; another of Switzerland; a third of the Black Forest. An indiscriminate chorus of voices chimes in to uphold the pleasures of yachting, or of walking tours, or of canoeing. Some men are pleased to maintain that Boulogne or Dieppe or Trouville are places of infinite merit; there are even those who declare that exploring French canals and German rivers in English-built boats, and running the gauntlet of furious gendarmes or angry Custom House officers, have their attractions. "To each his sufferings," sang the poet; and in like manner it may be said, to each his pleasures. But it is to be doubted whether the rich beauty of Summer can anywhere be seen in fuller perfection than in



SUMMER WATERS.

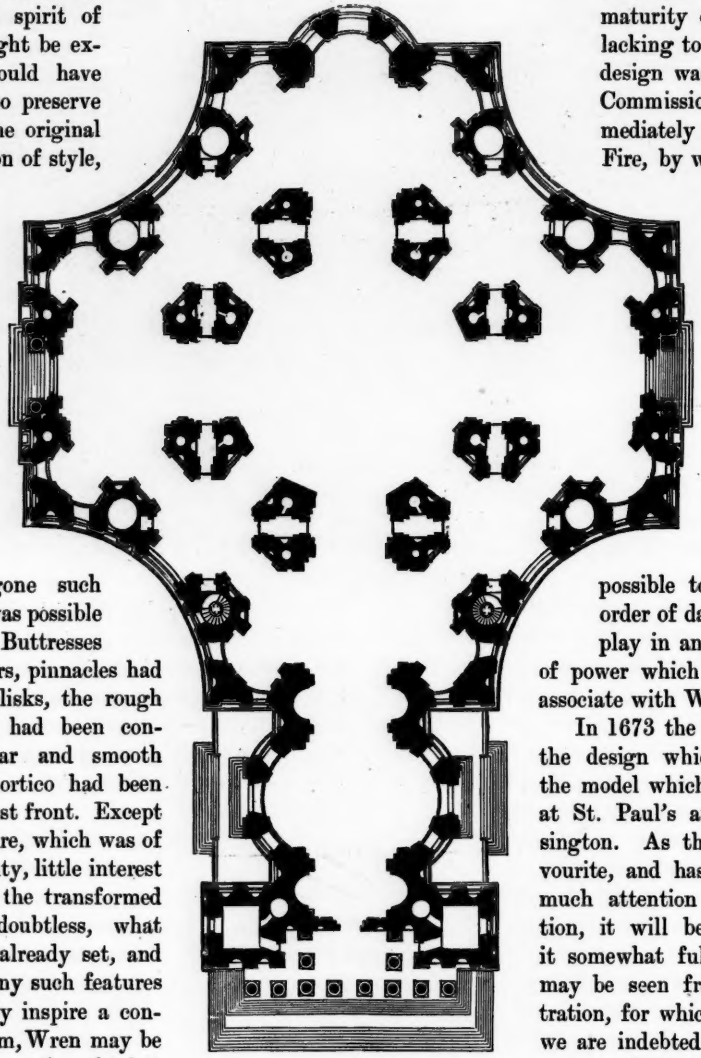
Britain. Whether we rest in some quiet dale in Derbyshire, or climb the mountains of North Wales, or bathe in deep blue Cornish seas; whether we explore the charming and infinite variety of lake and mountain in Cumberland and Westmoreland, or go lazily gliding in and out among the hundred islands of the Hebrides, watching the exquisite colours that come and go across the solemn mountains or laughing ocean—everywhere the Summer has beauty that enthrals us. Such beneficence have these long warm hours that mere existence is joy—we open our mouths and draw in our breath with delight. The whole world is full of a golden and fragrant air. We lie on a hillside, or walk through an orchard, or glide down a stream, and see everywhere that the old pledge is again fulfilled—"The folds shall be full of sheep: the valleys also shall stand so thick with corn, that they shall laugh and sing." H. E. WARD.

WREN AND ST. PAUL'S.

IN a former paper I endeavoured to show how largely Wren—who usually ranks as an architect exclusively of the Renaissance—had voluntarily incorporated in his work the characteristics of other antecedent styles, and especially how much he owed to the Gothic. In considering his greatest work it will be easy to trace the same blending of precedents, though under different conditions. For while in his towers the Gothic element appears as the result of spontaneous influence, in St. Paul's it is due to external dictation.

Another point which I then touched on briefly was the great benefit which his work derived from such postponement as gave him opportunity for prolonged study, and allowed his powers to reach their full maturity before his designs were translated into an indelible form. In tracing his connection with St. Paul's we shall see the full significance of both these important peculiarities.

It is not necessary for my present purpose to tell the story of the Gothic cathedral which Wren's work superseded; but it is worth while to enquire in what state he found the building when first employed to examine it. As the old cathedral was undoubtedly one of the finest and most important of mediæval edifices, and Wren was by no means insensible to the charm of such structures, as moreover he showed in other enterprises no small spirit of conservatism, it might be expected that he would have made some effort to preserve the traditions of the original edifice. The question of style, however, had all been practically settled for him before he came upon the ground. His predecessor, Inigo Jones, had been employed to convert the Gothic cathedral into the prevailing taste, and the whole of the exterior west of the choir had undergone such transformation as was possible to limited means. Buttresses had become pilasters, pinnacles had given place to obelisks, the rough face of the walls had been converted into regular and smooth ashlaring, and a portico had been tacked on to the west front. Except for the latter feature, which was of great intrinsic beauty, little interest could be found in the transformed structure; and, doubtless, what with the example already set, and in the absence of any such features as might reasonably inspire a conservative enthusiasm, Wren may be excused if he had no thought but to carry the conversion further.



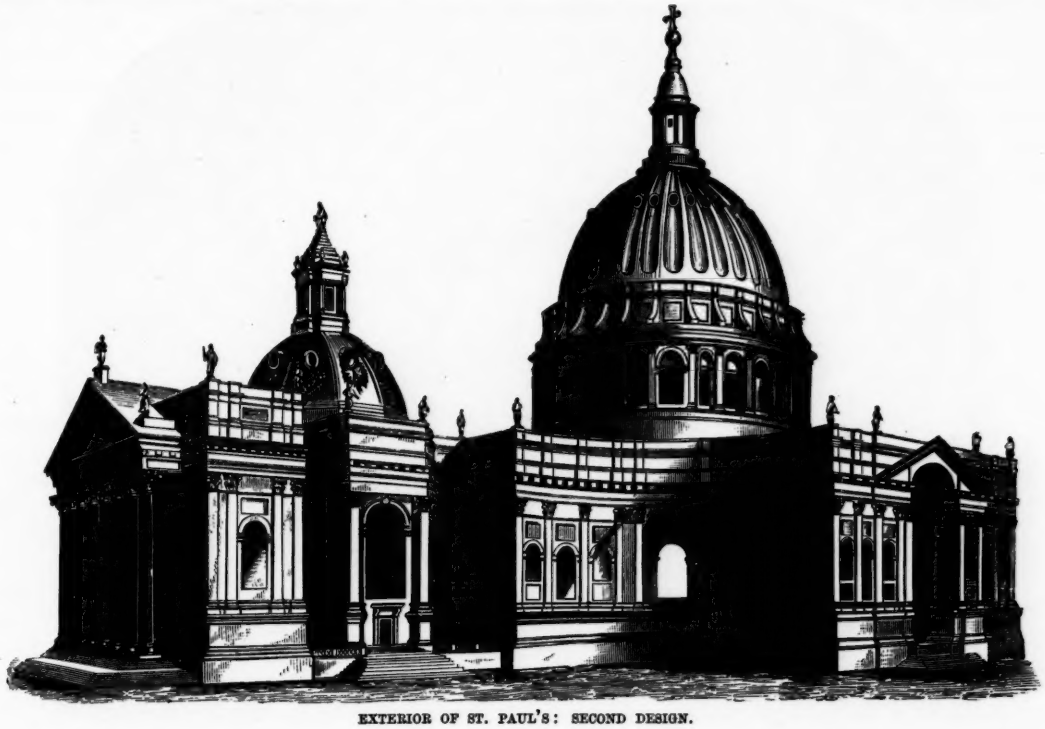
GROUND PLAN OF ST. PAUL'S: SECOND DESIGN.

Before the Great Fire had simplified the problem by destroying old St. Paul's, he had made a design for converting the interior of the nave into a classic form and erecting upon the crossing of nave and transepts a dome or cupola. The design thus produced may be considered as his first effort in the direction of a new cathedral. Some of the drawings are preserved in the library of All Souls', at Oxford, and are worth study chiefly from the contrast they afford to the later and ultimate designs. As the scheme aims at a transformation of style without interference with the main structural features, it does not of course in the main afford a fair measure of the architect's skill; but it is only necessary to glance at the design of the dome, and especially at the glorified pine-apple of huge dimensions which surmounts it, to see how far maturity of power was still lacking to the designer. This design was submitted to the Commissioners in 1666, immediately before the Great Fire, by which it was finally put out of court.

After the Fire some seven years seem to have been passed in patching the ruined fabric and in making tentative designs merely for "discourse sake." Many of these are preserved at All Souls', but it has never been found possible to arrange them in order of date, nor do they display in any case the measure of power which we have learnt to associate with Wren's name.

In 1673 the architect furnished the design which is known from the model which has been on view at St. Paul's and at South Kensington. As this was Wren's favourite, and has since commanded much attention and just admiration, it will be well to examine it somewhat fully. The plan—as may be seen from our first illustration, for which, with the others, we are indebted to Messrs. Longmans and their "Three Cathedrals Dedicated to St. Paul"—is that

of a Greek cross, of which the extremities are joined by concave lines, extended westward by one bay of curvilinear plan, and by a portico flanked by two square features which do not rise above the attic. In the centre of the cross is the far poorer type than that of the existing cathedral, resembling in outline such examples as that of the Duomo in Florence. It rises awkwardly from the concave angles, which are turned to such good account for interior effect. The discontinuity of the



EXTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S: SECOND DESIGN.

dome, supported by four larger and four smaller arches, and this is surrounded by eight subordinate domes, while the western bay again carries a cupola of considerable size. For interior effect the arrangement, which is pictured in our third cut, is most skilful. The vistas presented by this simple arrangement would have been most picturesque and varied. The dome would have told with full effect in the interior, all the supplementary features being clearly and obviously subordinated to it. There is a little awkwardness in the inequality of the arches supporting the dome, and the effect would no doubt have been better had it been possible to carry it on arches of equal size. This, however, is the sole defect in a most skilful and masterly arrangement; and if we had the interior alone to deal with, it would be difficult to moderate our regret that the scheme was not executed.

With the exterior, however—as shown in our second picture—the case is very different. The general composition is incomparably inferior to that of the present building, and, as to criticism in detail, it is impossible not to endorse Mr. Ferguson's strictures. The dome is in itself of a less original and western arm fritters away the dignity of the side elevations, and leaves the western portico unsupported and detached. The proportions of the main order to the attic and the fenestration are anything but happy, and the arches and pediments of the north and south entrances are extremely crude in design. In passing it is worth noting that the lantern of the western dome is almost exactly similar to that of St. George's, Bloomsbury, built by Vanbrugh.

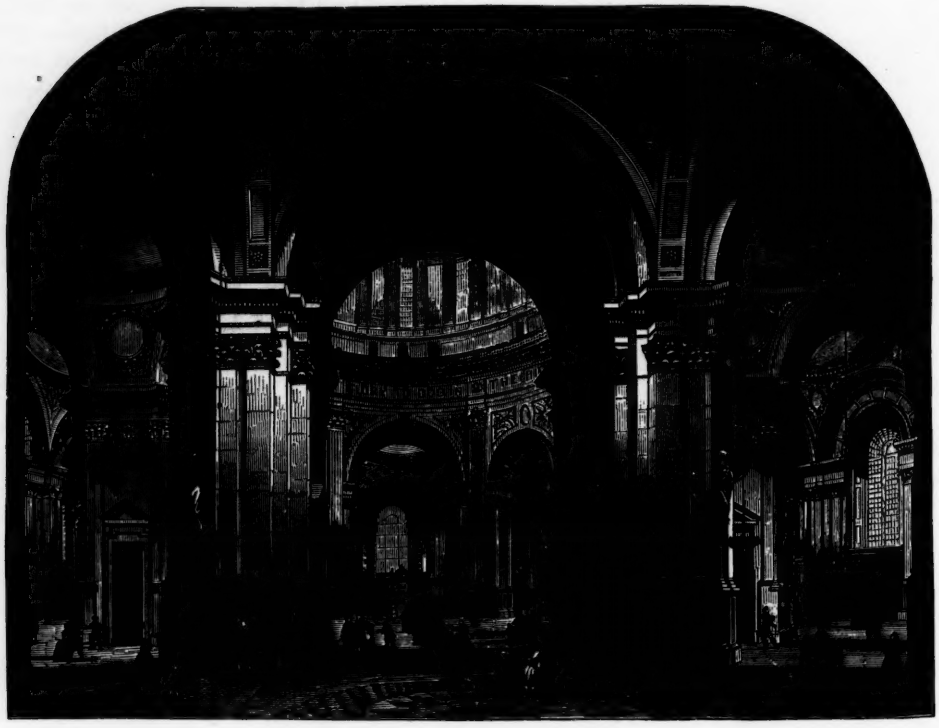
It would seem, then, that in this design Wren put his whole force into the interior, and, to a great extent, left the exterior to take its chance. It is of course probable and almost certain that in carrying out this work he would have removed such defects as were not inseparable from the essentials of the scheme; but even with the full licence to improve, which, as we shall see, the great architect took leave to claim, it seems impossible that he could ever have brought this exterior to approach the standard of the existing cathedral.

The scheme, however, was put aside before long, not on the ground of any artistic defects of the design, but because the general plan was totally free from any trace of the Gothic arrangement to which

churchmen were still accustomed. It should be borne in mind that, through the influence of the Laudian school, Gothic had in some sort recovered from fashionable disfavour, and that the revival which the High Church party had called into being was even then scarcely exhausted. The clergy therefore opposed this scheme; and it is said, though on doubtful authority, that the Duke of York, having ulterior aims in view, supported their protest.

The result was that Wren was requested to turn his attention to a "cathedral form;" and after some two years' work, he succeeded in obtaining the royal assent to a third design, of which an illustration is given opposite. There are many things to wonder at in Wren's career, and this design is the most wonderful of all. It is astounding that Wren should ever have made one so miserable; it is astounding that any one should have endorsed it; it is all but incredible that from such a scheme, with licence to alter in detail only, the present cathedral should have grown up. Yet all this seems to have actually occurred. The design is undoubtedly Wren's; it bears Charles II.'s signature and criticism (by which it is entitled "very artificial, proper, and useful"), and there is no trace to be found of any general drawing intermediate between this approved plan and the erection of the present cathedral. As I pointed out before, the actual records of Wren's life are very scanty; but here surely are materials for a conjecture, which might throw some light upon his character and practice.

The real meaning of this transaction is, I take it, as follows. Wren had put forth his whole strength in the planning of the earlier design—so far, at least, as the interior went, on which his thoughts were mainly fixed. It was to the last his favourite, and we know that his disappointment at its rejection was bitter and lasting. He was disheartened at the futility of his efforts, and having no doubt ample reason for feelings of profound contempt for the critical attitude of his judges, was little disposed to make another equally serious effort, with so strong a probability that it might be discarded. A bad and ill-studied design seemed as likely to find favour as one on which he had expended all his might. We can imagine him, then, discouraged and contemptuous, making, or getting made, a variety of bad designs, some one of which might at least form an opening for serious work towards a definite end. This, I feel certain, is the rationale of the present drawing; and we can imagine the grim satisfaction with which he found that it had served its turn, and registered a silent vow that none of its crudities should appear in his building. Still, the unscrupulous audacity with which he transformed this, which was nothing less



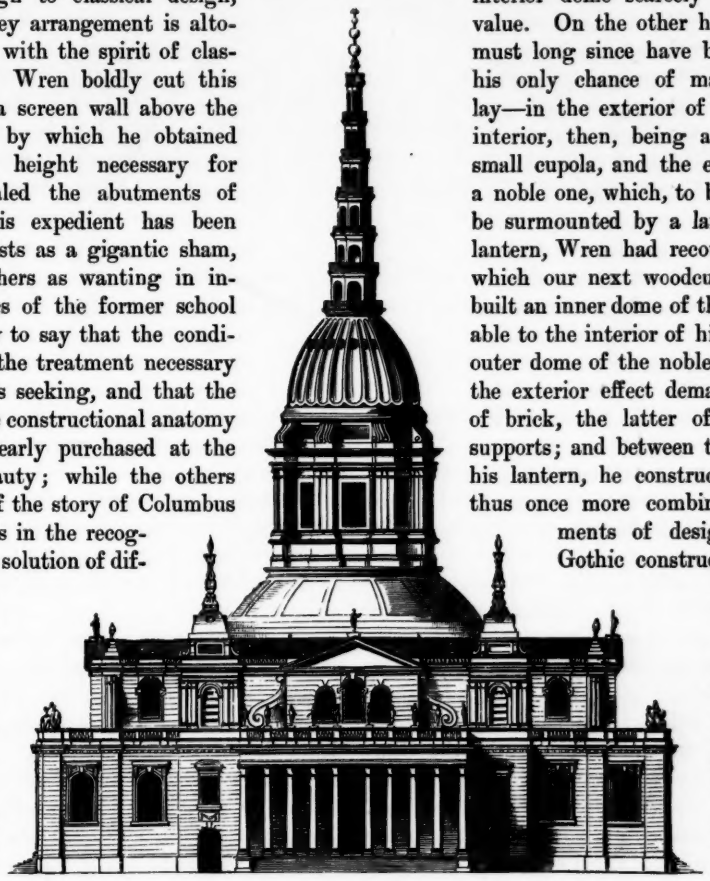
INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S: SECOND DESIGN.

than the indenture of his commission, must remain for those who advocate the freedom of the artist a subject of respectful and amazed satisfaction.

Having, then, once more definitely started upon his task with the prospect of realisation to inspire him, Wren must have again set seriously to work. It is useless to try and trace the development of the present building from the authorised design, simply because there is no point in common between them, except, possibly, some features of the plan which we have no means of identifying. We must pass on to the history of the present edifice.

The task now imposed upon the architect was to build a cathedral in the prevailing taste of the day upon the Gothic plan; and it is only by bearing this in mind that we shall find it possible to appreciate the force of his genius, or to analyse the merits and defects of the structure. The first and most important difficulty lay in the treatment of nave and aisles. In Gothic cathedrals the walls of the nave, known usually as the clerestory, show above those of the aisles, and the vaulting of the nave is supported by the aid of flying buttresses. Such features, however, are foreign to classical design, while the two-storey arrangement is altogether at variance with the spirit of classical architecture. Wren boldly cut this knot by building a screen wall above the wall of the aisle, by which he obtained the perpendicular height necessary for effect, and concealed the abutments of the vaulting. This expedient has been denounced by purists as a gigantic sham, and decried by others as wanting in invention. To critics of the former school it is only necessary to say that the conditions which made the treatment necessary were not of Wren's seeking, and that the full exposure of the constructional anatomy of a building is dearly purchased at the expense of its beauty; while the others may be reminded of the story of Columbus and the egg. It is in the recognition and the bold solution of difficulties that the quality of great minds is best displayed.

It will be well to consider, in connection with the artist's solution of this problem, his device for the construction of the dome. Upon this equally severe criticism has been passed, as I think with as little justification. The dome (or cupola, as Wren called it) is a feature of Moorish origin, which, while it was not unknown in Gothic architecture, became familiar to Europe mainly through the Renaissance. The original aim of this form of covering is unquestionably magnificence of internal effect. Externally the form is incomplete unless it be crowned by a lantern, and this, to be of sufficient importance, must needs be of considerable height. A dome, however, though an excellent constructional form for self-support and stability, is incapable of carrying weight at its apex; or to speak more accurately, the construction is weakened in exact proportion to the weight of the crowning feature. It is beyond my present purpose to analyse the various expedients by which this difficulty has been overcome elsewhere. To Wren the problem presented itself in a form of peculiar severity. In the first place, the nature of the plan to which he had been committed entirely precluded him from gaining the full internal effect of a colossal dome. Indeed, as I propose to point out later, even the limited proportions of the present interior dome scarcely tell to their full value. On the other hand, his main care must long since have been centred where his only chance of masterly effect now lay—in the exterior of his building. The interior, then, being adequate only to a small cupola, and the exterior demanding a noble one, which, to be effective, had to be surmounted by a large and ponderous lantern, Wren had recourse to the device which our next woodcut illustrates. He built an inner dome of the dimensions suitable to the interior of his building, and an outer dome of the noble proportions which the exterior effect demanded—the former of brick, the latter of lead on wooden supports; and between the two, to support his lantern, he constructed a great cone, thus once more combining the two elements of design, and bringing Gothic construction to the aid of classical effect.

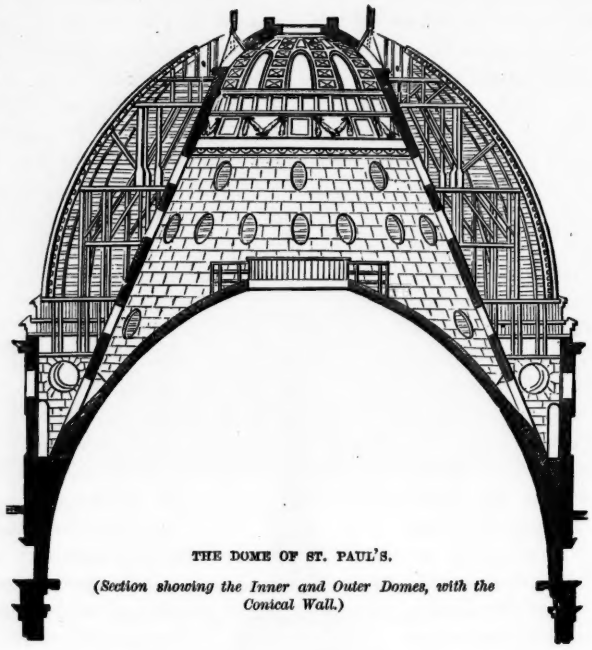


EXTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S: APPROVED DESIGN.

The result of this masterly expedient is so completely its justification that it seems absurd to discuss it on the ground of principle. Fortunately Wren understood construction and

effect, and did not understand the puritanical affectation of modern Gothicists. Moreover, it would not be difficult to turn the tables on these theorists, by pointing out expedients employed in their favoured style, at least, as hard to justify on first principles as that adopted by Wren. In his work the faculty shown in dealing with a novel problem is again masterly, and the constructional power displayed in carrying out the scheme is well worthy of study.

One other feature of the building may be noted as due to external pressure. In Wren's original plan for the executed design the side-chapels on the north and south sides of the west end of the nave were not shown. They were forced upon him, much against his will, by the influence of the Duke of York, being no doubt intended to serve for subordinate altars in the event of the reversion of the English nation to Catholicism. I am unable fully to agree with the critics who consider these excrescences a blot upon the design. In some respects they have their advantages even externally, as they serve to support with a substantial base the portico of the western front. On the other hand, they prevent the due detachment of the bases of the western towers—a principle on which Wren set an especial value.



THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S.

(Section showing the Inner and Outer Domes, with the Conical Wall.)

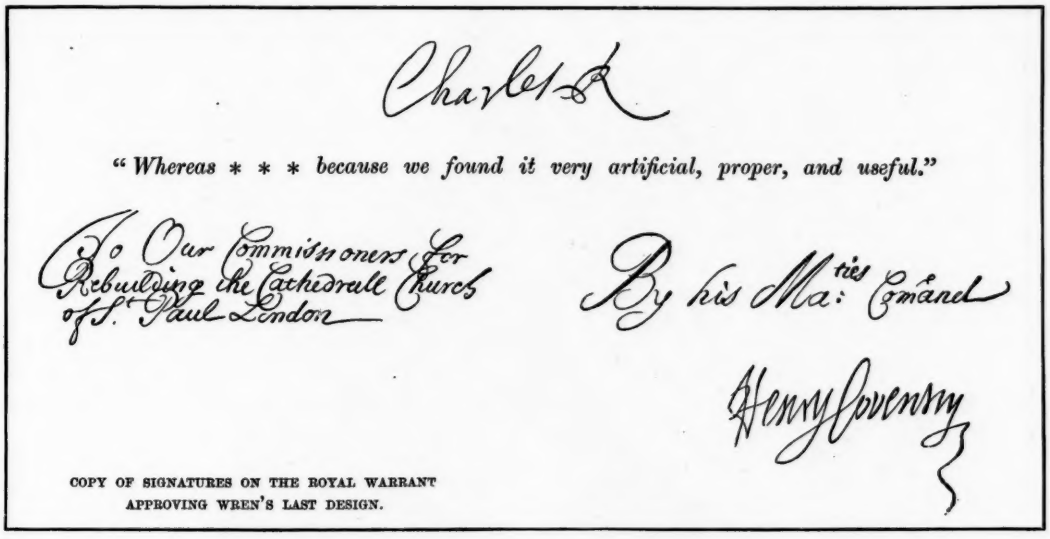
These, then, are the main points in which Wren was coerced in the preparation of his design: firstly, the Gothic plan, which involved the unusual clerestory arrangement, and set the dome problem which Wren solved, as has been seen; and secondly, the western excrescences, of which the advantages and disadvantages are pretty equally balanced.

In some minor particulars external influence is further traceable—notably in the balustrade which crowns the upper order of the walls and the drum of the dome. Wren's attitude towards the Commissioners on this point is worthy of note as giving some insight into the temperament of the architect. When the work was approaching completion, the Commissioners instructed Wren "that a balustrade of stone be set up on the top of the church, unless Sir Christopher Wren do, in writing under his own hand, set forth that it is contrary to the principles of architecture, and give his opinion in a fortnight's time; and if he doth not, then the resolution of a balustrade (*sic*) is to be proceeded with." Wren's answer is one which no doubt will be found most congenial to those who contend for the independence of the artist, and evinces the withering contempt which he justly felt for those by whom he was controlled. "I take leave," he replies, "first to declare that I never designed a balustrade. Persons of little skill in architecture did expect, I believe, to see something they had been used to in Gothic structures, and ladies think nothing well without an edging. I would gladly have complied with the vulgar taste, but I suspended, for the reasons following" — which he proceeds to specify. They are too technical to interest the general reader, and perhaps of no great weight, seeing that balustrading in such positions has become thoroughly naturalised in Renaissance architecture. Still, a comparison of the north and south façades, as Wren designed them and as the Commissioners modified them, will confirm our confidence in Wren's skill and in the Commissioners' incapacity. The original design shows a reticence and a simple severity which are altogether superior in tone to the somewhat commonplace expedient finally adopted. It is rather startling, by the way, that Wren should have associated balustrading with Gothic architecture; the fact might lead the unwary to suppose that the word "Gothic" was employed as a term of abuse. No doubt his meaning was, that a balustrading is an equivalent to the traceried parapet usual in Gothic work, and that the vulgar desire for it showed that the public was not yet fully liberated from its old bondage.

I have dwelt at some length upon this episode as of great value to the students of Wren, both because it throws light upon his personal character, of which we get so few glimpses elsewhere, and also because it supports the solution of the interesting

problem concerning the accepted design I have suggested above.

There are, or were, some further features in which the arbitrary meddling of the Commissioners was once renovated, are now in all probability finally doomed; and the organ has long since quitted the position in which it was placed in Wren's despite. In all these matters public opinion has completely endorsed



"*Whereas * * * because we found it very artificial, proper, and useful.*"

To Our Commissioners for Rebuilding the Cathedrall Church of St Paul London

By his Ma^tie^s Comand

Henry Sovenry

COPY OF SIGNATURES ON THE ROYAL WARRANT APPROVING WREN'S LAST DESIGN.

apparent: such, for example, as the heavy iron railing which formerly "cribbed, cabined, and confined" the building, the commonplace and dreary decorations of the dome, and the original position of the organ. The railing is now removed, to the great advantage of the exterior; Thornhill's paintings, Wren's judgment against that of the Commissioners, and to the popular verdict I fully assent. I make but one exception; I wish the organ had never quitted its old position. This question, however, involves a discussion of the interior effect generally, which space compels me to reserve. BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

PROFESSOR LEGROS.

THE Slade Professor of Fine Arts at University College, London, cannot be said to have received no recognition in the land of his adoption, nor to be without honour in his own country. Welcomed with due respect by his peers, the representatives of serious art in England, honoured by such men as the P.R.A. and Mr. Watts among artists, by such enlightened amateurs as Prince Leopold, Mr. George Howard, and Mr. Ionides, by such etchers as Mr. Seymour Haden and Mr. Hamerton, twice the winner of the gold medal of the Salon, with pictures in the Fitzwilliam at Cambridge, and the Walker Gallery at Liverpool, on the line at the Luxembourg, and in other public galleries on the Continent, he has achieved a professional reputation such as few men of five-and-forty can boast. But notwithstanding all this, he is comparatively unknown outside the circle of his scholastic labours and the few who make a serious study of art. Of the several reasons for his want of popularity one will be at present sufficient. The public expects artists to go half-way to meet it, and Professor Legros will not move an inch.

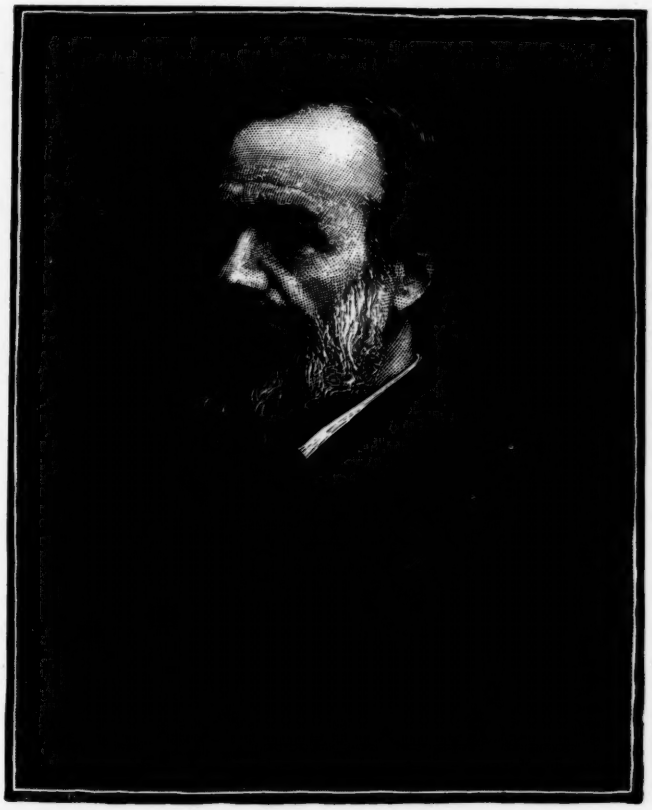
Nature and circumstance have combined to develop him into a serious and strong personality. He was born at Dijon in 1837, and came to Paris in 1851. In 1857 he exhibited at the Salon a portrait of his father which won him friends, amongst whom were Baudelaire, Gambetta, and Champfleury. In 1859 he exhibited an "Angelus," in 1861 an "Ex-Voto," in 1863 a "Mass of the Dead." Despite his friends, and his skill in drawing, painting, etching, and lithography, and despite incessant labour, his struggle for existence was a hard one;



A SAILOR'S WIFE.

(From the Group in Bronze by Alphonse Legros, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)

and in 1863 he sought a fairer opening in England, where—a naturalised Englishman—he has since resided. As a man he is self-made, as an artist self-directed. No individual can be said to have been his master; he does not belong to any school, unless there be such a thing as a "serious" school. He is the pupil, mainly, of the dead, and it would be difficult



Bien à Vous,
A. Legros

to exhaust the list of those Old Masters who have truly been masters to him. Some moderns—as Corot, Rousseau, and Millet—have indeed affected him strongly, but in sentiment rather than design; and his individuality, nourished from many sources, has grown true to its inward impulse. It would be more accurate to say impulses, for from the first Legros' delight in the cultivation and exercise of his artistic faculty, and his desire to express an unusually profound sense of the solemnity of human existence, were separate forces. Some such duality is inseparable from the life of the true artist. The thing to be said and the manner of saying it engage his energies; but in the case of Legros they may be said also to divide them. Both are to him sufficient ends in themselves, so that it is never safe to predicate whether his next work will be academic or humanist. Millet was Millet, and Corot Corot, always; but Legros is sometimes Legros and sometimes the Professor.

His work of either kind should always receive respect because it is always serious, accomplished, and sincere, whether as art or utterance. He neither plays

with his tools nor trifles with his subjects, and if his faces never smile, his lines never stray. Though gravity deepening into austerity be a chief characteristic of his work, there is always a man behind it, and, moreover, a man who, careless of the vogue of the day, has chosen a stern and solitary path because it seemed to him the one in which he could do his best. Those who do not like what Legros chooses to draw cannot be blamed for neglecting him, but may yet respect the man who refuses their suffrages at the cost of self-expression. Legros' gravity was probably inborn; but it was developed by circumstance, for life was a very serious business with him in his youth. The poverty of his parents was in nowise picturesque, and his early experiences—which included an apprenticeship to a house-painter—were no matter for jest. It is not necessary to do more than touch upon the labour and patience by which he raised himself. Much of both were required of him, and the early exercise of self-control has left its mark upon the work of his maturity. Art to him was not a kind mother nor a merry playfellow, but a grave—a very grave—angel.

The most palpable charms of art—brightness of colour, gaiety of spirit, womanly grace, amorous sentiment—were wasted upon the young Legros, whose work from the first shows study of the severer masters only, and of none more than the sculptors of Greece. If few artists have pursued less that idealisation of human beauty which was the main aim of the Greeks, still fewer have shown more thorough appreciation of their science of design, their dignity and simplicity, their reticence and repose. The majesty of Michelangelo has evidently affected him more than the grace of Raphael, the uncompromising truth and straightforward execution of Velasquez more than the suavity and exuberance of Correggio. To the Germans, especially Holbein and Albert Dürer, he turned naturally; and amongst his own countrymen he found himself more in sympathy with the learned design and virile imagination of Nicolas Poussin than with the finished and masterly artifice of Boucher or the delicacy and romance and charm of Watteau. In Rembrandt he found another "master" whose influence over him can scarcely be exaggerated. These were the teachers to whom his "grave angel" consigned him—teachers full of that "scorn of delight" which is at once the noblest feature of his art and the greatest obstacle to its popularity.

Although in his late essays in sculpture he has allowed himself unusual indulgence in beauty and grace, in some respects his artistic creed seems to have grown more strict with years. In his earlier pictures the colour was often rarely choice and rich; now he sometimes seems to treat colour-beauty as a sin. To those who have seen only his later works, exhibited in the Grosvenor, such as "Jacob's Ladder" and "The Fire," or the "St. Jerome," "Before the Service" (in the possession of Mr. Stopford Brooke), with its full transparent tones of red and green and gold, would be a revelation of unsuspected power. Mr. George Howard's "Baptism" is another picture in which Legros appears not only skilful but inventive as a colourist; and "The Poor at Meat" (of which we give a woodcut) is, in its noble sobriety, one of those grand harmonies of browns which the old Spanish masters loved. Such pictures show that Legros' late disregard of select and beautiful colour is carelessness or perversity.

As a draughtsman Legros is a great and an acknowledged master; and his drawing has one quality in abundance which is often wanting in that of artists who are his equals in accuracy, and that is the quality of life. He is inventive and even passionate in his touches. His lines are divined with imagination as well as sight, so that the most literal copy of the ugliest old man from his hand is vitalised with something of his own spirit, and informed with something of his own faculty of design. Legros at work is a sight worth seeing. As he draws and paints before his classes the vigour with which he seizes not only the outline and salient features of the model, but the whole solid structure, is very remarkable. A swift dash of the brush to mark the line of the brows, two more for nose and mouth, a sharp succession of sweeps for boundaries of hair and flesh, a little quick work to block out the depressions and prominences, and the head, roughly but truly modelled, is created. From the beginning to the end of the two hours or so, when the study is generally brought to a point that needs only "finish," every touch adds something as palpable in intention and effect as the addition of brick to brick in the building of a wall. As Millet used to say, "to see rightly is to draw rightly;" and Legros' lessons with the brush and needle teach the eye as well as the hand. In this the value of the system lies; and the only objection to it seems to be that it needs the possession of skill, nerve, and concentration not often found among professors. The studies, when done, are nothing but studies; and their frequent exhibition with finished pictures by other artists has led to the conclusion—not perhaps unnatural, but altogether false—that Legros exhibits them to prove his skill, and not the soundness of his method of teaching. Here Legros and the Professor are confused, and the man of all others to shun popularity has been accused of charlatanism. To those who know Legros and what he can do, the notion that he should wish to pose before the public as a man who can produce a study of a model swiftly and surely is merely ludicrous.

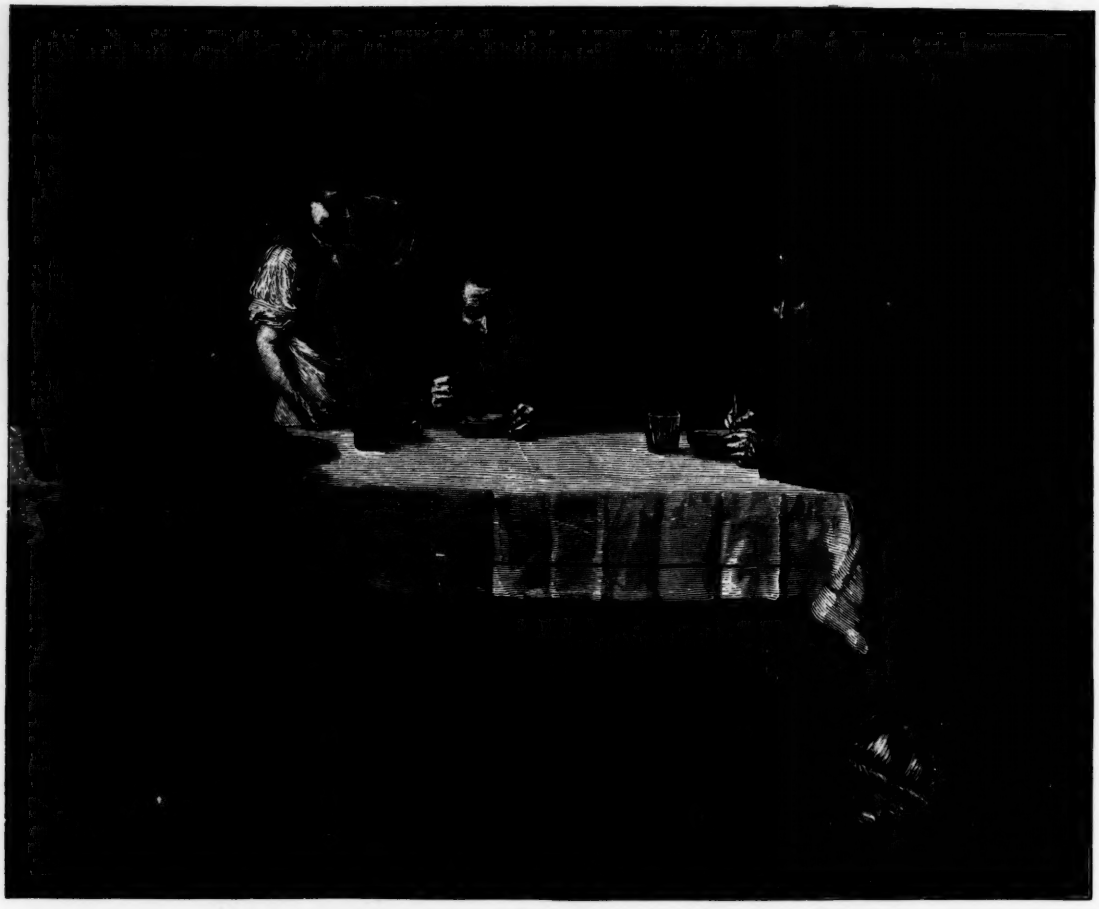
In design Legros does not seek beauty so much as distinction. The charm of grace has less attraction for him than strength of character, and he foregoes the ideal in preference for the type. That he is in nowise insensible to physical beauty is shown in some sweet faces in his picture of the "Baptism," as well as in his recent sculpture, and here and there in his etchings, especially in their first states. He finds æsthetic satisfaction in dignity of attitude and simplicity of gesture, in balance of mass and harmony of line. The faces that suggest a history, that are well accentuated, that are complete in themselves, the faces with features moulded and marshalled in visible unity of design—all the better if they have some touch of the strange or the wild—these move his art-sense more than the faces that are merely pretty, or the figures that are merely graceful; and no one who cannot derive pleasure from such phenomena can approach his work from the right side.

The extreme severity of what Matthew Arnold might call the artist's "criticism of life" seems to require some natural melancholy of disposition to account for it. The best means of studying it is afforded by his etchings, perhaps the most sustained and considerable of his achievements in art;* and I must here return my thanks to M. Thibaudeau, of Green Street, Leicester Square, who has allowed me to examine his almost perfect collection. His eight huge portfolios do not contain one scene of happiness or a face that smiles. The least gloomy are the portraits and studies of models; but none of these are cheerful, not even that of the artist's young daughter. His pictures of peasant life are all sad; those of a religious cast are mostly ascetic and stern; the landscapes are usually weird and melancholy; while the compositions in which his imagination has freest play seek a grim and dreadful kind of romance in the discipline of Spanish convents, or are the expression of a fearful fantasy. The depth of horror to which he can descend is shown by some illustrations to Poe's most gruesome tales, such as "The Pendulum" and "The Black Cat," and by his design of a group of unwholesomely curious savants experimenting on a corpse with a galvanic battery. Such a determination to the black side of things must be constitutional. It is to be doubted whether even his gloomy view of the life of the poor can be accounted for entirely by his experience. He gives us their labour in the fields, but never their laugh at the cabaret; he paints their fasts and death-beds, but never their marriages and festivals. His bathers are depressed, his fishers out of spirits, his travellers either tired or caught in the rain. Millet was always grave, but his gravity was always sweet. The sadness of Legros is sometimes grim and terrible. When we turn to his Biblical and religious subjects, we find him depicting not the rapture of the Madonna nor the joy of the Prodigal's return, but the agony of Job on the dunghill, and the repentance of the swineherd in the sty; not the glory of the chancel nor the mirth of the feast-day, but the gloom of the convent and the distress of the pilgrimage. There is happiness, perhaps, in the heart of the "Monk at the Organ" (one of the noblest of modern etchings), and in that of the woman receiving the sacrament in the "Communion in the Church of St. Médard;" but it is the happiness of resignation rather than hope, of awe rather than rapture. Yet there is such strength and truth in these gloomy imaginings that no one can say that Legros has cultivated his sombre genius in vain. His "Pilgrimage to the Caves of St. Médard," which has been well called "a masterpiece of the sordid-picturesque," his grand "St. Jerome" (far finer than his picture of the same name), his "Job," his "Discipline," his "Interior of a Spanish Church," his "Chantrey," are as impressive humanly as they are fine in artistic conception. Moreover, in depicting the gloomy side of things, he does it without compromise, without any tampering with sentiment, never trying to interest us in poverty by the accident of beauty in a face, nor in religion by physical sweetness of expression.

The austerity of his views both of life and art affects not only his pictures of humanity, but of inanimate nature. In one or two of his etchings he indeed shows some delight in the elegance as well as the strength of trees. In the "Sheep Recovered" he gives us receding rows of poplars not only graceful in composition but in themselves; in others, like the "Catching Crayfish," he indulges in a quite Titianesque grandeur of trunk and mass of foliage. But he oftener contents himself with bare stems more remarkable for their strength than their beauty, and these he frequently cuts off a few feet above the ground, leaving nothing but stumps decorated with a few most melancholy twigs. Nevertheless, he has put forth all his force in some of these landscapes, with or without figures, and even more than his accustomed imagination. Some of them, as the "Women Bathing" and the "Gust of Wind," are of astounding strength of design and light and shade; and, as yet unseen except by visitors to his studio, are a majestic series of large landscapes in sepia, which are equally remarkable for poetry of conception and grandeur of composition.

No etching of pure landscape by Legros has, I believe, become sufficiently well known to make a

* The catalogue of Legros' etchings, with admirable descriptions of each plate by MM. A. P.-Malassis and A.-W. Thibaudeau, published in Paris in 1877, contains 168 numbers, to which the artist has since added very largely.



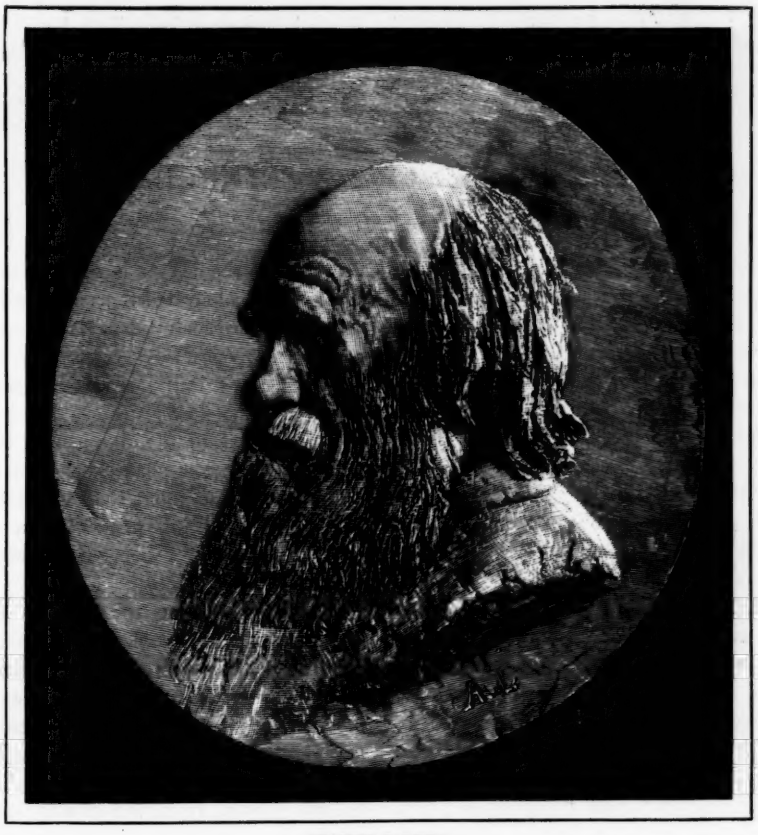
THE POOR AT MEAT.

(From the Picture by Alphonse Legros, in the Collection of George Howard, Esq., M.P.)

detailed reference to it useful here. The fine display of his work in this kind attracted much attention (among artists at least) at last year's exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers. Here were to be seen, beside his magnificent portrait of Watts and the latest and most striking version of "Death and the Woodman," his "On the Canal," "By the River-side," and "Rocky Landscape"—all rare examples of poetical conception and executive skill. But those of his etchings which are probably the best known, his "Wood-cutters," and "Death of the Vagabond," exhibit some salient features of his landscape art. In the latter there is but a tree and a hedge, both bare of leaves and beauty: the tree, with its head cut off, crossing the picture diagonally, the hedge a mere scrub of twigs. Nothing in nature could have been selected with less regard to beauty; but the tree-trunk is a masterly study of growing wood, and neither it nor the hedge could have been more pathetically or artistically appropriate to the dead stark figure of the poor vagabond who lies stretched below them. Strange to say, the figure was invented for the tree, and not the tree for the figure, so that Legros, unprovoked by special sentiment, chose to select this unlovely growth as a subject worthy of his art. In the first or second state of the plate there was no tramp; there was only a tree being felled and pulled down like that in the "Wood-cutters." There is another state of the plate in which the tree is a background to a cartwright at work; but, as does not always happen, Legros has improved on his first idea, and the tree has found its most fitting companion in the poor corpse. This etching is particularly interesting as showing how distinct are the two impulses which instigate Legros' exertions as an artist. His work is always vibrating between personal feeling and professional enthusiasm; and it is not always clear whether the severity is to be put down to the man or the artist. In his different versions of "Death and the Wood-cutter" (the most impressive of all the exercises of his imagination, and

almost alone in modern art in their successful treatment of the supernatural), it is clear that the inspiration is due to Holbein; and this is most apparent in the earliest and, as I think, the greatest of all his contributions to the Danse Macabre, the "Death in the Pear-tree," an episode in the legend of the Bonhomme Misère. It is clear also that if his feeling as a humanist and his ardour as an artist often, as in this case, work together for good, they sometimes make him careless both of the human importance and the refinement of his subject. Such a perpetual source of interest to him are the faces of ordinary men, and so much delight does he take in getting the artistic best out of ordinary materials, that he attacks a Browning or a beggar, a castle or a cow-shed, with equal gusto. In the last state of a plate on which he first drew faultlessly the profile of a distinguished man who has the fortune to possess one of the most refined of living faces, he has turned the features into those of a degenerate type, bestowing as much labour on the travesty as on the original. Hyperion or a satyr, race-horse or cab hack, his artistic appetite seems equally ready for either. That this is not from want of appreciation of nobility of form or character is shown by the perfection with which he has portrayed the heads of some distinguished men. His magnificent portraits of Manning and of Watts, and of Carlyle ("L'Homme au Chapeau") and Rodin, his worthy record of the bright fine face of his lost friend Regamey, his head of Dalou (perhaps the most perfect in design and consummate in execution of them all), are masterpieces of portraiture and etching. That the man who can do work so interesting to his generation should spend so much time upon "models" is an extraordinary instance of the impartiality as to subject which springs from passion for art in the abstract.

This passion, however, and the rare genius for expressing ideas by form which is shown in all his designs from first to last, are special qualifications for sculpture, to which noble branch of art he has lately turned his attention. Such disregard of grace as he has hitherto shown will scarcely be consistent with his own satisfaction as a plastic artist. Although severity marks his Sailor's Wife in the fine group which illustrates this article, and though her face is not ideal, both her figure and her features are not only noble but beautiful. A touch of the "wild" distinguishes his lately finished bas-relief, "The Source," from the exquisitely pretty achievement of Ingres, but the lithe young figure is modelled with notable delicacy and distinction, and is full of chaste charm. Of his medals the mighty head of Darwin —engraved from the plaster, not the bronze—is here to speak for itself. This and the dozen others he has just produced are nearer to the work of Pisano than any executed since that incomparable master, with the exception, possibly, of one or two by the late David d'Angers. His artistic efforts have been many and varied and lofty; he has achieved mastery as a painter, an etcher, and a draughtsman in all known materials; but his whole energy may be said to have culminated in these essays in sculpture, which as yet are scarcely before the public eye.



CHARLES DARWIN.

(From the Medal by Alphonse Legros, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)

In viewing the achieve-

ment of an artist like Legros, nothing like finality can be attempted. Whether these last fruits of his unwearying energy and superb artistic faculty will add to his popularity, as they will doubtless add to his reputation among artists, remains to be seen; but there is reason to hope that his great learning and skill, his deep sincerity and true imagination have at last found a field for their exercise congenial to the spirit of his time and not too far removed from the taste of the modern Briton. All who prize imaginative design and vital draughtsmanship for their own sakes will now and ever prize some of his etchings. But such persons are few. To extend the range of his admirers, not only the manner but the matter must be interesting to his contemporaries. Save in a few portraits, Legros can scarcely be said to have come within speaking distance of the great mass of the public. Handicapped by a natural bent towards the solemn, he has been hindered in the race for popularity by choosing to "run" in a foreign country. He is a naturalised Englishman, but whatever of modern there has been in his art hitherto (and that is not too much) is French. He not only speaks like an Old Master, and from the grave as it were, but in a strange tongue; and he needs translation as well as sympathy. He may fairly be asked to try harder than as yet he has tried to make his art agreeable to the public, which, with all its faults and ignorance, is always ready to recognise such merit as it can perceive. He has no right to hide the light of his genius under the bushel of pride. Popularity should not, indeed, be purchased at the cost of self-respect; but one whose aim is to add to the sum of serious thought and true feeling in his contemporaries may, and in fact ought to strive to secure it.

That this has in the main been the aim of Professor Legros, his works bear witness. They are grave, austere, ascetic, terrible, sometimes horrible and sometimes dull; but they are very rarely morbid and never ignoble. They are, moreover, in the purest sense religious. Even his models are represented not so much as items of a social community, as of a race suspended between two eternities. The aspirations of a human soul towards a life beyond have been the motive of his least melancholy, the fears of that life of his grimmest, imaginings. The supernatural and unseen forces which bring us hither, mould our destinies while we are here, and then withdraw us once more behind the veil, are always present, if invisible, in his creations. For him the play of life is a tragedy, which he depicts with unfailing sympathy for his brothers on the stage. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

"DIEN WOHL, MEIN LIEBCHEN."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CH. VON GAVÉL.

MEISSONNIER has had many followers. The mode of what has been called "painted *bric-à-brac*" is one of the most popular of contemporary crazes. Examples of it are everywhere. The world is never weary of buying, and—very naturally—the painter is not chary of producing. Given an eye for colour and a certain dexterity of handling, the thing is easy enough. A touch of character, a suspicion of manners, a hint of anecdote and what is called "drama," a dash of picturesque tailoring, and the work is done. It is often of considerable merit as a certain sort of art; it is usually quite taking as sentiment; it is most commonly pleasing to the inartistic eye, and suggestive—of humour, or history, or archæology, or all three — to the non-artistic mind. Hence it is that of the pictures painted to amuse, as opposed to the pictures painted as mere art, so many are "painted *bric-à-brac*." The public likes buff boots and yellow satin breeches; it is fond of "character" and "expression;" it delights in anecdotage and "a human interest;" and it finds no difficulty in having its fill of them. To say that the design is sometimes mendacious and feeble, the colour conventional and cheap, and the sentiment obviously theatrical, is merely to say that there is only one Meissonnier. Mr. Tennyson, writhing under his imitators, once complained that all could raise the flower since all had got the seed; but he was unjust to the flower and the gardener. It is as easy to make sham Tennyson as it is to make sham Meissonnier; but there is little danger of the imitation ever being mistaken for the original, or of the original ever being held cheap because of the cheapness of the imitation.

It is in painting much as it is in poetry. A great man produces something personal and new; and a crowd of little men instantly begin copying it with such dexterity as they can master, and reproducing as much of it as they can convey. Fortuny has almost as many followers as Mr. Swinburne himself, and the small change of Corot and Hugo is to be picked up all the world over. In respect of sale, however, the minor painter has the advantage of the minor poet. The poet's public is appreciative no doubt; but it is small,

and, as a rule, it is far from lavish of its substance. The painter has but to be dexterous and ingenious to get off his wares as fast as he can produce them. No doubt the reason is that pictures, however poor, are always more or less decorative, and can anywhere be utilised as furniture, which is very far from being the case with poems. The days are gone by when it was usual to plaster a wall with ballads, and so make it do duty for library and picture-gallery at once. Even if they were not, and the practice still obtained, the bard would be not much the richer, unless he could annihilate the art of printing, and transcribe his works for sale. In this way he might gather a little money; or (such things have been) he might not. But, considered as decoration, poetry could in no case be anything like so popular as painting, nor could there ever be such a sale for "furniture poems"—supposing such things to exist—as there is, and always will be, for "furniture pictures," be they good or bad or only indifferent.



"DIEN WOHL, MEIN LIEBCHEN."
(From the Picture by Ch. von Gavél.)

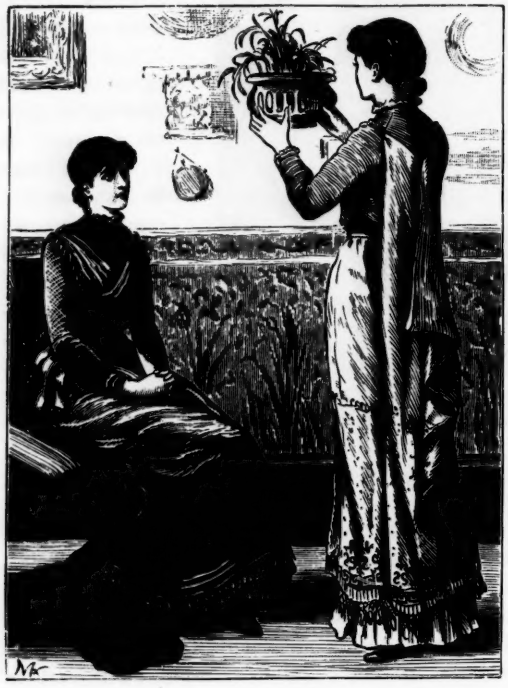
The roystering companion painted by Herr von Gavél is clearly akin to the troopers of Meissonnier and the connoisseurs and fiddlers of Jimenez; but his being is rather more a matter of tailoring, and his interest rather more an interest of accessories. His buff boots and heavy spurs, his slashed doublet and lace collar, his truculent rapier, and flowing hair, and fierce mustachios, would stamp him anywhere for a ruffler and a soldado. He may have served under Tilly and the Duke of Friedland, have shared in the leaguers of Stralsund and Nuremburg, and ridden with the great Gustavus (and Rittmeister Dalgetty) at Lutzen. For the moment, however, his humour is wholly bacchanalian. He is of the mind of Walter Mapes, and the famous "Mihi est propositum in taberna mori" would sit easily and naturally upon his lips. It is in the tavern that Herr von Gavél has placed him. There are bacchic and amorous inscriptions on the wall behind; he is caressing and coaxing his glass as a lover; it is evident that to him such a measure as Local Option would seem a piece of mere impertinence. For him the Drink-Spirit is not the grimy fiend of modern years, but a sprightly Genius, graceful in his rubicundity, quick with jests and songs and gallant brawls, and able to make his servants "swallow Cupids, like loaches, in every glass," like Sir Harry Wildair in the play. His Theory of Life is the "Wein, Weib, und Gesang" theory of Martin Luther; and of its soundness he is a practical exemplification, and as picturesque a one as need be.

FITNESS AND FASHION.

WHAT is called the æsthetic craze in dress is a sort of reaction from the stiffened, over-weighted, and tightened fashion perpetuated by the tyranny of the *modiste*, whose chief idea is to put as much material as possible into a feminine garment without regard to convenience or health. The suggestions conveyed by such costumes as were seen on the stage in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Patience" are certainly not without their value; and the taste for subdued and harmonious colours has become so general, that a glaring red, an emerald green, or a cerulean blue, is never seen now in what is commonly known as polite society.

Dress must of necessity be regarded from two points of view, and I think it can be shown that the one is almost identical with the other. I mean that the first thing to consider is what gives and secures health to our bodies; the second, what gives pleasure to the eye of ourselves and others, by reason of its beauty. It needs no education in the mysteries of physiology to discover that to check and impede, by whatever means, the free and perfect action of the muscles, must lead of necessity to their degeneration and ultimate destruction; nor does it require any abstruse mathematical problem to demonstrate that the hidden organs of the body, supposed by nature to have a certain amount of space to exist and work in, can do neither if that space be gradually restricted; and that as the body itself grows larger, and the organs of breathing, digestion, and circulation have more onerous duties imposed upon them, they require to be free from external pressure and constriction to carry on a healthy existence. It would almost seem as if common sense alone might teach people that interference with the natural and perfect form of the human body—whether by the bandaging of any limb or the displacement of any organ—must produce disastrous consequences; and it is surprising to find that the constant reiteration of this truism, with instances and illustrations, should be necessary still.

I am disposed to believe that the existing indifference to the sacrifice of health entailed by modern dress is due to the false idea of beauty which has taken possession of those who lead the fashions in civilised communities. A recent writer on "Beauty" tells us that the mischievous person



THE GREEK DRESS.



THE DIVIDED SKIRT.

who first presented the grotesque outline of the body seen when the waist has been artificially "improved" was a certain Norman lady who lived about three hundred years ago; but Charles Kingsley says that, in the letters of Synesius, Bishop of Cyrene—a place



ARTISTIC DRESSES.



CHILD'S COSTUME.

on the Greek shores of Africa—written about twelve hundred years since, mention is made of a slave girl from the far East, who was shipwrecked on the coast, and was regarded as a curiosity by the Greek ladies who rescued her, by reason of her pinched wasp-like waist. She was sent from house to house and beheld with astonishment and laughter; for "with such a waist" it seemed impossible to these ladies that a human being should breathe or live: "so they petted the poor girl and fed her as they might a dwarf or a giantess, till she got quite fat and comfortable, while her owners had not enough to eat."

Any society or institution that deals with matters affecting the health must take note of the many serious evils that result from the modern follies of compression and distortion in feminine attire; and so the National Health Society, which professes to "diffuse the knowledge in the laws of health in every possible way, amongst all classes of society," feels it incumbent on itself to commission a competent surgeon and anatomist to denounce, with all authority and solemnity, the practices of those Englishwomen who offend against natural laws, and to endeavour to bring on a better state of things by volunteering some practical suggestions as to hygienic clothing.

For those who have submitted for years to the tyranny of fashion, and have deformed both their figures and their feet, there is not much to be done. The muscles which are weakened will scarcely now recover their strength, and the bones which have been twisted, in the feet and body alike, must remain as they are. It is with young girls not yet subjected to the process of deformation that the effort at improvement should be made; if they can be delivered from the Moloch of fashion, we may hope much for another generation. The lectures given at Kensington and elsewhere under the auspices of the Society created great interest. This was extended by an exhibition of hygienic garments. With only a few days' notice, a collection was made of such things as, I suppose, were never before exhibited; they were on view no more than five days; but during that time thousands of women saw that consideration of the subject had already borne fruit, and that there was room for improvement and suggestion still. To this end another exhibition of the kind will be held next year, when all who have contributions to make are invited to make them, and when new lights may possibly be thrown on the difficult question, "how best to combine health, freedom of movement, and the artistic requirements of beauty with the exigencies of

modern life." It must be confessed that up to this time no perfect solution of the difficulty has appeared. Many creditable attempts have been made, and each suggestive costume has something to recommend it in one direction or another. The overflowing attendance at the recent exhibition, where there was comparatively little to see, proves that the female mind is deeply exercised by the question, and very ready for practical hints about reform.

A society of ladies calling itself the Rational Dress Society exhibited a dress which is said to be advantageous for walking or active exercise of any kind. Its chief feature is the divided skirt, which, its advocates say, does away with the inconveniences attached to heavy drapery and to dresses which prevent the leg from moving freely. Moreover, by its means each limb is separately clothed, and warmth and decency alike are secured. In order not to offend popular prejudice, the skirt—as may be seen from our second illustration—is so arranged and dissembled by the kilting round its edge as to be scarcely distinguishable from an ordinary dress. The lady who was the first in society to wear this form of skirt speaks highly of it, and adds that, hygienically, its value is doubled by the fact that it does not rest on the waist for support, but is fastened by buttons on to a waistcoat fitted to the shoulders. To get rid of the conventional appearance of a waist ridiculously small, she wears a Zouave jacket with a full Garibaldi sort of front, in some pretty soft material, which makes a kind of pendent pouch over a loosely fastened waistband. Several admirable tennis and boating dresses made in this fashion were shown, and I can quite imagine that modifications of it will become popular for out-door exercise.

When matters of costume and personal adornment are discussed, those with artistic tendencies have naturally much to say; and the familiar acquaintance which all students of art must have with the most beautiful conceptions of an art-loving nation, such as Greece was in her day, undoubtedly exercises an influence on their taste and judgment. They do right to associate the finest specimens of art with ideas of health, grace, and power almost unknown in these degenerate days. To walk through the corridors of the British Museum is to feel inclined to say, "Such men and women can be, for they have been; and they may be yet again, if we will but make real use of science instead of only boasting about it." A somewhat modernised Greek dress — figured in our first picture — had its place in the exhibition. It was lent by Mrs. Pfeiffer, who, attired in one, most simple and well suited to the occasion, herself took frequent opportunity to explain its merits and its adaptability to modern life.

All dress reformers insist on the minimum amount of underclothing being worn, so as to diminish weight. To secure warmth, the use is advocated of the garment known as a "Combination," made of warm flannel or other material, according to climate. Over this is worn a boneless or very light form of corset, specimens of which were on view; and to this again is buttoned an upper skirt, made usually in the divided form. Mrs. Pfeiffer wears a perfectly plain princess dress, made much like a tea-gown—of silk, velvet, cashmere, and so forth—above which there is arranged the typical drapery—the shawl, or chiton—which must of necessity be of soft and yielding material. The under-dress may be worn high or low according to circumstances; and when full dress is required the sleeves may be dispensed with, for the drapery when properly arranged hangs gracefully over the arm. This drapery is composed of a piece of material—soft silk, china crêpe, or gauze—the size of which is regulated by the stature of the wearer, the rule being that the width shall be double the square of the person, measured from finger-tip to finger-tip with the arms extended, the length being taken from the point of the shoulder to within two inches of the ground. When this diapering is doubled it forms an oblong square. Two buttons sewn on each shoulder of the under-dress secure four loops fixed to the four upper corners of the drapery; and the centre of the shawl, hanging in a fold like a burnous between the shoulders to below the waist, forms the back of the garment. The arrangement of the folds across the chest and over the sides of the dress is perfectly simple, and is easily learnt. The garment may be worn with or without a girdle round the waist, and in either case is essentially classical and graceful. In addition to its perfectly natural and beautiful form, its other advantages are many and great. It is as easily folded and packed away as an ordinary shawl, and the under-dress can be worn at any time without its ornamental drapery. Its advocates permit no trimming nor embroidery upon the shawl but such as is absolutely wrought into it, and no fringe that is not part of the material. It possesses every element of permanency, and allows of no sham nor cheap imitativeness in ornamentation. Whether it be worn with a short under-skirt for walking and with folds drawn through the girdle so as not to be in the way, or as a graceful evening dress with flowing skirts of rich material and beautifully embroidered drapery, it appears to me to commend itself to lovers of art and sanitary reformers alike, and must impart a sense of naturalness and dignified repose to every one who wears it. Mrs. Pfeiffer lent the exhibition one lovely white India muslin chiton, or diploidon, elaborately embroidered

with Indian gold, to be worn over a white satin under-dress; with one of dark myrtle-green satin, with drapery of soft silk of the same colour. The absence of frills and trimmings and the quiet intrinsic beauty of these dresses were remarkable.

By many who make their gowns according to their own idea of beauty, and not according to the regulation fashion of a French or English milliner, an artistic Old English costume will perhaps be preferred to one imitated from the antique. There were dresses —made in rich satin; one of a soft grey colour, another of deep myrtle-green—with plain skirts having but a small frill at the edge, and full bodices with bands high up round the waists, which offered no temptation to compression, as the skirts were set full into the waist and fell in graceful folds to the feet. The full bodices were gathered down round the shoulders and in again at the waist. The sleeves were large and full, and in the grey one they were cut into two tabs in front, allowing soft white muslin to appear as an under-sleeve, furnished at the wrist with a ruffle of good old lace to match a soft hanging collarette round the neck. The tabs, or fastenings to the front part of the sleeve, were held together over the muslin by two jewelled buttons of curious workmanship. Altogether these dresses—a good idea of which may be got from the specimens figured in our third picture—were very pretty and suggestive. They might be made in less costly but soft material, and would permit the application of the very beautiful elastic needlework known as "smocking," instead of the little gathers commonly used. For children's costumes the elastic ornamentation of this kind for neck and wrists is very suitable and very pretty. Many of various colours were exhibited which allowed free play to the muscles, and were trim and dainty in appearance. One of these is shown in our fourth illustration. Smocking is work that but few can do well; and like all ornament worked into the substance of a garment, it gives a superior and permanent appearance to everything to which it is applied.

The promoters of the exhibition had round the room drawings of perfect female figures from well-known statues, with a cast of the Venus of Milo, so remarkable for her beautiful but powerful form. Feet such as artists love to paint, feet that had never known the deforming influence of a shoe, were contrasted in drawings and models with feet the result of years of compression and torture; and reasonable coverings for the foot, strong and comfortable and not unsightly, were sent in for exhibition from many makers. Hygienic stockings — stockings fingered like gloves—were also on view. Pedestrians tell us that such separation of the surface of the toes is very advantageous and comfortable when the feet are completely shod. With sandals only, which are but soles to tread on, the division would not be necessary.

As the exhibition included only feminine garments, and only ladies were admitted to see, there were exhibited all known devices for improving their present wear. Oculists have often made great and justifiable objections to the use of spotted or figured net in veils. Advantage was taken of this fact to exhibit veils of wire ground net with an invention attached which should altogether supersede the ugly and unbecoming respirator. It consists of a piece of thin delicate wire gauze introduced into a deep hem at the bottom of the veil. Fastened over the face in the usual way, it comes just before the nose and mouth, and, whilst acting as a respirator, is quite unnoticeable in appearance.

Whatever may be thought of the form which recent criticisms on dress have taken, and of the evident dissatisfaction with the present state of things that exists in some circles, it is certain that the attiring of the body, and its suitable and pleasant adornment, may be classed amongst "the lesser arts of life," and as such deserve the attention of all reasonable men and women. The teaching of such men as Ruskin and William Morris is that the "lesser arts of life" are those which satisfy our bodily wants, and that they should be studied to make common things beautiful, and our daily life a pleasure and a joy. That their teaching is of great and permanent value is a fact that cannot be too vigorously presented. It enables us to make beauty and health and comfort the common material of life; and we shall do well to extend it, not only to the homes we inhabit, but to the clothes we wear. Perhaps at no period of history has there been greater freedom in the makes of dress; and therefore there is less excuse for the adoption or perpetuation of any monstrosity which may be said to be fashionable. Never were women better able to appear attired after their own devices, and according to their own ideas of reasonableness, decency, and propriety, without exciting remark or derision. With this freedom to encourage, and the teachings of artists, philosophers, and physiologists to guide us, surely there will one day be evolved a manner of dress for women which will be at once sensible and graceful. Surely we may hope for a costume constructed with due regard to the fitness of things, and to the avocations of the wearer, which shall check the restlessness of Fashion and imply a recognition that all which appertains to us, whether in personal attire or domestic surroundings, should be expressive of our individuality, and not of slavish obedience to a code of fashion which disregards the requirements of health and common sense, and imposes on us not only ill-health but ugliness.

THE TWO PAINTERS.

AN ART FABLE.



ART some hold themselves content
If they but compass what they meant;
Others prefer, their purpose gained,
Still to find something unattained—
Something to which they vaguely grope
With no more aid than that of Hope.
Which are the wiser? Who shall say?
The prudent follower of Gay
Refrains to speak for either view,
But slips his fable 'twixt the two.

Once—'twas in good Queen Anna's time—
While yet in this benighted clime,
The Genius of the Arts (now known
On mouldy pediments alone)
Protected all the men of mark,
Two painters met her in the Park.
Whether she wore the robe of air
Portrayed by Verrio and Laguerre;
Or, like Belinda, trod this earth,
Equipped with hoop of monstrous girth,
And armed at every point for slaughter
With essences and orange-water,
I know not: but it seems that then,
After some talk of brush and pen,—
Some chat of Art both high and low,
Of Van's "goose-pie" and Kneller's "*mot*,"—
The lady, as a Goddess should,
Bade them ask of her what they would.
"Then, madam, my request," says Brisk,
Giving his Ramillies a whisk,
"Is that your Majesty will crown
My humble efforts with renown.
Let me, I beg it—thanks to you—
Be praised for everything I do,
Whether I paint a man of note,
Or only plan a petticoat."
"Nay," quoth the other, "I confess"
(This one was plainer in his dress,
And even poorly clad), "for me,
I scorn your popularity.
Why should I care to catch at once
The point of view of every dunce?
Let me do well, indeed, but find
The fancy first, the work behind;
Nor wholly touch the thing I wanted. . ."
The Goddess both petitions granted.

Each, in his way, achieved success;
But one grew great. And which one? Guess.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE STORY OF A FAILURE.

ON the 13th of October, 1880, in an ordinary cottage house on the outskirts of Liverpool, there died, to quote his own door plate, "William Daniels, Artist." He was sixty-eight years of age, he had worked hard though erratically from boyhood, he had rare opportunities and even rarer powers; and yet, when the end came, two lines in the obituary columns of the local papers, and a few paragraphs more fully announcing the death of a local celebrity, were held enough for it.



THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

(From the Picture by W. Daniels. By Permission of W. Somerville, Esq.)

For this Daniels himself was largely responsible. Fame he sought little, and money less; and when his powers were most with him he alternated between fits of work and long spells of play. His father was a soldier, who married a public-house waitress, and took to the ancient calling of brickmaking, the whole of the family, including William, the artist in little, helping to mould and carry and turn. Wilhelm Meister made figures in wax; William Daniels made figures in clay, and drew faces on the soft surface of unsunned bricks. He made figures and drew faces so adroitly, indeed, that a wood-engraver named Mosses took an interest in him in his rural walks, and ultimately convinced the father that a course at the drawing school of the Royal Institution, Liverpool, would not be thrown away upon him. Daniels senior so far showed his sense of his son's needs for the new venture as to buy him a pair of clogs; and the boy attended the class in such spare hours as the brick path left him. By unusual diligence and aptitude, he soon won the first prize for figure drawing. On the night of the presentation of this prize, the

poor lad was sorely perplexed. He could not bear the thought of clattering up the room in his clogs, and he was well-nigh at the end of his courage; when a companion proposed an exchange, and he walked up and received the prize in his kindly comrade's boots. He went on brickmaking and drawing until Mosses further influenced the father: this time to apprentice him a wood-cutter. This was also agreed upon, the boy entertaining a fond notion that it was an apprenticeship to the brush as well as to the graver. There was disappointment, however; Daniels was bound to the graver only, and although the master actually painted, he declined to take the apprentice into his confidence as to his method. This drove the boy to work at home by the glimmer of cheap candles. Almost before he could know the name and style of Rembrandt, he fell naturally into the study of light and shade effects, and henceforth his work bore traces of this early fascination. In this respect his old age was true to his youth, for his last work was but a variation of the first. In his leisure, too, he took to portrait painting; and, continuing his studies, he made his first public appearance at the Liverpool Academy's Exhibition when he was about seventeen years of age, exciting, it is said, between the master and the pupil comparisons particularly odious to the master. He made headway rapidly, encountering and overcoming technical difficulties as by a strong animal instinct; and his portraits and candle-light studies brought him much local adulation. He took to self-decoration, and expressed his professional advance by much gaiety of costume and life. Pats on the back are more confounding to some natures than thumps on the head; and it is very probable, knowing the sequel as we do, that Daniels' mental balance was disturbed by the laudation of early admirers. He was soon free —free from his apprenticeship; he was a painter; he could sell his studies and take commissions for portraits; and he felt that life was worth living and painting. He lived boisterously, and worked with still increasing power. About this time he excited the interest of Sir Joshua Walmsley, and painted portraits of Sir Joshua and Sir Joshua's son. It is needless to say that he married before he ought. What makes his marriage peculiar is that he actually had to paint a subject (his sweetheart as a gipsy pedlar) and sell it direct from the easel in order to buy a licence and the ring. Thus mated, he laboured hard, and his portraitures brought him numerous commissions, while his range of subject widened greatly. There was more grasp and more power. He was maturing; and had he not by this time read his Bible and his Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Gray, and the old comedies? Did he not more vividly see the beauties of form and shadow and colour and light, and feel the possibility of greatness in anything he essayed? But he also felt the fascination of strong drink. The master of much, with a prospect of being master of more, he was a slave to liquor; and life and painting began to partake less of premeditation and more of the chance of the cup. He had matured a taste for bad company, and had got to care little for self-respect and ambition. He was a jovial pot-companion and a good singer of old songs; and it is an eloquent fact that much of his work was for public-houses. He delighted in the society of pedlars, tramps, actors, and boxers; he was active with the gloves, and, like Compton the comedian, he always found a muscular delight in their use.

A billiard-room in Liverpool contains a portrait by him of his friend Jem Ward, the pugilist. He has also painted (almost in miniature) himself in action in a prize-ring. He was a friend of G. V. Brooke, and of Harry Boleno the clown; and he painted portraits of Charles Kean as "Hamlet," and of Mr. Barry Sullivan and James Lunt (a Liverpool actor) as "Othello and Iago." The portrait of Mr. Barry Sullivan came to partial annihilation (it was slashed down the middle) owing to the prying proclivities of a friend of the actor during the sitting. The writer has seen two other pictures of value cut and cross-cut by Daniels in momentary passion: one, a scene in a coal-mine; the other, a drunkard sitting on a kitchen floor unconscious of his round and rosy babe just roused from slumber at its mother's breast. Daniels, too, has painted some pleasant types of girlhood. Simple heads they are, but full of a quiet charm. Some of them have touches of deep, lifelong pathos: the painter's expression, no doubt, of the grief that was in him and in those who watched his whims with affectionate solicitude.

With Sir Joshua Walmsley for a patron, Daniels' prospects were exceptionally good. Among his sitters were Sir Humphrey Davy and George Stephenson. He might have painted the Duke of Wellington as well; but, Daniels-like, he did not keep his appointment. It is said, too, that he was invited to paint a portrait of Prince Albert, but disrespectfully declined connection with royalty. Matters had come to this—it was the patron who took off his hat to the painter, and not the painter to the patron; and the sitter's one anxiety was to catch the artist in a favourable mood. Unfavourable moods were dangerous to the growing portrait. The artist might say — and mean it — that he would never touch the canvas again; or he might, on the other hand, touch it there and then, and fatally, with a vigorous smear of paint. At home—to the sound of a favourite musical box—he frequently worked at night, when all else but himself, the flicker of his

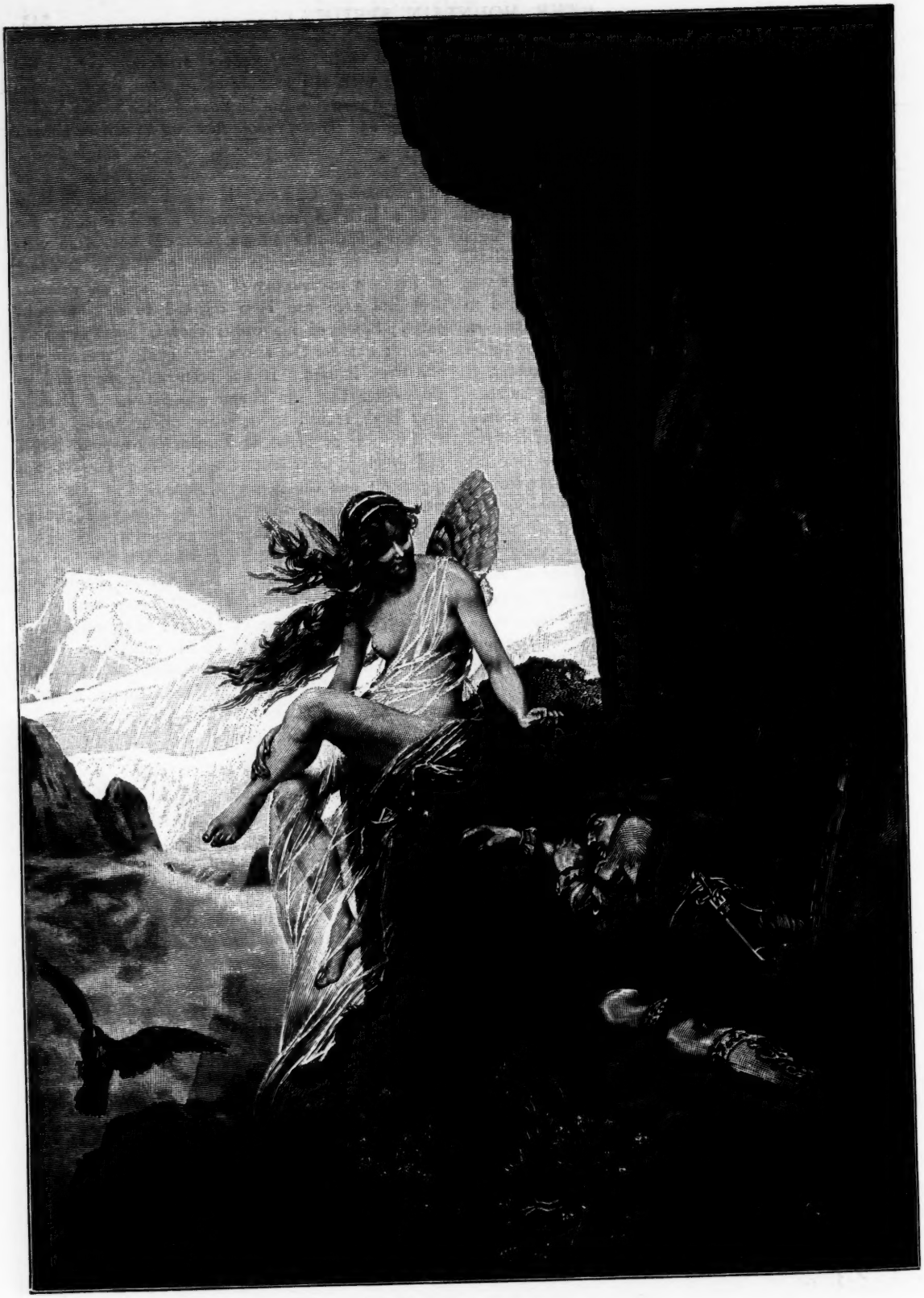
candle, and his own shadow, was still. He cared little for money—it often went sooner than it came; and plenty and want alternated with each other. He often painted under singular conditions of contract. His fee has been left in golden instalments on the most convenient corner of a mantelpiece, ready for him whenever he chose to call, either for work or play. He has painted on panels and beer-barrels; even his greatest "Shylock" (there are at least three "Shylocks") is executed on a common cloth, and was commenced as a public-house sign. He was so opposed in practice to domestic economy, and so eagerly did a select few purchase his work, that even if he desired there was little opportunity for public exhibition. He did once exhibit in Manchester, it is true, and once at the Royal Academy; and the President at the annual dinner paid him a special compliment. His only public picture in Liverpool is a portrait of the late Mr. Mayer in Brown's Museum; but in South Kensington there are several of his portraits. Like Hogarth, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, he painted his own portrait pretty often. It is a pity that the noble Walker Gallery in his native city does not possess a single one of these portraits. It would possibly become the nucleus of a collection of his work. It might even suggest to many possessors, at their eleventh hour, the means of doing Daniels and themselves a public honour by a death-bed gift.

The manner of Daniels is somewhat Dutch, and his matter is that of a fiery poetical nature dwarfed by its own excesses, artificially excited but sombre with the shadow of its own tragedy. On but few occasions has he done justice to his higher feeling and power, rather choosing to deliver himself of prayerful nuns, pedlars, beggars, single heads, and moonlight effects than of "Shylocks," or of "Prisoners of Chillon," in which he proved himself a kind of master, with a real capacity for graphic, flash-like effects. He did not often venture beyond the single figure, as though in dread of his own uncertainty of fervour; and his greatest technical care has been devoted to still-life subjects. Some of his works show a good sense of colour; but, on the whole, this quality was limited and weak in him. It has been aptly suggested to the writer that the vulgar associations of Daniels may have tended to dull his colour sense. But that he was an artist, with great dexterity of touch and excellent short-cuts to expression, there is no question; and the regret is that he was not more true to the faculty within him—that such powers as his should have been so unworthily employed, and often so inadequately expressed. He had an eye for the beauties of life, but he would not reach far out for them. He left many works unfinished, and even some of his best have indications of exhaustion, the fervour of his conception being often briefer than his rapid execution. This profusion of unfinished work, with its fulness of possibilities and of shortcomings, is quite symbolical of his imperfect life and character.

"THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CONRAD DIELITZ.

IN French and English art there is now-a-days no room for the supernatural. Elves and sprites, fairies and gnomes and kobbolds, nixies and demons, brownies and kelpies and mermaidens, have all departed. Machinery, the Republic, the Theory of Evolution, the "First Principles of Sociology," have somehow been too many for them; they are as dead as the Fauns and Dryads, their pagan ancestors; they have vanished from literature and art; they are only to be heard of on occasion (and in costume), at the Porte St.-Martin or at Drury Lane. Fifty and seventy years ago, when romanticism was the fashion, and the only realists were men like Malthus and Jeremy Bentham, they might be had anywhere and for the asking. Scott delighted in them, as he delighted in everything that was graceful and imaginative and true; and so—in a gloomy and portentous manner—did Byron. Moore put them into Turkish trousers and called them djinns and peris. Keats invented an antique world of his own for them, and made nymphs of them, and satyrs, and even Titans and lamias. Shelley took them out into space with him, and garbed them as Echoes, and Voices, and Dreams, and Witches of Atlas, and appearances of that sort. It was the same in France. There Goethe was an influence, Hoffman seemed a great poet, and Don Juan was an heroic figure; and ghosts, witches, vampires, skeletons, sylphs, salamanders, and wilis were as plentiful as National Guards. Boulanger, Hugo, and Berlioz produced a "Ronde du Sabbat" apiece. Nodier created his Inez de las Sierras. Gautier got off an "Albertus" and an "Onophrius," and half a dozen queer fantasies beside. Delacroix bent all his splendid genius to the task of illustrating "Faust" and "Hamlet." Even Dumas, the genius of imaginative common sense, was guilty of a "Vampire"



THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

(From the Picture by Conrad Dielitz.)

and a "Don Juan de Maraña;" even Prosper Mérimée, an incarnation of the spirit of prose, got enamoured of living statues and diabolical interferences. They and their compeers could hardly have been more passionately devoted to the supernatural in art had they actually believed in it in fact. This, however, they did not do. It was a way they had of neighbouring themselves with Shakespeare, and proving themselves endowed with imagination.

It was from Germany that the emigration had come; the country of Goethe and Schiller was as full of goblins as of professors. It had peopled the world with them, and its stock for home consumption remained as large as ever. In Germany they find refuge still. The kingdom of the air has only been half-Prussianised. Wagner's operas are a proof of it. That astute and able musician has perceived that the modern German is not content to live by war and pessimism alone, but that the supernatural, in one form or another, is a necessary of life for him; and he has peopled his stage with the fierce and bloody presences that slay and sin and plunder in the savage old Nibelung epic. The choice is eminently judicious. Wotan and Siegfried and their enormous companions are tolerably supernatural, and are absolutely German; they satisfy the national instinct, and they appeal to the national pride; and their popularity is universal. They are the Mephistos and the Erlkings of present times; their author, to adapt a title of Mr. Browning's, is confessedly "Le Goethe de nos Jours."

From Wagner and Fafner and Brünhilde to Herr Dielitz and his "Mountain Sprite," the transition is comparatively easy. The painter's heroine is of another epoch and another fashion, it is true; but she is supernatural, she is German after a fashion, and her relationship to the water-maidens who guard the great treasure in the abysses of the Rhine is by no means so remote as it may seem. Unfortunately the conventionality she represents is an old one. She has no particular meaning in herself, she fills no important place in Teutonic mythology; in a word, she is neither national nor symbolical. She has been inspired, not by the "Ring des Nibelungen" and the Music of the Future, but by Heinrich Heine and the "Harzreise." She might be an ideal portrait of Carlotta Grisi, as the Princess Ilse, in a ballet by Adolph Adam. Heine was very fond of the princess, as of her cousin, the Loreley. He wrote them some of his most charming verses, and did his best to make the world as fond of them as he was himself. For a time he succeeded, but only for a time. The mode has changed; and for Ilse and her stories of Kaiser Heinrich—

> "Ich hielt ihm zu die Ohren,
> Wenn die Trompet' erklang"—

we have Alberich and Fafner and the amorous Brünhilde, and the combination of Beethoven and Æschylus and Shakespeare presented by Richard Wagner.

THE DRAWINGS OF ALBERT DÜRER.*



ST. CHRISTOPHER.
(*Bremen.*)

THE original drawings and sketches of the great masters are coming to fill every day a more important place in the study and history of painting. They have furnished the materials for much of the most valuable recent work in the biography and criticism of artists: witness for example the lives of Raphael, by Professor Springer and M. Muntz respectively, to which we called attention a few months ago. No one would undertake now-a-days to compose an account of the life and work of any artist without first arming himself with as complete an apparatus as possible of photographs, not from his finished works only, but also from his experimental drawings and studies. These fugitive sheets, when they are genuine and fairly preserved, show us in what manner the artist worked when he was most at home with nature or with his own thoughts. By the aid of some, we can trace his ideas for this or that masterpiece from their first rudimentary conception to ma-



PEASANTS COMING FROM MARKET.
(*British Museum.*)

* "Albert Dürer et ses Dessins." Par Charles Ephrussi. (Paris: A. Quantin.) 60 francs.

turity, and can see how they were consolidated by reference to fact, and transmuted in the search after perfection: others, again, place before us the record of his mere passing observations, of impressions which claimed attention at the moment, but were not destined to be made use of afterwards. In a word, the drawings and sketches of a master afford, not indeed the most complete expression of his genius—its most complete expression must always be sought in his finished pictures, provided any such exist uninjured—but its freshest and most spontaneous expression, and that which most intimately reveals to us the secrets of his mind and method.



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.
(*Bremen.*)

From Vasari (himself a great collector of drawings) down to our own time, this has been the feeling of every historical student of art. The charm and value of the drawings of the great masters, considered as artistic possessions, have since his day been attested by the formation of many rich collections of them, both public and private. But it is only within the last score or so of years that the contents of these collections have become practically available for the purposes of critical comparison and study. Formerly an insignificant fraction only of the most important were published, in costly volumes of engraved facsimiles. For the rest, the student of drawings had to trust to his note-books or to memory, and so to carry his store of observations about with him from cabinet to cabinet as he could. Now, photography has enabled us to bring together for comparison, by means of reproductions which are often little inferior to the originals themselves, the various studies of any given master that may lie scattered throughout the cabinets in Europe. Hear the advice which Signor Morelli of Milan, the prince of living connoisseurs, addresses to his readers on this subject:—"Before all things I would urge my young friends to addict themselves to the study of original drawings by the great masters. As for their paintings, Time with his tooth, and Restoration with her hoof, have in general been so busy upon them that we often cannot discern the true spirit of the master beneath the crust which conceals his handiwork. In his drawings, on the other hand, the whole man stands before us devoid of mask or affectation, and his genius speaks directly to our soul, with all its powers and all its infirmities. Nor is it for acquiring a knowledge of individual masters only that the study of original drawings is indispensable; they teach us also to recognise the characteristic marks which distinguish school from school. It is in drawings and not in finished pictures that we can best discriminate the family features, both spiritual and material, of painters and schools of painting—their feeling for the forms of drapery, their way of expressing light and shade, their partiality to the use of pen, black chalk, red chalk, and the like." Our author goes on to recommend the student, as soon as he has gained a certain elementary familiarity with the styles of the great masters in their finished works, to procure photographs of some of their most characteristic drawings; he will thus find himself cheaply in possession of the most fruitful sources of further instruction; "while as for the delight which the study is capable of affording to one whose eye is already duly trained, I count it among the purest which man is permitted to enjoy on earth."



SKETCH FOR A HANAP.
(*Dresden.*)

The author of the book before us, M. Ephrussi, is almost as enthusiastic a student of drawings as Signor Morelli himself. The painter of M. Ephrussi's predilection is Albert Dürer, and he has for years devoted himself to the task of examining and comparing the studies of that great master wherever they were to be found. Of the results of his labours several instalments have from time to time been published, some in separate pamphlets, the greater number in the Paris *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. The whole series, with additions and corrections, is now united in a



SKETCH FOR A HANAP.
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single handsome and richly illustrated volume. Much has lately been written about Dürer, and in especial the masterly biography of M. Thausing has set many of the facts and relations of his life in a new and convincing light. On some few points of this kind M. Ephrussi has new facts or arguments to bring forward: most, however, he assumes as known, confining himself, so far as biography is concerned, to matters which are directly suggested by the drawings themselves. There are, in truth, few masters who have thrown so much of themselves into their drawings as Dürer, or of whose strongest and most characteristic work so large a proportion exists in this form. One of the most strenuous of workers, he nevertheless produced comparatively few finished pictures. The demand for pictures by his hand was indeed not great, but had it been greater his sternly minute and exact method of work would still have prevented him from completing any large number: and of those which he did complete, one of the most important, the "Assumption of the Virgin" painted for Jakob Heller, the pious rich draper of Frankfort, has been burnt, while another, the "Feast of Rose Garlands," lies irretrievably injured and disfigured in the monastery of Strahow, near Prague.



STUDY FOR AN ETCHING.
(Albertina Collection.)

A great part of Dürer's time and industry was devoted, as every one knows, not to painting, but to engraving. He was himself an incomparable engraver on metal, and the five or six score plates which he produced in that manner represent the highest degree of power and accomplishment ever attained in the art: while in wood-engraving he furnished two hundred or more designs to be cut by handicraftsmen trained, and in all probability superintended, by himself. Neither is this distribution of Dürer's time and energy to be regretted. He was by nature essentially a draughtsman. In the colourist's part of the painter's craft, the great master of Nuremberg was weak in comparison either with the masters of the Venetian school, or with those of Bruges, Brussels, and Mechlin, on his own side of the Alps. His colouring is pure, vivid, and careful, but it is apt to be sharp and dry, and, as in much of the German painting of his time, arbitrarily variegated, without the quality which comes from an instinctive and controlling sense of harmony: hence the first effect upon the student of any of his elaborately finished pictures, as for instance the "All Saints" of the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna, is one of disappointment almost always.

But in imagination and drawing, Dürer had no superior either north or south of the Alps. Of all the rugged and forcible and dramatic aspects of human life and physiognomy, and of a very wide range of the aspects of animal nature and landscape, he has in his own style the grasp of an absolute master. He lacks, indeed, the sense of grace; but he possesses the sense of heroism and energy and human sincerity in a magnificent degree; all the stubborn veracity and all the virile aspirations of the Teutonic genius seem to have concentrated themselves in his mind and hand. Those facts which he discerns, and those qualities with which he can sympathise, he knows how to express with an energetic vitality and searching precision of delineation in which he stands alone. It is in line—in the quality of linear draughtsman-

ship—that his paramount strength as an artist lies. With the strongly-driven stroke of his graver on the copper, or with the lightlier laid one of his pen or crayon or brush-point upon paper, he will strike out the essential structure and characters of a figure or of a group more vitally and scarce less solidly to our apprehension than the Kraffts or Vischers among his fellow-townsmen could hew them out of substantial wood or stone. And when, the structural and boundary lines in his work being determined and done, he goes on to the expression of light and shadow, it is less in the light and shadow for their own sakes that he still takes interest, than in the conduct and quality of the linear work by which he expresses them. As an engraver he rejoices, as well he may, in the obedience of his hand, and renders the lustre of armour, the gloss of fur and intricacy and convolution of hair, the smoothness or ruggedness of flesh, the crispness and mystery of foliage, the variegated grain of timber, and all the accidents of the world's surfaces in shadow or shine, with a combined richness and precision of workmanship, a severity and luxuriance together, which have justly been the despair of all other artificers. With the more pliant instruments of brush or pen or crayon, it is needless to say that the same qualities do not desert him. His studies are of all degrees of finish, from the slightest to the most elaborate, but in all there is the same energetic certainty of touch; while the most highly wrought have at the same time a multiplicity of precise superficial detail, which in the works of a weaker master would have crushed out the expression of the central facts: but Dürer knows always how to seize and emphasise these in a manner which no amount of detail can confuse.

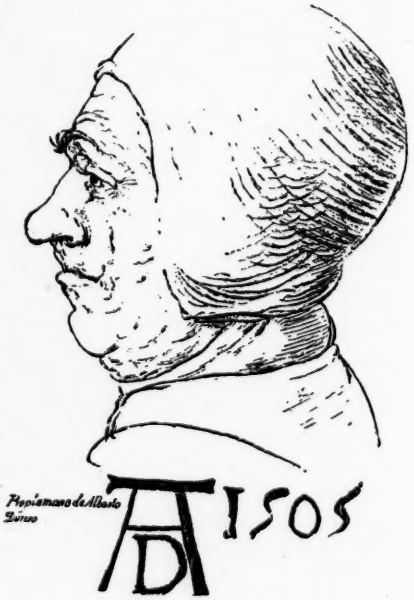


ST. VERONICA'S KERCHIEF.
(Albertina Collection.)

In all Europe there was living in Dürer's time only one artist (there has lived none since) who could compare with him in this particular excellence, in the purity of precision of linear draughtsmanship. That artist was Lionardo da Vinci. In many ways the two men, Dürer and Lionardo, were allied. Both, in addition to their artistic and creative impulse, were strongly possessed also by the analytic or scientific impulse, and gave up much of their energies to speculative theory and research. The Nuremberg of Dürer's youth was far less a home of culture and genius and intellectual activity than the Florence of Lionardo's: the German accordingly began from a



FELIX HUNGERSPERG, THE LUTANIST.
(Albertina Collection.)



PORTRAIT OF AN OLD MAN.
(Mitchell Collection.)

lower level of attainment than the Italian: neither were his researches so many-sided, nor his faculties so superhumanly brilliant. Our historic image of Dürer, laborious, pious, earnest, ever manfully toiling, and withal ever burningly questioning and brooding, is that of a personage in a high degree honourable, amiable, and interesting: but it is less impressive than our historic image of Lionardo, with its necromantic charm, as of one whose genius had revealed to him mysteries unknown to other men, but would not suffer him to pause and turn them to account, ever beckoning him on with the promise of new powers to be obtained, and new secrets to be discovered, until death overtook him at last, ripe in years, but with his work scarce begun.

But though the career and personality of the German artist may be less fascinating than those of the Italian, and his natural gifts less commanding, the two nevertheless resembled each other more intimately than perhaps any other two great artists in history. They resembled each other by their passion for artistic perfection. They resembled each other, as we have said, by their eager curiosity concerning the inner laws and mechanism of those phenomena of which art reproduces the external aspects: Dürer, like Lionardo, if in a humbler manner, was a devoted student of anatomy and proportion, of optics and perspective, of engineering and mechanics. They resembled each other, again, in this, that Lionardo is the typical draughtsman of the Italian, as Dürer is the typical draughtsman of the German school. Both are equally powerful, according to their different ideals and to the complexion of their different races, in seizing and recording the facts of natural form, structure, and physiognomy by the method of linear definition. More, too, even than Dürer, Lionardo has to be sought for and studied, not in his finished pictures, which are few indeed, and those for the most part ruined, but in his original sketches and studies,



STUDY OF AN OLD MAN.

(Albertina Collection.)

which are numerous, and marked with all the fascination of his genius.

But to return to our proper subject, the drawings of Dürer considered by themselves. These have with justice from the first been highly valued, and copies and imitations of them have abounded since the days immediately following the master's death. To discriminate the true from the false is not always easy, but taking only those of unquestionable authenticity, their number is very considerable indeed. They consist of studies for pictures; designs, finished or rudimentary, of saints or fancy or classical subjects for engraving on copper or on wood, some of which have been turned to account in works with which we are all familiar, while others have never been put to use; with some hundred and fifty or more portrait studies of all degrees of importance, a few only of which have been painted or engraved from afterwards; about a hundred studies of landscape, animals, and still life, many of them unsurpassably wrought in colour; and nearly as many more sketches and designs for architecture, goldsmith's work, and ornamental fabrics. The materials in which Dürer wrought these studies are various, the chief varieties being silver-point on prepared paper; charcoal on plain paper; crayons, often on prepared paper, and the lights touched with white; and opaque water-colour.

The richest collection of drawings by Dürer is that of the Albertina at Vienna; the British Museum and the Berlin Museum, of which the latter has been greatly enriched in recent years, may dispute the second place. Then comes the Louvre and the public collection at Bremen, with those of Munich, Dresden, Hamburg, Frankfort, Bale, Florence, Milan, Venice, and Oxford following at a considerable interval. More important than several of these smaller public collections are the richer private ones, such as those of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly, M. Blasius at Brunswick, and Mr. Malcolm and Mr. Mitchell in London. It is one of the merits of M. Ephrussi's books that he gives a double reference catalogue of the authentic drawings by Dürer known to him, one classed according to subjects, and the other according to collections. In the body of his work his method is chronological. He begins by telling of the lost drawing of three heads once in the Imhof collection, said to have been done in 1480, when Dürer was but nine years old; of the well-known portrait of himself, done at thirteen (already engraved in this volume, on page 164); the woman with a falcon, in the manner of Martin Schongauer, at the British Museum; and the Madonna with angels, at Berlin, a design adopted by Dürer in his student-days from a picture of the school of Cologne. Next comes the careful and ambitious early drawing of the "Six Horsemen," from Bremen, with its wooden horses and vigorous riders, and its fine suggestion of landscape. This brings us to the close of Dürer's apprenticeship at Nuremberg, and to the beginning of his four years of travel. In this connection M. Ephrussi (1491—1494) discusses at length the evidence contained in a certain group of Dürer's landscape drawings as to the question of his supposed journey to Venice in the spring of 1494. His conclusion is strongly against the supposition of such a journey, and his arguments, taken in connection with evidence of Dürer's visit to Strasburg during the same spring, seem to me on the whole convincing. Then we come to the fine group of drawings done by Dürer in imitation of certain Italian engravings, still in the same year, 1494. The next period is that of his designs for the great woodcut series of the Apocalypse, and of his first essays in copper engraving. M. Ephrussi is silent, it may be mentioned, on the question of the relations of Dürer in these essays to his former master, Wolgemut, a question which I for one hold to be solved in favour of the views advanced by Dr. Thausing. On his eager search for instruction as to the ideal proportions of the human figure at this time, and on the bent given to his powers by the influence of the Venetian Jacopo de' Barbari, our author is on the other hand explicit and interesting. Soon follows a discussion of that astonishing series of dramatic Scriptural designs, elaborately wrought on a green ground with the lights touched in white, which is preserved in the Albertina at Vienna and known as the "Green Passion." This, together with the inexhaustibly inventive and fastastic marginal ornaments of the Emperor Maximilian's prayer-book at Munich, represents the utmost amount of care ever bestowed by Dürer on drawings that were complete as drawings only, and not intended to be turned to ulterior account. Another extremely interesting section of M. Ephrussi's work is that in which he deals with Dürer's masterly colour-studies of still life—the wings of jays and blue crows, hares, rabbits, and so forth; another, that which treats of the various portrait and landscape studies to which his tour in the Netherlands gave rise.

But we cannot follow M. Ephrussi through all the stages of Dürer's indefatigable and well-filled life. Enough that the method of study adopted by him is always fruitful in results, and that he applies it judiciously, and gives his results in an interesting shape. Occasionally there are oversights to be noticed, as in his discussion of the portraits of Lucas of Leyden drawn by Dürer during his journey in the Netherlands, or in that of the mysterious Windsor drawing lettered "Pupilla Augusta." But more often we have to be grateful to him for new and real light thrown on the career of the master to whose

study he has devoted himself: as, for instance, when he established on the strength of a series of dated topographical drawings the fact, hitherto unknown, of a tour made by Dürer in the year 1515 among the towns of Swabia and Alsace. On this occasion we are enabled to trace Dürer in the society of his former pupil, that powerful master of rugged pathos and of the northern grotesque, Hans Baldung Grün. Another personal meeting of Dürer's, that which M. Ephrussi conjectures to have taken place in 1506 with Lionardo da Vinci at Bologna, must be considered as remaining, for the present at least, problematical.



CARDINAL MATHÆUS LANG.
(*Albertina Collection.*)

The illustrations in the work of M. Ephrussi are sumptuous, and on the whole well chosen. They consist for the most of reduced fac-similes in *héliogravure* of such important drawings of the master as are not too well known by means of reproductions already published, together with engraved or other illustrations of the pictures to which the studies are in some cases preparatory. (Of this latter class, the *héliogravure* of the Paumgärtner altar-piece at Munich is heavy and unsatisfactory.) The fac-similes of drawings given in the text itself are slighter. It is from these that our illustrations have necessarily been chosen, so that they hardly give a fair idea of the pictorial riches to be found in the book. Imperfect as they are, the full strength of Dürer's hand is nevertheless to be discerned in the masterly half-length figure of a man turning away, and above all in the grand study of an aged head from the Albertina. But amongst all the reproductions of this class which the book contains, there are none more interesting and more satisfactory than the fac-similes of drawings taken from the above-mentioned famous prayer-book of the Emperor Maximilian at Munich.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

THE EXHIBITIONS.

THIS year's Academy is much the same as its predecessors. There is the customary amount of bad or insignificant work on the line; there are as many tame and uninteresting pictures as usual; there is about the same number of memorable canvases. Apart from association and tradition, there is nothing but its size to distinguish the exhibition from the scores of others that are confessedly no more than commercial speculations. Some of the best work is contributed by the portrait-painters. Mr. Millais, for instance, has never produced a more charming and delightful study of child life and character than the "Dorothy Thorpe" to be seen in the first gallery. The same artist's portrait of Cardinal Newman is nothing like so satisfactory; the head is a little feeble, the

hands are rather suggested than portrayed, the robe about the breast is equal in value with the robe about the knees. Mr. Alma-Tadema's portrait of Mr. Whichcord is good as painting and excellent in colour; but there is a want of vigour and exactness in the drawing, of the head and of the hands, which seems to prove that the painter has been content to render the mere aspect of his sitter, and has not troubled himself to go deeper than the surface of his sitter's individuality. This is by no means the case with Mr. John Collier's "Charles Darwin," which is very vigorous and sincere work. Of Mr. Herkomer's contributions, the best is certainly the portrait of Mr. Archibald Forbes. Of Mr. Frank Holl's—which are all robust in sentiment and excellent in execution—the most striking is the bust of Sir Frederick Roberts. An admirable piece of style—discreet and masterly in handling; full of elegance, of distinction even, in colour and in tone, is M. Fantin's "Mdlle. E. C. C." Mr. Ouless is not specially interesting this year, nor Mr. Orchardson either; and the same may be said of many others.

Among the figure painters, a foremost place is taken by Mr. Van Haanen, whose two studies of Venetian life are of their kind, both for colour and for craftsmanship, the best pictures in the exhibition. The one Munkacsy at Burlington House is not so good as it ought to be; it is painted with great dexterity and in a capital scheme of colour, but it is ill-drawn and careless. To most people Sir Frederick Leighton's "Phryne at Eleusis," correct and careful as it is, will be at once disappointing and surprising. The most engaging of the President's contributions is probably the pretty little picture called "Wedded." The best of Mr. Pettie's is the spirited and dashing "Palmer's Tale;" of Mr. Briton Riviere's, the artist's diploma picture, "Le Roi Boit." Neither Mr. Long nor Mr. Prinsep are at their best. Mr. Frank Dicksee, on the other hand, has made a good advance on his former efforts, and in "A Love Story" exhibits the strongest work that has come from his hand. Mr. Orchardson's "Housekeeping in the Honeymoon" is very graceful and pretty. Mr. Collier's "Clytemnestra," with nothing heroic about it, is well and solidly painted, and not unimpressive in effect. The figures in Mr. Reid's "Homeless and Homewards" are not remarkable; the landscape, however, is probably the best he has painted. Mrs. John Collier's "A Coming Tragedian," is a really charming picture: good in method, fresh in sentiment, pleasant in colour and effect. Mention may also be made of Mr. Poynter's "In the Tepidarium," Mr. Seymour Lucas's "The Favourite" and "A Spy in the Camp," M. Motte's "Geese of the Capitol," and Mr. Albert Moore's enchanting "Dreamers." Other noticeable works there are, but we must reserve our remarks until later, and pass to the landscapes. Among these, good places are taken by Mr. Hennessey's "En Fête: Calvados"—an excellent little picture; by Professor Costa's quiet, lovely, finely painted "Sunrise on the Carrara Hills;" by a rich and vigorous "Doone Valley," sent by Mr. Cecil Lawson; by Mr. Leader's "In the Evening There Shall be Light;" by the solemn Italian work of Mr. A. Lemon; and the fresh, adroit, and daring effects of Mr. Adrian Stokes. Among painters of the sea Mr. Brett is very well represented indeed with "The Grey of the Morning;" so is Mr. Henry Moore, with "Winter and Rough Weather;" and so, if one can forget his figures, is Mr. Hook, with "Caller Herrin" and "Castle Building."

Of the sculpture we shall only say that it includes Mr. Boehm's "Carlyle," which is probably the artist's best work; Mr. Thornycroft's "Artemis," in marble, and the bronze "Teucer," bought by the Academy, an accomplished and graceful production; the bronze of the "Sailor's Wife"—a very noble and pathetic work—and a case of six medals by Professor Legros; and M. Rodin's bronze "St. Jean," a fragment of the almost heroic figure bought last year for the Luxembourg, and now exhibiting at Vienna.

The Grosvenor Gallery is better than last year. Mr. Burne-Jones sends no less than six pictures and studies. Chief among them is the "Tree of Forgiveness," which is full of high romantic feeling. Mr. Millais has one good portrait, of two children, which is almost as charming as the "Dorothy Thorpe;" and one tolerably bad one, of a lady in blue. Mr. Richmond's portraits—which include an astonishing presentment of Mr. Gladstone in a red robe and a fine frenzy—are nothing like so good as those he exhibited here in 1881; his "Hercules and Prometheus" is ambitious. There are some excellent specimens of Mr. Mark Fisher's work, two of them a great deal less mannered than usual: with two excellent Lawsons, a solid and attractive Hemy, some ingenious studies of tone and value by Mr. Whistler; two graceful and engaging works by Mrs. John Collier; and good examples of Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Macbeth, Mr. Hale, Mr. Boughton, and others. The sculpture includes a case of admirable medals by Professor Legros, his plaster of "La Mort et le Bûcheron," and his charming bas-relief "La Source," which is too awkwardly placed to produce its due effect; some clever work by Mr. Boehm and Mr. Thornycroft; and a bronze *étude de tête*, by M. Rodin, which might have come from Pompeii, so fine is its artistic quality, and so vigorous and able is its workmanship. The portrait-bust by the same artist is in another manner, and recalls the noble bronzes of the masters of Florence.



EVENING.

(From the Picture by Richard Wilson.)

"THE ENGLISH CLAUDE."

IT was not much before the eighteenth century that Englishmen began to paint after the classical models of the Continent. They did not, in the first instance, adopt the best style, nor follow the noblest models. Cooke, Thornhill, Kent, and other English artists imitated the conventional idealisms of Verrio and Laguerre, who used to cover the ceilings and staircases of great mansions with sprawling allegories and straddling and tumbling divinities. The realism of Hogarth was in some sort a reaction against these extravagances; but however admirably the manner was adapted to attain certain ends which a special gift like Hogarth's could impress with moral grandeur, or with the dramatic intensity of life, it was not without its temptations to vulgarity. English art required to be raised above the level of the lackey, the house-decorator, and the conventicle preacher. It needed the charm of beauty—the consecration of that old Greek spirit which, after centuries of death, had been born again in Italy.

One of the first to impart this higher character was Richard Wilson. Painting was at its lowest in England when, in 1713, "the English Claude," as he has been called, drew his first breath at the little Welsh town of Pinegas, in Montgomeryshire. He was ten years older than Reynolds, and fourteen years older than Gainsborough, so that he represents a somewhat earlier development of art than either. His father was a country clergyman; his mother, a Wynne, was a relation of Lord Chancellor Camden. As a youth he studied in London under a forgotten portrait-painter named Thomas Wright, and in 1735 he began his own career in the same walk of art. The natural bent of his genius was not towards portraiture; but he was poor and friendless, and, in the first half of the eighteenth century, an English artist had to paint portraits, or starve. Wilson manfully accepted his fate. As a portrait-painter he does not, at the present day, stand on the same level with Reynolds and Gainsborough; but he must

have enjoyed a good reputation in his time, for he was engaged, about 1748, to paint full-length portraits of the young Prince George, afterwards George III., and his brother, afterwards the Duke of York. Meanwhile, he was cherishing the hope of paying a visit to Italy, and was saving to gratify his desire. With some aid from his relations, he was at length enabled to start on his travels. Leaving England in 1749, he proceeded to Venice, where he painted portraits for a living, and studied the general principles of art. At Venice he made the acquaintance of Zuccarelli; and one day, while waiting in the rooms of that painter for his return, he dashed off a view in oil with which the Italian was so much pleased that he recommended him to devote himself to landscape. The French painter, Claude Vernet, then practising at Rome, gave Wilson similar advice, and encouraged him with remarkable generosity. When the English nobility at Rome crowded to his studio, and admired his works, he would exclaim, "Don't talk of *my* landscapes when you have so clever a fellow in your own countryman, Wilson." The scenery of Italy, especially in its enchanting admixture of ruined architecture with the finest natural forms, supplied the genius of Wilson with the very stimulus it wanted. It enlarged his insularity by the associations of ancient grandeur; it educated, heightened, and shaped his fine poetical faculty; and it gave to his productions a character of ideality and nobleness entirely unknown in English art. He visited the principal Italian cities, painting steadily, and laying the foundations of much future work. In 1755 he returned to England, bearing with him a world of beautiful conceptions, the hope of a brilliant success, and the elements of a disheartening failure.

Zuccarelli and Vernet had given Wilson the very best advice so far as his posthumous fame was concerned, the very worst as regards his worldly fortunes. They judged Englishmen by French and Italian standards, and did not know that in the British Islands, at that time, few indeed were the people who cared for art for its own sake. The reigning monarch was George II., who is said to have declared that he hated both poetry and painting. If that was the tone at court, the feeling in society was not likely to be very different. The nobility were glad to have their portraits painted, and well pleased to see their ceilings and staircases adorned with Apollos and Venuses couched upon clouds, or idling among marble pillars against a blue sky; the one thing touched their vanity, the other decorated their houses. They would sometimes make a pretence of admiring the works of foreigners. But the purely imaginative art of Wilson was far above their appreciation. The truth is that they were grossly ignorant and uneducated. A few men of literary accomplishments broke the vulgar monotony of high life, but they were powerless to alter the general tone of society. The leisurely and titled classes had less grace of manner than in the courtly times of Queen Anne, and far less intellectual dignity than in those of Queen Elizabeth. A certain grossness of living, almost amounting to brutality, seems to have come in with the Hanoverians; the court was debauched, and the nation was no better. Macaulay, in one of his most brilliant essays, has shown how desperate was the position of the working literary man under the first two Georges. The age of patrons had passed; the era of the public had not yet come.

The artist's case was equally bad, if he loved art for itself, and not for the sake of what was fashionable. Wilson returned from Italy with the resolve to strike out a new path in English art. Before long he saw that he had better have stuck to his portrait-painting, if art was to be for him anything but a crown of martyrdom. It was not without warning of probable failure that he pursued his way. The artists of the time told him that his style was not suited to English tastes, and the critics gave him small encouragement. But he would not change his manner, and for a moment it seemed as if he were about to succeed. Thomas Sandby, R.A., recommended him to the Duke of Cumberland, for whom he painted his "Niobe," a version of which is now in the National Gallery. The title of the work gives the impression of its being mainly a figure-piece. It is a landscape, in which the figures are only secondary. Wilson, it may be added, was not skilled in drawing the human form, and sometimes handed over that part of his work to Mortimer or Hayman. His "Niobe" was made the subject of some observations by Sir Joshua Reynolds in one of his Academy discourses, delivered on the 10th of December, 1788, six years after the painter's death. Reynolds was of opinion that Wilson's landscapes were "too near common nature to admit supernatural objects," and that, in this particular composition, the appearance of the "little Apollo" in the clouds, and of the small figures of Niobe and her children below, who might more justly be supposed to have been struck by lightning, was inconsistent with the surroundings. This, as descriptive of such nobly imaginative work as Wilson's, is poor and twaddling criticism if you will. For some reason, however, Reynolds and Wilson were never very friendly. At an Academy dinner the President is said to have once proposed, "The health of Mr. Gainsborough, the greatest landscape-painter of the day;" to which the Welshman retorted, "Ay, and the greatest portrait-painter too!"



PRINCE CHARLIE'S PARLIAMENT.

(From the Picture by W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A., Exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy, 1882.)

True or untrue, the story is significant. It explains the tone of the President's criticism.

The "Niobe" was exhibited in the saloon of the Society of Arts, of which Wilson was a member, in 1760. It attracted some attention, but not enough to open any brilliant prospect to the artist. Still, he might have made his way with the court, but for an infirmity of temper which sometimes gave his independence the look of rudeness. George III., who succeeded to the throne in the latter part of 1760, appears to have been sincerely desirous of acquiring a reputation for liberality in the arts; and he commissioned Wilson to paint a landscape of Sion House from Kew Gardens. It was delivered to Lord Bute, for transmission to the king. The Scotch peer, with Scotch thriftiness, thought that sixty guineas was too much for it; upon which, according to the anecdote, Wilson angrily observed that if His Majesty could not pay that sum at once, he would take it by instalments. This, of course, put an end to his chances at court; yet, when the Royal Academy was founded in 1768, Wilson was one of the king's first nominations. In 1765 the painter exhibited a "View of Rome from the Villa Madama," which was purchased by the Marquis of Tavistock; and he was a frequent contributor to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, from 1768 to 1780. A few connoisseurs recognised the excellence of his work; but it was not in demand, and the prices he got were too poor to keep him in comfort. His life was one of struggle and poverty and mortification. In 1776, on the death of Hayman, he solicited the post of librarian to the Royal Academy, though the salary was no more than £50 a year. This he obtained, and it appears to have saved him from positive indigence. While Reynolds was making a fortune by portrait-painting, Wilson thought fifteen guineas for a three-quarter landscape a great stroke of luck. When he got it, he would often produce four or five replicas of his subject, thinking that here at last he had hit the popular taste. These pictures he used to describe as "good breeders," observing that he must make them produce as much as he could. He has sometimes been blamed for practising his art in so mechanical a spirit; but it is poor arguing with an empty cupboard. That he was often reduced to extremities seems unquestionable. Any one of his works will now fetch hundreds of pounds, but he was glad to sell them to the brokers for the most beggarly sums. On a certain day he went to a dealer in St. James's, and asked a trifling amount for a picture he had just completed. The fellow took him up to the attics, and, opening a door, pointed to a pile of landscapes against the wall. "Look ye, Dick," he said, "you know I wish to oblige you; but see! there's all the stock I've paid you for these three years." A large collection of Wilsons existed long after the artist's death, in a miserable garret in the Adelphi, frameless, covered with dust, and heaped together without order or care. And many years ago the present writer heard the late John Cawse, the painter, say that a stranger once took him to a house in Bloomsbury, where he showed him an immense number of Wilsons, wholly unknown to the public. One would like to know where they are now.

The systematic neglect of this fine artist soured his disposition and broke his spirit. In the latter part of his life, he one day asked Barry if he knew any one mad enough to employ a landscape-painter, as he had literally nothing to do. In his distress he would sell his drawings for half-a-crown a piece; but Paul Sandby, R.A., bought several of them at what he thought a juster price. The decline in his fortunes may be traced in the list of his town residences. He lived in the Piazza, Covent Garden; in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square; in Great Queen Street; in Lincoln's Inn Fields; in Marylebone; in Foley Place, Great Portland Street; and finally, so far as London was concerned, in Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road — a mean house, in which he occupied the first and second floors, almost without furniture. Here it was that he made his confession of poverty to Barry. Sometimes he shifted his quarters, to be nearer the country, or because he was offended by new buildings which intercepted his view; but his latter changes were doubtless necessitated by want of means. It would seem, indeed, that for a long time he had little more than the £50 a year which he received from the Royal Academy for acting as librarian. His shabby appearance once saved him from a disagreeable adventure. He was sketching on Hampstead Heath rather late in the afternoon, when two rough fellows came up, and asked him in a threatening manner what he was about. Wilson said he was making drawings for the support of his wife and family. "And how much," asked one of the men, "can you get for them?" "A shilling apiece," said Wilson; and the footpads determined that he was not worth powder and shot.

Wilson was not only a born painter, but a born landscape-painter. Sir Joshua Reynolds told Uvedale Price, author of a treatise on "The Picturesque," that one day, when he and Wilson were looking at the view from the top of Richmond Hill, the latter wanted to indicate some particular spot. "There," said he, "near those houses—there, where the *figures* are." Even Sir Joshua, painter as he was, thought he meant *statues*, and in a puzzled way was looking about for them on the

tops of the houses. But Wilson was actually referring to real human beings, whom he regarded from a merely pictorial point of view, as accessories to the landscape. On another occasion, which must have been somewhat earlier, these two great painters were together at the waterfall of Terni, in Italy, when Wilson, after standing in speechless admiration for a few moments, exclaimed, with a directness of expression which was not really profane, however much it may offend modern susceptibilities, "Well done water, by Heaven!" As the son of a clergyman, he had received a good education; he is said to have been a classical scholar and a man of elegant tastes. When not depressed and embittered by misfortune, he was an agreeable and witty companion; and a very pleasing sketch of his genial moods is given in a gossiping volume, once popular, called "Wine and Walnuts." He used to frequent a music-shop in Old Exeter 'Change, kept by an organist called Willy Thomson, himself an odd character, but a man of joyous and companionable nature, whose cheerful eccentricities amused the painter in his fits of gloom. If in luck, and therefore in funds, Wilson would order dinner for two at a tavern in the Strand, have it sent round to Thomson's, and enjoy a merry afternoon. Garrick, who happened to call on one of these occasions, afterwards observed, "As I came along, I saw Thomson tuning the painter into a moral concord." There can be no doubt that he often stood in need of such tuning. Every one who knew him acknowledged that he was thoroughly honourable and not unamiable; but he had a hot temper to start with, and disappointment made him bitter and morose. He is accused, too, of having been sottish in habit, coarse in manners, and slovenly in appearance. The pinch of poverty and the mortification of neglect had much to do with these personal errors; but they do not account for them entirely. Wilson loved a pot of porter, and it is to be feared he sometimes loved it to excess. Zoffany, in a portrait group of the Royal Academicians, painted Wilson cheek by jowl with a quart pot. But the fiery Welshman swore that he would give Zoffany a thrashing; and Zoffany painted the insult out.



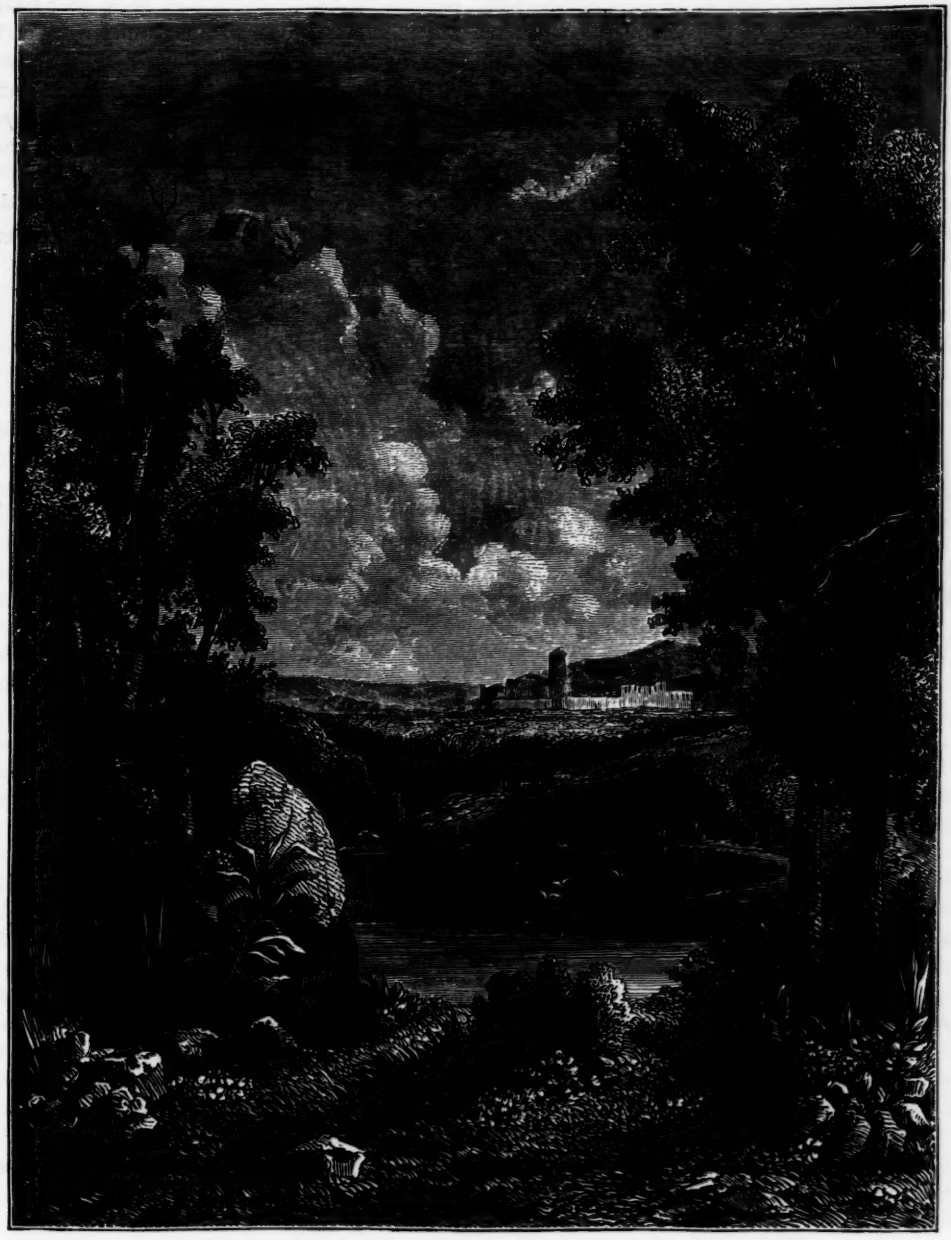
RICHARD WILSON.

(From the Portrait by Raphael Mengs.)

Despite his want of success, Wilson always believed in his own genius, and felt assured that future times would recognise it. He seems to have resented the dictation of Reynolds; and this, of course, was injurious to his prospects. But the poetical quality of his work was one of the principal reasons of his failure.

The evening of his days was cheered by a little prosperity. A brother died at Llanberis about two years before his own death; and the worn-out old painter returned to his native province (which, he maintained, presented all the finest elements of landscape art), to enjoy the property bequeathed to him. But he was by this time utterly broken in health, and soon afterwards he lost his memory, and became almost childish. The village of Llanberis is nicknamed Loggerheads, on account of a sign which Wilson is said to have painted,

though at what period of his life does not appear. The sign represents two jovial-looking fellows glancing towards the spectator, and apparently uttering the words which are inscribed underneath: "We *three* Loggerheads be." It was not actually at Llanberis that Wilson spent the closing days of his life. Part of the time he lived with a surviving brother at Mold, in Flintshire, and part on the picturesque estate of Colomondie, in Denbighshire, belonging to his relation, Mrs. Catherine Jones. In the midst of beautiful scenery and tranquil associations, he sank peacefully towards the grave; and his end, when it came, was free from prolonged suffering. One day in May, 1782, he complained of a cold, and, going to bed, died almost immediately, in the sixty-ninth year of his



MORNING.

(From the Picture by Richard Wilson.)

age. He was buried on the 15th of the month in Mold graveyard, near the north door of the church.

It is greatly to be regretted that the National Gallery contains only nine of Wilson's many pictures. His work, however, is often to be seen at the Old Masters', and his pictures have been often engraved. In criticising him, it is customary to compare him with Claude; but the comparison is frequently laboured and inexact. The landscapes of both painters were classic in sentiment and often Greek or Italian in fact, and this, after all, constitutes the chief point of resemblance between them. If these superficial and usually misleading generalisations are to be allowed, it would perhaps be more correct to say that Wilson's manner recalls that of Gaspar Poussin. But here likewise the comparison would fail in many respects, and it is an ill compliment to a man of original genius to imply that he is only some other man with variations. It is better to say of Wilson, that he founded a new school of English art; that all English landscape-painters are to some extent his children; and that he has illustrated many lovely scenes with a genius which his contemporaries neglected, but which has been acknowledged by the posterity to which, as became a great artist, he confidently appealed.

EDMUND OLLIER.

ADVANCED ART.

WHEN a painter produces a work which, by reason of his own ignorance and incompetence, is not intelligible to spectators of average discernment, the fact may be accepted with indifference; but when an artist, endowed with good imaginative gifts, and possessed of the power of realisation which culture and assiduous study alone can impart, is yet as unintelligible to the uninitiated as his ignorant fellow-worker, it is worth while to inquire whether his conception of the function and scope of his art tallies with that one generally accepted, or, if it differ therefrom, in what direction the divergence lies.

Whether we of the present age are better artists than our forefathers or not, it is certain, at all events, that we think, talk, and write more about art than they did. It is not, then, surprising that among the multitude of our artists and art-critics, the fundamental principles of art should be sometimes questioned and discussed, and occasionally new departures made. The early years of the present generation saw the first of these in the teaching and practice of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. The movement was, in fact, a very vigorous protest against the sleepy conventionalism into which art had fallen in those days. Its work was so far effectually performed that we in our time certainly do not suffer from a comatose contentment in art-matters. What is now being done in a like direction is hardly the work of a group of artists, working together towards the same end, and with a common intelligible theory; it is rather the desultory effort in various directions of a few not sufficiently united in aim to form a school, but in accord to the extent of agreeing to differ from some one or more of the commonly accepted principles of art.

Very roughly generalising, it is convenient to assume for the purpose of illustration that the exhibitions of the Royal Academy are illustrative of what I shall call *Received Art*, and that the works of some of the painters prominent in the Grosvenor Gallery displays may be taken as exemplars of what I mean by *Advanced Art*. Amongst the exponents of the latter, Messrs. Burne-Jones, Albert Moore, and Whistler are conspicuous. The aim of any of these would form an instructive subject for consideration; but for my present purpose Mr. Whistler, who is perhaps the one most completely "caviare to the general," appears to me most suitable, more especially as his "departure" has over others the advantage of confronting us with a very tangible issue.

It is necessary, rightly to understand Mr. Whistler's position, to refer briefly to the relative functions of painting, poetry, colour, and music. Pictorial art in its higher developments is not only a sensuous art—*i.e.*, one appealing to our sense of beauty, whether of form, chiaroscuro, or colour; it is also, and indeed primarily, an articulate art—a means of expression, capable of telling us an intelligible story, of conveying an imaginative conception, and—in brief—of awakening in the mind of the spectator an echo of the emotions which the artist himself has experienced. Poetry, which may be termed verbal art as opposed to pictorial art, is likewise a means of expression—also having its sensuous elements in rhythm and music. Now music, although commonly treated as a separate art (and, of course, in its present highly artificial development it is technically distinct), was originally considered as but an adjunct to poetry. And it becomes evident, in investigating their functions, that music alone—that is, when unallied to poetry—is necessarily inarticulate. On

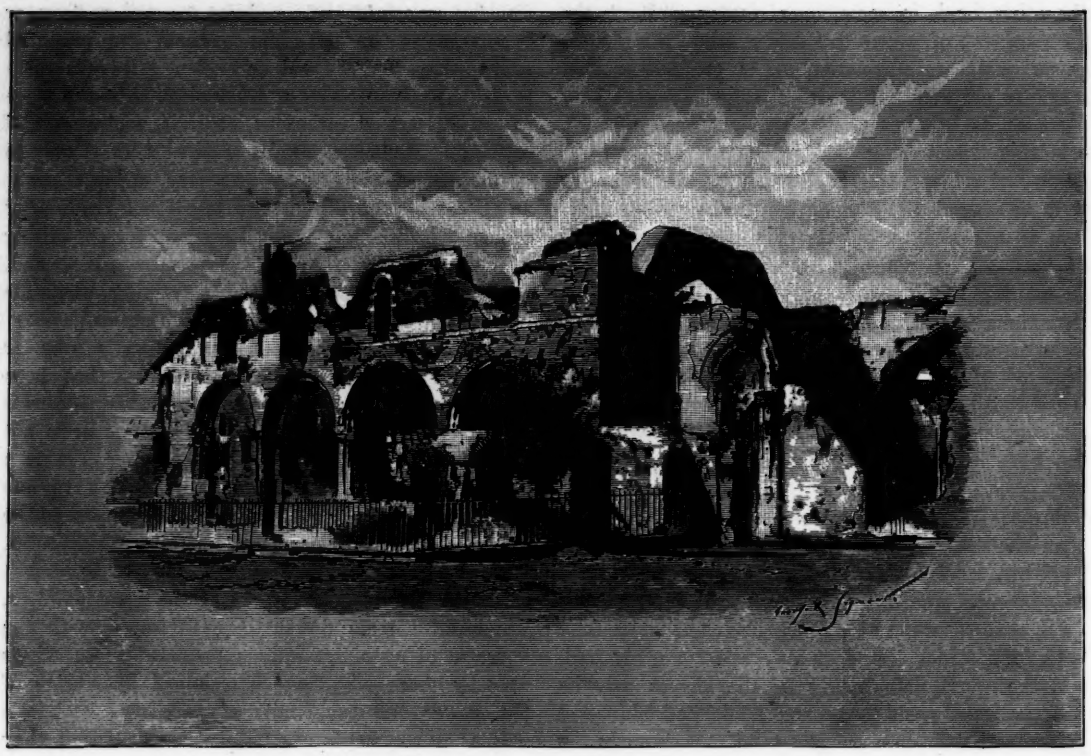
the other hand, in some cases, poetry without the enchantment of music can never attain its fullest power over the imagination. The proposition that music is properly not in itself articulate, and only occupies its legitimate sphere as a branch of high art when illustrating and enhancing the sensuous quality of a theme treated in words by the poet, may well be disputed by some musicians, whose self-love is wounded by the assertion that the function of their art is properly only illustrative. Indeed, considering the immense quantity of purely instrumental music extant, and its incomparable merit, some fallacy in my contention may be suspected. But, deprived of the advantage of association, it will be found that the power of music to express ideas is *nil;* although its power in the exercise of its legitimate function, in affecting the feelings and emotions, is very great, and—owing to its direct and immediate influence—it is far more potent in this direction than the other arts.

Now, exactly what music is to poetry, colour is to painting. The latter, as I have said, comprehends form, chiaroscuro, and colour. Much may be done with form alone; the story may be intelligibly told, and the appropriate beauty of the shapes may be fully indicated; add light and shade, and additional power and definition are given. But it requires the charm of colour to perfectly complete the appeal to the emotions. If, however, we reverse the order of proceeding, and begin with colour, we shall find it impossible to express any idea without definite, or at least suggested, form; and although an arrangement in colour without reference to form may be a beautiful one, it possesses, and can possess, only a sensuous and inarticulate beauty, comparable with that of a piece of pure music. We have thus a striking functional analogy between these sister arts. Both are, as we have seen, inarticulate; both can affect the emotions, but both require the aid of their cognate articulate arts to bare the source whence those emotions spring. What music does by the ear, colour does by the eye. The amount—or more scientifically, the moment—of the forces is certainly different in degree, though not in kind; the power of music, unaided by poetry, is undoubtedly greater than that of colour without form.

Now Mr. Whistler's conception of art, as expressed by his works, is almost entirely sensuous. His is the art for art's sake. He is said (and his works, nay, the very titles of them, would confirm it) to expressly disclaim any intention or desire to tell a story or express a sentiment. His pictures are produced as painting merely; and he evidently intends them to fill a place in pictorial art analogous to the place in musical art of variations, caprices, nocturnes, and so forth. Moreover, just as musical work is only to be understood and felt by musicians, so his achievements are necessarily caviare to all not technically acquainted with painting. They look for something which the artist does not propose to give; and, wanting the necessary technical training, they are unprepared to admire his peculiar beauties.

Whether this theory of art for art's sake, or rather, in Mr. Whistler's case (for it has been shown that art comprehends more than sensuous qualities), painting for painting's sake, is or is not a right one, it is certainly self-denying. It is a disclaimer from a world-wide appreciation to one private and technical. It renounces the appeal to the imagination to minister more liberally to the senses. Once for all, art, *quâ* art, is only to be appreciated by artists. The works of the great painters, which have come down to us stamped with the approval of ages, are fully appreciated as paintings only by those who have a technical knowledge of the power and the limits of painting; and it is only as embodiments of imaginative ideas that they are accepted by cultivated humanity at large. Thus, too, the merits of a poem, considered as metrical or rhythmical achievement, are realised but by those who have studied the art of composition. There are, therefore, two separate audiences to which the artist appeals. One, the more numerous and important, namely, the world of intellect and taste, is capable of appreciating his work as an articulate expression of the creative imagination; the other is composed of his fellow-workers. Mr. Whistler, as we see, lays no claim to the suffrages of the first class, and is only solicitous to secure the approval of the second. Moreover, Mr. Whistler is not merely a painter whom painters alone can understand, but one, as events have proved, whom only a few amongst painters can thoroughly admire. On the other hand, granting that his audience, of his own free choice and set purpose, is a limited one, within its limits it is uncommonly appreciative. Perhaps no greater æsthetic pleasure can be imagined than the delight with which a cognate mind dwells upon the affinities and refinements of colour and tone in his pictures and etchings.

CHARLES W. DEMPSEY.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: THE RUINS OF THE INFIRMARY.

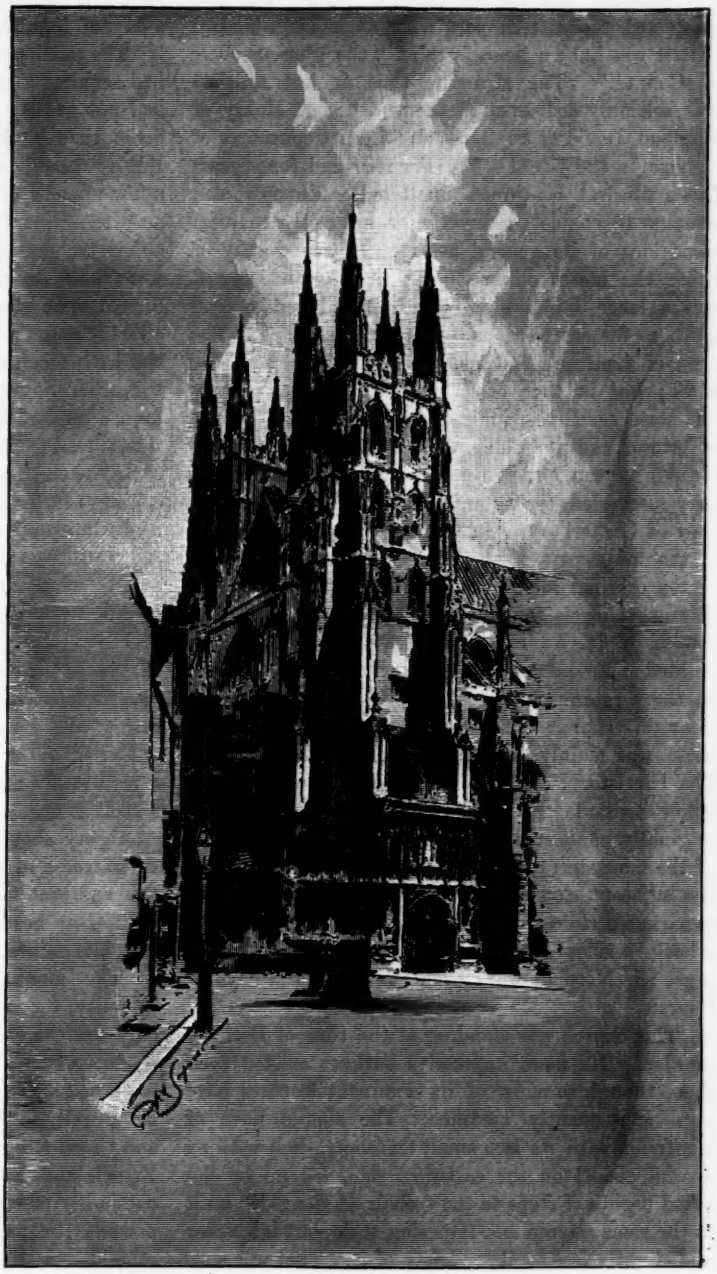
CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.—I.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL, as befits the metropolitan church of a great people, is among the grandest of our ecclesiastical buildings. In length it is only exceeded by one or two of the English cathedrals; its group of towers is unsurpassed in beauty and grace. Though lacking the exceptional advantages of situation possessed by Durham on its precipitous headland, by Lincoln on its "sovran hill," and Ely on its island mound, it still rises, like a very mount of sculptured stone, far above the encircling houses and trees among the gentle undulations of the surrounding district of Kent. But Canterbury Cathedral has a further fitness for the position which it occupies in respect of the Church of England. That has been a Church whose history has been one of frequent change, yet of change which has never wholly broken away from the past; one which in age is nearer in sentiment to the days of its youth than in the vigour of its manhood, yet one which has never (except in some moment of hesitation) closed the door against any true progress upwards and onwards. It has been a Church, also, never wholly denationalised in feeling even in the proudest days of Papal power—one whose history in great part has been that of the English people, which has had not only kings for its nursing fathers, but has counted great statesmen among its prelates, and whose health and sickness have been the vigour and the decadence of England. The same characteristics are to be noticed in the very fabric of the cathedral. There each style of so-called Gothic architecture is represented, while the site itself is perhaps the most ancient consecrated spot in Britain. Regarded from one point of view, the history of Canterbury Cathedral only commences with the coming of Augustine, yet we find that the intramural site granted to him by King Ethelbert had been occupied by a Christian church in the days of Lucius. Its history, too, is an epitome of that of the English Church. As we gaze upon the stately fabric towering high above the houses of the city, we think of its humble beginning; of the lowly church of Lucius, abandoned at last by its defeated worshippers; of the mission of Augustine to the heathen conquerors; of the victory

gained over the English king by the Latin priest through the might of the Crucified; of Danish invader, who left only destruction in his track; of Norman conqueror, who destroyed but to rebuild more splendidly; of the great struggle between Church and State, with its varying fortunes; of the days of triumph when a king submitted to be scourged by monks at the murdered archbishop's tomb, till the reaction came, and another Henry scattered the relics to the wind and avenged the memory of his predecessor.

In the following brief notice I shall sketch the chief episodes of the building, architectural and historical. As has been already said, Canterbury is in some respects unique among English cathedrals. It differs from them especially in four respects: in the remarkable elevation of the floor of the choir, and especially of the high altar; in the extent and importance of its crypts; in the marked separation (partly a consequence of the first) between nave and choir; and in the peculiar termination of its eastern end. All these distinctive features, as we shall presently see, are to a great extent connected with the history of the building.

We have no information as to the appearance of the early church of Lucius, included in the grant of the royal palace to Augustine; probably it was a small and homely structure, no larger than a simple village church of the present day. On its site was reared a more stately edifice, of which, though it too has wholly disappeared, we find some brief description in history, and some traces retained in the design of the present fabric. It resembled, we are told, the ancient basilica of St. Peter at Rome, which in the sixteenth century was replaced by the present sumptuous pile. Restored by Archbishop Odo, sacked by the invading Danes, who murdered Archbishop Alphege, the Saxon cathedral of Canterbury was ultimately burnt down during the troubles of the Norman conquest. So when Lanfranc was appointed to the primacy in the room of the deposed Stigand, he found church and monastery alike in ruins. These he swept away, to rebuild both from the foundation. But though in all probability the structure erected by Augustine has totally disappeared—though there is no fragment of masonry as in the crypt of York, or subterranean cell as at Ripon, for a material



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: THE WEST FRONT, WITH SOUTHERN PORCH.

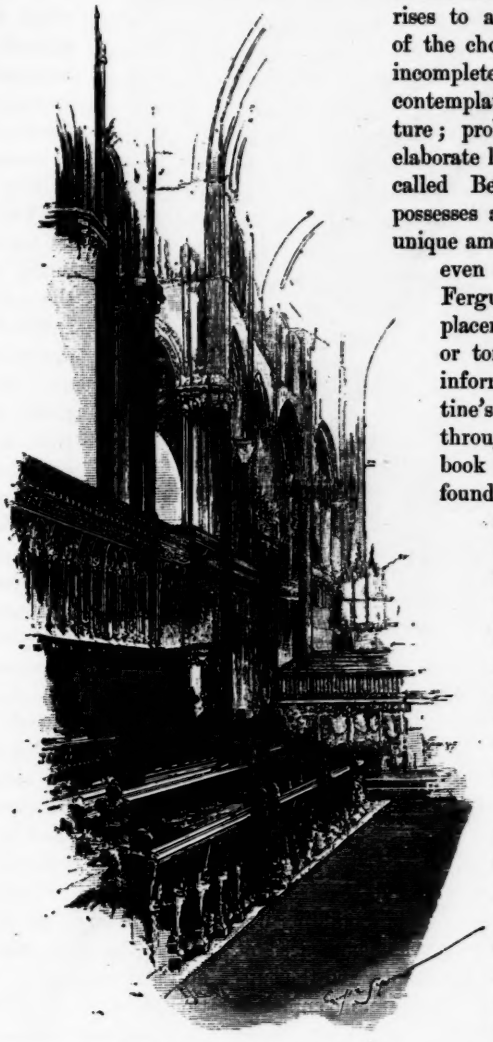
record of Augustine's church—"there are memorials of it in the name of the cathedral (Christ's Church), ... in the present crypt, which succeeded the earlier one, and in the southern porch, which is the principal entrance at present, as it was in the Saxon church." Part of Lanfranc's work was speedily removed by his successor Anselm, who rebuilt the eastern portion of the church with far greater magnificence, aided by the prior of the monastery, Ernulf, and his successor Conrad. The last completed the eastern part with such magnificence that it was known henceforth as "the glorious choir of Conrad." The structure thus at last finished was solemnly dedicated in the presence of Henry of England, David of Scotland, and a great concourse of bishops, in the year 1130. For four-and-forty years this cathedral continued unaltered. Enough still remains to enable us directly or indirectly to form some idea of its general aspect. It was worthy of being the metropolitan Church of England, for it was a large building, although it did not extend quite so far eastward as the present building. The nave of Lanfranc has been wholly replaced by later work; but in that of Rochester, with its simple but stately outlines, its well-proportioned arches and triforium, and its noble though disfigured western façade, we can obtain some notion of what Canterbury resembled, for we are told that Rochester was a copy of Canterbury. In the transepts, however, and in the lower part of the choir walls, many portions of the original fabric are yet incorporated; and the singular chapels towards the eastern end, called the towers of St. Andrew and of St. Anselm, though stunted and more or less altered, were chapels attached to the western part of the apsidal termination of Conrad's choir. The crypt also, to the west of these, was mainly the work of Lanfranc and Ernulf. The baptistery, as it is called—which we engrave below—outside the north-east transept (a building originally connected with the ordinary water-supply of the monastery), the curious columns and arches in the adjacent cloister, so foreign in aspect, and the remarkable staircase which now leads to the king's school, besides other parts of the monastic buildings, are Norman work even later than the days of Conrad.

This church was standing at the time of Becket's murder. Its more impressive outlines existed even then, though so many of its dominant features have been subsequently modified. The simple nave of Lanfranc, with its two small transepts, each with an apsidal chapel on the eastward side, led up by elevated flights of steps to the "choir of Conrad," built in the same solemn and imposing style, but is a richer and slightly less sombre variety of it. That was supported throughout by its vaulted crypts. Its transepts exceeded in size those of Lanfranc's nave; it was terminated eastwards by a grand apse, the external form of which was greatly modified by the two towers already mentioned, and by the square-ended Trinity chapel, which formed the actual termination of the building. In the crypt beneath this chapel the corpse of the murdered Becket was hastily interred. In this gloomy vault, now replaced by the lighter, larger, and loftier structure of a later architect, Henry passed a summer night in fasting and prayer after a day of humiliation at the tomb.

The monks of Canterbury had triumphed. They had acquired a saint (whom during his lifetime they had not greatly loved), and each one of them could boast that he had taken part in scourging a king. But a reverse was at hand. In the year 1174, within a few months of the scene just mentioned, "during an extraordinarily violent south wind, a fire broke out before the gate of the church, by which three cottages were half destroyed." The violence of the gale carried some glowing fragments up to the roof of the church, and drove them through the interstices of the lead, when they came in contact with the rafters beneath. Some of these were ignited, and the fire, fanned no doubt by the draughts of air from the outside, spread to the larger beams. Its progress was concealed by the lead covering without and by the painted ceiling below, so that it obtained a hold upon the roof before even its existence was suspected, and when the melting of some of the lead gave a freer entrance to the wind, so that the flame and smoke became visible from the churchyard below, it was too late. The eastern part of the building had to be abandoned to the flames, and the "glorious choir of Conrad" was "made a despicable heap of ashes, reduced to a dreary wilderness, and laid open to the injuries of the weather." The scene at the fire, which has been described by an eye-witness, must have been indeed a strange one. "The people were astonished that the Almighty should suffer such things, and maddened with excess of grief and perplexity, they tore their hair and beat the walls and pavement of the church with their heads and hands, blaspheming the Lord and His saints, the patrons of the church."

The monks, however, might well deplore the calamity, for it left them a formidable task. Not only was the choir unroofed and gutted, but the heat produced by the rapid combustion of so much woodwork had seriously injured the pillars supporting the main wall, so that they were scaling off in pieces and threatening ruin. Experts were consulted, both French and English. Opinions differed as to the possibility of repairing the injured columns, and for a while the monks hesitated whether to restore or rebuild. At length they decided upon following the advice of William of Sens, a man of "lively genius

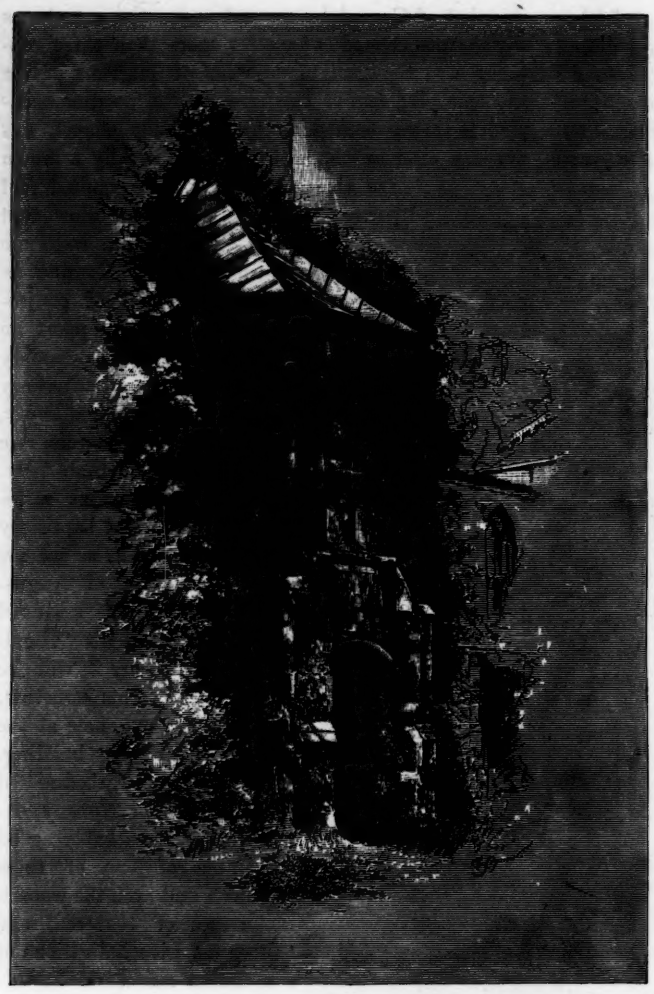
and good reputation," who after a minute and laborious survey of the ruins decided that rebuilding was an absolute necessity. The remains of Conrad's choir were pulled down; the new work was begun in September, 1175, a year after the conflagration. William of Sens continued his labour for five years, during which he completed the vaults of the choir as far as the transepts, and carried the wall between these and the entrance to the old Trinity chapel up the base of the clerestory. He was then disabled by a fall, and after some months of suffering was compelled to resign the charge of the work, and return home to France. "Another succeeded him in charge of the works, William by name, English by nature, small in body, but in workmanship of many kinds acute and honest." To his genius we owe the features which distinguish the choir of Canterbury, not only from that which had preceded it, but also from any other in Britain.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: IN THE CHOIR.

The martyred Thomas lay entombed in the crypt of the Trinity chapel. It was now determined to remove the remains from their lowly resting-place, and to enshrine them as the cynosure of the new temple. A great high place should be built for them, whither the faithful should go up as to a Holy of Holies in the house of the Lord. Accordingly the crypt of the Trinity chapel was rebuilt, and carried to an elevation exceeding its former one by nearly a half; the flooring of the platform thus constructed was prolonged westward, in order to support the high altar, so as to include one bay of French William's work, and this level was reached from the pavement of the choir by an imposing ascent of seventeen steps. In the middle of the stately chapel thus constructed—which by a curious arrangement, to be subsequently described, was made continuous with the choir, and was terminated as was that of Conrad by a great apse—the sumptuous shrine was erected which for more than three centuries was the goal of myriads of pilgrims. Nor was this all; east of this apse, in the position occupied in many cathedrals by the Lady chapel, was raised a circular chapel or corona, literally a crown of the stately work. Its vaulted roof rises to a level not far below that of the choir. The external walls are incomplete, so that the termination contemplated is a matter of conjecture; probably it was to support an elaborate lantern. In this, commonly called Becket's Crown, Canterbury possesses a feature of singular beauty, unique among English cathedrals, rare even among Continental. Mr. Fergusson regards it as a replacement of an ancient baptistery or tomb house which, as we are informed, stood east of Augustine's cathedral; and scattered through the pages of his "Handbook of Architecture" will be found examples of this structure, now at the one, now at the other end of the building. The remote cathedral of Trondhjem, in Norway, exhibits a remarkably good example of one of these crowns, and even the wooden churches of Hitterdal and Borgund give indications of a similar structure.

At last this great work was completed, and in 1220, fifty years after the death of Becket, his relics were transported to their new domicile, and the feast of the dedication was held. In a long and stately procession, headed by the youthful Henry III., the chest containing the bones of St. Thomas, supported by the noblest in the land, was borne onwards, "and up the successive stages of the cathedral, till it reached the shrine awaiting its reception eastward of the patriarchal chair, and here it was deposited." With the completion of English William's work begins a period of comparative rest in the architectural history of the cathedral. Part of the stone-work dividing the choir from its aisles, some chapels, and several tombs—notably that of the Black Prince, the first to share the sanctity of Becket's chapel—were



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: THE BAPTISTERY.

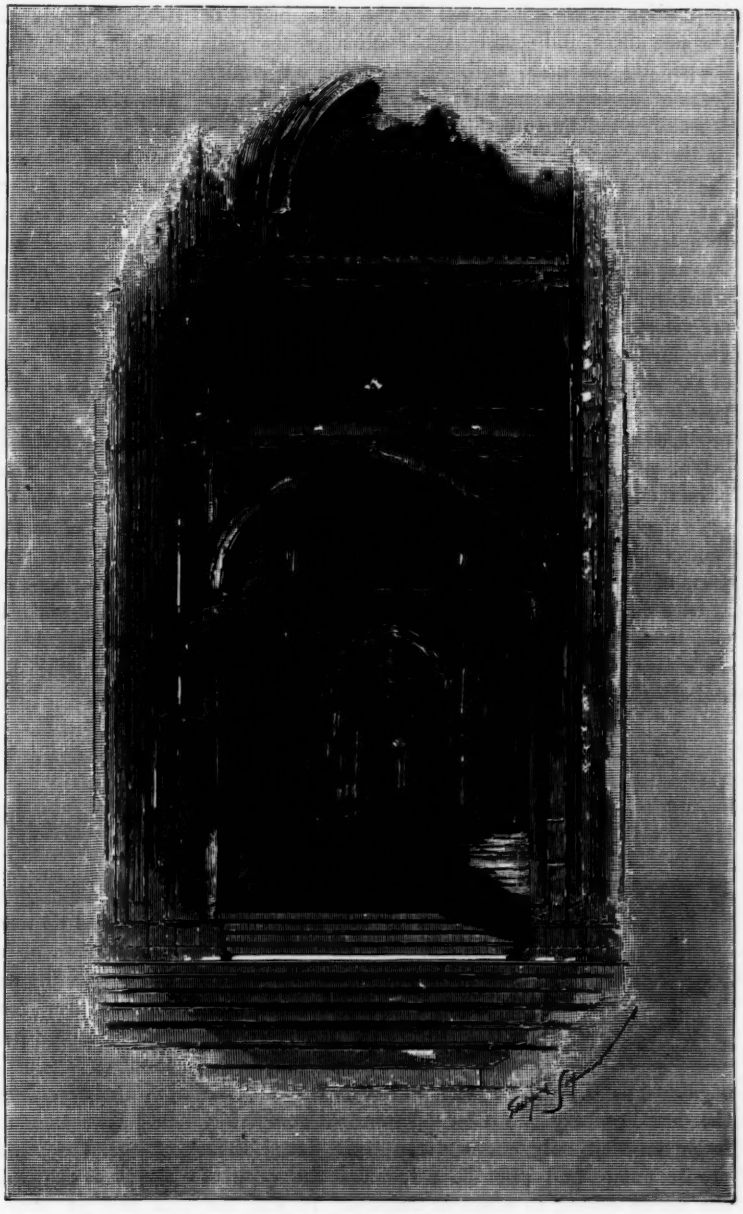
erected in the interval prior to the end of the fourteenth century. Then it was found that the old Norman nave was dilapidated, and its rebuilding was determined in 1378. The work was commenced at once, and by 1411 the nave, transepts, and the supporting arches of the central tower were completed. In the first the work of Lanfranc, so far as can be seen, was entirely swept away; in the second some slight remnants of it can still be traced; the western towers were also left, the northern of which was only rebuilt a little more than forty years ago. The new nave was much more lofty than the old one, but it rested mainly on the same foundations. Then Prior Goldstone, who ruled over the monastery from 1449 to 1468, rebuilt the south-western tower—shown in our second illustration—and erected a chapel in honour of the Virgin to the east of the northern transept. Towards the end of the century, the cloisters and the chapter house were rebuilt; and then, in the year 1495, another Thomas Goldstone became prior. To him we owe one of the noblest features of the cathedral at Canterbury, the central tower, or "Angel steeple," as it was called, from the figure of an angel which had formerly stood on the tower which rose above Lanfranc's nave. To support this lofty structure, Goldstone introduced the remarkable buttressing arches, which—as may be seen by a reference to our fifth picture—form almost as conspicuous a feature in Canterbury as they do in Wells.

The great Benedictine monastery, of which mention has already been made, stood on the northern side of the cathedral; but its buildings have suffered far more from alteration and destruction than those of the cathedral, and their history in consequence is much less readily traced. They occupied an area, including that of the cathedral, of seventeen acres, and were surrounded by their own wall; but by various reconstructions and conversions of portions of them into dwelling-houses, much of interest has been obliterated, though almost every step in the precincts brings us upon fragments of ancient work. The most conspicuous are the curious Norman staircase already mentioned, which once led to "Hog-hall," supposed to have obtained its name, not from the pig, but from its elevation (*hoch*), and to have been used by the steward of the monastery courts; the postern-gate, a late Norman work; and—the subject of our first engraving—the ruins of the infirmary, an extensive structure to the north-east of the choir, which of late years has been cleared out, and reminds us of the similar building at Ely, though it is of earlier date.

Thus ends the architectural history of Canterbury cathedral. Not half a century had elapsed after the completion of the noble Angel tower when the storm, which had been slowly gathering, at length burst. The bones of Becket were ejected from their proud position, and every vestige of the saint, even to his very name, was sedulously erased from the cathedral. Then commenced a season of plunder, followed by one of neglect. The unpopularity of Laud did not improve the fate of his cathedral in Puritan times. The church was as unfashionable as the creed, and for more than two centuries little work was done, except that of destruction, beyond

additions to its tombs. Few of these can be called ornamental, and even of those which have been inserted in recent years, several, especially of the military memorials, carry plainness to the verge of ugliness. During the present century the progress of decay has been arrested, and the restorer has been at work, though not always wisely. The rebuilding of the north-west tower has already been mentioned; of various other works the most recent has been the reseating of the choir, a great improvement, completed only about two years since.

In conclusion, let us briefly glance at the dominant features of the cathedral as it at present exists. The most conspicuous is the noble group of towers, which rises so superbly above the general level of the city roofs. It must, we think, be admitted that a central tower dominating over the western forms a far grander composition than one in which it is subordinate in height to them. In this respect, then, Canterbury at once surpasses Durham and York, and competes with Wells and Lincoln. To both these it is to be preferred, as it surpasse the former in size and in its more perfect terminal outlines, the latter in being more perfectly united by subordinate features to the main mass of the building. It would be difficult to find a composition more perfect of its kind than these towers give when seen from some distance away from the city on the north-west or south-west. Another striking feature is the great length of Canterbury Cathedral (Winchester and Ely alone exceed it, the latter barely), and the sense of immensity which is produced by the gradual unfolding of the component parts as we walk along the southern side. After passing the nave-transept, a new church—as it has been well said—seems to open upon us, and beyond the apse of that we reach the unwonted termination of Becket's Crown. Like the cathedral of San Stefano at Bologna and the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, Canterbury Cathedral seems rather a connected group of churches than a single building. In the outer walls we can trace the work of Lanfranc and Ernulf, of the English and French Williams, and of Chillenden and Goldstone, and in the north-western tower compare the Victorian imitation with its more ancient pattern. Among the minor features we cannot fail to notice the south-western porch—a noble structure in itself, whose singular position, so near



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: CHOIR SCREEN AND WESTERN ARCH OF CENTRAL TOWER.

the western doorway, is a record of the ancient church of St. Augustine, the chief entrance to which was through "the south porch." Passing through this—for it still forms the usual access—we enter the nave. The peculiarity already noticed in the exterior is even more conspicuous here. The great flight of steps leading up to the choir, the rich but massive screen, and the supporting arches introduced into the rather narrow openings of the tower, isolate the nave from the rest of the cathedral more completely than in any other which we remember, not forgetting even Wells. Thus the nave appears more like a gigantic hall, an impression which is increased by the great height of the side aisles, and consequent elevation of the piers supporting the main wall. This produces a certain sense of disproportion. Harmony of composition, as is usual in buildings of this period, has been sacrificed in the endeavour to give an impression of loftiness. A general poverty of conception is apparent throughout, and this is heightened by the absence of a triforium gallery, and the design of the clerestory. The two are united in the tracery of a single Perpendicular window, of which only three lights in the upper stage are pierced to form a clerestory. The effect of this is very far from satisfactory. When the great windows of the side aisles were filled with stained glass, and possibly the walls coloured, the building doubtless produced as a whole a rich effect; now, with its large extent of plain glass, it looks chilly and almost poverty-stricken. We pass for the present the transepts and the scene of the martyrdom, and enter the choir. This also is no less unique than many other parts of the building. Glancing eastwards the eye is at once caught by the peculiar outlines of its walls, and by the long ascents leading to the platform of the altar. In order to preserve—as we have already stated—the two apsidal tower chapels of Conrad's choir, and yet to construct a superb retrochoir to receive the shrine of the martyr, the walls of the choir are bent inwards for some little distance, and after this contraction are continued eastwards parallel with their former direction. Apart from this, other architectural features of the choir are rather remarkable. The proportion of breadth to height strikes us as rather unusual, and awakens memories of churches across the Channel more than any other which we have in Britain, except perhaps the abbey of Tewkesbury. The details also of the architecture are in many respects peculiar. We have a building in its main features Early English, yet in great part erected at a time when, in this country, the so-called Norman architecture still prevailed. Thus the building is in the strictest sense of the word transitional—round and pointed arches occur side by side; the two styles are blended one with the other, though the bias of the designer is clearly towards the later. This is more obvious in the work of English William than in that of his French predecessor, still it is not till we reach the "corona" that we find in any sense a perfect specimen of an Early English design. The simple grace of this lofty cupola can hardly be too highly praised.

We leave the crypt, together with some minor features of the cathedral, for incidental notice in our next article. Others have been glanced at in the present; many more must be omitted, such as the remarkable series of archiepiscopal tombs. Prior to the Reformation, the shrines or tombs of about fifty of the Archbishops of Canterbury could be indicated; now only about eighteen of them can be identified with certainty, but even these form a very remarkable series. Since the Reformation none of the archbishops have been entombed in their cathedral.

T. G. Bonney.

THE PORTRAITS OF FRANÇOIS I.

How quickly fashion forgets its favourites is strikingly illustrated in the oblivion which befell the memory of the Clouet family. Working in Paris from 1460 to 1580, painting the chief celebrities of the courts of François I., Henri II., and Charles IX., in the next century the Clouets were so completely forgotten that only one virtuoso remembered their proper name, and even he attributed the work of the whole school to a single painter. It was not until near our own time that the Comte de Laborde, making researches in the French archives, discovered no less than four painters of the name of Clouet, two of whom were painters in ordinary to the king. His proofs consist of payments of accounts for work done for the court; and his conclusions are fully accepted by Charles Blanc in his "Histoire des Peintres."

The first Jehan Clouet was a Fleming, and came into France about 1460. He belonged to the school of the Van Eycks, and was, or had been, in the service of the Duke of Burgundy. In 1475 he went to live at Tours, and resided in that place until 1485. This last statement is disputed on the

ground that his son, the second Jehan Clouet, was not born in France, it being distinctly stated in a document referring to the property left by the said Jehan Clouet that he was neither naturalised nor a native of the kingdom. Whether Jehan Clouet, the father, lived or not in the capital of Touraine is, however, a matter comparatively unimportant. It is certain that Jehan Clouet, the son, was connected with the city if the statement be true that he married Jehanne, daughter of Gatien Boucault, jeweller and burgess of Tours. Some time between 1513 and 1522 Jehan Clouet the second was appointed painter in ordinary to François I., in succession to Jean Bourdichon. The post was lucrative, but it did not raise him above the ordinary artisans who followed the court. The painter stood, in fact, very low down in the domestic hierarchy, being rated after the grooms and the scullions. He was expected to do anything required in the colouring line: to decorate the furniture, paint the chariots and the trappings of the horses, even go into the kitchen and ornament the pasties. Jehan Clouet was at first called Maistre Jehannet Clouet, or Maistre Jannet Clouet; then, according to the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century fashion of abridging names, he was simply called Maistre Jehannet, or Maistre Jannet; and this cognomen not only descended to his son, but in later times covered the work of the whole school, everything attributable to it being called a Janet.

François Clouet (1510—1580) succeeded at his father's death, in 1545, to the post of court painter. He was a naturalised Frenchman; and he and his father must be considered the first painters of any eminence in the French school. Jehan Clouet did not enjoy the reputation accorded to his son; he had refused to submit to the influence paramount at Fontainebleau, and he suffered accordingly. But when François took his place, that influence had declined, and Maistre Janet's high repute is proclaimed by his contemporaries. About 1559 was the culminating point of his talent and his success; it was about this time that Ronsard thus addressed him:—

"Pein moy, Janet, pein moy je te supplie
Sur ce tableau les beautez de ma mie
De la façon que je te les diray."

And after describing all the beauties he beheld in the fair face painted by Janet, he exclaims:—

"Elle est faite.
Lève les mains. Là, mon Dieu, je la voy!
Bien peu s'en faut qu'elle ne parle à moy."

In the zenith of François Clouet's fame he was called upon to perform one of his duties as court painter. The king died at Rambouillet; and Clouet was sent off post-haste to take a cast of the dead man's face. With this he returned to Paris, and there worked day and night to prepare the effigy and to paint all the furniture for the funeral. He had to do casting in plaster and potter's earth, to model the face in wax, to colour it in oil from sketches and from memory, to complete it with a beard and hair, to make two pairs of hands from nature for the divers ceremonies, to direct the workmen who made the lay-figure in wickerwork, and to dress in regal costume the dummy thus produced. In addition to all this he had to see to the painting of the church, and of the fleurs-de-lis on the twelve banners of the château and on the heralds' coats-of-arms; of the ensigns of the hundred gentlemen of the château, and of those of the Swiss and the four hundred archers of the guard; it was his to burnish up the royal crown; he had to blacken the chariot and redden its wheels. Moreover, it was his duty to prepare effigies of the Dauphin and the Duke of Orleans, the children of François I. already dead. Again, in 1559, when Henri II. was accidentally killed, the work had to be repeated. It is clear that François Clouet could not have done all this without assistance. Those who helped him in the more artistic part of such work were, in all probability, the pupils whose innumerable pictures, copies or otherwise, were formerly all attributed to the master himself.

François had a brother, the fourth Clouet, who was painter to the King and Queen of Navarre, Jean d'Albret and Marguerite de Valois. He entered this office about 1529, and was dead when, in 1545, his brother received the king's express permission to inherit Jehan Clouet's property, the king, as an especial grace, waiving his *droict d'aubaine*—which gave him the right to seize the goods of an alien dying in his dominions—in favour of François Clouet. The latter lived to be seventy, and his portrait represents him as an old man, severe and thoughtful. That of Clouet the father suggests a heavier, easier nature—a personality in nowise French, but altogether Flemish.

A peculiarity of the Clouet school is the resistance it offered to the influences of the Italian Renaissance. The Clouets, father and son, held fast to the processes and tradition of the Van Eycks. All the other French artists submitted to the Italian style which François I. took so much pains to impose upon them. His effort to make Lionardo da Vinci the founder of a school in France having failed through the great painter's death a few years after his arrival in the country, François sought to induce no less a person than Raphael to come in his place. The pope, however, would not permit it, and the king had to content himself with Andrea del Sarto. Andrea was followed by Rosso and Primaticcio, who, established at Fontainebleau, gave themselves up to its decoration, and became the guides of French art. That the Clouets were able to resist this powerful

current was probably owing to the fact that they devoted themselves almost exclusively to portraiture, and especially to miniature painting, for which there was a great demand in the French court. Portraits had been in requisition from the earliest times; but as it was only after the invention of painting in oils that they could be painted to last, there are none now existing older than the Fourteenth Century. The oldest portrait in France is that of King John—the prisoner of the Black Prince at Poictiers—(1340—1364). Portraits were seldom hung on walls until the Sixteenth Century; and in the first half of it eminent personages were still delineated in tapestries, or in a framed series, or in the midst of historic scenes. When separate portraits were of small size, and furnished with cases so that they could easily be packed, the least occasion—a peculiar costume, for instance, such as the appearance of Mary Stuart in Scotch dress—was warrant enough for their production. This suggests the extensive field there was for miniature painters during the later Valois period. This field it was which was cultivated by the Clouet school, and cultivated with such perfection that from those of their work that have escaped destruction we may gather an idea of the *personnel* of the French court as complete as that afforded of its English rival by their contemporary, the younger Holbein.

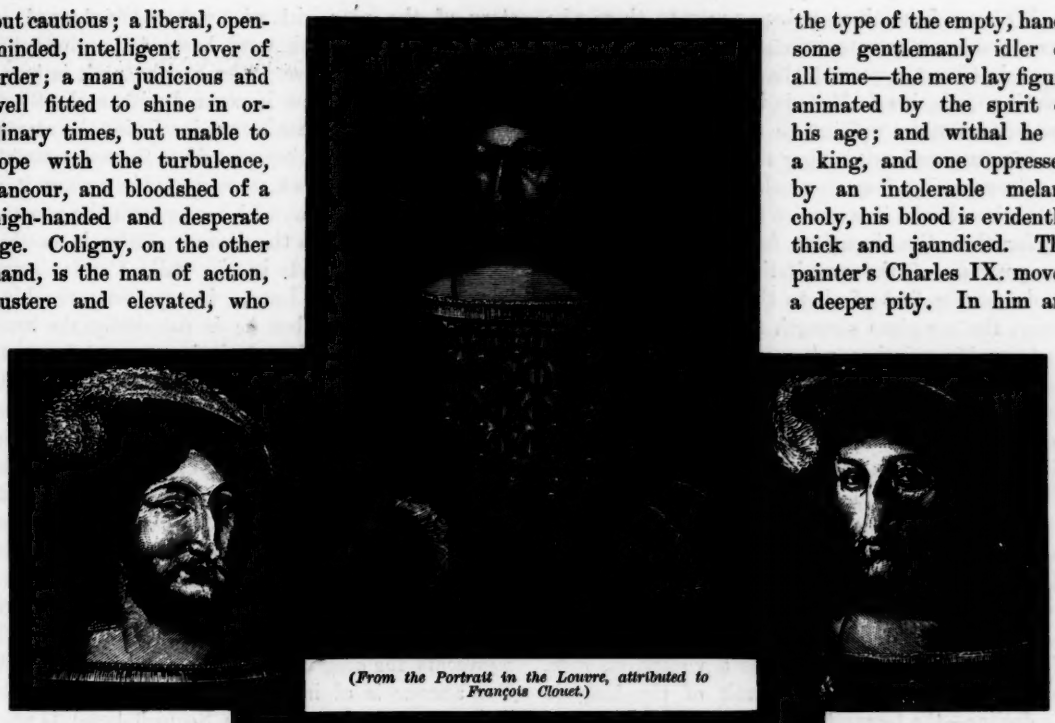


FRANÇOIS I.

(From the Portrait by Titian, Salon Carré, Musée du Louvre.)

An afternoon in the Salle Carrée at the Louvre, which is almost entirely devoted to the Clouet school, will give us an insight into the character of the leading personages in France in the Sixteenth Century, hardly possible to be obtained in any other way. Here, for instance, are portraits, small but precious, of Michel l'Hôpital and Admiral Coligny. The mild brown eyes, penetrative nose, thin beard, and gentle gravity of the Chancellor, suggest a man benevolent

but cautious; a liberal, open-minded, intelligent lover of order; a man judicious and well fitted to shine in ordinary times, but unable to cope with the turbulence, rancour, and bloodshed of a high-handed and desperate age. Coligny, on the other hand, is the man of action, austere and elevated, who

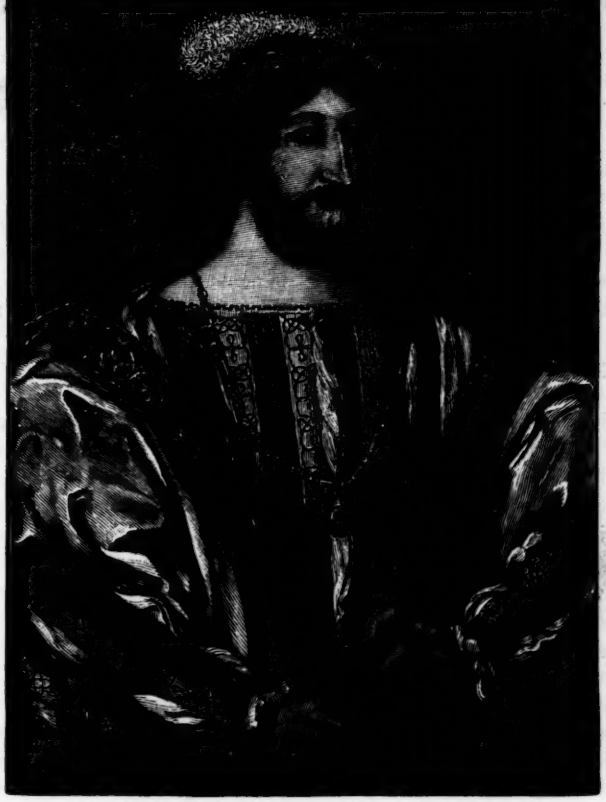


(From the Portrait in the Louvre, attributed to François Clouet.)

(From the Portrait in the Louvre, attributed to Corneille de Lyon.)

(From the Portrait by Jehan Clouet, in the Collection of the Duc d'Aumale.)

never doubts himself or his opinions. From these two great and good men we pass to the representatives of their generation, the Guises, the Valois, the Medicis. The portrait of François de Lorraine, Duc de Guise, makes plain enough from which side Mary Stuart got her dangerous beauty. The clear, sparkling eyes, the honest, handsome face, are just the instruments for fanaticism; they belong to no dreamer, but to a hearty lover of country, family, and church. It is useful to compare this Guise with the Valois by whom his son, the Balafré, was murdered. Janet's Henri III. is



(From the Portrait in the Louvre, attributed to the Elder Clouet.)

FRANÇOIS I.

the type of the empty, handsome gentlemanly idler of all time—the mere lay figure animated by the spirit of his age; and withal he is a king, and one oppressed by an intolerable melancholy, his blood is evidently thick and jaundiced. The painter's Charles IX. moves a deeper pity. In him are intelligence, taste, some possibilities of goodness; but the expression is sad and resigned, as of one who feels himself fated to evil. In the collection of the Duc d'Aumale are two other portraits by François Clouet which give the ordinary impression of the king who helped to murder his own people. They represent Charles at periods much earlier and later than that of the miniature full-length in the Salle Carrée. In the one he is a boy, in the other a man grown. Both of the faces reveal potentialities of ferocity; but the younger one is especially dull and cruel.

We turn from these unhappy men to those who were to so great an extent the authors of their misery. François Clouet appears to have had the honour of painting Catherine de Medicis very frequently. Her portrait resembles nothing so much as a dead calf's head, nature and art having almost entirely got rid of all expression from her pale, fat face. But the mother's cold and inexpressive mask is more tolerable by far than the shameless face that fronts us in the portraits of the grandfather, François I. Let us do justice first of all to the frankness, the *bonhomie*, the conscious strength that could permit such photographic painting, not merely of an ugly wart, but of the triumphant perversity of a life that knew not restraint nor shrank from any kind of corruption. The permission was due to the finer part of the king's nature, to his real sympathy with all true art. The man who could feel an enthusiasm for the lofty idealism of the Renaissance, and yet admire and foster the Gothic realism of the Clouets and of the Flemish school, deserves all the praise bestowed on him as one of the largest-minded patrons the arts ever had. But François, if the greatest of *virtuosi*, was one of the most vicious of men. Who can look upon the portrait of the king in his decline—the topmost of our group—and not feel with Michelet that it is *désolant?* The puffy, brazen cheeks, the Bardolphian nose, the baggy detestable eyes, and above all the mouth, surely the most lascivious ever painted—all mark a man who had sounded the lowest deeps of sensual indulgence. Still there is the fine intelligent brow; its sweep cannot be altogether ruined. The hand is open, but there is a conventionality about its pose which makes one feel it to be that of a man who trades on his reputation for frank generosity. The Louvre catalogue tells us that Earl Dudley's collection contains a similar portrait attributed to Lionardo.

The pendant to this portrait of the satyr in years is one of the satyr in early manhood. It is believed to be by the elder Janet, and is one of the most interesting in the room. It is, like the other, life-size and a three-quarter figure. As in all the sitter's portraits, François is painted in a velvet cap with a white feather; it would seem as if during his whole reign he never wore any other kind of head-dress. The costume is of striped white satin broidered with gold, the details being painted with great care. With the exception of the beautiful lines about the brow, the face is repulsive. The enormous nose in itself is fine, as we see from Titian's portrait; but its relation to the mouth and eyes renders the face of François one of the most remarkable in portraiture. The last two features are revelations of character. The lips are pallid, and in the spots and sores show signs of internal fever; while the eyes make us believe the story of the poor girl who was so frightened at their glance that she went home and ruined her beauty with a corrosive. The ox-like neck is bare; the massive lower jaw is covered with a short soft beard, which the painter has rendered with the utmost minuteness. If anything can add to the unfavourable impression which Janet conveys of his master, it is the long, subtle fingers, which play with the pommel of the sword and with the gloves. There is another portrait of François I. in the Salle Carrée, attributed to Corneille de Lyon. It represents the king a few years later; but he is essentially the same man. Another small portrait by Janet belongs to the Duc d'Aumale. It was exhibited at the Trocadéro in 1878. François is here represented at a period probably between the one last described and the life-size Clouet. In point of expression it is the most agreeable of all the portraits of the king. It gives better than any the full, fine brow; the neck, as in all the portraits, is bare. These three pictures we have engraved and grouped. There is another portrait (on vellum) of François I. at Florence attributed to Holbein, but which Laborde considers a Janet. It represents the king in full armour and on horseback. The armour is of iron inlaid with silver; and the horse, a powerful grey of the Spanish breed, is pawing the ground magnificently.

The Clouet portraits are precious for their singular fidelity. They mark an age which had revolted against asceticism, and had come to entertain a strange respect for human nature, even in its degradation. The Renaissance rose higher. It was neither for nor against human nature. It sought not literal truth, but the soul of things, and tried to express it on canvas. For contrast's sake, we have engraved a famous Titian from the Louvre. While admiring the faithful work of Clouet and his school, it would be folly not to admit the far higher and nobler excellence of the Titianic theory and practice. To the great Venetian the face of the crowned Faun, in which Janet saw only prose and mere unpleasantness, is full of fine lines and gallant and romantic qualities. The long nose has all the delicacy of perception and high breeding of a human greyhound, the effect of its modelling being increased by a vein which runs down from the eye. The brow is perfect; the lewd mouth is brave with smiling wit. The eye, half closed in collaps of fat, alone baffles the painter; he cannot dissemble its lasciviousness. The jaws and neck are heavy and thick, as with Janet, and the bust is enormous. But in his simple grandeur, in the perfect beauty and appropriateness of his attire, François appears worthy of his part as the Mæcenas of art, the friend of the true kings of the Renaissance. There was something royal in the man; and Titian perceived and painted it.

The least doubtful work of François Clouet in the Louvre is the portrait of Charles IX., of which I have already spoken. It is painted in every part with such marvellous finish that the general effect is less striking than would have been the case had the work been varied according to its importance. The detail is throughout so minute that it would almost seem as if Janet had tried to rival the perfection of nature. Laborde regards this picture as marking the painter's decline. The work which this devoted admirer and discerning critic points out as one of the best examples of the earlier and truer style of the school is a portrait in the museum at Antwerp of François II. when a child. Serious almost to severity, yet full of grace; its general effect clear and luminous; the expression living, transparent, and sweet; of a modelling so delicate that a breath would seem sufficient to efface it, yet so well understood and so happily achieved, that it does all that is needed; this portrait possesses all the best characteristics of François Clouet. The court painters of Henry VIII. and François I. did, as I have said, a similar work; there is ample means to compare the manner in which they did it. If Holbein must be confessed the more powerful master, the Clouets were more than his equal in delicacy of touch and gracefulness of manner. Although of Flemish origin, they seem with the atmosphere of France to have drank in this peculiarity, the one abiding charm of French art. This it is that renders their work so peculiarly French, and gives them the right to rank as the fathers of French painting, as Chaucer is the father of English poetry.

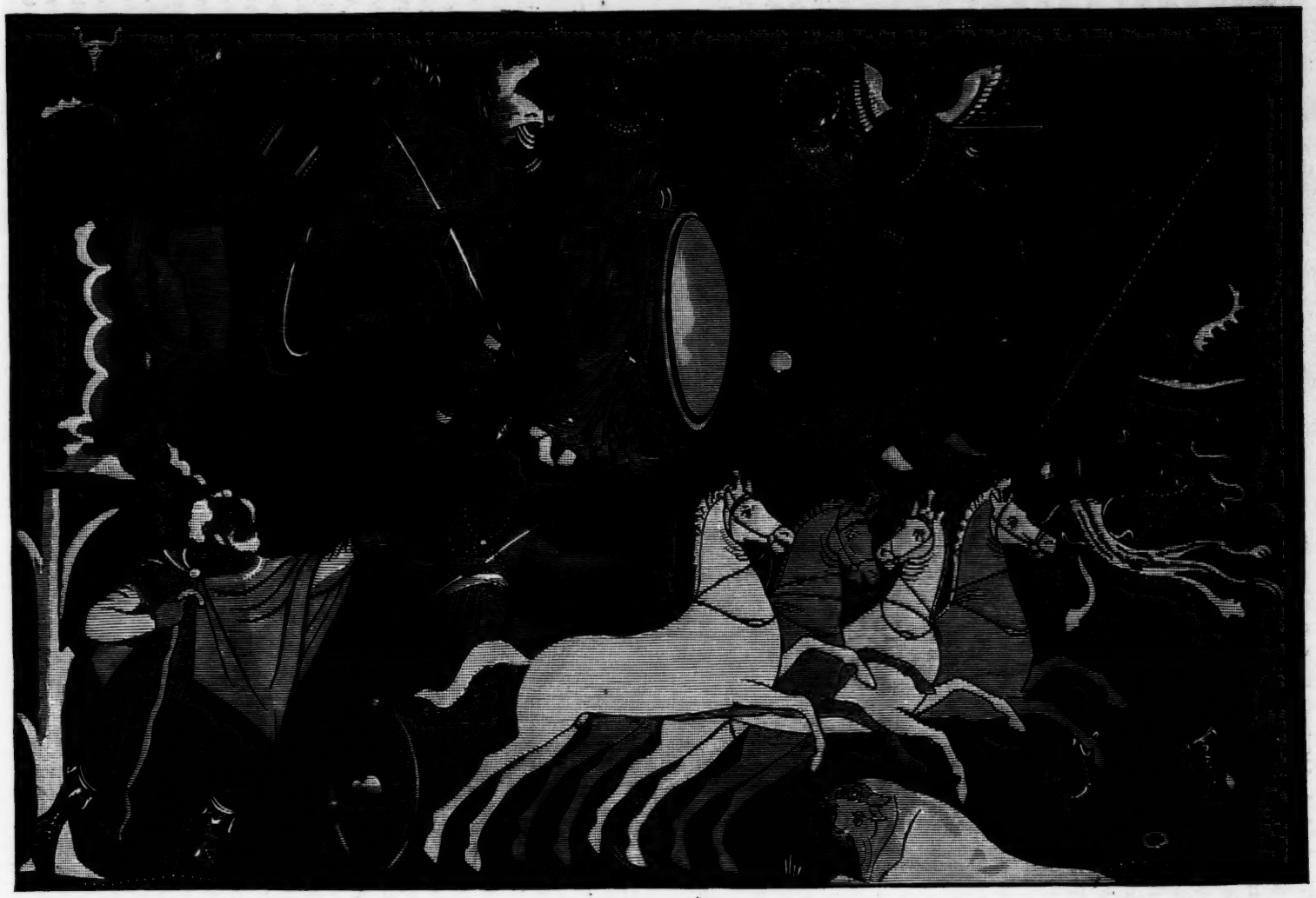
There are a few of their works in England. Hampton Court possesses one, supposed to be the queen of François I., and the pendant to that royal ruffian's portrait in the Louvre. There is also another described as a "François II.;" Laborde, however, says that it is certainly not the husband of Mary Stuart, though it is as certainly a Clouet. Stafford House is rich in six. They represent Catherine de Medicis, Jeanne d'Albret, François de France Duc d'Alençon, Henri III., the Comte d'Angoulême, and Marguerite de Navarre. Laborde considers the Catherine, the Duc d'Alençon, and the Henri III. to be by François Clouet. The Jeanne d'Albret, which he thinks superior to all the rest, he knows not whether to attribute to François or to his brother. The Comte d'Angoulême and the Marguerite he believes to be by Jehan.

RICHARD HEATH.

AN ANCIENT PICTURE GALLERY.*

UNDER this attractive title a French scholar, M. Bougot, has lately given to the world a translation from the Greek work of Philostratus the elder, accompanied by extensive comments and a prolonged introduction. Most readers would prefer a brief sketch, and this I propose to give. But first I must challenge the title. For it is not on all hands believed that a picture gallery had ever existed such as Philostratus describes and professes to have seen in the ancient city of Naples. Some go so far as to call the whole affair a fabric of his imagination. Others maintain the contrary, and point to many things in his descriptions which could not have been purely imagined, but must have been seen by him in real pictures. A middle course proposed a number of years ago has deservedly met with a favourable reception. It accepts the descriptions as actually written down from pictures which Philostratus had seen here and there in his travels, but denies that he had seen them all together in one gallery, as he professes to have done. It was no great effort of imagination for a sophist as he was to collect his pictures in such a fashion; and considering that the object of his writing was the instruction of youth, he would naturally endeavour to cast what he had to say in a complete and attractive form. He was on a visit, he says, at Naples during a holiday time; and being unwilling to address the youths who gathered round him in the streets, he took a walk outside the walls, and came upon a pleasantly-situated building, which contained a series of pictures. A boy about ten years of age, the son of his host, accompanied him, and begged to have the pictures explained. To this he readily agreed; and the explanations which he gave to this boy and some others of his youthful companions, brought together to share the instruction with him, constitute the work we now have. This part, at least, of the story is clearly too circumstantial to be true; and, unfortunately, it tells us plainly that we need look for no artistic criticism in the sense in which we are familiar with it. Young boys would care only for the subject of the pictures, and the action and character of the figures. Apparently, it was chiefly in this respect that Philostratus himself found an interest in painting; and in professing to oblige a juvenile audience with his thoughts on the matter, he is not likely to have done any violence to his own theory of

* "Philostrate l'Ancien. Une Galerie Antique." Par A. Bougot. (Paris: Librairie Renouard; H. Loones, successeur.) 1881. 25 fr.



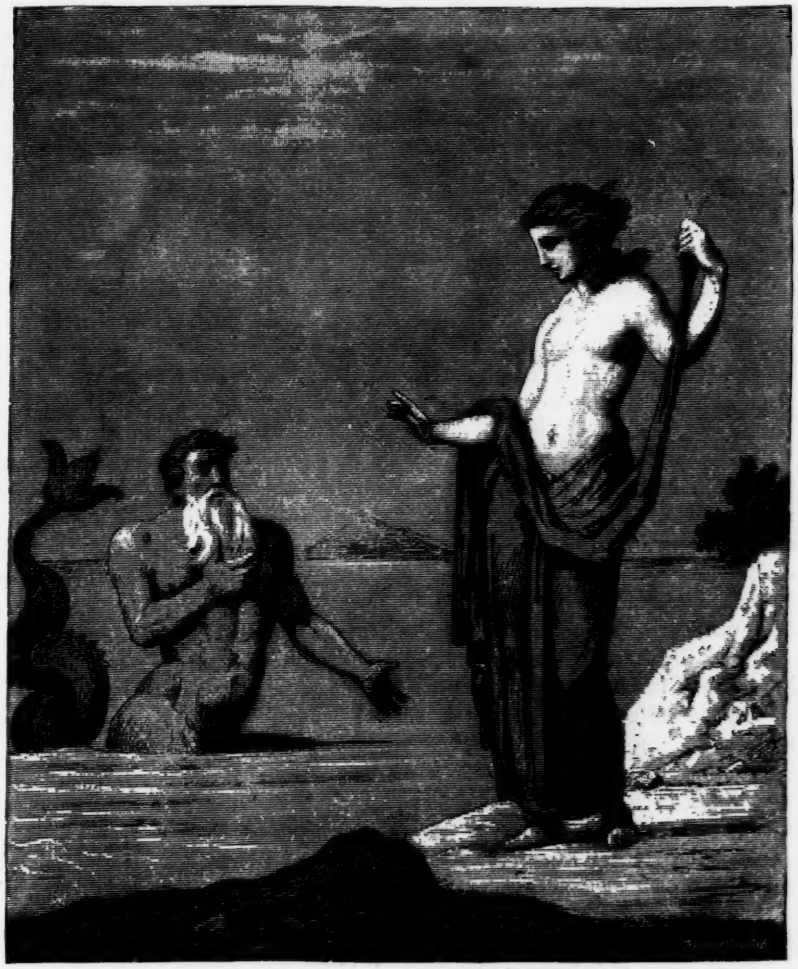
THE DEATH OF HIPPOLYTUS.

(From a Greek Painted Vase of the Fourth Century B.C., found at Rubi, in Apulia, now in the British Museum.)

art-criticism. He was a Greek whose profession was to explain things clearly and attractively to courtly persons, such as Julia Domna and Caracalla, with both of whom he had been a favourite in his time. Possibly it suited his hearers, as well as his own faculties, to keep near the surface in all he had to say. If on occasion he had to be profound, it was safest to get into allegory. Yet we cannot think without regret of the opportunities lost by those later Greeks who busied themselves in describing, often with great pains and industry, the works of the great masters of their country, but rarely if ever attempted any real artistic criticism. We owe Pausanias much for his descriptions of what he saw all over Greece. But even in the presence of the greatest works of sculpture or painting he is content with a mere "Very well worth seeing," or some such phrase intelligible only to himself.

Philostratus, however, professes to have studied painting four years with a man skilled in the art, and in a short introduction he gives us his general views on the subject. "The man," he says, "who loves not pictures sins against truth." That is a bold beginning; but instead of justifying the assertion, he only proceeds to name other sins of which the supposed individual is equally guilty. Then he goes on: "To a subtle mind painting may seem to be an invention of the gods, because of the forms that are to be seen in the heavens and in the earth, when the seasons paint the meadows. But an inquirer into the origin of art will find that the imitation of nature is one of the oldest inventions, coeval with nature itself. It was an invention of wise men who called one kind of it painting, the other kind sculpture. Of sculpture there are many sorts, from modelling itself, and working in bronze, stone, marble, and ivory, down to the engraving of gems. But painting deals only with colours. Yet though thus limited to one process, it achieves more than other arts with a greater variety of processes. It gives shadow, and represents a look, whether of frenzy, grief, or joy. No sculptor can render the glance of the eyes. But be an eye bright, or blue, or black, the painter can show it; so also the colour of the hair, whether blonde, red, or golden, the colours of dress and of armour, of houses and rooms, of groves, hills, fountains, and the air around them."

Let us now see his method, beginning with his first picture, entitled "The Scamander." He says: "My child, you know this subject is from Homer. Perhaps you did not recognise it, being struck only with the marvellous thing that fire should burn in water. Let us see, then, what you think of it.



GLAUKOS AND SCYLLA.

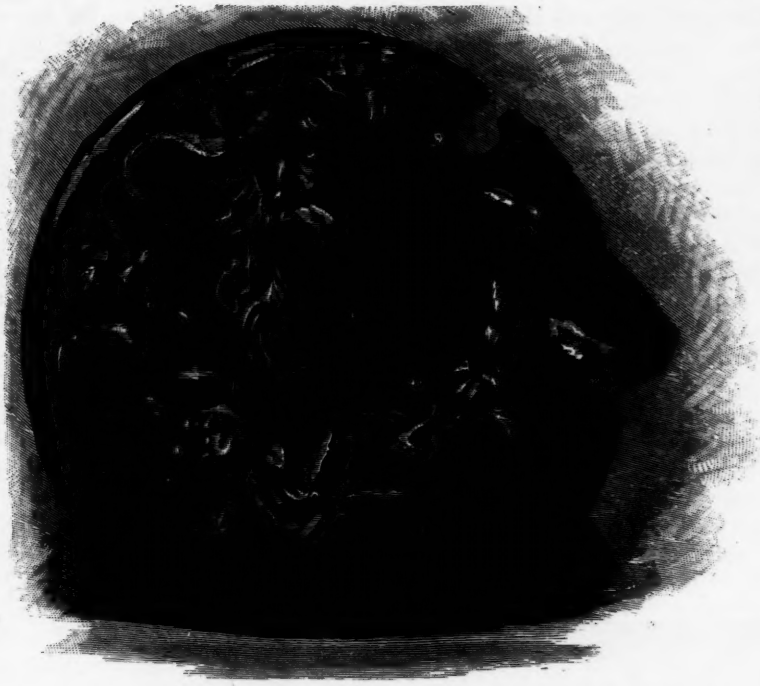
(From an Ancient Fresco, found in the ruins of Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli.)

But first look away from these things and consider the circumstances which the painting represents. You know the story of the 'Iliad,' where Homer makes Achilles rise to avenge Patroklos, and where the gods stir war among themselves. As to the gods, the picture takes no account of them, except of Hephæstos rushing headlong at the river Scamander. Now look again at the picture. The whole scene is there—the towering citadel and battlements of Troy, the plain large enough for an encounter between Europe and Asia; the fire spreads wide over the plain, and reaches in a large body the banks of the river; no tree is spared; the fire around Hephæstos rushes on the water; the river god complains, and supplicates Hephæstos; the river god is not painted with long hair, for it has been burned by the fire; nor is Hephæstos painted lame, he is running too fast to show that; the flame of the fire is not yellow, nor of its usual appearance, it is like gold and sunlight. These things are added to Homer."

At first sight it might seem that a modern painter would have no difficulty in producing from this description a thrilling landscape. But what would he make of the river god Scamander, and of the fire god Hephæstos? In a raging scene of fire and flood, such as he might conceive, there would be no place for them, since they are the personifications of fire and flood, and could not be present in actual human form side by side with the elements they represent. I doubt if the modern painter would not, after all, come back to the poor picture which M. Bougot has reproduced from an ancient manuscript of the "Iliad," and admit that, so far as artistic conception goes, he could not do better, and yet be true to the Greek ways of thinking. For the Greeks in many artistic matters had ways of thinking which we may sometimes understand, but can never fully realise. A nymph reclining on a rock could awaken in them the ideas associated with a cliff by the sea. With us, perhaps, the associations in such a case would be too varied and complex to be represented or answered by any one figure. Yet even now it cannot be denied that a poet will often by a slight touch convey an impression of natural scenery deeper and truer than the most elaborately realistic description. We can only suppose that the figure which personified a grove, a river, or a mountain, acted in some such way on the Greeks. In the picture just referred to as occurring in a manuscript of the "Iliad," is seen the river god Scamander reclining on a rock, but raising himself a little in alarm as he beholds Hephæstos rushing to the stream with two flaming torches. There is no burning down of trees and herbage, no general blaze, as Philostratus makes of the scene. And yet such simple elements of a picture as those in the manuscript may well have conveyed to him the impressions he describes.

If we take the description of the picture entitled "Glaukos," it will be easy to see how very slight the work of art may have been which recalled to Philostratus the story he hangs on it. He says: "The *Argo*, having passed the Bosphorus and the Symplegades, now cuts the waters of the Black Sea, and the waves listen calmly while Orpheus sings. On board the *Argo* are the Dioscuri, Herakles, the Æacidæ and Boreadæ, and all the race of demigods that flourished then. The keel of the ship had been made from the old oak at Dodona, by which Zeus used to give out oracles. The purpose of this voyage was to bring back from Colchis the golden fleece of the ram which once, as was said, had carried Helle and Phrixus through the air. Jason had set himself to get the fleece, though it was guarded by a terrible sleepless dragon. It was Jason who was in command of the ship. But the steersman, my child, was Tiphys; he who, first among men, was bold enough to practise this dreaded art. Lynkeus kept outlook at the bow, famed for his quick sight, as well down into the depths of the sea with its hidden reefs, as into the distance, when land should come into view. But I fear that even the eye of Lynkeus is confounded now by the sight, which makes the fifty rowers drop their oars. Herakles alone is unmoved, but he has been accustomed to strange things in his time. The others seem to look on it as a prodigy, to see before their eyes the sea-god Glaukos: he who, it is told, once lived at Anthedon, and while eating some weed on the sea-shore, was overtaken by the tide and carried to the abode of fishes. He is prophesying some event; for the prophetic art remains with him still. In aspect his beard is wet and white, like the foam of a brook; his hair falls in thick tresses, and the water with which it is charged streams down his shoulders; his eyebrows are shaggy, and almost meet into one. Look at his arm! you will see how it has been exercised in incessant beating against the waves as he swims. Look at his chest covered with hair, in which stick the sea-weeds! Below the bust his form falls away, for Glaukos ends in a fish, as you may see from the two coils behind him. They have the colour of purple. Around him circle Halcyons, singing the deeds of the human race, to which they, like Glaukos, had once belonged, and showing Orpheus by their song that the sea also is not without music." In our second picture, which is taken from M. Bougot's work, the figure of Glaukos answers to the description of Philostratus, except perhaps that he opposes a milder mien to Scylla than he wore when he appeared to the Argonauts. On that occasion his aspect had rather resembled that of Nereus in the bronze relief which we have engraved

below. In this case Philostratus is clearly describing a picture which we have no difficulty in realising from the remains of mural painting in Pompeii. But he adds not a word to lead us to suppose that the special picture he had in his mind was better than the average of what has survived from Pompeii, and that, to say the truth, is not a high average. We rather conclude that his main object was to tell in the simplest form for a child the tale of the *Argo;* and, to give the story what he imagined might be greater vividness, he introduces the main lines of a picture.



THE SEA-GOD NEREUS, WITH SEA-NYMPHS, RECLINING ON DOLPHINS, IN HIS BOSOM.

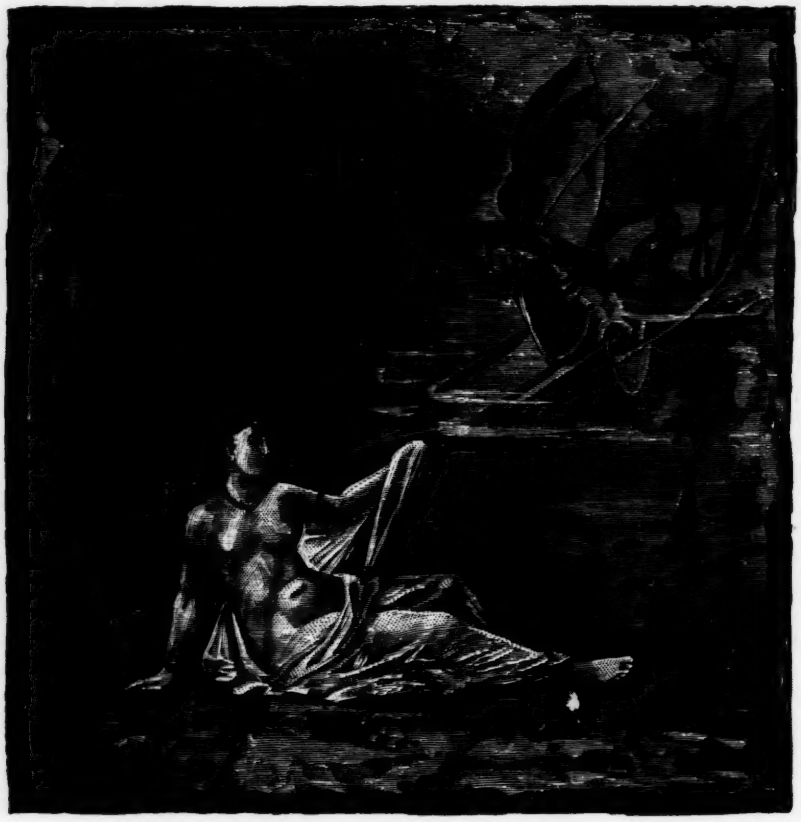
(*From a Greek Bronze Relief of the Fourth Century B.C., found in Macedonia, now in the British Museum.*)

It is difficult to see how the work of Philostratus could have been intelligible to the class of readers to which it was addressed without illustrations, and in this respect it opens a curious question which, unfortunately, we have not now the means of settling satisfactorily. I mean the question of how far the manuscripts, which in ancient times did the duty of books, were, in such cases as this, really illustrated. There was, of course, no mechanical means of reproducing illustrations, and the cost of repeating them by hand would necessarily have been heavy compared with that of transcribing the words. On the other hand we have still such manuscripts as those of the "Iliad" and the "Æneid" to show that the practice was at least not unknown; and we can imagine that at one time there had also been copies of Philostratus containing sketches of all the pictures which he describes like a sort of illustrated Academy Catalogue. We have seen that, whatever he may have learned during the four years in which he studied painting, it was not the faculty of criticism. He may, however, have acquired enough of technical skill to be able to make sketches from pictures sufficient to illustrate his stories. No doubt this combination of artist and writer, though frequent in our day, requires to be proved before it can be accepted as a fact in antiquity. Not that there is any question at all of artists having been known as writers on art also. We might even go so far as to say, for example, that the work written by the sculptor Polykleitos, concerning his statue of a Doryphoros, could not without illustrations have conveyed intelligibly his argument as to what were the true proportions of an athletic figure. So long, however, as our oldest manuscripts are but copies from the originals, these questions must remain in the region of conjecture.

It is true that a considerable number of the legendary subjects described by Philostratus are to be found in works of ancient art still existing: as, for example, his Ariadne abandoned by Theseus—a representation of which, from a fresco at Herculaneum, we print on our next page. It is no less true that in most cases they cannot be said to correspond with his account. On the other hand we must expect large discrepancies if we seek to compare what he says with the picture on a Greek vase painted four centuries or more before his time. In that interval great changes had taken place in painting. Or again, if we find that his description of Dionysos transforming the Tyrrhene pirates into dolphins contains much that is not to be seen in the reliefs representing that subject on the monument of Lysicrates at Athens, we must bear in mind that these sculptures were executed in the fourth century B.C., while Philostratus lived at the close of the second century A.D.; and, what is also important in the question, we must take into

consideration the different limits imposed on sculpture and painting.

Let us compare, for example, the picture he gives of Hippolytus with representations of the same subject as they occur in sculpture and on a painted vase, and see whether the difference of treatment in these two branches of art are not such as to incline us to believe that, with the far greater freedom allowed in mural painting, such a picture as that described by Philostratus was quite within its range. The unfortunate Hippolytus, falsely accused by his stepmother Phædra of a vile passion for her, and unable to convince his father Theseus of his innocence, was driven from Athens. As he passed in his chariot along the sea-coast, a huge bull sent out of the sea by Poseidon so terrified the horses that they overturned Hippolytus, and caused his death on the spot. It was the scene of the death of Hippolytus that was the subject of the picture in this instance. It is a motive which is known to have been treated by an ancient painter, Antiphilus. How it was rendered in sculpture we know from several examples of bas-relief, of which the one reproduced by M. Bougot is a fair illustration. In the central subject it agrees with Philostratus; but when he proceeds to fill in the surroundings, the nymphs and allegorical figures of cliffs bewailing the fate of him who had hunted so much among them, it is clear that to realise the scene in these details would be beyond the province of sculpture, but quite within that of painting, as may be seen from similar details in pictures from Pompeii. A Greek vase in the British Museum —the original of our first picture—gives the story of Hippolytus, but from an earlier moment of the incident. There is the huge bull rising out of the sea; the horses have not yet broken from control; so far it is not in absolute agreement with Philostratus. Behind the chariot the aged tutor of Hippolytus stretches his arm in horror at the impending calamity; in front, the friendly goddess Artemis seeks to stay his horses. But on the upper field of the vase, as if looking down on the immediately impending fate of Hippolytus, are ranged a group of the principal deities of Athens, to whom Euripides describes him as appealing when compelled to turn his back on his father's city. These deities —on the left Pan, then Apollo, Athené, Aphrodité with Eros, and lastly Poseidon—are not distracted with grief, nor even moved with pleasure, as Aphrodité might otherwise be supposed to have been to some extent; that would not be consistent with their nature. Yet, in the fourth century B.C., when this vase was painted, the mere presence of these deities would have conveyed to the Greeks as vivid a sense of their sympathy as did the passionately moved nymphs and allegorical figures of the age of Philostratus. In any case the deities on the vase perform an entirely kindred function to that ascribed by him to these figures. With the greater freedom of mural painting the whole scene as he describes it could have been realised very readily indeed. A. S. MURRAY.



ARIADNE ABANDONED BY THESEUS.

(From a Fresco found at Herculaneum, now in the British Museum.)

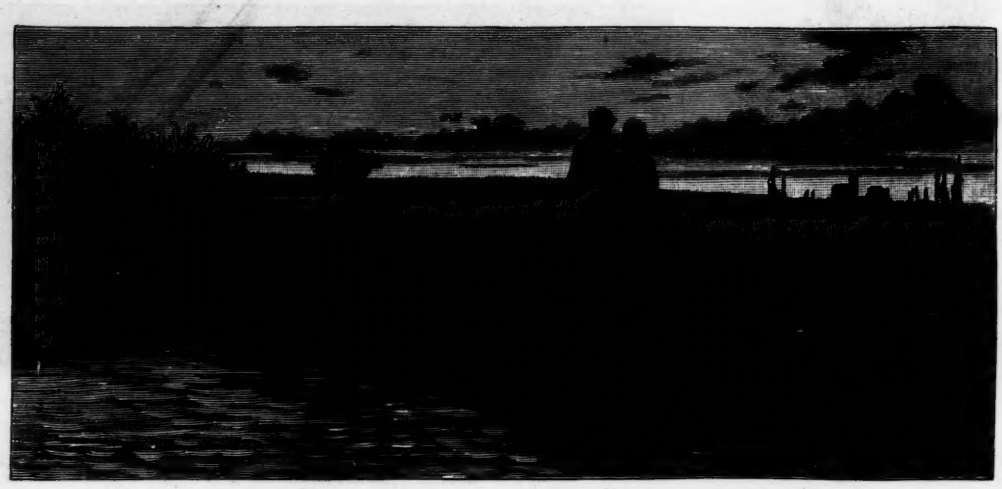


THE THAMES AND ITS POETRY.

IN one of Mr. Mortimer Collins's poems he describes the emotions of his dog as the sagacious animal views the Thames from the Temple stairs. "Can this be the stream," the hound asks (only he asks the question in rhymes which I have unluckily forgotten), "that I know by the meadows of Medmenham?" Indeed it is not easy for man or dog to recognise the changed and extremely dirty face of a dear old friend in the muddy and business-like aspect of the Thames as it creeps or hurries (like a rough before the policeman) along the Embankment. To vary the metaphor, and not to say any more about roughs, it is as if we had known a young and prosperous poet, and found him in his maturity a vehement City man, with no very particular notions of probity in business. A hundred miles back Thames was still comparatively clear and fair; he babbled of green fields; he loitered among the long green water-weeds with their crowns of white flowers, the tresses of those nymphs that men call Nereids. He knew "the Fyfield tree," and like Corydon in "Thyrsis,"

> "He knew what white, what purple fritillaries,
> The grassy harvest of the river-fields
> Above by Eynsham, down by Sandford yields,
> And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries."

This was the youth of Thames. He listened to the singing birds up among the Cotswolds when his name was Isis, and he answered their song. Now he rumbles along by the rumbling Metropolitan line where it burrows underground, and in place of the soft mists that swept over him, he is haunted by black and poisonous smoke that strips the leaves from the trees. He used to wash the Oxford barges, where men lie at ease in flannels and read *Punch*, or repose after the long course; and now he must mingle his hoarse, lamentable voice with the eternal noise of Parliamentary debate. In place of his lashers, that are so swift and white at Sandford and at Pangbourne, he has but a slimy, crawling current in the ebb, and a brown, turbid rush in the flow. Dirty tugs, or at best barges with big red sails, or huge boats urged by lightermen, toil upon his



THE THAMES ABOVE MARLOW.

surface, that knew, in better days, the racing eight, and the swift skiff, and the lazy punt with its furniture of cushions, novels, and—possibly—cider-cup. Truly the Thames at London has changed for the worse, and has "gone into the City" with a vengeance. But we, who knew him in his youth and in our youth, have a heart of kindness for him still; and he is, after all, a kind of natural force among all these artificial forces which grind and shriek and steam to make civilisation, and to prevent any decent life being worth living. No river, after all, can be absolutely spoiled, except, perhaps, in the very heart of the commercial country, where Manchester and Leeds and Sheffield give all their earnest endeavour to deface Nature. The Thames, even between the Temple and the Houses of Parliament, has its beauties: when all the lines and crowns of light are reflected in its surface in the darkness; when its breadth actually gives air and something like a view of distance, and the obelisk throws its moralising shadow on the stream, and reminds us that what Memphis and Babylon are London must some day become.

If one should walk a little higher up the stream, one learns that the river is always anxious to retain its old character of grace and freedom. Standing on the aged, rickety, wooden bridge in Cheyne Walk (a bridge against which the Philistine is plotting even now), one can actually look up the stream to the green hills of Surrey, and see the water take a natural sweep and curve, and admire the fine gravel strand beneath some old trees, almost the only natural trees between any London house (it is the house of a poet and painter) and the river. The Duke of Buccleuch was much reviled and ridiculed because he did not like the Embankment and wished to keep his own land in its natural state, with the sedged banks in which shy water-fowl made their nests before the Embankment was. No one seems to have been lenient to a descendant of Borderers (they have a natural and ineradicable love of a free flowing river), and to a successor of the bold Buccleuch who forded the Eden after he had taken one of his clan out of the stronghold of Carlisle:—

"Buccleuch has turned to Eden water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi' a' his band,
And safely swam them thro' the stream.

"All sore astonished stood Lord Scrope,
He stood as still as rock o' stane,
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes
When thro' the water they had gane.

"'He is either himself a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be.
I wad na have ridden that wan water
For a' the gowd in Christentie.'"

But, in the matter of the Embankment, a duke for once did not get his own way, and public interests prevailed over the picturesque. The Embankment is certainly a noble monument: the statues on it are reckoned fine; and roughs find it a very convenient place whence to pitch the lieges into the river. And the duke has plenty of waters in his own country, where there are no roughs and no embankments. But people who liked the glimpse of nature where nature has now been expelled with a fork, rather regret the old state of things—the rough bank, the flowers, the sedges. "In the mud-banks where the District Railway now burrows," says Mr. George Leslie, "I recollect arrow-heads actually flowering, and occasionally even swans floating about." We

can be asphyxiated there now rapidly and inexpensively, and buy the daily papers at stalls, under the place where the swans floated and the arrow-heads flowered.

To contemplate what progress and civilisation have done for man—to regard, I say, the immense material benefits which our science, enterprise, and industry have conferred upon us, always makes me feel so melancholic and—to employ an old word familiar to the translators of Rabelais—so metagrabolised, that I turn readily to contemplate the life of Hottentots in the present, or of our ancestors in the past. As long ago as 1563, or thereabouts, was born, in an unsophisticated age which knew not the Brush light nor the Channel Tunnel, a poet named Michael Drayton. He was a poet of the fighting order, and it is certain that recollections of the battle of Agincourt gave him lively pleasure. He may have taken part in, or at all events possibly witnessed, the defeat of the Spanish Armada; and so provincial and insular and illiberal was his mind, that he does not seem to have regretted the conduct of his countrymen in not bowing to the manifest designs of fate, and "conciliating" the Spaniards. This Drayton was a lover of streams, and wrote a poem called "Polyolbion," in which he glorified all our English rivers from stately Thames to little "roaring Yarty," that brawls beneath her alders between Devonshire and Somerset. Drayton wrote of Thames in the allegoric manner of his time, with a pleasant old-fashioned fluency and grace; and from Drayton we can partly learn what the Thames was before it became, in its later course, chiefly a large sewer. Drayton takes up the tale with the marriage of Isis and Thame, and the birth of Thames, their offspring.

> "Isis, Cotswold's heir, long wooed, was lately won,
> And instantly should wed with Thame, old Chiltern's son.
> And now that woodman's wife, the mother of the flood,
> The rich and goodly vale of Aylsbury, that stood
> So much upon the Thame, was busy in her bowers,"

gathering and garlanding all wild blossoms to deck her child. Is not the verse like the song and speed of a river, with its pleasant falls and breaks of melody? Then Drayton numbers with affectionate care all the tributaries of the higher waters:—"fair Windrush," and Cherwell, and brooks of

> "Aylsbury, a vale that walloweth in her wealth,"

and tells how

> "Isis from her source
> Came tripping with delight down from her dainty springs,"

past Godstow, and the grey ruined abbey whither men bore from Woodstock the body of fair Rosamond. All that part of Isis above Oxford spreads and interlaces, passing in many branches through deep water meadows, where

> "Many a scythe in hay-time flames,
> Where black-winged swallows haunt the glittering Thames."

The paths that run through the fields cross the dividing streams by massive black old foot-bridges of ancient oak, and there is little that seems changed since Rosamond's day. I always think of the landscape in that low light, which the French painters prefer: when the melancholy wind and the grey, wandering waters round Godstow seem to repeat and remember the story of the place, and not to have forgotten Rosamond.

But to return from these mysteries of Isis to Michael Drayton, he does not forget streams less



HERONS IN THE BULRUSH BEDS.



THE THAMES NEAR TAPLOW.

famous, as "clear Churnet," and Coln, and Leech, and "Yenload with his satyr crew;" and he sets all their nymphs and Naiads a flower-gathering, like the maidens of Persephone in Moschus:—"One would pluck sweet-breathed narcissus, another the hyacinth, another the violet, a fourth the creeping thyme, and on the ground there fell many petals of the meadows rich with spring." Then Cherwell "cometh from his sire, the fruitful Helidon"—Helidon so near being Helicon, a hill on the marshes of Northamptonshire and Warwickshire. Cherwell is the favourite tributary of the indolent undergraduate; for its stream (though the Cambridge man said "it is not so very much bigger than the Cam") does not afford range and space for boat races. Cherwell is a winding water, swift here, sluggish there, which loiters under arches of may, and the heavy scent of the flowers is almost overpowering to the lazy paddler of his own canoe, as he works his way up under the walls of Magdalen to the old lasher where the red-finned perch crowd in spring. The region about Cherwell was a part of "merry England" before railways were, or traction engines, or steam ploughs. Drayton talks of

> "That rich country near, whereas the mirthful clowns
> With tabor and the pipe on holidays do use,
> Upon the May-pole green to trample out their shoes."

There be no May-poles now, no mirth: only a tobacco-pipe, which Drayton did not admire.

> "When Tom came home from labour,
> And Cis from milking rose,
> Merrily went the tabor,
> And merrily went their toes,"

in Drayton's day, and later. But the Puritans changed all that; the tabor is forgot, like the hobby-horse, and toes no longer move merrily. But Drayton lounges down the stream to Reading, where "dear Kennet overtakes" his favourite Thames, and Loddon comes in, and Thames

> "His much loved Henley leaves, and proudly doth pursue
> His wood nymph Windsor's seat, her lovely site he views,
> And, looking at her still, his way is like to lose;"

and so Thames slips by

> "Great London to salute, whose high rear'd turrets throng
> To gaze upon his flood, as he doth pass along."

But we cannot afford to leave Henley so rapidly as do Drayton and the river.

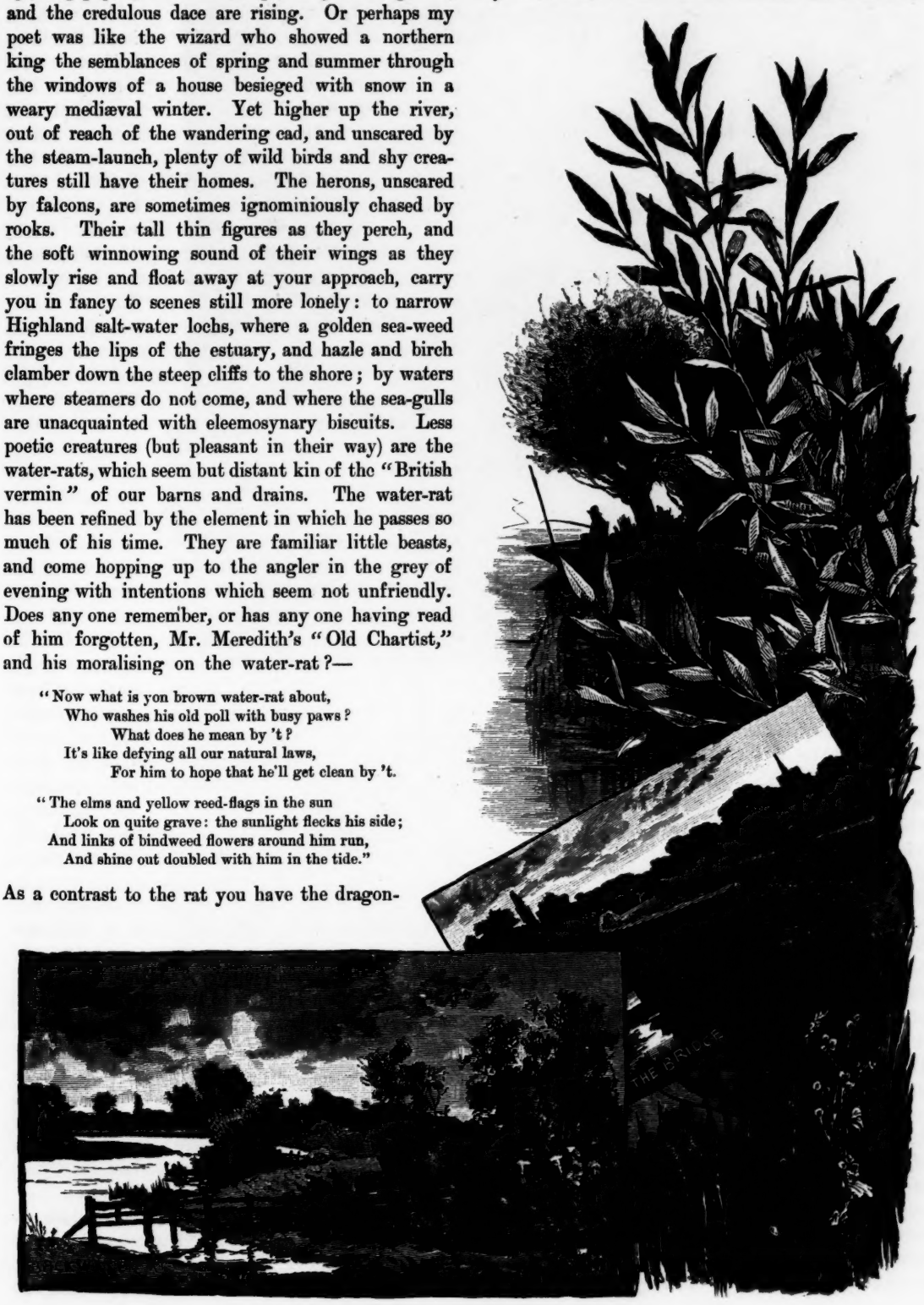
Perhaps we have said enough, or rather too much, about the degeneracy of the river. Nature is not very easy to bend; and manufacturers, drains, the old boots and tin kettles of towns, and even the doings of the owners of steam-launches, have not taken all the pleasures and poetry out of the Thames. Even in the midst of our hideous suburbs, and among dwellings apparently constructed, as Mr. Carlyle says, "to shelter nomadic apes," little stretches of running water manage to keep comparatively natural. Once I went with a poet—an urban poet, whose Muse is happiest in the Strand—to a stream somewhere between Putney and Wandsworth. We came to an old mill among silvery willows. There was a rushing, shining mill-lead, and boys were catching silvery fishes—dace or roach. It was like an old Dutch picture, so indolent and sunny was the scene on a Sunday morning. I have never been able to find the way back; but somewhere among the grimy little brick hovels—"smoky dwarf houses"—and the

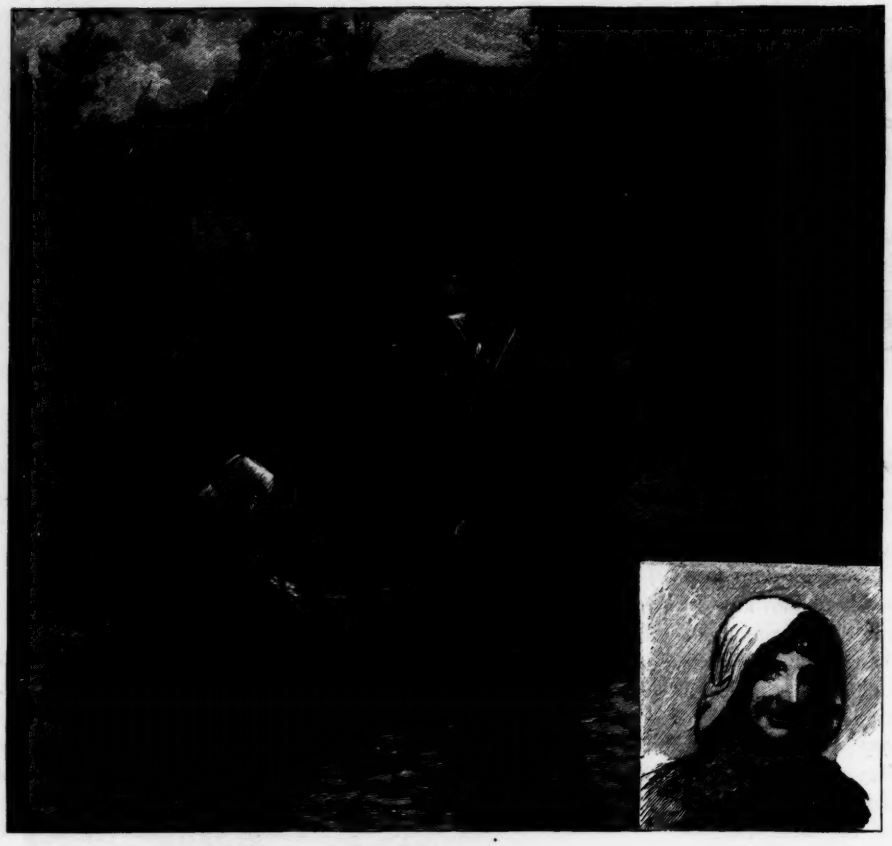
open Sunday shops that sell ginger-beer and penny sporting papers, the stream is probably running now, and the credulous dace are rising. Or perhaps my poet was like the wizard who showed a northern king the semblances of spring and summer through the windows of a house besieged with snow in a weary mediæval winter. Yet higher up the river, out of reach of the wandering cad, and unscared by the steam-launch, plenty of wild birds and shy creatures still have their homes. The herons, unscared by falcons, are sometimes ignominiously chased by rooks. Their tall thin figures as they perch, and the soft winnowing sound of their wings as they slowly rise and float away at your approach, carry you in fancy to scenes still more lonely: to narrow Highland salt-water lochs, where a golden sea-weed fringes the lips of the estuary, and hazle and birch clamber down the steep cliffs to the shore; by waters where steamers do not come, and where the sea-gulls are unacquainted with eleemosynary biscuits. Less poetic creatures (but pleasant in their way) are the water-rats, which seem but distant kin of the "British vermin" of our barns and drains. The water-rat has been refined by the element in which he passes so much of his time. They are familiar little beasts, and come hopping up to the angler in the grey of evening with intentions which seem not unfriendly. Does any one remember, or has any one having read of him forgotten, Mr. Meredith's "Old Chartist," and his moralising on the water-rat?—

"Now what is yon brown water-rat about,
Who washes his old poll with busy paws?
What does he mean by 't?
It's like defying all our natural laws,
For him to hope that he'll get clean by 't.

"The elms and yellow reed-flags in the sun
Look on quite grave: the sunlight flecks his side;
And links of bindweed flowers around him run,
And shine out doubled with him in the tide."

As a contrast to the rat you have the dragon-fly, "our last connecting link with bygone fairy times," says Mr. Leslie—the delicate insect like a courtier





THE FERRY AT SHILLINGFORD.

metamorphosed by the Fairy Blackstick, with all his apparel of blue and silver still upon him. Kingfishers are being shot down like ospreys and eagles in wilder parts of the country. For some reason, when a countryman sees a rare bird the spirit of science instantly awakes within him; he charges his old gun and does his best to make the rare bird rarer still. Not otherwise do etchers destroy their plates when a certain number of copies have been struck. But Nature is an artist who dislikes this sort of treatment, and will soon refuse to print off any more kingfishers. I have only seen about three in my life, flashing like winged sapphire and opal below the alder boughs, and none of the three were by the Thames. Oxnam bred one, and one the Ettrick; the third lived by a Yorkshire stream.

About Thames fish I know little or nothing. I have watched for hours the pretty scarlet fins of perch, and the arrow-like dace poising among the water-weeds of Cherwell, and big chub floating lazily about—for the chub is a worthless, indolent fellow that loves a large bluebottle, but the trout of Thames are more shy, though not always more dainty. Indifferent to the small blue upright, and the black gnat, and the white moth, it is said that these fellows will sometimes bite at a big piece of meat or a dead mouse. The late Frederick Walker, the painter, yearned much, Mr. Leslie says, to capture a Thames trout; but they would not take his fly, and it was not till his last visit to the river that he captured a big one up between Bray and Monkey Island. Is there not something overgrown and artificial about a Thames trout? When he is vanquished it seems that he is elegantly stuffed and bestowed in a glass case by his proud captor to serve as a trophy, or he is returned to the water, to grow bigger and make fresh sport on another day. A stuffed fish in a glass case is a gloomy object, almost as gloomy as a stuffed alderman would be. Mr. Leslie has observed that "the bending of the stream makes a shoal of small fish, as they come up against it, take the same beautiful curves and lines as the wracks and weeds do." But to look into Mr. Leslie's book discourages any one who may be trying to write about the river; and he feels that he had better send his readers to that delightful treasure of observation and water-side gossip for themselves. Mr. Leslie knows all the flowers of the Thames: loosestrife and meadow-sweet, marsh-marigold and dewberry and willow-herb—all those unbought bouquets, which fade so quickly when brought into London air, but which are still free to the poor, against whom rich men and steam-launch Red Rovers are trying to shut the Thames backwaters and islands.

May one end a very rambling and devious set of notes with some verses on a Thames pool, by the anonymous author of "The Growth of Love"? Every friend of the Thames who does not know him will

be glad, I think, to make the acquaintance of this poet of the stream, who "stroked" the Corpus boat long ago to "the Head of the River":—

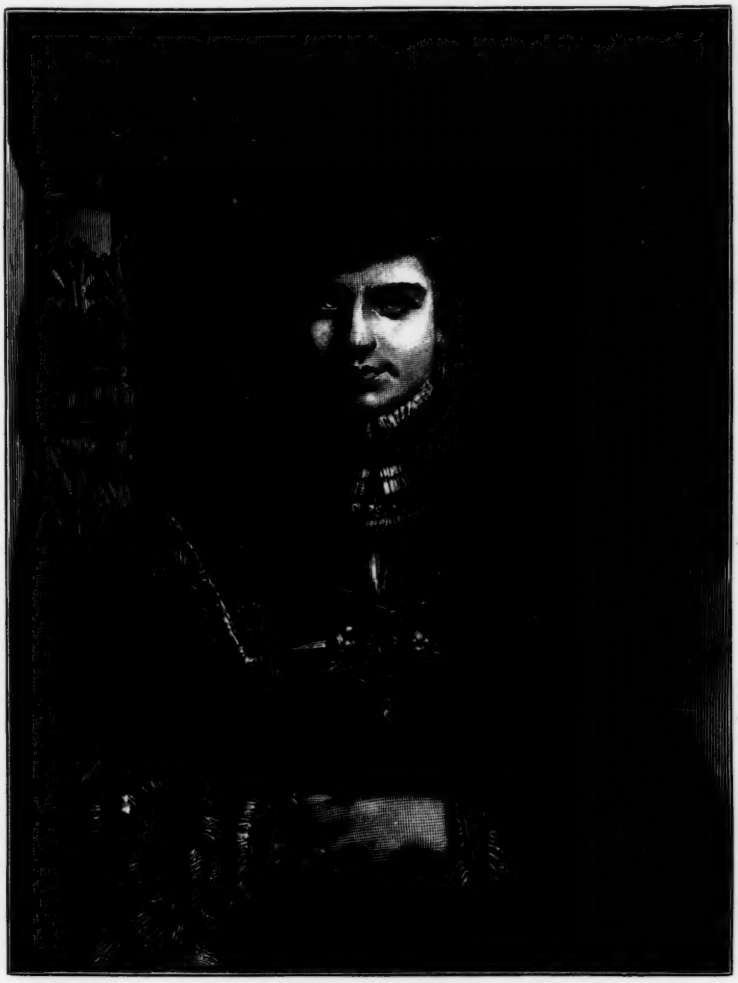
"A rushy island guards the sacred bower,
And hides it from the meadow, where in peace
The lazy cows wrench many a scented flower,
Robbing the golden market of the bees;
And laden barges float
By banks of myosote;
And scented flag and golden fleur-de-lys
Delay the loitering boat.

"And on this side the island, where the pool
Eddies away, are tangled mass on mass
The water-weeds that net the fishes cool,
And scarce allow a narrow stream to pass;
Where spreading crowfoot mars
The drowning nenuphars,
Waving the tassels of her silken grass
Below her silver stars."

Before the summer is ended some reader may leave Henley and boat-races to look for this poet's pool, which cannot be far from Pangbourne. A. Lang.

"A FAIR PATRICIAN." By Hans Makart.

HANS MAKART, a pupil of Piloty and a fellow-student of Max and Joseph Flüggen, is one of the most successful masters of modern Germany. Indeed, his admirers have dubbed him the "Austrian Veronese;" and though the two painters have nothing in common but the fact that the one is as fond of painting the nude and of covering vast canvases as the other was three hundred years ago, the title is significant of much good-will and hearty appreciation. Makart has a facile and vigorous brush; he delights in enormous motives, in tumults of figures, in rich costumes, and brilliant colours, and ostentatious nudities; he is excellent at archæology, and the arranging of groups, and the marshalling of processions. Had he lived three centuries ago, and worked and rivalled with the giants—with Veronese and Tintoretto, with Titian and Raphael and Michelangelo—he might possibly have been a great painter. For in art, as in everything else, a man is merely the outcome of his own epoch. If he inherits a good tradition and is born to the heirship of a good method, the fight is half won for him ere he strikes his first blow. In the same way, if the tradition handed on to him is



A FAIR PATRICIAN.
(From the Picture by Hans Makart.)

null and the method he must set himself to acquire is bad, he fights a lost battle from the first, and such victories as he gains are at best but relative and partial. It is not easy to imagine, for instance, what Delacroix might not have done had he been, not the successor of Girodet and David, but a pupil of Rembrandt or of Rubens; what might have been the achievement of Frederick Walker had he painted with Watteau and with Chardin; what might have been the function of Crome had he been trained in the methods of Hobbema. The tradition to which Makart was born was that of Cornelius and Overbeck and Kaulbach; the method and the ambition by which he was exampled were Piloty's, and had been adapted, with the help of bitumen, from such false gods of French romanticism as Ary Scheffer and Delaroche. It is evident that he was heavily handicapped, and that, all things considered, he has done gallantly. It is not less evident that, better placed at starting, he would have done more gallantly still.

Of his "Patrician" there is not much to be said. It is no doubt a portrait, and it shows all the painter's love for costly textures and good tailoring—for lawn and lace, and velvets and furs, and jewels, and marble pillars, and material affluence, and physical beauty. That the heroine of the picture is altogether so aristocratic as her painter would have us believe is somewhat doubtful. She has a comely presence, however, and a good fashionable style, and she would have become a panel in the *Graphic* Gallery between M. Cot's superb brunette and M. Carolus Duran's luxurious blonde: with M. Baudry's exquisite Parisienne to be jealous of, and the English young ladies—the very English young ladies—of Mr. Storey and Mr. Marcus Stone and Sir Frederick Leighton to look down or utterly disdain.

BYWAYS OF BOOK ILLUSTRATION.

JACOB CATS.

TO an uninstructed reader the homely name that heads this paper does not, in itself, suggest any special distinction. When we are informed that Jacob Cats was a native of Holland, our first impression is of some typical Dutchman, stolid and squat-figured, preoccupied with his pipe and tulips. If it be added that he wrote verses, speculation goes no farther than to picture a minstrel of the type of Longfellow's "Cobbler of Hagenau," chirping his songs at the bench, and having ever

> "At his side,
> Among his leathers and his tools,
> 'Reynard the Fox,' the 'Ship of Fools,'
> Or 'Eulenspiegel,' open wide."

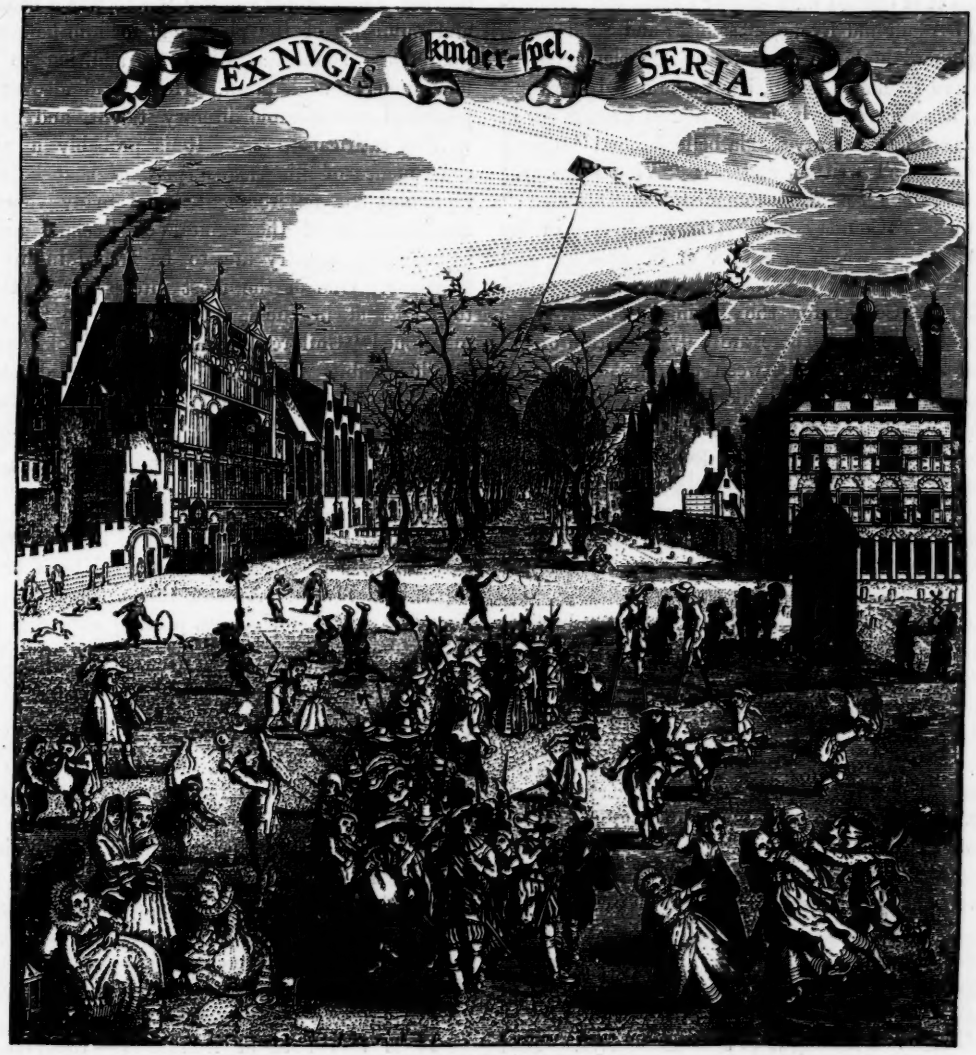
Both these forecasts, however, are equally at fault. As a Dutchman, Jacob Cats was one of the prominent men of his age. He had gained honour as a Greek scholar at Leyden University; he had travelled in France and England, visiting both Oxford and Cambridge. He was an accomplished jurist; and though—as some recent authorities allege—he had but little success as a politician, he was, at least, a great civic dignitary in the great days of the Netherlands, holding important office as a magistrate at Middleburgh and Dordrecht, and ultimately becoming Grand Pensionary of Holland. He was twice ambassador to England, being knighted on the first occa-



BETWEEN TWO STOOLS—!

(From the "Mirror of Past and Present." Fac-simile of the Original Engraving.)

sion by Charles I. When finally, at the age of seventy-two, he obtained the permission of the States to retire into private life at his country-seat of Sorgh-vliet—his "Sans-Souci" or "Castle-Careless"—on the Scheveningen Road, it was as a man who had deserved well of his country, and might



CHILDREN'S GAMES.

(Fac-simile of the Original Engraving.)

fairly be permitted to cultivate his garden and write his "Reminiscences."

But if he acquired a reputation as a citizen, he earned a still greater reputation as a poet. He was a contemporary of Hooft and Vondel, and that delightful Tesselschade Visscher, of whom Mr. Edmund W. Gosse has given us so pleasant a portrait, and was probably the most popular of the three. By his readers he was affectionately styled "Vader Cats," and his works in familiar moments were known as the "Household Bible." His big folio was to be found by poor men's hearths, and in the windows of the rich—even as Baker's "Chronicle" lay in the window of Sir Roger de Coverley. When we open that vast volume (*i.e.*, Schipper's edition of 1655) now its bulk appals us. It is a book to be approached only from the side of dimension, as Macaulay approached Nares's "Life of Burleigh." It weighs so many pounds avoirdupois; it contains so many inches cubic measure. Not to lay stress on the blackness of the type, which is in itself portentous, it is printed in two columns, sometimes even

in three. Turning the tall pages timidly, you become conscious, in addition to a Babel of proverbs and emblems, in all languages, of a vast didactic poem on "Marriage" (*Houwelick*), which traces that institution, with abundant illustration, from maidenhood to widowhood. Then of another, and a still longer one, entitled "Nuptial Ring" (*Trouringh*), wherein it is treated *inter alia* of Crates and Hipparchia, of Adam and Eve, of Masinissa and Sophonisba, of Eginhard and the daughter of Charlemagne, of Jacob and Rachel. Jacob, it may be noted in parenthesis, has apparently been educated in France, for in the picture he has carved "la belle Rachell" upon a tree-trunk, and written under it "Vive l'Amour." Then there is a "pastoral romance" of "Galatea;" a poem on "Country Life" (*Buyten-leven*), in the frontispiece of which is a view of Sorgh-vliet, and towards the end of the book another poem called cheerfully "Coffins for the Living" (*Doodt-Kiste voor de Levendige*). These are only a portion of the contents. Beside and between them are numerous other pieces, accompanied like the rest by prefaces and sub-prefaces, by appendices, excursuses, commentaries, head-notes, foot-notes, postscripts, and addresses to the reader, which hedge them in like a forest. Poetry, with this Dutch poet, is not by any means a trickling rill from Helicon; it is an inundation *à la mode du pays*—a flood in a flat land, which rolls down everything in its course.

To this immoderate and incontinent productiveness is probably to be attributed the fact that, notwithstanding their excellent precepts and praiseworthy morality, the poems of Jacob Cats do not seem to have been largely translated. Report, indeed, affirms that his entire works have been "done into German;" but this would be of little service to the ordinary English reader. The French, on the other hand, seem to have contented themselves with an imitation of the short piece entitled "Children's Games" (*Kinder-Spel*). In our own country, multifarious old Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, paraphrased the first part of *Houwelick* under the title of "An Emblematicall Dialogue, interpreted from the excellent and most learned D. Jac. Catzius; which sheweth how Virgins in their chaste loves ought to bear themselves." And as late as 1860 many of the emblems and proverbs were translated by Mr. Richard Pigot to accompany the "freely-rendered" cuts of John Leighton. But our concern is less with the text than with the old copper-plates which originally accompanied it, and which, fortunately for us, speak a universal language.

These, printed in the body of the page, are generally uniform in size, and surrounded by a conventional border. Many of them bear the initials or names of such well-known engravers as W. Hondius, the two Mathams, and Crispin van Queborn. But the main interest centres in the designer, Adrian van der Venne, a painter of considerable ability, and noted especially for the prodigious canvases on which he depicted the battles of the seventeenth century. After drifting to and fro he seems to have settled at Middleburgh, where Cats also resided from 1602 to 1620. His brother, Jan Pietersz van der Venne, was a bookseller and publisher of the place, and for him he executed numberless book-illustrations in addition to those now under consideration. He is said also to have possessed considerable literary talent, and to have written satirical works. It is probably a natural consequence of his *modus operandi* that he should reproduce his environments; and many views and reminiscences of the capital of Zeeland and the surrounding country are to be traced in his compositions. One of the most interesting of these is to be found in the large head-piece to the above-mentioned "Children's Games," the background of which exhibits the great square of Middleburgh, with its old Gothic houses and central clump of trees. This is, besides, one of the most delightful pictures in the book. We have engraved it in fac-simile for our principal illustration. Down the middle of the foreground, which is filled by a crowd of children, advances a regiment of little Dutchmen, marching to drum and fife, and led by a bellicose captain of fifteen. Around this central group are dispersed knots of children, playing leap-frog, flying kites, blowing bubbles, whipping tops, walking on stilts, skipping, and the like. In one corner they are busy with blind-man's-buff; in the other the girls, with their stiff head-dresses and vandyked aprons, are occupied with their dolls. Under the pump some seventeenth-century equivalent for chuck-farthing seems to be going on vigorously; and, not to be behindhand in the fun, two little fellows in the distance are standing upon their heads. The whole composition is full of movement and animation, and —so conservative is childhood—might, but for the costume and scene, represent a play-ground of to-day. No doubt it represented, with far greater fidelity, the play-ground of the artist's time.

It is this note of literalness — this truth to what lay nearest—that constitutes the chief charm of these illustrations. Many of those to the "Emblems" are quaint with that inventive strangeness and naïve ingenuity which have a fascination entirely apart from artistic merit. But, as a rule, the artist is strongest in what he has seen. His lions are more or less heraldic; his crocodiles are badly stuffed; and his salamanders of doubtful actuality. There is no such faltering when he shows us a hammer striking a flint on a cushion, or a pair of snuffers cropping a candle, or the interior of a blacksmith's shop.

What applies to the still-life applies equally to the figures. When the subject is a tailor sitting cross-legged in his stall, or a woman warming her feet and gazing into the embers, there is no doubt of the reality of the studies. Some of them, indeed, are finished works in *genre*.

What would you not give for such an illustrated copy of Shakespeare! In these pages of Jacob Cats we have the authentic Holland of the seventeenth century:—its vanes and spires and steep-roofed houses; its gardens, with their mathematical tulip-beds, their clipped alleys and arches, their shining sheets of water. Here are its old-fashioned interiors, with the deep fireplaces and quaint and-irons, the huge four-posters, the staid portraits on the wall, the great iron-clamped coffers and carved *armoires* for the ruffs and starched collars and stiff farthingales of the women. In one picture you may see the careful housewife mournfully inspecting a moth-eaten garment which she has just taken from a chest that Wardour Street might envy; in another she is energetically cuffing the "foolish fat scullion," who has let the dog overturn the cauldron at the fire. Here an old woman, with her spectacles on, is cautiously probing the contents of the said cauldron with a fork; here the mistress of the house is peeling pears; here the plump and soft-hearted dairymaid is entertaining an admirer. Outside there are pictures as vivid. Here are the clumsy leather-topped coach with its masked occupant and stumbling horses; the towed pleasure-boat, with its merry freight, sliding swiftly through the flat landscape; the windy mole, stretching seaward, with its blazing beacon-fire. Here again in the street is the toy-shop with its open front and store of mimic drums and halberds for the martial little citizens; here are the fruiteress with her stall of apples and melons, the rat-catcher with his string of trophies, the furrier with his stock of skins. Many of the designs have also that additional interest which is universal as well as local. Such is the one to the proverb, "Between two stools one comes to the ground," or, as Cats has it, "Nemo potest Thetidem simul et Galatean amare"—a facsimile of which, somewhat reduced, we have engraved. The luckless Philander of the story has been trying to solve the problem, but without success. He has been flirting among the sand-hills with Thetis, who has her fish upon her head in "ocean-smelling osier;" and now Galatea the milkmaid has come suddenly upon them in a hat which looks like an inverted basin with a tuft; and he will probably experience what is high-Dutch for a *mauvais quart d'heure*. Another illustrates as pertinently the adage, "It is ill hunting with unwilling hounds," although the dogs are but a detail in the landscape, and the real moral is pointed by "poor humanity." "Griet," poor soul, shame-faced and ill-at-ease, stands awkwardly by the door settle, looking away from the other actors in the drama, apparently her suitor and his father. By the purse in her hand we must conclude she is rich; by a certain constraint in her carriage we may perhaps also infer that she is not so well-born as her intended. It is, in fact, a Batavian "marriage *à la mode*" that is in progress, if such a word may be employed where nothing is progressing. For if the lady is simply passive, the gentleman on his part is violently demonstrative. He resists all efforts of his senior to bring him to the front—gesticulates wildly, and sets his heel doggedly in the ground. He will none of her, nor all her gear and household stuff—her rents and her comings-in.

The round cap and collar of the female figure in this picture, her short skirt with its rigid folds and dark border, her puffed shoulder-pieces and long chatelaine, remind us of one characteristic of these designs which might be anticipated in so accurate an artist, but which not the less deserves especial mention. This is the excellence and variety of the costume. And it is not only the peasants and fish-women whose dress is faithfully represented, but that of the better classes is as carefully delineated. It would take a chapter to describe the wonderful cavaliers, with their plumed hats and slashed jerkins, their endless tags and aiglets and rosettes; or the sumptuous ladies with their broidered sleeves and purfled stomachers and monumental ruffs. The design inscribed "Amor, ut pila, vices exigit," which may be roughly Englished by "Love asks return," is an example of this, which is as good as any. In a "trim garden," with symmetrically-clipped trees and hedges, a cavalier and a lady are playing at battledore and shuttlecock. The former, whose right foot is neatly turned out after the most approved fashion, so as to show the inside of his calf, has just delivered his blow; the latter leaps lightly to return it with as much activity as may be consistent with good manners and state attire. The copy of this plate which is given on our next page renders further description unnecessary.

There is also a certain grim side to these Dutch moralities which is not without its significance. Through the whole series it peeps out here and there; but it is more plainly manifest in the later works, when we must suppose old age to be stealing upon the writer, and busying his thoughts with Calvinistic images of decay and mortality. The illustration to one of these—a full-page plate—is certainly a most gruesome allegory of life. A man is seen scaling an apple-tree, which clings with gnarled and snake-like roots to the side of a flaming pit or well, inhabited by a ravening dragon that might rejoice Mr. R. L. Stevenson. Along the

brim of the pit a famished bear runs backwards and forwards, eager for its prey; but rats are gnawing busily at the tree-trunk, and by-and-by the tree, climber and all, will topple crashing in the flames. Another composition—the frontispiece to "Coffins for the Living"—takes up two pages, and is even more impressive. The scene is a kind of cemetery with magnificent sepulchral monuments, wherefrom the covers have been lifted so as to exhibit their mouldering tenants. To the right a knot of richly-clad Orientals are gazing curiously at a crowned skeleton: —"Where are the riches of Crœsus?" On the opposite side of the picture, a personage resembling an Eastern Mage, and a beautiful and majestic woman—perhaps the Queen of Sheba—bend wonderingly over a second tomb: —"Where is the wisdom of Solomon?" Here it is a group of soldiers that is attracted; there a group of heroes. But the main interest centres in front of a lofty canopy, the sable curtains of which are drawn aside by grinning anatomies, discovering a figure more pitiful than any in its forlorn and fleshless nothingness:—"Where is the beauty of Helen?" "Was *this* the face that launch'd a thousand ships, and burned the topless towers of Ilium?" Surely a fruitful theme for the grey-haired sage of Sorgh-vliet, when the blast whistled keener through his wind-stripped espaliers, and the dead leaves gathered at the garden borders!



LOVE ASKS RETURN.

(From "The Mirror of Past and Present." Fac-simile of the Original Engraving.)

And here we must close the great folio. But what a picture-book it must have been in the days when picture-books were fewer! One can imagine the Dutch children poring over it, much as Charles Lamb pored over the queer illustrations in Stackhouse's "History of the Bible." One can even fancy that their minds gained a certain haunting after-colour or savour from this early study, like the jar which, as Horace says, remembers its first wine. That the volume should be a favourite with the distinguished Dutch artist, Mr. Alma-Tadema, who is naturalised among us, is, perhaps, not remarkable; nor is it remarkable that (as Mr. Warter relates) it should have attracted the wandering and omnivorous appetite of Southey. But it is surely of special interest that it was among the first art-treasures of Reynolds, who loved it as a boy, and many of whose sketches—"done by Joshua out of pure idleness"—were copied from the gallery of "Father Cats."

AUSTIN DOBSON.

CURRENT ART.

A COMMON complaint is made as to the poverty of subjects in the Royal Academy; but it is the matter-of-course manner in which subjects are treated rather than their own triteness which sicklies over the walls of Burlington House with such a cast of commonplace. It does not need that a painter should hit upon something new to paint, still less that he should deal with story-telling interests; but it is important that he should paint whatever matter he has in hand with freshness of feeling. Mr. Hamerton and other critics have raised a smile at our national taste and choice,

which are apt to incline us to debauches upon bread-and-butter. But the most domestic of domestic incidents need not necessarily be insipid. If the painter brings to them the salt of sincerity they will be wholesome and tasty enough: as Millet and Chardin and Rembrandt and a score more have proved, and proved magnificently. It is conceivable that the morning tub, or the doctor's visit, or any of the incidents in the life of the British Baby, might be invested with the charms of such truth and such power as lie within the range of home-life.

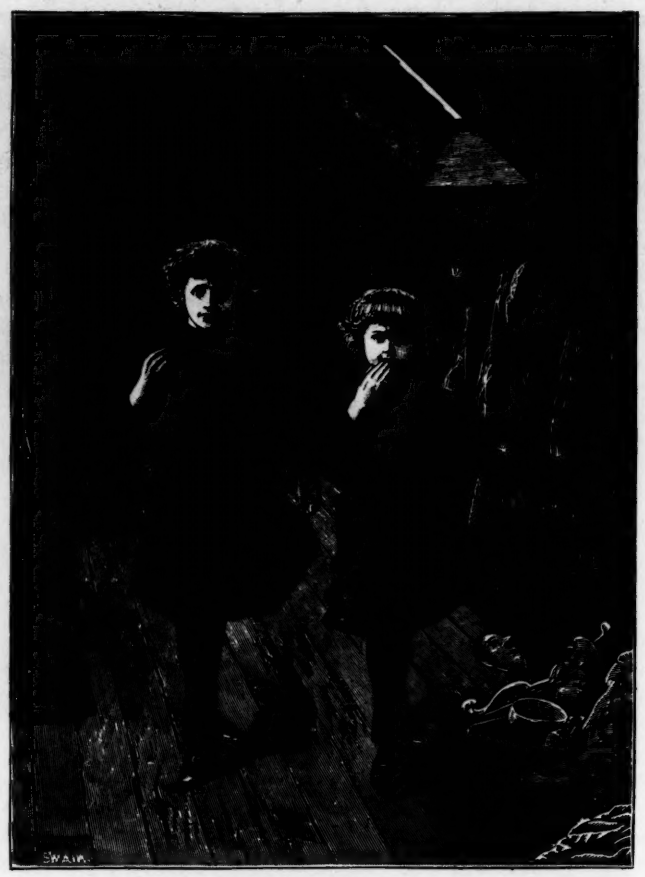
As with subjects that tend to be ridiculous, so with those which seem to pall from repetition. It is not the iteration but the manufacture which is wearisome. The great masters certainly were not afraid of repeating their subjects. When therefore we feel the emptiness and the futility of the Royal Academy, we should cry out upon the lack of impulse, sincerity, feeling, and dignity, rather than the lack of invention. Imagination is excessively rare, and of the two kinds of imagination — the originative and the receptive— the originative is immeasurably the rarer. In our exhibitions, the receptive imagination shows itself most worthily in portraiture—the school in which Mr. Millais, Mr. Herkomer —sometimes— Mr. Frank Holl, and Mr. Ouless are masters; but it shows itself secondarily in the practice of intelligent illustration. Of this we have had but a moderate amount during the present year. Even the old national talent—a mild one and a harmless at the best —of making a picture explanatory of a book seems to be somehow in abeyance. And though as much poetry as ever is quoted in the catalogues—though Mr. Herbert has been proverbial, and Mr. Brett has gone so far as to produce an indifferent imitation of an "Old Play"—it has been used generally as mere ornament, and not as an essential part of the interest of the picture. One of the most striking illustrative works of the year is certainly Mr. John Collier's "Clytemnestra," which forms the subject of the engraving below. Mr. Collier has been no more afraid of repetition than were the painters of Holy Families. Clytemnestra has done good service in her time, and will probably do more and better still. She is the most tremendous woman in all poetry, the most awful figure in antique romance; and she is, besides, the heroine of the mightiest tragedy ever written. To her Lady Macbeth is but a child in crime, and but a weakling in passion. She is the heroic type of the adulteress—high of heart, bloody of hand, magnificent in iniquity; in her the colossal genius of Æschylus found its most commanding expression; and the scenes in which she appears are the loftiest in the whole range of the drama. Only a woman with the genius of Salvini could hope to present her aright upon the stage; only a man with the genius of Michelangelo could attempt to picture her mortal aspect with any hope of success. Most of our readers will remember Sir Frederick Leighton's rendering of the watchful Woman looking out from her towers at the beacon fires which herald the return of Agamemnon from



CLYTEMNESTRA.

(From the Picture by John Collier, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)

fallen Troy. Mr. Collier, like the President, has of course chosen a large and imposing feminine type for the tremendous Murderess. When Thackeray made his lithe, little, blonde, green-eyed Mrs. Rawdon Crawley achieve so brilliant a success as the wicked queen, he showed as great a misconception of the character as it is possible to imagine; he degraded high poetry into common prose; his imagination took him no higher than the drawing-room at Gaunt House; he saw in the ruler of Argos no more than the heroine of a charade. Mr. Collier has erred in the same direction. His Clytemnestra would hardly have been accepted at Athens, but she would have been applauded at the Adelphi. He has chosen the moment when "the Daughter of the Swan," the slayer of Agamemnon, reveals herself for the awful woman she is. The king lies dead within; and the queen, exulting in his murder, her axe horribly red and dripping, comes forth all-glorious from her revenge, and defies the Argive elders and chiefs where they stand. As Mr. Collier has painted her, she is not a bit heroic and not a bit Greek. Her figure and action are better than her face. Her expression is more than melodramatic; but she is imposing and vigorous, she stands before some admirably painted bronze doors, and the drawing, modelling, and foreshortening of her shoulders and arms are excellent work. Mr. Collier has lighted his figure very cleverly, moreover, and his manner of painting, if not exactly sympathetic, is dexterous and strong.



THE REHEARSAL.

(From the Picture by Marion Collier, Exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1882.)

Mrs. Collier has evidently studied in the same school; she produces the same somewhat abrupt, but just and well valued, effects of light, though a power of draughtsmanship equal to that of her husband can hardly be allowed her. Her method, however, is unusually large and skilful; her work abounds in interest both human and artistic; and she has the great gift of charm. Her "Rehearsal," in the Grosvenor Gallery—which we engrave—aims at the same kind of technical excellence as her "Coming Tragedian," in the Academy—a picture of which we shall speak later on. We are taken behind the scenes of a theatre; and there, among all kinds of fripperies, on the gaunt bare boards, two little girls are practising a dance. The picture is a pleasant one, for the sentiment is sound and human, the gesture and character of the two little *figurantes* are very happily and naturally rendered, and the scene is well imagined and well painted. Mrs. Collier has undoubtedly obtained a facility of execution which implies an unusual degree of hard work, and she has evidently decided what kind of natural truths she wishes to render. Her progress and success are not doubtful.

Mr. Seymour Lucas is a painter of mildly dramatic incidents, and should therefore be popular. There is never any vagueness or doubt about the motive of his pictures, and there is a commendable absence of exaggeration. In workmanship he is remarkably straightforward, being accomplished without any undue display of dexterity. In fact, nothing could be more English, in the best sense of the word, than Mr. Seymour Lucas's matter and manner. That so much good and clever painting should not show more to interest the critic is perhaps to be regretted; for the drawing and finish of such a picture as "The Favourite"—the original of the

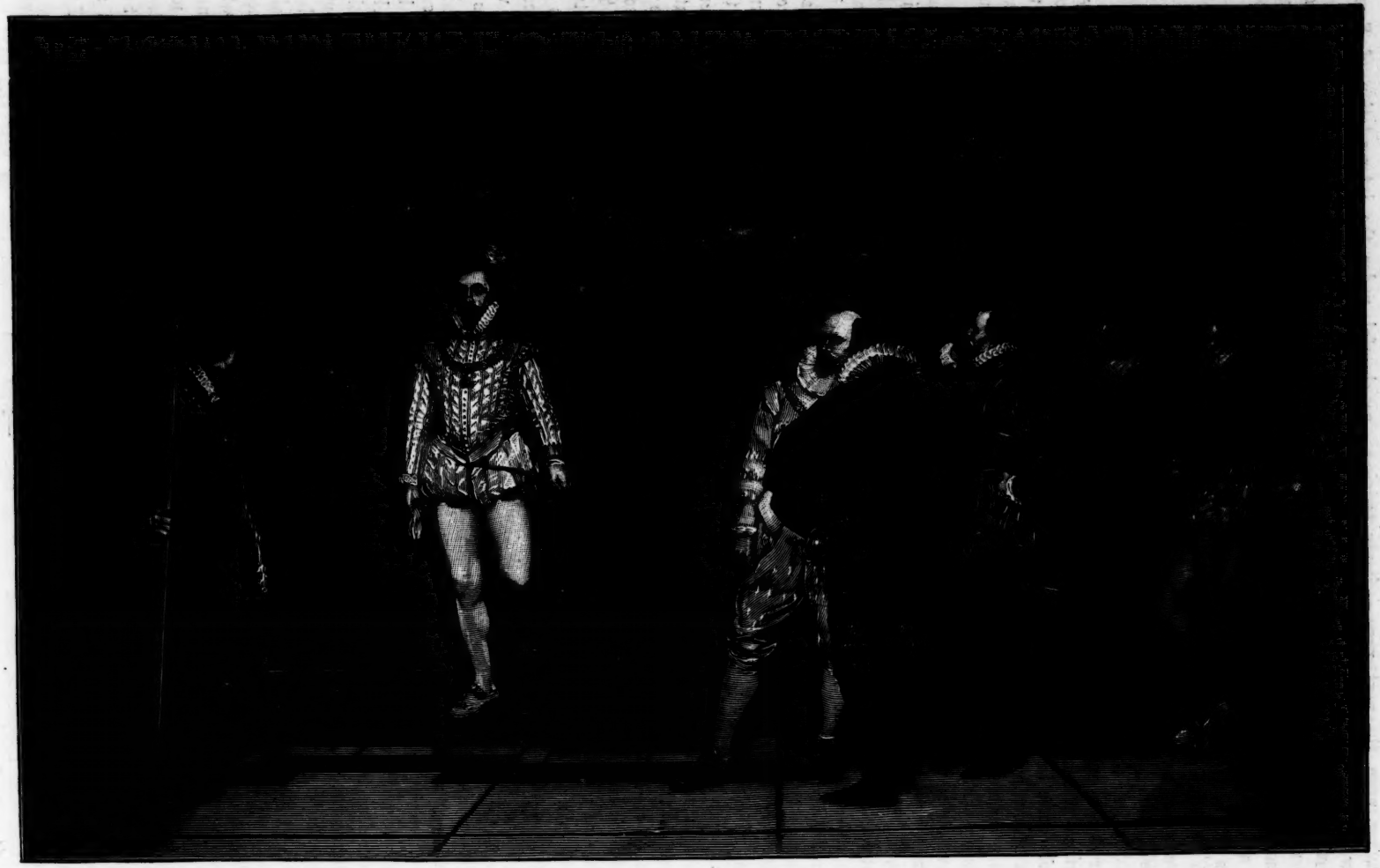
engraving upon the next page — imply training, labour, and natural ability. To our mind the subject of this bright and expressive work is somewhat ready-made, and is, besides, too much of a costume-subject. Doublets and swords, and stockings and knee-breeches, have become the commonplaces of historical *genre*. It is no wonder that relief was sought in the quaint garments of the late years of the last century, in the ruffianly *chic* of the Republic, and in the gorgeous oddities of the First Empire; for the inevitable picturesqueness of earlier times, until lately so much insisted upon by artists, was hardly to be endured much longer. It is of course in the expressions that Mr. Seymour Lucas has centred his interest; and here he displays the same amount and kind of excellence as he shows in his execution. He entirely escapes all danger of having the much abused word "subtle" applied to his expressions. They are not in any sense subtle, but they are obvious, strong, and thoroughly unmistakable. A favourite—some Leicester or Bassompierre—coming out from a private audience, and received with ill-concealed jealousy by his rival courtiers—this is not precisely a subject which has cost its painter any effort of the imagination; but such as it is, it is here presented with good workmanship and fair intelligence, with well-considered composition and some charm of colour.

Perhaps there is no more entirely illustrative picture in the Royal Academy than the "Sidney Carton" of Mr. Frederick Barnard. It is of course as much an illustration as is the black and white woodcut in a book. Indeed, it is almost a replica of one of a set of lithographed character-sketches from Dickens which Mr. Barnard designed for Messrs. Cassell and Co. some time back, and which includes—as in the "Jingle," the "Sikes," and the "Carton"—not a little excellent work. Such work, it may be felt, is a somewhat humble kind of work for art; nevertheless, the illustrator may so realise his author as to show a genius all but originative. Charles Dickens was, during his lifetime, an easy writer to illustrate, if we may judge from the signs in his published letters of the excellent understanding which existed between himself and his artists. Although he must have seen with peculiar vividness every detail of the scenes he created, he seemed to accept with more alacrity, or more resignation, than less vivid authors, the way in which his illustrators saw those scenes. And his ideas certainly passed under very various treatment, because his lifetime extended over almost incalculable changes in English art. During the years covered by his period of writing and publishing, every habit and temper of English drawing and painting had been revolutionised; but Dickens was as cheerful under the interpretation of Seymour and Cruikshank, of Frith and Phiz, as under that of Barnard and Fildes. In the present instance the artist has chosen assuredly one of the most memorable passages of his author. When the good in Dickens's work has been finally sifted from the bad, a treasure will be left which no variations of taste will cause to be neglected—a monument

> "Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
> Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
> Annorum series et fuga temporum."

One of the jewels of the hoard is certainly the immortal "Tale of Two Cities." It is amongst the noblest of modern novels. In all fiction there are not many ideas at once so human and romantic, so imaginative and so affecting, as the idea out of which the great artist wrought his story. The sentiment of the thing is not less elevating than it is sound and true; the example it preaches is as nearly heroic as modern art is capable of providing. In Sidney Carton, too, Dickens produced what he had so often failed of producing—a hero who is at once a man and a gentleman. From first to last, in his degradation as at the height of his sacrifice, he has us by the heart-strings. He makes us know, and feel, how good it is to love much; and there is no escape from the lofty and solemn passion of his mission. His death is almost unique in literature. It is purely and poignantly tragic, one of the few imaginings of fiction which affect one with something more than emotion—with pain. This notable passage it is that Mr. Barnard has tried to picture; and his attempt, with all its shortcomings, has certainly been crowned with some measure of success. He has represented his hero as a pale man with enormous eyes, who looks suddenly up towards the sky, in the moment of his farewell to earth. The attitude has an undeniable eloquence. Less satisfactory are the accessory figures, for there has been too obvious an intention of producing those trenchant contrasts which gain easy applause. The soldier with his back to the scaffold, for instance, has surely that exaggeration of official stiffness which belongs to the stage—is a bit of thorough conventionality. And the women—half-giggling, half-frightened—whose heads appear in the foreground, are rather too apparently intended as a foil to the solemnity of the figure of the doomed man. There is more to be done by realism of imagination and restraint of expression than by such obvious emphasis. Still, Mr. Barnard's picture is decidedly interesting, and deserved a better place than the somewhat lofty one it has got.

We have amongst us a number of young painters —who gain recruits year by year and have come into prominent places of late—who seem to com-

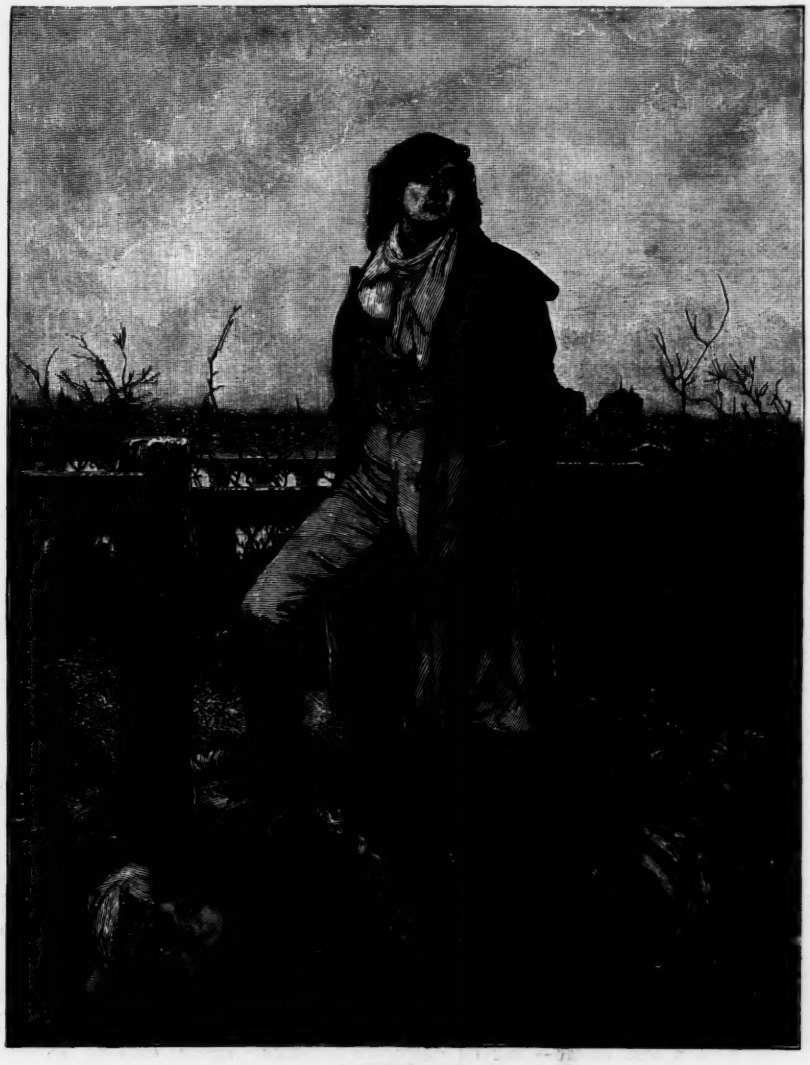


THE FAVOURITE.

(From the Picture by Seymour Lucas, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)

bine much of the English straightforwardness, which was born with them, with a foreign training and discipline which they have acquired under French masters and among American companions in study. The work they produce is so robust and, at the same time, so accomplished that it gives promise of an important reform in the English school. Much as we have been in the habit of priding ourselves upon our national landscape art, in nothing, perhaps, were we so much in need of Continental influences. Notwithstanding this it was not possible, and not desirable, that we should become Frenchmen in our studies of nature. National characteristics have their value; and besides, even if we could turn out a second-hand Corot or Rousseau, we should have merely achieved an imitation at best. On the other hand, insularity was working hopeless evil among our painters of landscape. The great and inspiring example of Constable had passed out of sight; we knew nothing of Rousseau and nothing of Courbet; Daubigny and Corot were mere names to us; we gave ourselves over utterly to the Ruskinism of Ruskin and the Turnerism of Turner, we preferred individuality to art, made sentiment the only virtue, and elected to be purely conventional — and original.

It is, therefore, matter of real rejoicing to all who think that the English school might develope into comprehensive excellence to find that several fresh young talents, sufficiently receptive, and yet strong in their native tendencies, have submitted themselves to a training calculated to educate without marring their English qualities. The characteristics of this most hopeful little school are seen at their best in the work of Mr. Yeend King—whose "Question of Rent" we have engraved—at the United Arts Gallery, New Bond Street. The picture is principally a landscape; but under the most real sky and upon the most real road the artist has placed some real figures. The sky is an especial beauty, being uncommonly luminous; and, while light itself seems to appear there, the landscape is illumined with a good deal of skill. All the details are treated with extreme realism, yet the execution is not so literal as to be prosaic. The animal life is not less good: as witness the stolid dog sitting at the landlord's feet, while those expressive geese go demonstrating in regard to the intruder, and the cow comes strolling along the clever flat perspective of that long road. Such effects, which rival those of the stereoscope, are of course



SIDNEY CARTON.

(From the Picture by Frederick Barnard, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)



A QUESTION OF RENT.

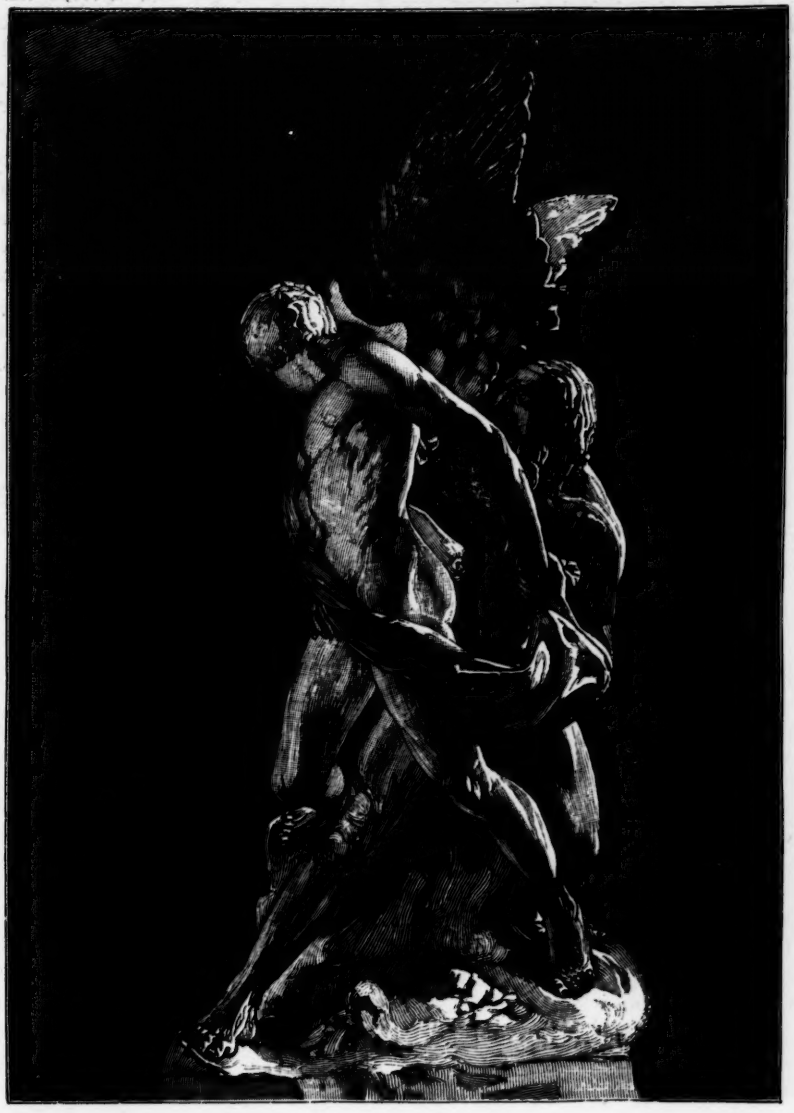
(From the Picture by Yeend King, Exhibited at the United Arts Gallery, New Bond Street.)

not to be greatly prized for their own sake; but when they follow, as they naturally must do, upon a perfectly true adjustment of the values of the many planes in a picture, they are not to be despised. If they prove nothing else, they prove the artist intelligent and sincere, and a good student of nature. And in art these are qualities that are now-a-days to be more vigorously encouraged than ever.

The Scotch have always made the most of their picturesque history; in fact, they have made so much of it that when we meet the familiar figure of Prince Charlie or Flora Macdonald, we are inclined to cry, "*Connu, connu!*" Since the days of Alfred and the cakes, too, the antithesis between a young prince and an old peasant-woman has been generally popular. Mr. W. B. Hole, then, in his "Prince Charlie's Parliament"—which we have set in the place of honour this month, and which may be described as a sort of after-taste of the Waverley novels — from the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy at Edinburgh, has not precisely broken fresh ground. His figures, nevertheless, have the interest of a well-rendered action of a quiet kind. The time and place of his little drama are well chosen; the pitiful romance of a lost battle—half of desperate fortunes and half of common and trivial realism—is not often more cleverly conceived nor more effectively produced. Culloden has been fought; the march on London and the crown of Britain is already ancient history; the Adventurer, imperious and obstinate to the last, has set his face towards safety, and has taken the first step on the long, dreary, downward road it was his destiny to tread, and that led him at the last, a drunken wittol, to an unkingly and unhonoured grave. The question now with him and his faithful few is not "How soon shall we be at Charing Cross?" but "How shall we save our skins?" and it seems to have been hotly argued; for the prince is evidently in an atrocious temper, and his lieges are far from easy in their minds. There is a man on watch; an old woman is cooking and wrangling; the hopefulness and the splendours of Holyrood are a thousand years away. The picture, it may be added, is good in colour, is well and carefully painted, and is cleverly composed. The interior of the Highland hut is pictorial, and so is the effect of light streaming in through the small deep window upon the little deliberative assembly. That follower of the House of Stuart who is taking a pinch from his snuff-box is one of the best-considered figures in the composition. That Mr. Hole can and will do better and more human work seems evident enough. Meanwhile the Scottish painters of historic *genre* will probably continue to stick as fast to the anecdotes of the national history

as the Scottish painters of landscape do to the glens, mists, torrents, and cattle, which Mr. Peter Graham and his fellows have brought year by year into the more or less enervating atmosphere of the Royal Academy.

Thus far we have dealt with the work of men who have achieved a certain eminence in their profession. The interest that attaches to the original of our last engraving is of a different kind. Compared with that of the others, it is as the interest of a prize poem—the Newdigate, say—to that of the volumes of verse that are issued by a real publisher and purchased by a real public. The merits of the work are merits not so much of performance as of promise; it is less a good thing than the earnest of one; it is not excessively important in the present, but it is of some significance if we consider it in connection with the future. It is a prize group, in fact, and with it Mr. Oscar Junck won last year the Royal Academy gold medal, and a travelling studentship worth £200. The motive is one from which most sculptors arrived at years of discretion would probably refrain—with judgment and great determination. Its difficulties are enormous; it is not primarily sculpturesque; it demands, for its adequate presentment, such capacities, both technical and imaginative, as rarely fall to the lot of man. Mr. Junck, however, has approached its consideration with the cheerful confidence of youth, and his attempt has been crowned with a certain measure of success. The patriarch, it is true, is a little too Jewish and elderly, and not very heroic in type; the angelic quality of his opponent is expressed by a pair of wings that would certainly be in the way in a single combat; the attitude and gesture of the figures are hardly those of men engaged in a wrestling match. Still the group is, in its way, successful. Allowing for a certain conventionality in its arrangement, it is undeniably vigorous in conception and in execution; it is cleverly and carefully modelled, fairly well invented, and filled full of animation and of movement. The author is to be congratulated on his achievement, which—considered as that of an artist in his teens—is of exceptional interest. That so much may be said of him just now augurs well of him in days to be. It is to be hoped that the augury will hold.



JACOB WRESTLING WITH THE ANGEL.

(From the Prize Group by Oscar A. Junck, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)

THE COSTA EXHIBITION.

DURING the month of June there was open to the public, at the rooms of the Fine Art Society in New Bond Street, an exhibition of singular and permanent interest. It was entirely composed of the work, in landscape and portraiture, of Professor Costa—a painter by no means so well known nor so widely appreciated as he deserves. Professor Costa is, it is true, a pretty constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor Gallery. But his paintings are not of the type that is seen to best advantage in an annual show. It is one of the hard necessities of exhibition that a picture, to be at all remarkable in a crowd of pictures, must be conceived and produced with deliberate reference to its probable position and surroundings. It must be painted, not for the private place it may one day fill, but so as to make the most of its hours of publicity. To be bought it must be seen; and to be seen it must be high in tone, *voyant* in colour, and obvious in sentiment and in effect.

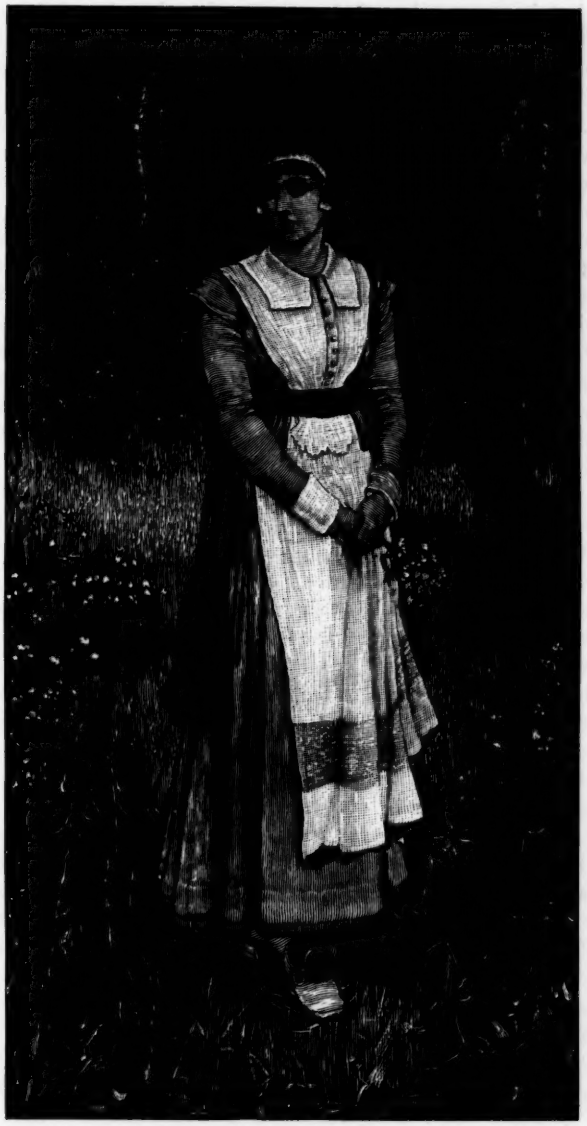
Now Professor Costa has always painted for himself, and as if there were no such things as exhibitions in the world; and his are pictures to live with —pictures that look best alone. They neither dazzle nor amaze; their function is to charm, to please, and to persuade. The qualities expressed in them are precisely those which are looked for in vain in the work of the professional exhibitor. They are not remarkable for hardihood nor for assurance; they are neither high in tone nor lively in colour; their sentiment is not loud; there is no exaggeration nor violence of effect. But they abound in elegance and delicacy and refinement. There is hardly one but, in point of colour and tone, is positively beautiful. They are painted with a kind of elaborate simplicity, a patient and happy adaptation of means to an end, that is remarkable; and they have the rare merit of distinction, the notable attribute of style. They reproduce, with a sort of exquisite sincerity, a set of impressions, at once naïve and complex, of nature in her subtler moods and under her most graceful aspects. And while they are the expression of a talent peculiarly individual and self-sufficing, they are, at the same time, an expression of the best and noblest of the traditions of modern art—the tradition that proceeds from the painter of "Hampstead Heath" and the "White Horse," and of which we see the outcome in such magnificent achievements as the "Joueur de Flûte," the "Semeur," and the "Ferme Dans les Landes." In one word, they are modern painting, and of the best school and the most enduring type.

It must be added that—in our opinion at all events—Professor Costa's work is impressive, less by reason of its artistic completeness than as an expression of certain exquisite artistic qualities. His art is delightful as far as it goes; but his range is limited, and his interests are neither many nor varied. It is not easy to speak of him and avoid such words as "delicacy," "elegance," "refinement," "subtlety." They define his ambition, and the nature of his talent as well. There is nothing that savours less of what is vulgar and obvious than his work; there is nothing that produces a stronger impression of what is exquisite and fastidious. He delights in the presentment of the shyest and least popular—if such a word may be used in such a connection—of nature's moods and effects. He is the painter of stillness and solitude, of greyness and solemnity and quiet. To his task he brings a fine principle of selection, an intimate understanding of himself and of the object of his ambition, an admirable sense of colour and value and tone, and a sympathy of extraordinary vividness and completeness with the impression to be recorded and the sentiment to be reproduced. The interest of his work is principally an interest of delicate atmospheres and the beauty of distances, and skies instinct with melancholy and mystery and repose. His foregrounds often seem bald in their simplicity; the further planes of his pictures look vague in drawing and in structure. It is possible that he develops the anatomy of his landscape and models its features and proportions with a certain indifference. But he renders with perfect justness and an exquisite refinement of perception what seem to him the essentials of the scene and of the impression it produces upon him; and his renderings, if they lack the majesty of heroic landscape, are never insincere and never other than beautiful, while they are invariable in their expression of distinction and charm.

Perhaps the best are the picture of wave and wet sand and sunset sky, called, absurdly enough, "Earth's Last Kiss to the Dying Day;" "On the Sea-Shore near Rome," in the possession of Mr. Stopford Brooke; Mr. George Howard's delightful "Idyll in the Black Country;" and the admirable "Capri" lent by Mr. James Reiss. It must be added that everything the artist has produced is in some sort noteworthy, and bears the stamp of a peculiar accomplishment and of an original and distinguished talent. There can be no doubt as to the timeliness of the exhibition, nor as to the salutary influence of the work displayed.

AN AMERICAN A.R.A.

AMERICAN artists seem to be divided even more sharply than the English into the two camps of old and new. Their differences are extreme—the bygone work being perhaps even more inartificial and inelegant, and that which is educated being more expert and complete, than the corresponding achievements of Englishmen. It is a truism to say that this excellence of the younger American school is due to French influences; and the prevalence of these influences in America is doubtless to be explained by the absence from the New World of that mediævalism which has divided the young forces of English talent. Half our capable men are studying, directly or indirectly, in continental schools, and half are devoted to the study of antique forms. Among the Transatlantic students there is no such separation; all the promise of the country is directed by Paris and Munich, with the consequence that the Anglo-Saxon characteristics are much more thoroughly rooted out of artistic America than they are out of artistic England. On the other hand, the fact that old-fashioned America is somewhat more hopeless than old-fashioned England, is due, of course, to what has been until comparatively late years the great separateness of the New World.



ROSE STANDISH.

(From the Picture by George Boughton, A.R.A.)

I hardly know how to place Mr. Boughton in the matter of nationality, as he is claimed by America on the ground of education and early residence alone. By the accident of birth, indeed, he is English; but the young nation of which he is generally considered a citizen adopts the illustrious strangers who harbour in her ports, and, as a rule, is chosen by them for their mother as decisively as they are by her adopted for her sons. However this may be with Mr. Boughton, he is in his art distinctively an American under foreign influences. Something of England has, indeed, found its way into his subjects; for his pencil has dealt with the old pilgrims of Chaucer, with the gallants and damsels of our last century, and with the spring copses, the green pastures, and the grey weather of England in all times. But in execution he is distinguished by a certain charm and elegance which we are constrained to consider rare amongst ourselves. For however exquisite an Englishman's conception, however excellent his drawing or fine his colour, he seldom has that charm of touch which is in itself—and quite apart from the gracefulness or ungracefulness of the object treated—distinctly graceful. Whatever be Mr. Boughton's exact nationality, therefore, we may consider him,

in respect of art, as foremost in the progressive school of America.

Mr. Boughton's career, nevertheless, is English, for though it began in America, his mature work has been for years past an attraction in our Royal Academy. He was born in 1834, and became an American at three years old, when he was taken to live at Albany, in the state of New York. His first studies were masterless, but it was not long before his progress received the stimulus and impetus which a first sale gives, and which nothing else can give so well. The artist is generally all the truer to his art because it is his profession also; and to a profession the test of success which is supplied by the decisions of a market is all-important. At nineteen, Mr. Boughton sold one of his first completed works to the American Art Union, and spent the money on a visit to London — a visit whose aim was altogether artistic. Returning to America, he worked for two years in New York, and exhibited at the National Academy, his first picture there being "Winter Twilight," painted in 1857. A course of diligent work in the studios of Paris followed; and in 1861 the young artist came again to London, where he finally settled, and where he has made his home ever since.

His first marked success was won by his "Passing into the Shade," exhibited in 1863 at the British Institution, a gallery which was in those days the "nursery of young reputations." The artist's youth is expressed in the rather facile sentimentality of the title—a sentimentality which was doubtless much prized by the public of the time. "Passing into the Shade" refers to the action of a figure—a woman whose life is declining and who is walking out of sunshine into a space of shadow. Here was something to please the good public, who have always hailed any form of easy allegory with a satisfaction amounting to delight. It must be supposed that the mild ingenuity of the average mind is flattered at its own success in discovering that the "Twilight Closing In" and the "Ebbing Tide," which still figure pretty frequently in our catalogues, are words that bear a double meaning and refer to the approaching end of some inevitable old man or old woman. In like manner Goethe's "More Light," uttered when his dying eyes were dim, has always filled the general breast with a peculiar pleasure. Mr. Boughton's later work has been altogether free from this sort of thing; the human interest of the figures which he combines with his finely-studied landscapes does not often depend on such cheap allusiveness, but is candid and direct. Besides its popular success, "Passing into the Shade" won more important praise upon technical grounds; and at the Royal Academy in the same year "Through the Fields" and "Hop-Pickers Returning" attracted considerable attention. Most of the artist's subjects, then and since, have belonged to peasant life, and have dealt with that "pathos of labour" of which it is possible to hear too much, and which needs as much reserve as sincerity in the treatment. The best things—and assuredly the pathos of labour is one of the best things in the world—are liable to be spoilt, not by repetition, but by the insincerity, the ready-made feeling, which much repetition generally implies. Mr. Boughton has painted his peasants with a reserve which is the best preservative against this cheapening of good subjects and good thoughts; as a rule he avoids emotions, painting even a painful subject, such as his "Bearers of the Burden," with as little indulgence in explicit sentiment as is shown by a French writer of the realistic school. It may be added that he carries this reserve of feeling into other matters. For instance, although he has now and then shown with how great charm he can paint the light and colour of a lucid blue sky and the gold of low sunshine, he generally refrains from colour and bright weather, choosing rather to work subtly within the narrow limits of grey effects. He apparently considers that the placing together of pleasant tints is not to be the chief aim of the colourist, but that there are things to be achieved more delicate and difficult, if less obvious.

From the time of his beginning, in 1863, there has been no year in which the Royal Academy has not had pictures from his hand; and the National Academy of New York, the Grosvenor Gallery here, and the various Internationals which have taken place in twenty years have all had him for a contributor. In fact, the record of his canvases as shown in one institution alone is altogether inadequate to commemorate the sum of his work. English readers, however, will have associations principally with the following titles, all of pictures exhibited at the Academy. In 1864 appeared "The Interminable Story," and "Industry;" in 1867, an "Early Puritans of New England;" in 1868, a "Breton Pastoral;" in 1870, "The Age of Gallantry"—a bit of last-century life treated with elegant humour and set in a pleasing effect of silvery haze; in 1871, "Colder than Snow," and "A Chapter from Pamela;" in 1873, "The Heir Presumptive," the original of our present frontispiece; in 1874, "The Canterbury Pilgrims," a delightful picture of Chaucer and Spring—and Mr. Aubrey de Vere tells us that Chaucer is Spring; in 1875, "Grey Days," and "Bearers of the Burden;" in 1877, "Homeward," and "Snow in Spring;" in 1879, "Priscilla," and "A Resting-Place," an excellent composition, engraved in THE MAGAZINE OF ART, of a company of tramps resting under a tree

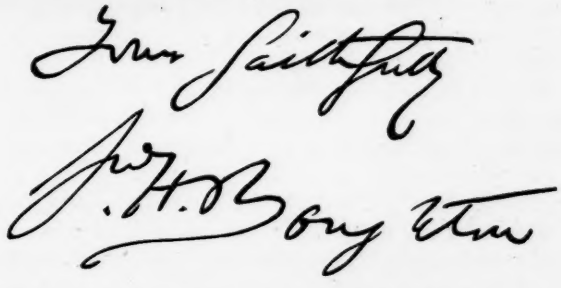


THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE.

(From the Picture by George Boughton, A.R.A., in the Corcoran Institution, New York.)

by the wayside; in 1880, "Evangeline," also engraved by us. This list, it may be added, is anything but exhaustive. Among Mr. Boughton's Grosvenor pictures may be mentioned "The Widows' Acre," a seaside field in which two grave and hard-faced women (probably widowed by the sea) are digging; —a group of girls, surprised by a light fall of snow-flakes, among the primroses in a budding wood, covering their heads and tucking their dresses away from the unexpected shower; "Bearers of the Burden," a gang of English tramps upon the highway, the patient women being heavily laden, while the





and "Rivals," two navvies hewing at a stone-quarry, in presence of a pretty woman, whom each is anxious to impress with the superiority of his strength—a quiet study of the elementary passions. To the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition Mr. Boughton's contributions have been neither few nor unimportant. The already mentioned pictures, "Snow in Spring" men fare on before; and the "Surrey Pastoral," represented the artist at Paris in 1878. At the Grosvenor Gallery this year he has three pictures. At Burlington House he has four, among them the original of our last illustration. They show with especial delicacy in a rather violent Academy.

Mr. Boughton has always mingled figure-painting



A DUTCH SEASIDE RESORT: DISCUSSING THE NEW ARRIVALS.

(From the Picture by George Boughton, A.R.A., Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)

and landscape with such unusual impartiality that he takes an equal place among the painters of nature and of men. Of the human interest of his works I have already spoken; his attention, I may add, has been divided among several aspects of life and manners, to all of which there is common a certain touch of quaintness. Whether he is painting that young gentleman of "The Age of Gallantry" who is wading up to his breeched knees into a pond to capture a water-lily for "the fair" who have incautiously admired it, or the Puritan maiden on her way to chapel, or the square Dutch wives upon the Scheveningen beach, he seeks always this quaint character. He paints women far oftener than men. So far as I remember, by the way, the taste for the oddities of the First Empire, for short-waisted costumes and poke bonnets, is altogether due to him. But if his subjects are so often feminine and concerned with feminine costume, his manner is never effeminate; and although he seldom treats the male figure, he can draw it vigorously and well.

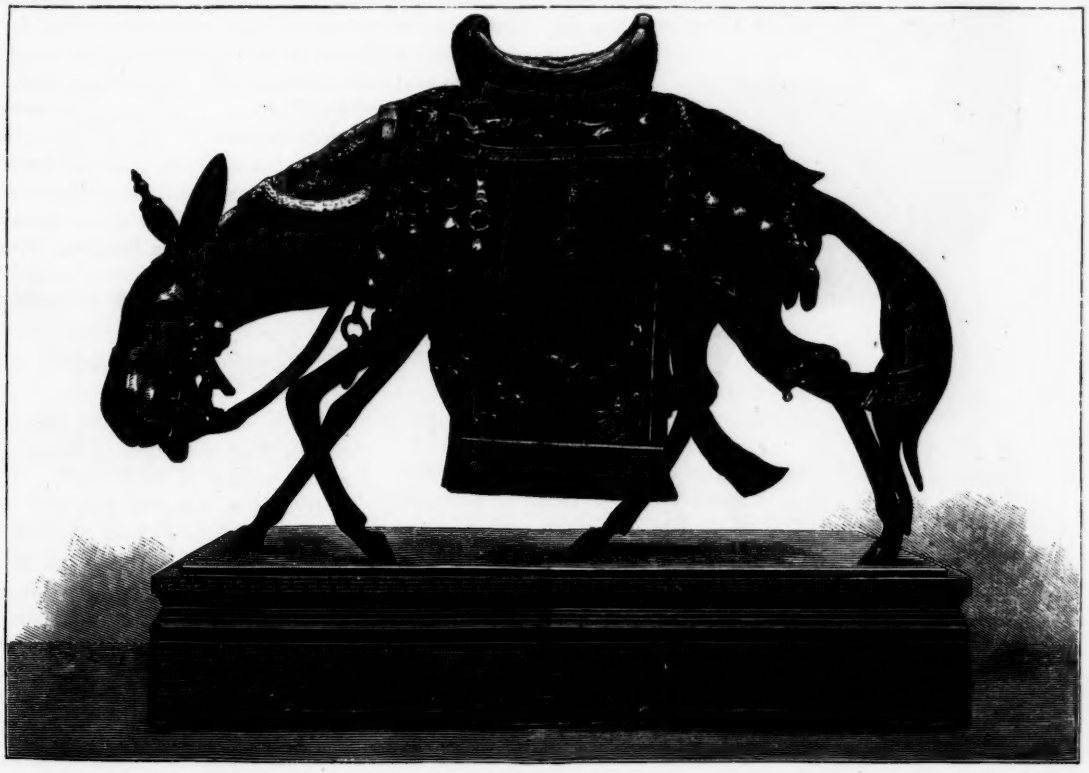
As to Mr. Boughton's place as a landscape-painter, it is distinct enough. Landscape artists may be roughly divided into three classes—painters of the forest, painters of the field, and painters of the garden. The first take Nature as she is apart from the uses and pleasures of man; the second study her in her subjection to his labour and to his necessities, and in the lovely vicissitudes of the cycles of the harvest; and the third deal with her (whether they actually paint gardens or not) as altogether subject to man's artifices and subservient to his luxuries. Mr. Boughton's landscapes are never of the forest and mountain order; they are sometimes landscapes of the field, and sometimes of the garden. In the first case his work, though it deals with the realities of the fields, and does so, as I have said, with seriousness, does not attempt the homespun tragedy of Israels; in the latter case his comedy is always refined and intelligent. "The Waning of the Honeymoon," for instance—a picture of the garden class—has a delicate humour of the most unmistakable but least impertinent kind. The happy pair are grievously bored, but there is a grace in their weariness, and in our mildly cynical moments we are pleased to watch them, although the fervour and sweetness of Sir Frederick Leighton's "Wedded," will be more welcome in our more serious moods.

Mr. Boughton's studies of Puritan New England have, naturally enough, been much appreciated in

America, where most of his pictures treating of this subject have found their permanent homes. The original of our first engraving is an ideal portrait of Longfellow's Rose Standish, the predecessor of that Priscilla whom Miles Standish loved—of Priscilla, the most charming of Old World New England heroines, a kind of *Mayflower* Dolly Varden. It is a very graceful presentment of what is pretty and quaint and idyllic in the romance of American Puritanism, which is mainly a romance of spiritual agony, and the remorse that comes of sin, and the horror of the powers of Air, and in which the main elements are grim intensity, and passion, and dread. In the "Heir Presumptive" the interest is more commonplace, and the sentiment more popular. It is a picture of autumn and the autumn feeling—"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall," and so forth. There are analogies between the poor, feeble, sickly little heir and the dead and dying leaves of his own forests; and they are obvious enough to be almost obtrusive. As for the "Dutch Seaside Resort," the original of the engraving opposite, it is a record of Scheveningen life, in which Mr. Boughton's graceful hand has dealt with rough character without marring its roughness, and with the English traveller without caricature. His group of natives, by the way, are discussing the new arrivals with an interest which is mild compared with that which the Dutch are good enough to take in their visitors. The foreigner remembers them as the most curious of European people; they watch him literally open-mouthed. ALICE MEYNELL.

JAPANESE AND CHINESE BRONZES.

PROBABLY the most enduring specimens of Oriental design, and certainly the most authentic in respect of antiquity, the art-bronzes of China and Japan present many interesting patterns which, to the student of Oriental art in its relation to analogous arts of the west, cannot fail to prove suggestive: not only as regards the character of the metal or alloy, but also in relation to *technique*, and the



INCENSE-BURNER: JAPANESE.

skill, ingenuity, and art-power of their producers. It is not too much to say that in this perfection of adaptation of means to a given end, there are no examples of art in metal that approach the Japanese in the final result. The artist-modeller of the design to be cast in bronze appears to have foreseen every point of difficulty—sometimes indeed to have created difficulties for himself, in order to have at once the satisfaction and the credit of having overcome them. There is never anywhere the faintest trace of a reliance upon some after-method to correct any fault or oversight. The subject and the mode of final production have been carefully and thoroughly thought out from the beginning; and the result is always the same:—that, whatever the difficulty, the artist is triumphant. So much for the method.

As regards the antiquity, of the Japanese bronzes especially, questions arise which, however interesting to the antiquarian, are of little or no practical interest to the artist or worker in bronze. That the Chinese practised working in bronze ages before the Japanese is indisputable; in fact, some authorities state that bronze was unknown in Japan before the eighth century of the Christian era. It is certain, too, that the Chinese—some of whose bronzes date back, according to good authorities, to 700 and even 1000 B.C.—had to gradually develop the art from very primitive methods, and that the larger works had to be hammered together rather than cast in one piece, or, if in several pieces, fired together. The Japanese had none of those early difficulties to contend with. Chinese methods were carried to Japan by Chinese artists, or possibly by Japanese who, having gone to China and practised working in bronze by the Chinese methods, carried their experience back to their own country. In Japan, therefore, the art began almost at the point of practice and *technique* to which the Chinese had brought it, after centuries of work.

The extent to which the Japanese carried the art of working in bronze is not one of the least remarkable features of an industry whose products appear to have spread to every nook and corner of the island. The temples, of course, absorbed great quantities of statues, incense-burners, vases, and other vessels used in the ceremonials of Buddhism. Bells, too—of enormous size, and almost without number—were to be found in some of the larger temples. Examples of some of these bells are in the South Kensington Museum; they are of great interest by reason of their inscriptions, of prayers and pious ejaculations, which the sounding of the bell on which they were figured would send abroad as the very utterances of the devout. Immense statues of Buddha, or of beings in a state of contemplation approaching to the perfection of Buddha, and the attainment of *nirvana*, are now and then to be found. An example of this kind of bronze work, acquired in 1877, is also in the South Kensington Museum. It represents a Bodhisatwa, or sacred being destined to become a Buddha. The figure is seated in perfect repose, and in that condition of contemplation which is traditional. It is 10 feet 8 inches in height, and 6 feet 6 inches wide at the base. It is cast entirely hollow, and has a small door at the back, possibly for the admission of an officiating priest, to play the part of the oracle from within. This bronze was made at the Sanjio Factory, at Loyang—a Chinese name sometimes applied by the Japanese to the western capital Saikia, of which Sanjio is



INCENSE-BURNER: JAPANESE.



PRICKET CANDLESTICK: JAPANESE.

a part. The mere workmanship is of great interest, the metal never being very thick in proportion to the size of the figure. The head and base are cast separately; but, so far as can be discovered, the body, arms, and crossed legs, swathed in drapery, are all cast in one piece. It bears every mark of being an ancient casting, but it is dateless.

Striking as it is, from its dimensions alone, and the massive treatment of the whole, it is, however, a pigmy in comparison with a bronze figure at Diabrutz (Kaussawah Diabrutz), in Japan, of which photographs were taken in 1864, during the naval expedition of the English to the Japanese seas. A translation of a Japanese description, which is too long to quote, gives the height of the body of the Buddha as 50 feet. (The Japanese foot is nearly the same as the English, but is divided into ten inches only.) The circumference is 96 feet. The face is 8 feet 6 inches deep; the breadth, meaning probably from ear to ear, is 18 feet. The length of the eyes is 4 feet, of the eyebrows 4 feet 2 inches, of the ears 6 feet 6 inches. The nose is 3 feet 8 inches long, its breadth is 2 feet 3 inches. The breadth of the mouth is 3 feet 2½ inches. The thumb of the hand is more than 3 feet in circumference. The figure, therefore, is at least five times the height of the large bronze in the South Kensington Museum. Judging from the photographs it is a work of equal, and in some respects I am inclined to think of superior, merit considered from the point of view of art.

Of a different class, but equally interesting in respect of style, is another important bronze in the museum. It is a group of a Japanese warrior on horseback. The quaint but bold and effective treatment of the figure, armed at point from the sandal-stirrup, or foot-rest, to the crest of the steeple-crowned helmet, is vigorously repeated in the dromedary-like horse and the details of the horse-trappings, especially in the saddle-cloth with its pictorial bas-reliefs —probably of some incident in the life of Buddha. It suggests a very primitive state of the plastic arts, even after the discovery of bronze in Japan; yet the casting is remarkable for its few blemishes, and the defects found on examination are clearly the result of accident, or defective "firing on," and not of any want of success in the manipulation of the metal as a casting. Dates are so uncertain in connection with bronze objects, unless they bear inscriptions, that it is always difficult to fix a period with certainty; but the group cannot be later than the fourteenth century of our era.

The illustration opposite is from one of the smaller objects in bronze among the countless treasures at South Kensington. It is an incense-burner in the form of a conventional peacock, the mythical Ho-Ho of Japan. The admirable spirit with which the bird is represented shows how well the Japanese understood the characteristics of birds. This power of representation—in drawings, paintings, lacquer-work, and porcelain—has always been recognised; and we find the same skill in adapting the treatment to metal. There is nothing mechanical or merely imitative in the modelling. The artist perfectly well knew that his material would only allow him to suggest the arrangement and texture of the feathers, and he has not carried his imitation beyond the requisite point; yet the details, as well as the general aspect, are all perfect. The head of the bird is full of true expression. The *technique* of the casting is such as would certainly puzzle a very able moulder in metal to imitate, especially in the treatment of the tail-feathers. In the centre of the back of the bird is a perforated lid to admit of placing the incense inside.

Another incense-burner, figured in our first picture, is a remarkable contrast, in treatment and general effect. It is in the form of a mule, saddled, bridled, and draped with rich housings. The animal is represented with cloven hoofs, and the bronze rests on a wooden base inlaid with a meander pattern



PRICKET CANDLESTICK: JAPANESE.

in silver. The variegated effects of the trappings—produced by painting in colours and gold—give this work a singularly Spanish look, and suggest the effects produced by Spanish artists in their painted and gilt wood-carvings. The minuteness with which the details of the housings are carried out is so thoroughly Japanese, that supposing the artist to have imitated an example of Spanish wood-carving, he certainly has carried his work very far beyond his original. It would, indeed, be difficult to carry it further. I should add that the bronze is so exceptional in its treatment as to stand well-nigh alone in relation to other Japanese bronzes. The seat of the saddle is highly decorated, and forms the lid of the incense-burner.

Upon the preceding page we give an example of a totally different style of treatment. It is one of a pair of pricket candlesticks. It is peculiar both in the character of the design and in *technique*. The skill shown in the modelling and chiselling is remarkable, as the object may be said to be of perforated work throughout. The stem of the candlestick is cast hollow, the perforations giving the outline of the decorative details. It supports a sconce or circular dish, with a pricket in the centre. A dragon is entwined round the stem; it is treated with great spirit and a suggestive elasticity and prehensile force, as it clings, so to speak, to the hollow column. This central column is supported by two conventional lions, or more probably by two dogs of the Fo type, standing on their hind feet upon a base of exceedingly elegant form, admirably wrought as regards the surface and details.

The candlestick above it is of a totally different type. It consists of a bronze base of even more elegant design than the first, and ornamented and finished with equal skill. On this is seated a remarkably spirited example of Japanese modelling, casting, and chasing, no other than the sacred dog Fo; and from it springs the stem of a poppy-like flower treated in the naturalistic manner which the Japanese sometimes adopt, it may be, rather with a view to showing their skill in adaptation, than from any conviction of the appropriate uses of the method. The stem of the flower terminates in a poppy-like corolla, with a pricket in the centre.

The naturalism of the Japanese, and to a certain extent of the Chinese, has had a most misleading effect on the bronze-workers of Europe. The few specimens which found their way to the west during the early part and middle of the last century, were just sufficient to excite the not very commendable ambition of the French and subsequently of the English workers in brass and in bronze. From an extravagant reproduction of plant forms, and other attempts at realism, European design in cast metal declined to a mere mechanical imitation of natural forms in a material utterly unsuitable to their artistic representation. I need not further remark on the worthlessness of the result.



VASE, OR INCENSE-BURNER: CHINESE.

The Chinese vase which we engrave above has been selected for its character in design, and for its perfect adaptation to the material in which it is produced and to the method of production. It is an incense-burner, or vase, in copper, having squared handles and three short feet. The stand is composed of an admirably conventionalised leaf arrangement. It has a solid and massive appearance, suggestive of size or grandeur, but it is only 5½ inches high, by a little over 6 inches in diameter. The incised or engraved decoration on the body of the vessel is peculiarly Chinese, and the vessel forms a contrast to our Japanese examples.

I should add that my illustrations and descriptions are typical of only a few of the many specimens of Japanese bronzes to be found in the South Kensington Museum, whilst the Chinese examples have only been alluded to in order to show the true origin of Japanese work in bronze, and by way of contrast on certain generic points. GEORGE WALLIS.

AFTER THE HERRING.—I.



THE MORNING'S CATCH.



NEARING THE FISHING GROUNDS.

I WISH to carry the reader away to the North. First of all to quiet seaside hamlets, where the small, quaint cottages of the fisher-folk cling like limpets to the grey-green cliffs; then to the mouth of a great river, where commerce unfolds a thousand sails, and the morning sun welcomes into the harbour fleet after fleet of fishing-boats, laden with the spoils of the sea; and then, far out over the German Ocean, into night and silence and the light of stars. It is the herring season, and all along the north-east coast the sea-line is dotted over with brown sails. It is morning, perchance, and the boats that were the first to reach the harbour have been rapidly unladen, and the crews are already busied in washing out the hold. It is not a cleanly occupation nor a pleasant. "Never you be a fesherman," cries a brown and bearded Vikinger to a boy who is leaning over the pier. His legs are encased

in huge sea-boots, the sleeves of his guernsey are rolled up to the armpits, and from the shoulders downward he is encrusted over with glittering scales. His present occupation is dashing buckets of water about the inside of the boat. By-and-by he will walk along to the "public" and get his morning draught of ale; then he will turn in at his snug little cottage, and resume the sleep that was broken when, in the early morning, and far out at sea, he was called upon to assist in hauling in the nets. I have heard it seriously remarked that if fresh herring were half as scarce as salmon they would be twice as dear. There is much plausibility in the saying. In what, at any rate, is the herring inferior to those luscious little trout which, it is said, the Roman conquerors of Britain, not less dainty than insatiable, introduced into Ulleswater and Windermere? And then, look at the risks encountered in catching him! The salmon may be picked up by a fisherman in a coble, who never ventures out beyond sight of shore; or he may be dragged, by dozens and hundreds, out of the safe waters of the Tweed or the Tyne. But the herring must be pursued far over the level sky-line, where, too often, "the night-wrack comes rolling up ragged and brown," and the herring-boat is tossed to wreck and ruin by the merciless sea. It is as the song says:—

"Tho' you may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives an' mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men."

And truly so, indeed! Who that has watched a herring fleet put off in the mellow sunlight has not felt painfully anxious as to whether all those boats, and all the lives they carried, would come back again safely to the little "haven under the hill," where the fishing-nets lie drying on the pier, and the fresh-tanned sails make rich patches of umber on the green hillsides? On that rugged north-east coast, to which I would have the reader bear me company, there are three fishing villages within a distance of ten miles; and only a few months ago a single storm reduced their population by nearly two hundred men.

David Copperfield's account of his first impressions of Yarmouth would in nowise describe a fishing village in the north. "It looked," he says, "rather wet and sloppy, I thought, as I carried my eye over the great dull waste that lay across the river; and I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles, which would account for it. As we drew a little nearer, and saw the whole adjacent prospect lying a straight low line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it; and also, that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and if the town and the tide had not been quite so mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been nicer." Not at all like this is the wild north-east coast, where the fishermen live between the hills and the sea. From a little beyond Shields up to a mile or so of Tweedmouth, it is a long succession of "links," which is the name given to a series of rolling sand-banks covered with tall and weedy grass. Beyond Berwick it is rocky and irregular, now fronting the sea with precipitous cliffs, and now breaking into mountainous braes whose feet are washed by the rising tide. A Scotch fishing village is generally a striking illustration of man's conquest over nature. Clearly it was never intended that human beings should settle where some of these fishermen have built their homes. There is no strip of shingly beach, no stretch of sandy shore. Where, mayhap, a brooklet comes tumbling down through a rocky gorge, a little ground has been levelled on the hillside, and two or three cottages cling together, as in some human eyrie between sea and sky. Down below are more cottages, nestling into the braes; and, just where the sea bends inward, a little space has been walled in for harbour. Here, when the fishing-boats are in, the sight is pleasant and bright. Within the lofty semi-circle of hills the tide breaks murmurously at the fishermen's doors; the boats are riding together, with their sails drying in the sun; or perchance they have just arrived with their glittering spoils, and the men are busily at work preparing to unload the catch. On the pier the women are waiting, with their creels by their side; and beyond them are snatches of picturesque gable-ends and queer wooden out-houses, as in our little sketch of Burnmouth, flanked by the great green hills. The village is so disconnected and so scattered, it scarcely seems a village at all. Bits of it are hidden away in every bend of the hills; and the single street has been literally stolen from the sea, one side of it being now sustained by broken rocks and strongly driven piles. In front of the houses the winter boats have been drawn up, and old men sit in their shadow, weaving nets, or baiting crab-traps, or smoking the pipe of peace.

A typical Scotch fishing village—small and snug and exclusive—is Burnmouth, just three miles beyond that Lammerton Toll which, in the days of our grandfathers, divided honours with Gretna Green. The traveller journeying north passes close above it, but never dreams that down below, where he sees a vast fissure in the cliffs, there abides a hardy and thrifty brood of men, ever engaged in wresting their living from the sea. It is a glorious place to hide in now and then, when one wearies of the burden of life in great cities. Lying on the hillside on a summer's day, you watch the uneasy swell of the waters,

and the cloud-shadows chasing each other over the braes. Sails are flapping idly in the wind; the short-skirted fisherwomen are bending over their work; and some half-dozen "laddies" are lounging against the wall of the pier. A great calm descends on the spirit; and you feel almost as the lotos-eaters in "a land where it was always afternoon." But it is not for long that the village lies still and quiet in the sunshine. Usually there is much hastening to and fro, much carrying of creels, much hauling of cables, much painting and cleansing of boats. The fisherman's toil begins in the evening, just when the sun is descending the western slopes. Then all the little harbour is astir. "Big Wull" comes slouching along, and cumbrously lowers himself down the pier-wall. The skipper is already aboard, silent and active and hopeful. The mouth of the harbour is so narrow that only one boat can put out at a time; but on board a dozen or more there has been a



COBLES PUTTING OFF TO SEA.

MORNING ON THE NORTH-EAST COAST.

simultaneous commencement of active labour. Strong, taut-looking boats they are, with shallow keels, but unusually broad in the beam. Their decks are covered with a brown mass of bladders and fishing-nets, among which the "laddies" stumble about, with wondrous clumsiness but great sureness of foot. After half an hour or so of preparation, boat-hooks are dipped into the water, the first boat swings round the corner of the pier, the sail is slowly hoisted, and with what seems like a joyous bound the *Welcome Home* leaps out over the ground-swell and makes toward the eastern skies. As for the womenfolk, their day's work is over; and they stand watching on the narrow quay. Boat follows boat over the purpling waters, until you see nothing but a crowd of yellow sails on the horizon, dipping slowly down—slowly down and away—into the thickening haze.

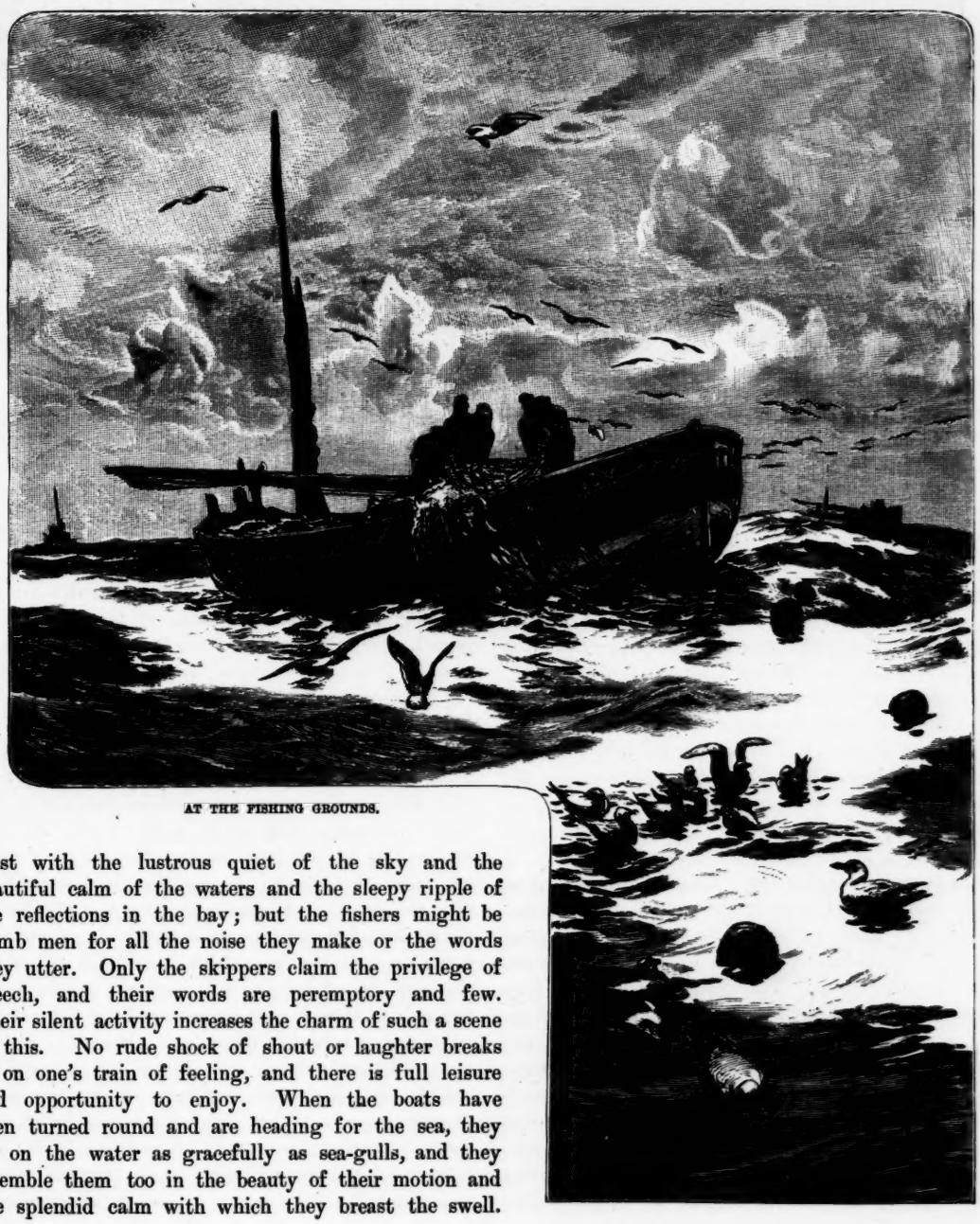


SHOOTING THE NETS.

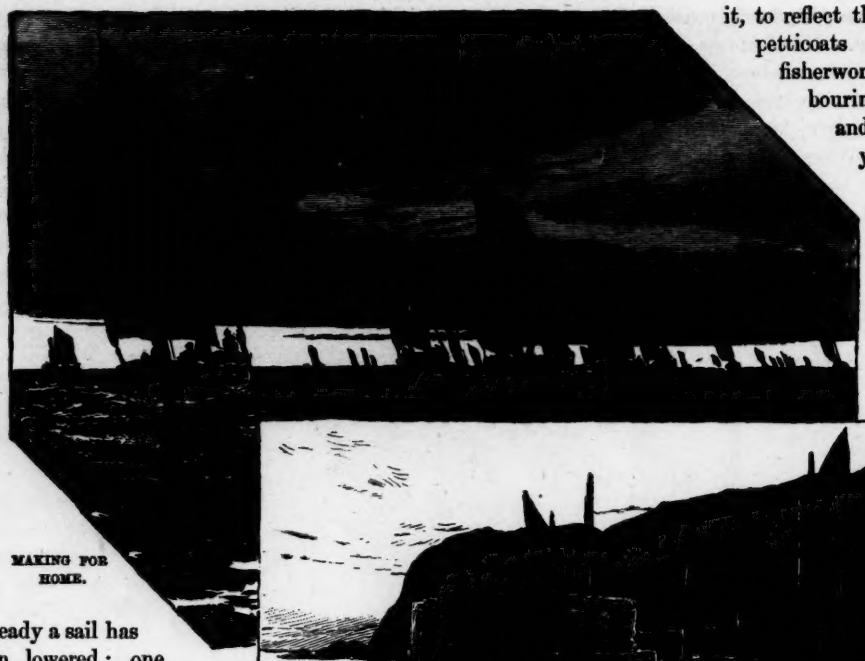
A BIT OF BURNMOUTH.

On such quiet nights as this the fishermen's occupation seems safe and agreeable and pleasurably exciting; but the North Sea is treacherous, and subject to sudden storms. Sitting on the hillside at Burnmouth I have watched the boats put off on a grey evening, when they were soon hidden by the thick, damp, clinging mist. Under its spectral covering the sea was heaving calmly enough, and you heard the ground-swell breaking with a quiet, even, murmurous sound against the pier. An hour or so, and there was a quickening in these watery pulsations; the sky became more heavily overcast; the sea broke far out; and long, creeping waves came chasing each other into the little bay. Then an old fisherman lumbered out and peered through the mist, and by-and-by the women joined him. How about those who had just put forth to sea? The coast is dangerous and cruel. When the tide is out you may look on row upon row of jagged reefs, set like shark's teeth, and brown with clinging sea-weed. Once out, the boats must either bide the full fury of the rising storm, or make straight for the harbour before it breaks upon them in its force. Some of the old fishermen will tell how they have beaten about for nine days or more at a single spell. Others will show the rock on which the *Lively Polly* went to pieces, or the strip of shore on which, after the storm, they found the drowned skipper. On nights like this, when the sky is hidden with mist, and the wind comes in sudden gusts, and the waves break with ever increasing fury against the pier, hearts beat anxiously, and there is a dread silence amongst the women-folk who are waiting for the return of the boats. A general sigh of relief is audible as a dark shadow comes bounding forward, and a sail is suddenly lowered, and a boat swings round into the harbour, with its seven men safe on board. They are coming back, then? There will be no fishing to-night, nor will any woman lie sleepless, thinking of the dangers of "her man," far out among the wild waters, and at grips with the relentless gale.

The fisherman on the south coast is frequently garrulous and noisy. His feelings are such as demand expression for themselves, by oath or speech. The Scotch fisherman is glum and saturnine. From him, perchance, Carlyle learned to appreciate the beauty of silence. When the boats are preparing for sea—as Mr. Wyllie has shown them in his pleasant picture, the second of our illustrations — the scene of confused activity on board is in curious contrast with the lustrous quiet of the sky and the beautiful calm of the waters and the sleepy ripple of the reflections in the bay; but the fishers might be dumb men for all the noise they make or the words they utter. Only the skippers claim the privilege of speech, and their words are peremptory and few. Their silent activity increases the charm of such a scene as this. No rude shock of shout or laughter breaks in on one's train of feeling, and there is full leisure and opportunity to enjoy. When the boats have been turned round and are heading for the sea, they sit on the water as gracefully as sea-gulls, and they resemble them too in the beauty of their motion and the splendid calm with which they breast the swell. Very quickly, one after another, they run out of the harbour, chasing each other towards the horizon, against which their sails show as dark triangular peaks. Meantime the sky has been changing from pearly green and the tenderest blue to orange and purple and russet brown. It is reflecting the glory of the sunset, which the men on board the fishing-boats, now settled down to a comfortable pipe, may behold outpouring itself over the Lammermoor Hills.

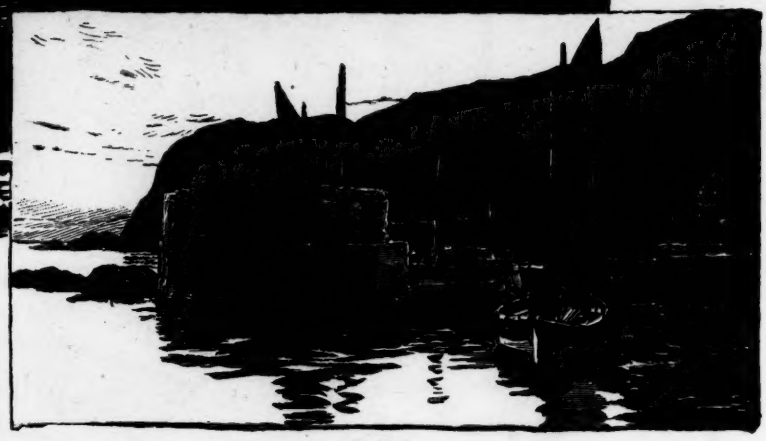


AT THE FISHING GROUNDS.



MAKING FOR HOME.

it, to reflect the sky or the blue petticoats of the clustering fisherwomen. The neighbouring country is level and well wooded, and you may look across to where the Cheviot Hill rises, so grey and faint that it has only stillness to distinguish it from a cloud. The fisher-folk at villages like this are the descendants of an ancient race. If their habit were genealogical, they might trace back their ancestry through generations of fishermen, to earlier than when the house-carles of the English and the Norwegian Harold fought at Stamford Bridge.



AT DAWN.

Already a sail has been lowered; one boat, at least, is making ready to shoot her nets. The others hold onward for a while; and she is left with no companions but the sea-gulls, which circle round her mast, and dip suddenly into the water: to rise with a scream, or to swim about by her side as if they were glad to have her for company. The whole scene is pictured—and very graphically too—in the third of our illustrations.

Just when these Scotch luggers were putting to sea there was equal stir lower down on the English coast. At North Sunderland, at Bulmer, at Cresswell, the cobles, which had been drawn up on the sands all day, have been pushed off by their crews, the last man of which has leapt lightly on board, and is lending a strong hand at hoisting the sail. It seems singularly in keeping that these lighter, more saucy-looking, and more gaily painted boats should be used at those parts of the coast which Nature seems to have formed in one of her sunniest and most pleasant moods. The village of Cresswell, from which, on any summer's evening, you may watch the cobles put off after the herring, and where, on any summer's day, you may see the boats of the crab-fishers rocking on the waters in the sunlight, is wondrously in contrast to the ruder hamlets further north. Here the yellow sands stretch away for mile on mile; the waves come rippling in over a shallow beach; the ebbing tide leaves small still pools behind

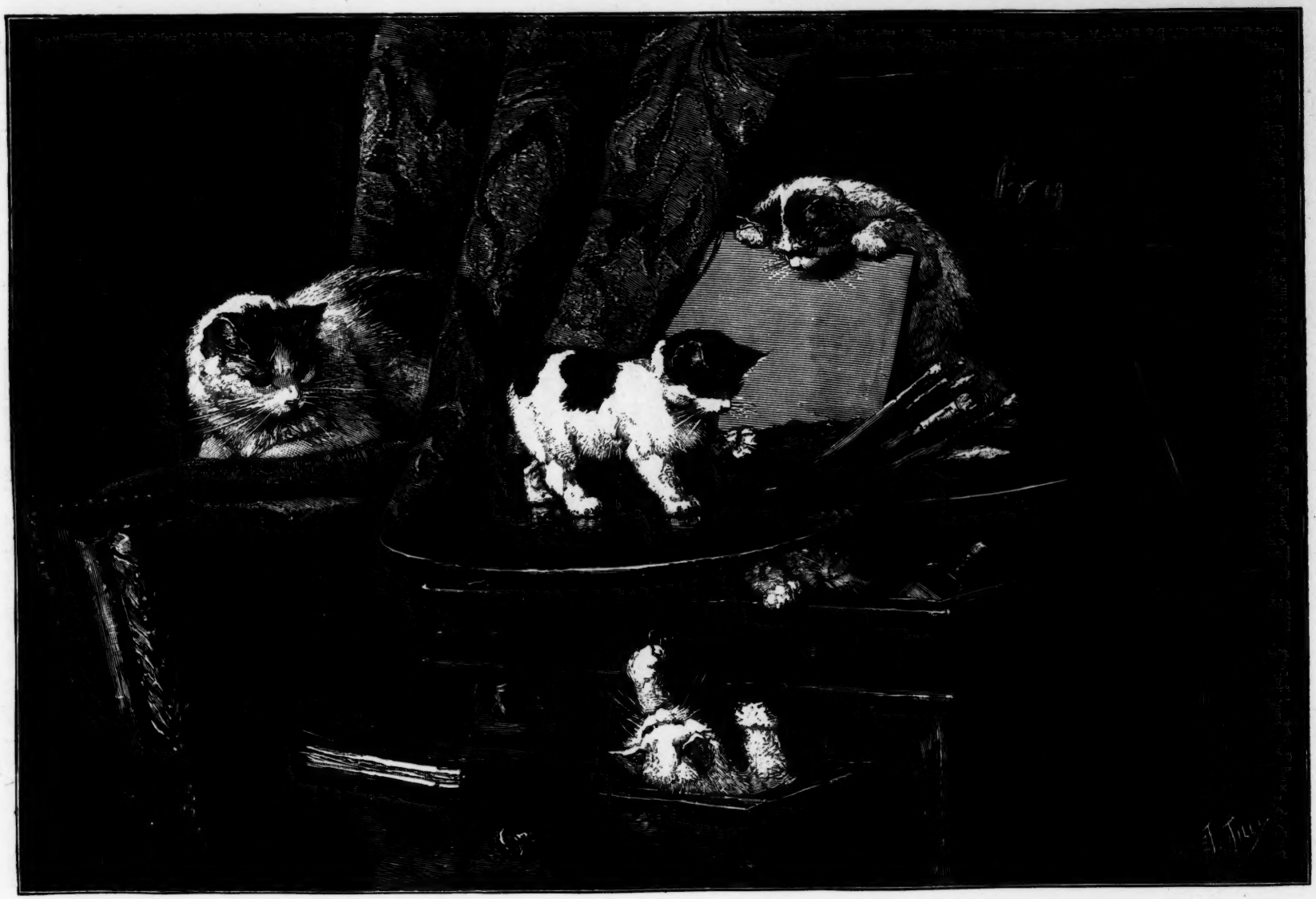
If a fisherman has any poetry in his nature, he must feel a certain leaping of the heart every time that he is called upon to assist in hauling in the lines. All about him, as he helps to pull the nets up the side of the boat, lie the splendours of early morning. Yet it is to be feared that he does not take note of how soft and sweet and dewy is the atmosphere; nor of the sky, which is clothed in a deepening blush; nor of the sea, which hastens to reflect the changing colour and the welcome light of rising sun and radiant cloud. For the present he is busy in calculating the extent of the catch. By-and-by his sail will be hoisted, as will the sails of his companions, and we shall have such a race for the harbour as is pictured above. When they reach the haven the dawn is flooding the waters with amber light; the cottages under the cliffs are seen through a soft haze; and the little bay is a field on which strong

shadows contend with gleaming lights. These fishing craft dart forward with such swiftness and grace as are only comparable to the flight of a swallow. One minute they are almost a mile away, and the next they are rounding the pier, their sails are lowered, their cables are made fast, and, as in our first picture, the men are unloading the morning's catch.

In a fishing village the people are early astir. The boats come in whilst the sunlight lies "like a line of beams athwart the sea" and the distant headlands are grey shadows with glittering crowns. Ere the boats arrive, the village girls go down to the little harbour with their creels. Then for an hour or two there is much unloading and carrying and much scouring of decks, when the men go home for rest, while the women continue their work in the herring-houses, gutting the fish, salting it, packing it in barrels, and preparing it for the evening trains. Here there are no herring-curers bidding against each other for the take, nor any such coarse women from the towns as will engage themselves for the season. It is no uncommon complaint that in a Scotch fishing village nothing is so difficult to get as fish. The fact is that contracts have been signed for the whole season's catch. The herring fisherman on the Scotch coast never knows how much money he is making. Every afternoon the barrels of fish are dragged up the steep hillsides and despatched by rail to the great towns. There, of course, the market varies, and the fisherman trusts his interests to the salesman to whom his barrels are consigned. At the end of the season there is a settling up all round; and then it is that the usually grave, monosyllabic fisher-folk have a brief season of festivity, when trips are organised to Edinburgh or Glasgow, and Tam, or Wull, usually so quiet and sober, comes down the brae jauntily singing, "We are na fou, we're no that fou, but just a wee drap in oor e'e." Tam, or Wull, feels ashamed of himself in the morning, and sits in a corner at home complaining of headache. Then, on the following day, he goes upstairs and brings down his haddock-lines, and gravely sets to work to prepare for the winter's fishing. His wife has the comfort of laying by much of his money in a lump, though there are many old scores to clear off, and, except in case of drawing on account, there will be no more returns till the spring. Affairs are otherwise conducted lower down, on the Northumberland coast. There the skipper is hailed as he makes for the harbour and offered so much a last for his catch. Being a wisely taciturn man, he makes no reply, but waits for the highest bid. At this the buyers wax voluble and angry; but they bid against each other all the while, and when they are inclined to bid no more the skipper nods his head and begins to hoist his creels. The Scotch fishing villages are usually too secluded and remote for bargaining of this sort, and so the fisherman trusts himself to the chances of a market in which he can have no voice.

The herring is a migratory fish, and during the fishing season he presses steadily southwards. Up in Scotland the fishing commences early, generally in the month of May. By the middle of September the winter boats are being got ready for the sea, and the haddock-fishing has begun. These winter boats are larger and stronger than those which are used to pursue the herring. It is a busy time when they are lowered into the sea, and their places in front of the houses are taken by the lighter boats which have done their summer's duty. The narrow strip of rocky beach which answers for roadway is littered with chains and ropes and anchors; every man in the village, and every boy, turns out to "lend a hand;" and the whole day through you hear the shout of "Heave oh, yo, heave oh," as, distributed in two long lines, the workers tug and strain and pull, until the boats, looking very huge in comparison to the little cottages they neighbour, are dragged up high and dry in front of the doors. Exceedingly various in size and shape they are. The dainty-looking Hull smack is fitted up to abide at the fishing grounds for weeks together; the yawl-rigged Yarmouth boat stays long at sea, or comes early home, as the first catch is bad or good; the Northumbrian fisherman goes forth in a coble —a thing, as I have said, of saucy shape and graceful lines and gay colours—and returns, like his Scotch compeers, next morning. The Scotch boats belong to a class of their own. They admit of no definition which would be intelligible to one who had not seen them. They have no distinctive name, being known simply as "Scotch boats," and by their initials of "B. K." or "K. Y.," standing respectively for Buckhaven and Kirkcaldy. Late in the season many of them may be seen at Yarmouth, where they are regarded with huge disfavour by the native fishermen, who look on "the beggarly Scots" as interlopers and intruders on their peculiar domain. For it is characteristic of the Scotch fishermen that they follow the herring wherever he goes. Their boats may be seen making for Whitby, and for Hull, and for every fair-sized port on the coast. But their special rendezvous on the English side of the border is Shields, where, during the last few years, the fishing trade has risen into sudden importance, and where a successful herring harvest now means the landing of something like sixty millions of fish. But of Shields, and of what is there to be seen and heard in connection with fishing and fishers, I shall have something to say next month.

AARON WATSON.



IN THE STUDIO.

(From the Picture by Henriette Ronner.)

"IN THE STUDIO."

FROM THE PICTURE BY HENRIETTE RONNER.

CENTURIES have passed, empires have risen and declined, races have died out, since the days when "pussy" was enthroned in sacred state, an object of worship. Mr. Long's well-known picture, "The Gods and their Makers," takes us back to a very different studio from that depicted by Mdme. Ronner. Her cats are indeed of Oriental origin; for aught we know they may be lineally descended from those favoured feline deities who wandered among the mysterious groves and gloomy halls of Egypt's temples, or sported, the playmates of a Pharaoh's children, in the lotus-laden air of Egypt's palaces. But the difference between their surroundings is one of close upon forty centuries. The glare of the African sun has given place to the pale and quiet lights of the north. The tremendous walls, the solemn sphinxes, the Memnons colossally inscrutable, have disappeared; and in their place are the oaken carvings and quaint stuffs, the armours and knick-knacks and costly trumpery of a civilisation four thousand years younger. Happily unconscious of "long descent from ancestors illustrious," the kittens make sport among the painting-tools of a modern artist. They are skipping daintily over the polished surface of the palette, and toying at the brushes stuck through its thumb-hole; scrambling up from the depths of the chest among tubes of paint and bottles of varnish; tip-toeing over the edge of a sketching-block; emerging from a half-open drawer to pry out the mystery of locks and keys, with the alert and thoughtful curiosity peculiar to their race. Hard by is their mother—demure, matronly, complacent. True to the comfortable instincts of her kind, she reclines among the folds of a curtain, watching the frolics of her babies with an expression at once mischievous and respectable.

In Holland Mdme. Ronner (*née* Knip) is well known for her charming representations of domestic animal life. She was born in Amsterdam, and is a pupil of her father, who is an artist like herself. Her work, characterised by a certain *esprit*, by observation and intelligence, and by bold and vigorous handling, has been rewarded by several medals and "honourable mentions." The original of our engraving was exhibited in the Netherlands division of the International Exhibition in Paris a few years ago.

THE SALON OF 1882.

AS usual, public opinion is divided as to the merits of the Salon. One party, including many of the leading French artists and the whole of the American world resident in Paris, regard it as being fully up to the usual average, and if anything better than it was last year; while the other side, embracing, I am sorry to say, many English connoisseurs of repute, assert roundly not only the inferiority of the present exhibition, but the palpable decadence of French art generally. With such pessimistic impertinence I have no patience. By its operation, the outcome of a thousand fertile brains, representing in the aggregate, perhaps, the thought and labour of a thousand years, is pooh-poohed away after a supercilious survey of as many seconds.

The works exhibited amount to 5,641, being 682 in excess of last year, and include almost every branch of art. We hear fewer complaints as to the exercise of favouritism on the part of the authorities than we did last year, when Government first handed over the administration of the Salon to the artists themselves. Separating the 5,641 exhibits into their constituent parts, we have the following:—

Paintings	2,722
Designs, including cartoons, water-colours, pastels, miniatures, enamels, glass, porcelain, and faience	1,328
Sculpture	886
Medals and gem engravings	51
Architecture	154
Engravings and etchings	471
Public monuments	29
	5,641

One characteristic of the present Salon is the prominent place occupied by foreigners, and especially by Americans. To execute a *tour de force* may not be the highest achievement within a painter's power; but to do this, and still show that there is a reserve

behind, marks the man at once as a master. John S. Sargent, born at Florence, of American parents, and a pupil of Carolus Duran, has not hitherto signalised himself; but this year his "El Jáleo," a dancing gipsy, has attracted universal attention. She is a magnificent creature in a rich white satin dress, and, with her left arm outstretched, and her right grotesquely a-kimbo, as is the custom with Andalusian gipsies, she figures on the stage of a small theatre to the rapturous delight of a row of guitar-players behind, whose shadows are thrown upon the wall by the unseen footlights. Although the execution is rough to a degree, and several passages are little more than suggested, the touch is never uncertain, and the chiaroscuro is as telling as that of Goya, after he had blended the manners of Velasquez and Rembrandt. That Mr. Sargent can guide his brush to more finished issues, if it so minds him, is made palpable enough by his full-length portrait of a young lady in a black dress, which is worthy of ranking with his master's triumphant portrait of Lady Dalhousie, in deep tawny orange, with flowers in her hand. There are many other fine lady-portraits in the exhibition, but these two, along with A. Cabanel's golden-haired "Patricienne de Venise," are as representative of the best current art in Paris as any we could name.

In male portraiture a pupil of Cabanel's, Debat-Ponsan, comes strongly to the front with a three-quarter length of the impetuous Paul de Cassagnac; and Léon Bonnat's only contribution to the present Salon is his full-length portrait of Puvis de Chavannes, the painter of "Pro Patriâ Ludus," the great mural work on the top of the staircase representing a group of young Picards practising with the lance. As I anticipated elsewhere, this vast composition—it is seventy feet long—has carried off the medal for painting; and it is gratifying, in turning to Bonnat's most masterly portrait, to find that M. Puvis de Chavannes is still, in spite of the gathering grey on his beard, a straight, well-built, fresh, and vigorous-looking man. His great work is in a very light key, as befits a mural painting. To have used stronger pigments would have withdrawn from the beholder all sense of a wall whatever. Nor is there any violent action in the composition. The semi-nude figures practise quietly throwing the lance at one end of a level field, which is bounded by a lake, and dotted here and there with trees; at the other, in front of some thatched houses of a primitive kind, the women are seen, some gossiping, some working, while the little urchins of the village play about naked.

Another great mural work, not so dry in manner, and with greater sweetness of colour, though also very light in key, is placed in one of the large square rooms. It is by G. Dubufe, who has named it "La Musique Sacrée et la Musique Profane," the great thirty feet canvas being in two compartments, in the form of a diptych. Sacred music is represented by a girl at the organ, with a sweet devoutness of expression on her upturned face, and whose playing is accompanied by angels. There is a fine emotional character of a mediæval type pervading this half of the work; while the other, in which we see nude nymphs of graceful form dallying languidly on the broad steps of a bath, while a male figure plays a flute beneath a bronze sphinx, is an expression of classic sentiment and form, as they are popularly understood. In both cases the surroundings are of an architectural kind, at once appropriate and stately.

In the central Salon Carré are also a couple of large canvases, but they are not so much mural works as great gallery pictures. The one is by Joseph Wencker, of Strasburg. It represents St. Chrysostom denouncing from the pulpit the Empress Eudoxia, who sits, surrounded by the ladies of her court, in a lofty recess of the cathedral, calmly scornful. Nothing can be finer than the impassioned action of the white-robed priest, or the varied expressions of surprise, alarm, and horror on the faces of the congregation. The picture is in a low, vigorous tone, and the light and dark in the picture are judiciously massed. In colour there may be some exception taken to the reds in the row of cardinals, as being somewhat harsh and monotonous. Opposite this is an equally large canvas by A. P. Roll, full of joyousness and light, and fairly representative of the manner in which the best French artists portray contemporary life and history. It is called "14th Juillet, 1880," and people of all classes, old and young, in holiday attire, are celebrating the fête, to the sound of an orchestra seated on a platform to the left, in the most Gallic manner imaginable. In some of the figures to the left are certain signs of carelessness, with more of *chic* than correct drawing; but, all in all, the scene is adequately rendered, and commends itself to the spectator by its life and brilliancy.

In the third great room is an equally portentous canvas, but of quite another character in tone, colour, and subject. This is the picture of "Ines de Castro," by J. F. Layraud, a pupil of Cogniet and Robert-Fleury. Don Pedro, the son of Alphonso IV. of Portugal, had wooed and wedded secretly the lovely Ines de Castro. In a fit of irritation at the marriage, and egged on by his courtiers, the king had the young bride murdered; but when her husband, in due time, came to reign, he had her body exhumed, and placing it on the throne, clad in royal robes, he summoned the hated courtiers, and, at the point of the sword, compelled them to do homage to the stark corpse, to kiss its

hand, and acknowledge it as their queen. On the left the trembling and horrified courtiers are approaching, while the king, with his naked sword in one hand, points imperiously with the other to the cadaverous figure of his murdered lady, as she sits tricked out in all the insignia of royalty. Beyond, in a doorway, are some mail-clad guards who keep grim watch that the courtiers flinch not. The scene is intensely dramatic, but it sets you wondering whether such a subject ought to be painted.

In a field pertaining perhaps more to *genre* than history, and yet not altogether destitute of historic reference, and that in a very beautiful and pathetic way, is Albert Maignan's "Audovère Repudiée," showing two women trudging along towards the close of day, on a lonely moorland road. The one is a graceful, Madonna-like creature, bearing in her arms a baby, while her companion, an oldish woman, carries on her back a large bundle, and in her left a smaller one, of their humble belongings. The picture has been inspired by some very touching lines by E. Ducros on Audovère, whom the cruel Frédégonde first supplanted, and then caused to be repudiated, and finally killed, by her husband, Chilpéric I.

Of the many pictures of a more purely historical kind, I shall note, on account of their special artistic merits, the "Derniers Moments de l'Empereur Maximilien," by J.-P. Laurens, which for downright force of presentation is one of the remarkable pictures of the exhibition. Considering the modern costume, it is astonishing how much the artist has made of an otherwise rather unpleasing subject. Much more pictorial in element and period are two works by the Bohemian painter Brozik, who studied under Piloty and Munkacsy. The one represents Rudolph II. and his court watching the experiments of an alchemist, and the other a minstrel of the olden time chanting his ballad before the lord and lady of a baronial hall. Between these two hangs a magnificently painted "Dame Roumaine," by the American Bridgman; nor is his "Plantation de Colza," in which we see the process of rape-planting by two women, while a three-horse plough prepares the ground beyond, a whit less powerful in its handling. Equally realistic and true to nature is the elder Laugée's "Les Choux"—a picture of a girl watering cabbages—and close on his heels comes his son's "Paysannerie," in which a peasant, his wife, and child advance towards us carrying the instruments of their daily toil. M. Jameson's "Laveuses de Sardines" coming across the boulder-strewn sands with their laden baskets is another wholesome piece of *genre*. Mr. Bridgman and J. S. Sargent are supported by a whole school of gifted Americans whose works would do credit to any exhibition. Conspicuous among them are Daniel Strain, R. Hinckley, the brothers Harrison, and W. A. Coffin.

The impressionist school of landscape, which aims specially at open-air effects, is headed by Bastien Lepage with his "Père Jacques"—bending under his burden of sticks, while a little blue-frocked child gathers some wild flowers as he patiently waits—and by L.-G. Pelouse with his "Bords de l'Ellée." It is specially strong this year. Indeed, the pictures of L. Welden Hawkins and William Stott, both of them English, look as like medal-winning as any pictures in the exhibition. The weaker members of the school are apt, while conveying a just impression of the landscape they present, to forget the true value of the face or faces of those who people it. While attending to the careful articulation of the grasses in the immediate foreground, there is no reason why they should ignore the human face by making it, as some of them have done, as flat as a pancake. Mr. Whistler is also an impressionist, and his pleasing portrait of a lady in a black dress with a broad white fluffy border is almost as subtly harmonious as his portrait of Mrs. Meux in the Grosvenor Gallery.

But those who affect the daintiest appreciation of tone-values are the men who insist upon painting light upon light. Buland's "Jésus chez Marthe et Marie" is an example of this, and were it not for the gaunt, straight-laced look of the principal figure, would be a very pleasing example. Jan Van Beers, who seems capable of varying his style at will, has also a white-upon-white picture of exquisite *technique*, showing a lady being rowed by her lover; and L. Comerre's "Une Étoile"—a picture of a ballet-dancer—is no less an artistic achievement. On the other hand, the "Bayadère" of Gustave Courtois is a brilliant example of the glory of colour in its fulness and intensity. A similar remark is applicable to Benjamin Constant's Alhambra picture—a fine composition, of female slaves prostrate before the haughty conqueror.

In ideal art, in which the female form plays a conspicuous part, Bouguereau, for sweetness of line and purity of sentiment as well as of form, still holds a leading position. His "Le Crépuscule," a personification of Twilight kissing with dainty, sensitive foot the surface of a subsiding wave, is decorative in the best sense. Mention must be made, too, of the innocent "Source" of Schutzenberger, the exceedingly graceful "Baigneuses" of Trouillebert, and especially J. Bertrand's "La Cigale"—a luminous little semi-nude nymph seated aloft on a branch of fir-tree touching her guitar as she sings to the moon. The general tendency in this branch of art is towards greater purity, although still, here and there, we come upon figures whose impurity of expression is complete.

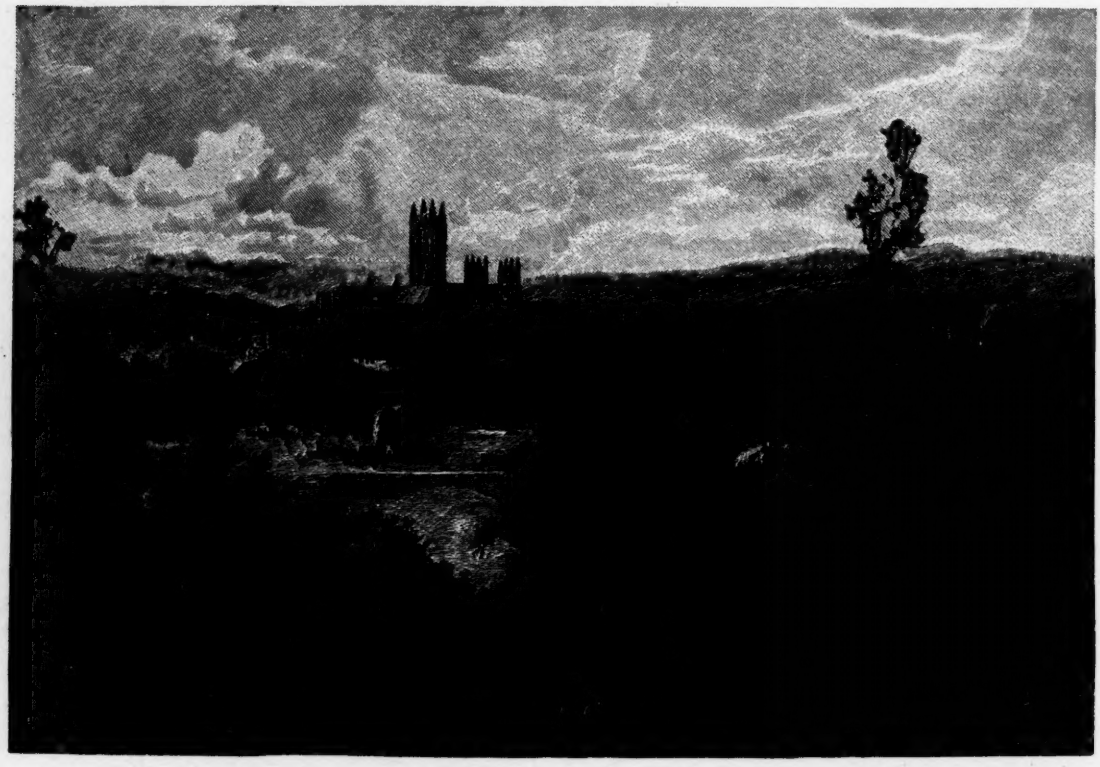
JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON.

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.—II.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: THE NORMAN TRANSEPT.

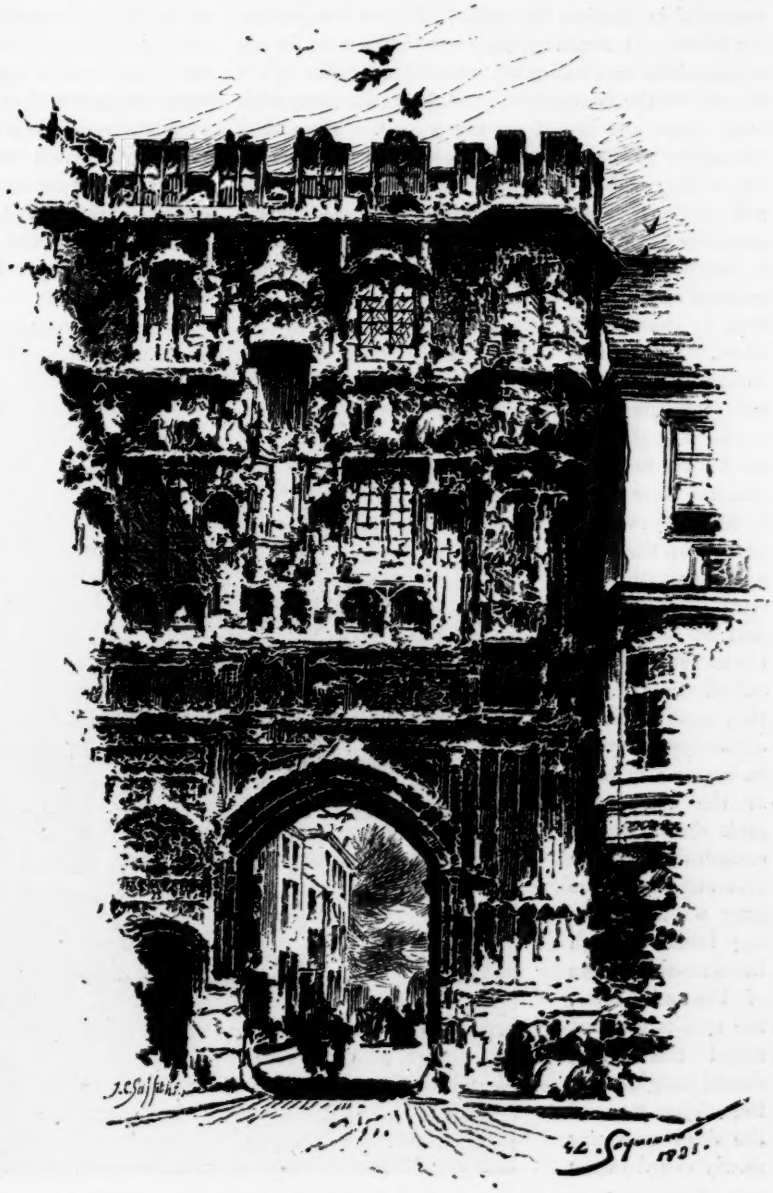
THE first important episode connecting the fabric of Canterbury Cathedral with the history of England is the murder of Thomas-à-Becket. The story—as the most of our readers will remember—is told at length in that fascinating volume, the late Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Canterbury." I shall only dwell on those parts which are more intimately connected with the cathedral itself. The discord between Henry II. and the archbishop had again broken forth. The latter had come to Canterbury for the Christmas season, and was residing in the palace, a group of buildings to the north-west of the cathedral, and within the monastery wall, of which now almost every fragment has disappeared. It was the afternoon of Tuesday, December 29th, a day of the week always of special significance in his life. The dinner was ended; the archbishop had retired from the great hall, and was seated in his private room, when the four Norman knights, Reginald Fitzurse, Hugh de Moreville, William de Tracy, and Richard le Bret, who had hastened away from the court of Henry at Barr, near Bayeux, presented themselves before him. A violent quarrel quickly began, which was ended by the knights rushing into the courtyard to summon their followers and secure the palace. This done, they turned once more towards the archbishop's room. The doors of the hall were now barred against them, and some time was lost before they could force their way into his chamber. Meanwhile, as the hour of vespers approached, Becket proceeded towards the cathedral. Notwithstanding the imminent danger in which he knew himself to be, a danger which had led all except a little band of his more intimate friends to forsake him, the archbishop



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: FROM THE NORTH-EAST.

would not condescend to hurry towards the shelter of the sacred roof. He passed on in state, preceded by his cross-bearer, through a private door into the cloisters, traversed the northern and eastern walk—here the buildings erected by Goldstone have replaced those which Becket saw—and, hurried on by his companions as the danger grew, entered at last the north transept of the cathedral, whose exterior is figured in our fifth picture.

Here, and in the nave, Lanfranc's work, with its massive piers and semi-circular arches, still remained, casting heavy shadows. The transept was further darkened by a column which stood in the line of the outer wall of the nave, and thus to some extent blocked the view, and separated more than usual the transept from the rest of the cathedral. A long flight of steps, commencing near the base of one of the great piers which supported the central tower, led up to the level of the choir aisle. On the eastern side, instead of the present lady chapel, with its gracefully vaulted roof, was a small apsidal chapel. This was divided by a floor into two, the upper chapel, probably, on a level with the triforium, being dedicated to St. Blasius, the lower containing the altar of St. Benedict, and near to it were laid the bodies of six of Becket's predecessors. Into this transept, almost dark at this late hour on a December evening, Becket entered. His attendants would have barred the door behind him, but this he forbade, and began to ascend the steps, perhaps with the intention of proceeding to the patriarchal chair behind the high altar, and there awaiting his fate. This, however, was not to be. The pursuers were at hand, and before the archbishop had proceeded far, they sprang into the church. Its darkness, probably, prevented them at first from seeing the figures, and just at the moment of their entry the central column must have concealed the archbishop himself. On reaching the space corresponding with the aisle of the nave and choir, they perceived the group of monks on the stairs. They demanded where was the archbishop, and then Becket, replying for himself, descended from the fourth step (which he had already reached) and suddenly confronted his assailants. Fitzurse, who was in advance of the others, "sprang back two or three paces, and Becket passing by him, took up his station between the central pillar and the massive wall which still forms the south-west corner of what was then the chapel of St. Benedict." Here the

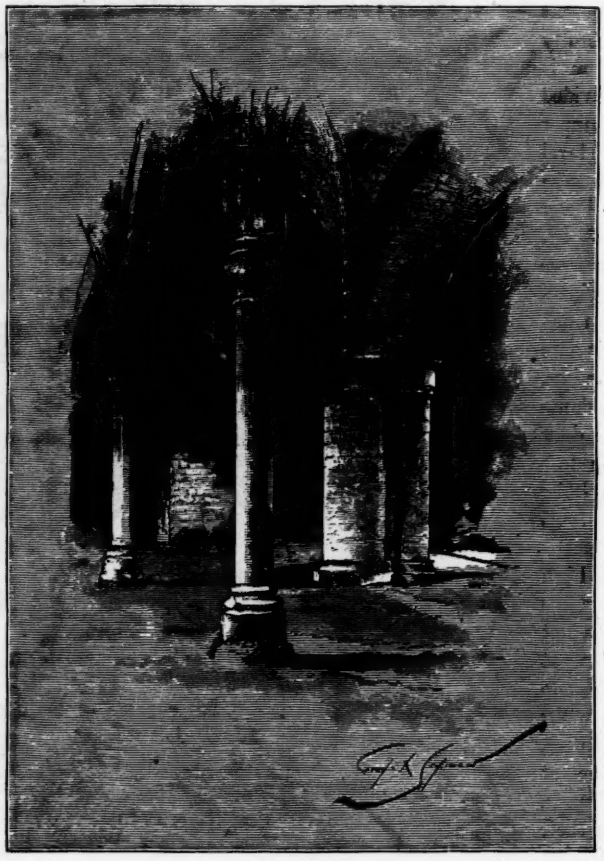


CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: CHRISTCHURCH GATE.

knights gathered round him, and after a brief passionate dispute, attempted to drag him out of the church. This, with the aid of his cross-bearer, he was able to resist. A few more hot words passed, and then the rage of the knights blazed forth; blow followed blow, and in a few moments the archbishop was lying dead upon the pavement, one tremendous stroke having cut the upper part of his skull clean away. "As the murderers left the cathedral, a tremendous storm of thunder and rain burst over Canterbury, and the night fell in thick darkness upon the scene of the dreadful deed."

The panic-stricken monks returned, and at last succeeded in clearing the cathedral from the gathering crowd and shutting the doors. For a while the corpse of the archbishop lay where it had fallen in the transept of the martyrdom, until the monks came back with lights and bound up the wound. Then they placed the body on a bier and bore it up to the choir, where they laid it before the high altar. There the tale of Becket's secret austerities was related by his confessor; and on this the fraternity, hitherto divided in opinion, were united in enthusiasm, and hailed the primate for the first time by the title of Saint. "Thus passed the night, and it is not surprising that in the red glare of an Aurora Borealis, which after the stormy evening lighted up the midnight sky, the excited populace, like that at Rome after the murder of Rossi, should fancy that they saw the blood of the martyr go up to heaven; or that, as the wax lights sank down in the cathedral, and the first streaks of the grey winter morning broke through the stained windows of Conrad's choir, the monks who sat round the corpse should imagine that the right arm of the dead man was slowly raised in the sign of the cross, as if to bless his faithful followers." These words, as are those of our former quotations, are Dean Stanley's.

Next morning brought news that even the corpse might be exposed to further outrage, and that the cathedral might lose the relics of a martyr. So the monks decided to entomb the body in the crypt. They bore it into those gloomy vaults, and laid it at the eastern end, to receive the last preparation for the tomb. Here for the first time the surroundings of the scene are undisturbed. Above ground, the column against which Becket leaned is gone. The light and lofty transept of Chillenden has replaced the massive arches of Lanfranc's building. The position of the flight of steps leading to the choir aisle has been changed; the spacious lady chapel has been substituted for the little apsidal chapel of St. Benedict; only some fragments of masonry in the walls, and possibly some stones in the pavement, remain from those which might have cried out against the murder; but the low vaulted crypt beneath the choir, with its antique capitals and dwarfed columns, is that through which the saint's body was carried to its last resting-place. There they prepared it for the tomb; there, on stripping the body, the sight of the almost indescribable filthiness of the hair-cloth garment next the flesh aroused a yet greater outburst of enthusiasm, and convinced them that the robe of the Chancellor, though they "knew it not," had masked the true saint. In accordance with his known wishes, they vested the corpse in the robes in which he had been consecrated, and then laid it in a new marble sarcophagus in the crypt beneath the Trinity chapel. This, as we have already explained, was enlarged and re-built some fifty years afterwards; but the central columns probably still stand on the old foundation, and the site of the



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: THE CRYPT.

archbishop's grave was between the two columns, shown in our picture, which afterwards supported the vaulting exactly beneath the shrine.

Four years later came the famous scene of the king's humiliation. The game, which he possibly might have won by patience, was hopelessly lost by this deed of violence, which under no circumstances could have been palliated. Henry's very crown was in jeopardy. He roused himself from a sick bed, so imminent was the crisis; he crossed the Channel in the teeth of a storm, landed at Southampton, travelled along the well-known "pilgrim road" that traverses the Surrey hills, and on the 12th July, 1174, came in sight of the towers of Canterbury. Here, nigh to the Hospital of Harbledown, then comparatively new, he alighted from his horse and walked on foot to the walls of the town. In St. Dunstan's Church—a name ominous of the triumph of prelate over king—he laid aside his ordinary dress and "walked through the streets in the guise of a penitent pilgrim, barefoot, and with no other covering (except a hair-cloth vestment next the skin) than a woollen shirt and a cloak thrown over it to keep off the rain." In this lowly guise, staining the rough pavement of the streets with his blood, he entered the church—probably passing through the gateway, now replaced by Goldstone's sumptuous structure (shown in our third picture), and so through the southern porch. He proceeded straight to the scene of the murder, where he knelt a while in prayer and made confession to the prelates present. Thence he was conducted to the crypt, where he long knelt in prayer at the archbishop's tomb. Here, after various testimonies of his penitence, as a crowning proof, "he knelt again at the tomb, removed the rough cloak which had been thrown over his shoulders, but still retained the woollen shirt, to hide the hair-cloth, which was visible to near observers, next his skin, placed his head and shoulders on the tomb, and there received five strokes from each bishop and abbot who was present—beginning with Foliot, who stood by with the *balai*, or monastic rod, in his hand—and three from each of the eighty monks."

His humiliation, however, was even then not quite complete. "Fully absolved, he resumed his clothes, but was still left in the crypt, resting against one of the rude Norman pillars, on the bare ground, with bare feet still unwashed from the muddy streets, and passed the whole night fasting." With the morning light he made a peregrination of the upper church, and after hearing mass, left the cathedral and journeyed to London. It must have been an hour of triumph indeed for the ecclesiastics, especially of Britain. Not only had the Church once more triumphed over her foes, and another prince been forced to bow the knee, but Canterbury had rivalled Canossa, and the "alterius orbis papa" had almost equalled Hildebrand.

Before long, as I have already noted, came the great fire, and the choir of Conrad was irretrievably ruined; the molten lead from the burning roof streamed down on the pavement below, but the precious relics were safe beneath the protection of the massive vaulting of Lanfranc's crypt. These it was now decided to transfer to a more conspicuous position, and in the extension of the church, as has been described, the eastern end of the crypt was reconstructed, with a loftier vaulting, so as to elevate still further the platform of the high altar, and the space behind which was destined to receive the martyr's shrine. To this the relics were solemnly transferred. Every trace of it is now gone, but the broken pavement, with some other indications, show exactly its position. West of it was a magnificent mosaic pavement, which still remains, whose workmanship, and still more many of the materials, among which the "porphyries" of Egypt and of Lacedæmon are conspicuous, prove that it is of Italian origin, and contains the spoils of ancient Rome. Around it was a border of inlaid stones in white and black marble, representing the various months of the year. "Immediately in front of the mosaic was placed the altar of St. Thomas, at the head of the shrine, and before this the pilgrims knelt, where the long furrow in the purple pavement still marks the exact limit to which they advanced. Before them rose the shrine, secure within its strong iron rails, of which the stairs and perhaps the fixings can still be traced in the broken pavement around. For those who were allowed to approach still closer there were iron gates which opened. The lower part of the shrine was of stone, supported on arches, and between these arches the sick and lame pilgrims were allowed to esconce themselves. . . . The shrine properly so called rested on these arches, and was at first invisible. A wooden canopy, probably painted outside with sacred pictures, suspended from the roof, concealed it. At a given signal this canopy was drawn up by ropes, and the shrine then appeared blazing with gold and jewels. The wooden sides were plated with gold and damasked with gold wire, and embossed with innumerable pearls and jewels and rings cramped together on this gold ground."

For more than a century and a half the shrine stood alone within the precincts of the Trinity chapel. No ordinary archbishop, no peer of the land, however proud, was counted worthy to be laid near the coffin of the martyr. But in 1376 there was a great mourning of the English. Edward the Black Prince had died at Westminster, and the hope of the nation had almost died with him. The king, his father, was sinking into years, and was surrounded by un-

worthy favourites; his son was a mere child. No common funeral would satisfy the national sorrow, no ordinary resting-place was worthy of the victor of Cressy and Poitiers. He had himself desired to be laid in the cathedral of Canterbury, and had chosen as the locality the centre of the crypt (in which he had founded a chapel), the spot now occupied by the grave of Archbishop Morton. But a more honourable resting-place was accorded; "not in the darkness of the crypt, but high aloft in the sacred space behind the altar, and on the south side of the shrine of St. Thomas, in the chapel itself of the Holy Trinity, on the festival of which he had expired, they determined that the body of the hero should be laid."

Beneath a canopy, painted with a representation of the Trinity, which can yet be traced, and under one of the arches which support the main wall, his tomb, but little injured, still remains. "There he lies; no other memorial of him exists in the world so authentic. There he lies, as he had directed, in full armour, his head resting on his helmet, his feet with the likeness of 'the spurs he won' at Cressy, his hands joined as in that last prayer which he had offered up on his death-bed. There you can see his fine face with the Plantagenet features, the flat cheeks and the well-chiselled nose. . . . High above" (from a beam over the canopy) "are suspended the brazen gauntlets, the helmet, with what was once its gilded leopard crest, and the wooden shield; the velvet coat also, embroidered with the arms of England and France, now tattered and colourless, but then blue with blazing and scarlet. There too still hangs the empty scabbard of the sword, wielded perchance at his three great battles, and which Oliver Cromwell, it is said, carried away."

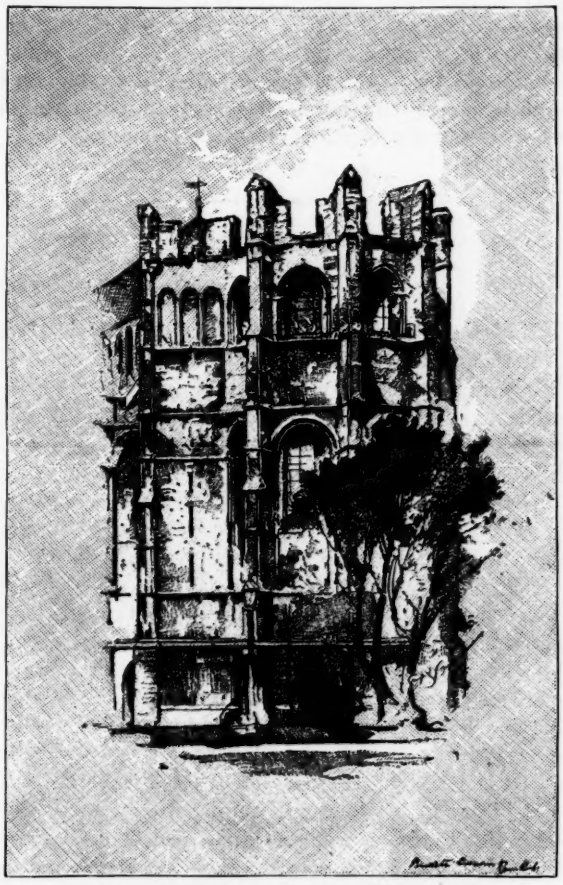


CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: BELL HARRY TOWER.

The next to be honoured with a grave near the shrine of Becket was Archbishop Courtenay, a liberal contributor to the rebuilding of the nave, whose monument was placed to the east of that of the Black Prince, one of whose executors he had been; and then another royal guest was admitted to the sacred precincts, when the corpse of Henry IV., who may have been present as a boy at the Black Prince's funeral, was laid beneath the opposite arch. Opposite to Courtenay, after a long interval, was laid Dean Wotton, the first Dean of Canterbury after the Reformation; and last of all—east of Courtenay's monument—in the days of Elizabeth, was interred Cardinal Chatillion, whose Huguenot tendencies caused him to seek refuge in England, and who died at Canterbury, poisoned by one of his servants.

Though the shrine of Becket has totally disappeared, and there seems no hope that its fragments will ever be found and its reconstruction become possible as at St. Alban's, yet its general aspect and its choicest adornments are well known from contemporary memorials, among these being the well-known "Pilgrimage of Erasmus" and the classic "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer. These materials have been woven together, with the author's wonted skill, by the late Dean Stanley in his essay on the "Shrine of Becket." In so far as they relate to the features of the cathedral which yet remain, I will briefly indicate the main outlines. Of the incidents of

the journey, and of the principal routes traversed by the pilgrims, as well as of the hotels and refuges provided for their entertainment, it is beyond my present province to speak. They would pass, in later days at least, through the stately Christchurch Gate which, as figured in our third illustration, still rises opposite to the entrance of Mercery Lane—whose quaint overhanging houses may even now to some extent recall its ancient aspect—through the expanse of the precincts, and so beneath the southern porch — where they marshalled themselves into some kind of order—into the nave, an ample vestibule for their reception. Then, usually, they were conducted to the transept of the martyrdom, greatly changed, as I have described, since that fatal December evening when it received its baptism of blood. Here, and in the adjoining lady chapel, sundry relics were exhibited for their adoration, chief among them being the fragment of Le Bret's sword which had struck the fatal blow. Thence they passed into the crypt to see a piece of the skull thus smitten off, and the very hair-cloth the discovery of which on that spot had first aroused the enthusiasm of the monks. There, on the scene of the first entombment, they might lay to heart the lesson of the saint's austerities and the king's humiliation, and after a glance through the strong gratings at the treasures of the chapel of our Lady Undercroft, they returned to the upper church and ascended to the level of the choir. Here more relics and more treasures excited, as the case might be, their reverence or their cupidity, most of all in the sacristy in St. Andrew's tower. Thence they mounted, in single file, as the grooves in the steps still indicate, to the level of the most holy place; there they knelt before the shrine, and "prayed to St. Thomas in such wise as they could," till at a given signal the canopy was drawn up to display its hidden glories. Then, after the principal treasures had been pointed out to them, the pilgrims again descended the southern staircase (where a double groove seems to indicate that they now marshalled themselves in pairs), and thus returned once more to the nave.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: BECKET'S CROWN.

So the pilgrims crowded to Canterbury, and gold and offerings continued to flow to the shrine till the first third of the sixteenth century was over. Then the crash came. Mutterings of the coming storm had long been heard, as churchmen knew full well, but they had made little difference in the apparent popularity of Canterbury. Even Henry VIII., in the year 1520, the year of the last jubilee of St. Thomas, had visited the shrine in great state, accompanied by the Emperor Charles V. But, fourteen years afterwards, came the declaration of the royal supremacy and separation from Rome. Then, two years later, in 1536, came the suppression of the smaller monasteries. At the close of the year the first blow was struck, for by royal proclamation all superfluous holidays which fell in term time or in the harvest season were abolished, and so went the great festival of the translation of the relics of St. Thomas, which fell on the 7th of July. For three hundred years its eve had been observed as a rigid fast in the archbishop's residence, but now the archbishop "ate flesh on the eve of St. Thomas and did sup in his hall with his family . . . which was never seen before."

Still the shrine remained, and even pilgrims came thither for a little longer. Then it was determined to strike a more direct blow at Becket's memory, and

to prove that now the king was stronger than the priest. So, in the month of September, 1538, the royal commissioners broke open the shrine, carried off its jewels and gold, and burnt or dishonourably buried the archbishop's bones. Now he survives but in the place of his tomb and in Becket's Crown, the architectural feature pictured on our preceding page.

Yet more evil days were to come for Canterbury when the Puritan hatred of all connected with superstition and tyranny vented itself—to the regret of future ages—against pictured pane and sculptured stone. Canterbury also has suffered from the neglect of that "dark age" of taste and culture, for which, by some strange fantasy, the spoiled children of fashion have lately conceived so intense an admiration; harm, too, may have resulted from the zeal of restorers. But—impressive as in our second picture—still Canterbury Cathedral remains, a noble architectural monument, rich beyond all others in historic memories.

T. G. Bonney.

VAN DYCK.*



ONE of the most fortunate of the great Old Masters is certainly Van Dyck. There is not a circumstance of his career that is not, in some sort, pleasing and felicitous. In his youth he was illustrious; he lived to be the favourite of kings and the friend of the noble men and women it was his function to paint; he died when his talent had but begun to dwindle, and while his method was at its ripest and strongest. Nor did his chance desert him even in death. His teaching and example lived after him, and became a vigorous and potent influence in art. In a measure he is the father of English painting. From first to last his work has been an inexhaustible source of inspiration to his successors. To him we owe, directly or indirectly, the vigorous elegance of William Dobson and the large and masterly effects in miniature of Cooper. He had a principal share in the accomplishment of Lely and the success of Kneller. From him Reynolds learned to paint and be himself, and with him originated not a little of what is most enduring in the graceful and brilliant art of Gainsborough. And as it has been with him and the world of art, so has it been with him and the world at large. In England here, the country of his adoption and the scene of his latest triumphs, his popularity, at once intimate and general, may be likened in its degree to the popularity of poets like Shakespeare and musicians like Handel. His work is a national possession, his fame a national glory. He was the painter in ordinary of a romantic and ill-starred generation, and his pictures constitute a chapter in history of special interest and charm. There are not many of the great English houses some one or other of whose sons and daughters it did not fall to his lot to immortalise, and in whose story he does not in this way bear a part. And thus it is that his name and fame have come to signify so much to us. The descendants of the men and women he portrayed, and into whose keeping his masterpieces have come, regard him through his work as in some sort one of themselves, and as to some extent a part of the tradition of their house; while to the general public he is the greatest of English artists in portraiture, and the most picturesque and moving of English historians. It is not surprising that both in Britain and on the continent he has always been a peculiar favourite with writers whose business it is to treat of artists and of art. He has been the hero of many books—both large and small, both good and bad—and of innumerable articles, with pictures and without. In Belgium he is the object of a special cult; and there is hardly a muniment room in the country that has not been rummaged in search of documents that might throw some new light on his career. In England, where his pictures are counted by hundreds, he has been written about by all manner of men, from Waller down to Hazlitt, and from Reynolds and Horace Walpole down to Smith and Hookham Carpenter. That he is not a whit less popular in France the two magnificent books now under consideration are here to prove. Both are costly in price, sumptuous in design and appearance, and elaborate in execution; both were issued—the one twice over—within a space of considerably less than two years.

They differ very widely in tone and temper and style. Indeed, they have little in common but subject, and such facts and rumours as are free to any one who chooses to take that subject in hand. The first,

* (1) "Van Dyck et ses Élèves." Par Alfred Michiels. (Paris: Librairie Renouard. H. Loones, Successeur.) Séconde Édition. 1882. 20 francs.

(2) "Van Dyck." Par Jules Guiffrey. (Paris: Quantin.) 1882. 100 francs.

for instance—the "Van Dyck et ses Élèves" of M. Alfred Michiels, the ingenious and learned author of an excellent "Histoire de la Peinture Flamande," which has become a standard book—is at once practical and romantic, is both critical and imaginative. Its author is inclined to see in Van Dyck a great deal more than is visible to the careless eye. In the painter's genius, for instance, he has discerned "un élan héroïque, une indignation contre le mal, une révolte sublime contre l'injustice du sort et le pouvoir mystérieux qui a organisé le monde d'une manière absurde et immorale." To him the work of Van Dyck is nothing less than "un écho lointain, mais puissant, des cris de Promethée maudissant les dieux sur son roc sauvage." The meaning of this is that Van Dyck was a patriotic Fleming, and painted his hatred of the Spaniard into his pictures; but it is improbable that, expressed in such tremendous terms, it will find much favour with the world in general. The art-critic is privileged to be inventive; but it is questionable if his patent will bear him out in inventiveness of this sort. It must be added, in justice to the writer and the book, that apart from a few extravagances of the kind—which, in an artistic biography, are no great matter after all—the "Van Dyck et ses Élèves" is uncommonly interesting and suggestive work. M. Michiels knows his hero almost as thoroughly as he admires him heartily. He has studied Van Dyck under other aspects than the Promethean; he has followed the painter's talent through all its metamorphoses, and traced and appreciated it through every one of its developments; he has much to say on many technical questions, and what he says is always interesting and ingenious. Then, as was to be expected from the historian of Flemish art, he has a large and accurate knowledge of the epoch which Van Dyck adorned, and sets it forth with great vigour and perspicuity of style and with a fulness of detail and a wealth of illustration hardly less remarkable than acceptable. His book, in fact, is a very worthy contribution to the literature of art-criticism, and one that will profit the student—though, oddly enough, it has no index nor table of chapters, nor even a list of engravings—and interest and attract the general reader. The illustrations, twenty-four in all, which are for the most part peculiarly well chosen, include a set of fac-similes, in *heliogravure*, of eight of the incomparable etchings Van Dyck produced for the "Icones," a publication to which I shall refer more specifically later on. It would be difficult to imagine nobler studies or originals more interesting and impressive. They are men every one of them, and the men of an epoch mighty in war and in the arts. Lucas Vorstermann, for example, is as clearly a man of genius as he is evidently mad. Paulus Pontius, brave in mien and presence and attire, is the *beau idéal* of a captain of light cavalry; he might have brought the good news from Ghent to Aix, and been the hero of sallies against Parma and Spinola. Adam Van Oort, a master of Rubens and of Jordaens, looks—the swaggering, roistering ruffian that he is—for all the world as if he had marched out of one of Jonson's roughest comedies. Jan Van Wael, the historical painter, has the appearance of a fighting preacher, narrow-headed and stern-hearted and iron-tongued; and Franz Snyders—"Venationum, Ferarum, Fructuum, et Olerum Pictor," as he is described beneath his effigy—is grave and resolute, and like some great Spanish proconsul, at once soldier and statesman. As for Van Dyck himself, with his curling locks and gallant moustache, his imperious



HENDRIK VAN BALEN.

(From the Engraving, after Van Dyck, by Paulus Pontius.)

eye and authoritative port and gesture, he is the type of the man of genius and the perfect cavalier. Other portraits are those of the painters Jan Suttermans and "Velvet" Breughel: the one mild and elegant and pensive—a poet and an amorist; the other austere and soldierly and cheerful—like an old commander under William the Silent. Among the other pictures, twelve of which are *hors texte*, and most of which are fairly graphic and suggestive, are the "Dying Christ;" two portraits of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria; a noble "Virgin;" a bust portrait of lovely, violent, ill-famed, ill-fated Margaret Lemon, the painter's mistress; and that admirable full-length of the Admiral Van den Borcht.



FROM THE FRONTISPIECE OF THE "HUNDRED PORTRAITS."

(*Engraved by Jacob Neefs.*)

M. Guiffrey's "Van Dyck" is one of those sumptuous folios—splendidly printed, largely and expensively and elaborately produced — of which M. Quantin, to whom we are indebted for all the illustrations that accompany this note, appears to monopolise the production. M. Guiffrey and M. Alfred Michiels are as unlike each other as it is possible for two men to be. The elder critic is, as I have said, inclined to be romantic, to dramatise his incidents and his story, to give way to extravagances in idea and to eloquence of expression: in a word, to write and think in a Byronic and desperate mode, and to abandon himself to the practice of dark and troubled speculation. M. Guiffrey, on the other hand, is sober, neat, exact, and cheerful. He writes clearly and quietly; and as he writes, so does he think and argue and conclude. He is not nearly so full of matter as M. Michiels, nor does he speak with such authority and insight. He is, however, agreeable to read, and his conclusions, which are summed up by M. Sully-Prudhomme in a sonnet of no great merit, are never open to the charge of excessiveness. To him Van Dyck is very far indeed from being a protest against the ordinance of created things, or from having anything in common with Prometheus on his rock. He is nothing but the greatest pupil of Peter Paul; his special and peculiar attribute is the quality of perfect elegance; he lacks imagination, and his strength is not extraordinary; his talent is merely "*fin*" and "*distingué*," and by no means creative and supreme; he is the painter of ladies and gentlemen and—above all—of children, both divine and human; he owes much to his mother, for his genius had in it something decidedly feminine; and so forth. His theory of Van Dyck, in fact, is that of M. Sully-Prudhomme—to whom, by the way, the work is dedicated:—

> "Non, cette grâce tendre à ce fier gôut unie,
> Pour l'inspirer l'exemple et le conseil sont vains.
> C'est ta mère, après Dieu, qui t'a fait ton génie."

Moreover, his practice of biography is in strict accordance with his notion of his subject. He has but a plain story to tell, and he tells it plainly. So far from going out of his way in quest of



STUDY OF A HEAD.

(From the Drawing in the Louvre.)

romance, he takes pleasure in demolishing and dispersing the romance by which he is encountered. Thus M. Michiels makes a good deal of capital out of Margaret Lemon; M. Guiffrey says little or nothing at all about her. Again, in treating of Mary Ruthven, M. Michiels is careful to narrate the tragic fortunes of her house of Ruthven, and by no means disinclined to sentimentalise over the destiny that united the grand-daughter of Rizzio's murderer with a man who, albeit a painter of genius

and a prime favourite of the king and court of Britain, was considerably her senior, was utterly broken in health, and was deeply in love with another woman, and a light one; while M. Guiffrey is not a bit interested in the doom of the Ruthvens, and gets over the circumstances of the marriage as quickly as he can. A consequence of this sobriety of treatment—this studied moderation of tone and expression—is, that M. Guiffrey's estimate of his subject is felt to be a little inadequate and cold. He pleases yet is disappointing, where M. Michiels persuades and offends. The older book is that of a man with learning and imagination and a passion; M. Guiffrey's is that of one with information and intelligence and a theory. The one is moving and suggestive in spite of its violence and its eccentricities. The other offers a lucid *resumé* of all that is positively known about the subject.

It would be unfair to dismiss the Guiffrey "Van Dyck" without referring at length to the illustrations. They constitute, as in all the Quantin publications, a feature of special interest and importance. They number upwards of a hundred and twenty. Twenty-eight are *hors texte*, and are either reproductions in etching, or fac-similes in *heliogravure*. Among these mention may be made of the beautiful "Danae," in the Dresden Gallery; of the famous and delightful portrait group of the three babies of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, at Turin; and of the portraits of Charles I., in the Louvre; of Constantine Huyghens and his five children, from the Hague; of Jan Van Wael and his wife, from the Pinacothek at Munich; of the boy Prince Rupert, from Vienna; and of Endymion Porter and the great painter himself, from Madrid: with presentments in black and white of the "St. Martin" at Saventhem, the magnificent etching called the "Christ au Roseau," the moving and dramatic "Crucifixion" in the possession of M. Chaix d'Est-Ange, and the "Dead Christ" from the church of St. Giles, at Nuremburg. The ninety and odd remaining pictures are reproductions by process: of sketches, studies, etchings, and engravings after the master's originals by such skilful and famous artists as Paulus Pontius, Bolswert, and Lucas Vorstermann. They were the chiefs of the splendid school of engraving established and governed by Rubens himself; and it was no inconsiderable part of their mission to produce transcriptions from the masterpieces of Van Dyck. The several specimens of their art included among our illustrations will show how brilliantly yet faithfully they did their work.

In this place it will be convenient to note that the pictures given on this page and the next, two effigies of painters—the younger Franck, a typical Fleming, bluff, solid, and not altogether guileless in a sober and steady kind of way; and Jan Snellincx, all fun and satirical intention, and somewhat coarse intelligence—are reproduced, *tant mal que bien*, from Van Dyck's own etchings, and owe nothing to any one but the master himself. Like the effigies I described in connection with "Van Dyck et ses Élèves" of M. Alfred Michiels, they belong to the celebrated "Hundred Portraits," the plates of which, issued piecemeal by Martin Van Enden, were finally collected and published by Giles Hendricks, in 1645, as the "Icones Principum, Virorum Doctorum, Pictorum, Chalcographorum, Statuariorum, nec non Amatorum Pictoriae Artis." The frontispiece of this we reproduce; it is due to the burin of Jacob Neefs, and presents a copy of the



FRANZ FRANCK, THE YOUNGER.
(From the Etching by Van Dyck.)

painter's own etching of himself. The vigorous and original face of Hendrick Van Balen, Van Dyck's first master, is from the engraving by Paulus Pontius. The artist responsible for the transcript into black and white of the portrait of Mary Ruthven, the painter's wife and the grand-daughter of the Ruthven who rose from a sick bed to go and help in the killing of poor David Rizzio, is Schelt Van Bolswert, one of the most distinguished of them all. Our last picture, I may add, is from a drawing in the Louvre. It is probably the sketch for the portrait group at Windsor Castle, a good replica of which is now at Dresden. The subjects are the Prince of Wales, the future Duchesse D'Orléans, and the little Duke of York, afterwards James II. The "Study of a Head," on a preceding page, is also a reproduction in fac-simile of a drawing in the Louvre. It has been described as a preliminary study for the portrait of Charles I.; but the description, on the face of it, seems incorrect. It is, in any case, a moving and remarkable production. The combined delicacy and authority of its lines and the mastery and charm of its handling are worthy of Van Dyck at his best; the melancholy grace—the mingled beauty and pathos—of the type has been expressed by him in such terms as only he could command. There is in it much of the victim and much of the ideal Cavalier; and it might be the portrait, not of Charles as he was, but of Charles as he seemed to the royalist imagination after the "memorable scene" at Whitehall—a presentment of Charles the Martyr: the Charles of the "Eikon Basiliké" and that epitaph which Montrose, the great Marquis, wrote with the point of his sword. It is like a presage of the Civil War: of the violent fate that was to overtake so many of the artist's patrons and friends; the "miserable change" of Naseby and Marston Moor, the chance that was to convert his work into an unwitting record of fallen fortunes, and brave lives lived vainly, and such sorrow and loss as a nation has happily not often to endure.



JAN SNELLINCX.

(From the Etching by Van Dyck.)

Van Dyck has told us much of his contemporaries; of himself he has said but little. He is one of the worst known of the great painters as far as the facts of his life are concerned. It is certain that he was a man of genius, that he was successful from first to last, that he was a courtier, an accomplished gentleman, a favourite with women, and the friend of many great and distinguished men. But even of this knowledge much is vague and indefinite; so that, considered as a man, and apart from his work as a painter, his personality is found to be elusive and a little mysterious. The story of his life is but the story of his development as an artist; its incidents are the masterpieces he wrought, its influences the successive inspirations he derived from the study of his peers—in the past that lay behind him, and in that present which he saw about and around him. He was the son of an Antwerp burgess, a devout obscure man, who had many children, and gave the most of them to the Church; and while he was yet a boy he was bound apprentice to the painter Van Balen, from whom he learned as much as still survived of the tradition of the Van Eycks. After three years with Van Balen—which is as much as



MARY RUTHVEN.

(From the Engraving, after Van Dyck, by Schelt Van Bolswert.)

to say three years of correct drawing, and careful painting, and commonplace ambitions and ideals—he became a pupil of Rubens, fresh from Italy and the study of the great Italians, and already the author of a revolution in Flemish art, already the hero of a new and brilliant departure. Under this mighty influence he remained for some years; and when, at a little more than twenty, he left for Italy, he was already a master of his craft, and a successful master to boot. He had imitated Rubens, as he had imitated Van Balen; and in Italy he submitted himself, voluntarily and for his own purposes, to the inspiration of Caravaggio first of all, then of Titian, and finally of Paul Veronese. He saw Rome, and Genoa, and Florence, and Venice; and wherever he stayed he left some masterpiece of portraiture or heroic art to bear witness to his sojourn. The Countess of Arundel, whose husband —the prince of connoisseurs, the English peer who thought it hardly possible that a man could be honest without knowing something of drawing—was urgent in inviting him to England. He returned to Antwerp, however; and there, in the companionship of men like Teniers, and Jacob Jordaens, and Edelinck, and Gaspar Crayer, and Brauwer, and Rubens, he lived and painted for some years. His



THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

(*From the Sketch by Van Dyck, in the Louvre.*)

reputation grew with everything he produced; he had the most distinguished men and women of the age—Gaston d'Orléans, Marie de Medicis, the Marqués de Moncada, the Stadtholder Frederick Henry (son of William the Silent), Rubens, Hals, Marguerite de Lorraine, the Infanta Isabella—for his sitters; his compositions were not less famous and scarcely less numerous than his portraits; he took up the practice of etching, and instantly proved himself one of the greatest masters of the point who have ever lived. He was not much over thirty when he won the heart of Charles I. with a "Rinaldo and Armida," painted for Endymion Porter, and decided to quit Antwerp for London. It was his third visit. On the two previous occasions he had failed to attract the king's regard; for Buckingham was master, and patronised Cornelis Jansen, and was, besides, a sworn rival of the Earl of Arundel, under whose protection Van Dyck had placed himself. This time he succeeded. He was the one painter in England; he was handsome, accomplished, amiable, gallant; and very soon he had more work than he could honestly do, and a great deal more society—of all sorts—than was good for him. When he would, he could be as great a master as ever: as the incomparable portrait of Cornelis Van der Gheest in the National Gallery—painted, it is said, in Rembrandt's manner as a kind of challenge to Rembrandt—and many another *chef-d'œuvre* of imagination and technical skill will prove. But he would not always; and much of his achievement in England is seen to be by no means worthy of him nor of his fame. His career was brilliant, but it was short. His passion for Margaret Lemon, his love of pleasure, his extraordinary productiveness, broke him in health and constitution; and he was already at death's door when Charles, who was sincerely concerned about him, obliged him to reform, and to give earnest of good behaviour by marrying poor little Mary Ruthven. He survived the marriage no more than two years, dying (9th December, 1643) a few days after the birth of his only legitimate child. He was in his forty-fourth year; but M. Guiffrey, working after Smith, prints the titles and descriptions of close upon twelve hundred etchings, drawings, portraits, and compositions from his hand. It is evident that, though he had lived hard, he had not lived vainly, but had earned the right to be at rest.

I shall add that to me he seems not less fortunate in the time of his death than in the circumstances of his life. Eight months before, Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, one of the greatest of all his sitters, had perished on the scaffold; and a few years after, the men he knew were dead in the field, or fugitives in France, or buccaneering with Rupert, or languishing in English jails. The Commons were on the march; the reign of the middle classes had begun. In the England of the Stuarts—the England of Wentworth and Jonson and Carew and the Milton of "Comus" and the "Arcades," of Kenelm Digby and Venetia Stanley, and Falkland and Margaret Lemon—Van Dyck was in his proper place. He would, no doubt, have painted Cromwell as heroically as he painted Charles. But in Puritan England, the England of Hugh Peters and Praise-God Barebones and the major-generals, he would have been a rather melancholy anachronism.

W. E. H.

MISS MARIANNE NORTH'S PAINTINGS AT KEW.

THE Royal Gardens at Kew are of wide extent, and their neat but wandering pathways bewilder the visitor when he tries to reach a given point. But by dint of much exploration, much enquiry of dreamy gardeners, and some unwilling conflict with the pleasant distractions of blossoming flowers, the songs and twitterings of innumerable birds, and the varied graces and glories of the trees, one may eventually discover near the flagstaff the prim and comfortable gallery which, with its contents of over six hundred paintings, has been lately presented to the nation by Miss Marianne North. The building is pseudo-Greek in style and decoration; its plan has been given, and every detail of its construction supervised, by the architect, Mr. James Fergusson, F.R.S., who has acted in a generous spirit thoroughly in keeping with the munificence of the accomplished lady by whom scheme and realisation were rendered possible.

Miss North has been a great traveller; in this regard her acquirements are very respectable indeed. But she is something more than a mere rambler. She is a pertinacious, and—what is better, perhaps—an intelligent botanist, and she commands an able and accurate pencil. She has visited New Zealand and California; she has roamed to Australia and Tasmania; she has studied in the mountains and plains of India, and in the groves of Ceylon; she has

wandered in the dense forests of Borneo, and in the arboreal wonderland of the Brazils. And wherever she has been, there has she carried her palette and brushes, and sat down to paint the marvels and the beauties of the vegetable creation as they live and blossom in their native places. The result is a collection which is every whit as generally interesting as it is scientifically instructive and valuable. We have Sir Joseph Hooker's word that it is not possible to overrate its scientific importance and usefulness in connection with the gardens, plant-houses, and museums at Kew; and it is more than likely that future generations will have a better opportunity of appreciating the gift than is afforded at the present time, since many of the scenes depicted are slowly but surely disappearing before the ploughs and herds, the fires and the axes, of the colonist and the pioneer. The forests and the wild flowers fade away for ever before the march of civilisation; and it is only by such pictures as Miss North's that the majesty and wonder of the one, and the gorgeousness and delicacy of the other, can be recorded or adequately suggested. I may say at once, however, that the collection is not to be judged from a purely artistic standpoint, though its æsthetic merits are occasionally anything but insignificant. Its chief interest is essentially scientific; and, since there are few things in creation which appeal more pleasantly and constantly to the human mind than flowers, it is also essentially popular. In the landscapes and views of forest scenery the traveller recognises faithful records of familiar and characteristic scenes; in the studies of bud and blossom and fruit, of leaf and seed and stem and branch, the botanist finds an infinitude of minute detail and a wealth of varied idiosyncrasies rendered with surprising accuracy, delicacy, patience, and understanding; and in the representations of insects and reptiles, which are striking features of some of the panels, the naturalist and the entomologist may discover much that will interest and teach.

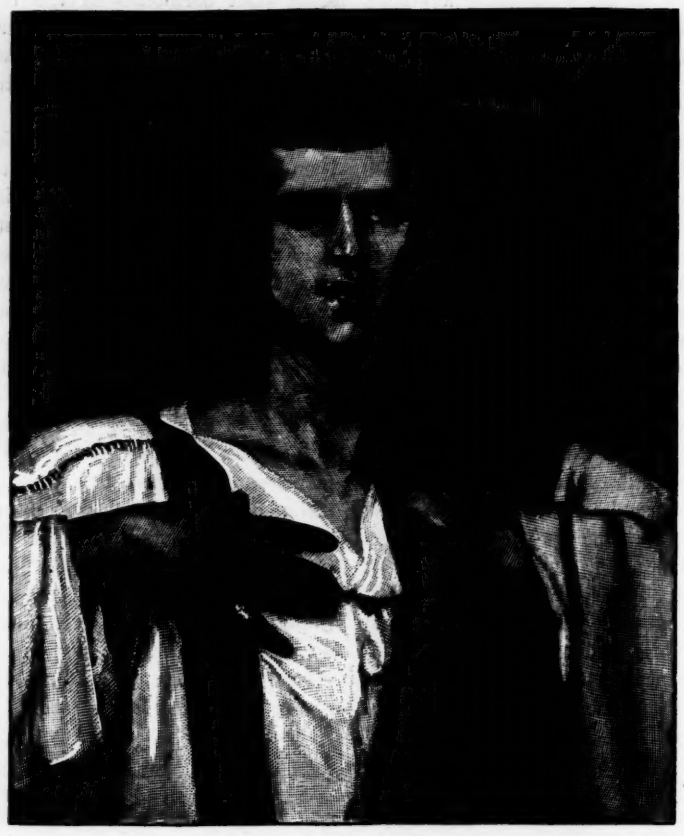
Artistically speaking, the collection is remarkable in one or two ways; but it suffers a good deal from the necessities of geographical arrangement. The pictures are classified in accordance with the habitats of the flowers and plants they represent; the result is inevitably unsatisfactory to a sensitive eye, and is not improved by an extreme narrowness of margin between each subject. This, doubtless, was unavoidable; but whatever may be thought of the effect of the whole, there can be no question that several individual pictures have good artistic qualities and decorative possibilities and suggestions. Harmonious combinations of colour and form may be easily noted here and there. Occasionally, too, you meet with a good effect of atmosphere and light: as, for instance, in the suggestive view of the "Valley of Ferns," near Rungaroon, India (249). Again, the sketch of the Jain tower and temple at Chittore is an example of a characteristic aspect of Indian landscape faithfully and simply recorded. The paintings of plants and flowers, however, are the best; and in spite of a tendency to harshness and coldness in the backgrounds of blue sky, many of the panels are full of charm as well as truth. The flowers sketched at Darjeeling, for example (299), make a picture as rich and graceful, and as generally attractive, as one could desire; while I know nothing more beautiful than the pendulous white blossoms, in the foliage, flowers, and fruit of the Malay Peninsula so delicately portrayed in No. 306. A good bit of colour and arrangement is to be seen in the flowers and prickly fruit of the Rambutan, from Borneo; and there are some very telling contrasts—of purple and white and orange—in the studies of Bornean orchids (415 and 417): with some quiet harmonies in the climbing shrubs and leaf insects of Java (472), in the foliage and blossoms of the Japanese medlar, the pretty Brazilian birds (142), and the group of Brazilian wild flowers (71), which is delicate and sincere.

But it is a notable fact that throughout there has been little, if any, attempt at artistic grouping, but slight effort to achieve effect either of colour or line. The flowers have been painted just as they blossomed, the leaves as they drooped or sprouted strongly from their stems, the fruits as they hung from the boughs, or as they had fallen on the ground; and each and all have been treated with skill, with unusual conscientiousness, and with a self-denying faithfulness to nature that is rare indeed. And there are upwards of six hundred panels, some of them containing six or seven and even more varieties of plants and blossoms: to say nothing of careful and realistic studies of moths and butterflies, birds and beetles, snakes and spiders, which are profusely introduced. And all have been "painted on the spot" in almost every quarter of the globe! Such a collection inspires both surprise and admiration. It is a rare and notable evidence of human industry and human knowledge, and of a very remarkable effort of the human mind.

H. V. Barnett.

CURRENT ART.

AMONG the pictures of the year, pictures of poverty have held their usual important place. Indeed, if poverty ceased, the exhibitions would certainly lose some salt. Have we not, at the French Gallery, the beggar whose action and personality, whose lights and shadows and rags, are portrayed by the free and daring hand of M. Bastien Lepage? At the United Arts Gallery the same painter shows us in "Pauvre Fauvette" another of Poverty's nurselings—the little girl who has found her way into art in company with a cow and a tree and an impression of scenery. Mr. Faed has a Scotch lassie who deprecates public scorn for her tatters in a catalogue quotation; but she is very unlike the people of Bastien Lepage. Perhaps, on the whole, French feeling and French art are happier than English in the treatment of misery, because the French way is to give a truth simply, not supplementing it by enfeebling little comments and explanations. As a rule, painting confines itself, wisely enough, to the representation of mild forms of want; for it is doubtful whether such a tragedy as human hunger should appear in ordinary art. Want at starvation point so degrades the suffering man that (the paradox will be understood) only heroic art should deal with him; the *genre* painter should leave all such passion alone. Mr. Reid, in his "Homeless and Homeward"—the original of the engraving on page 436—has not stopped short of a true sadness; but he has given us the melancholy of homelessness rather than the actual pangs of hunger and thirst, and so has kept within due limits. And slight in feeling as it is, his work is technically excellent. Indeed, it is one of the completest pictures of the year, though the casual critic might seriously incline to accuse it of a certain sketchiness. An interesting experiment, by the way, might be made in testing the ordinary notion of a complete picture. Probably that canvas which contained the greatest number of facts would be chosen as a type of completeness: the current notion of truth being of fact loaded upon fact. But such art reminds one of Wordsworth's reproof of a landscape description of Sir Walter Scott's. "Stop!" he said to the friend who had quoted it; "Nature"—and a solemn indignation gathered in his face—"Nature does not permit an inventory to be taken of her charms!" Now Mr. Reid's way is not the way of the inventory (if the fable may be narrated of painting as well as of poetry); he does not insist upon accumulated facts, but as it were holds his finish from the very beginning by means of rightness of tone. Perfect relations and comparisons make his work completer from the first than a piece of ordinary English finish would be in its last elaboration. Perhaps the school called Pre-Raphaelite, with its much good, did no greater mischief than it



HERR BARNAY AS MARK ANTONY.

(From the Picture by L. Alma-Tadema, Exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1882.)

accomplished by its practice of a futile laboriousness. Its literary apostle has defined finish as "an added truth," and it may be bold for a younger writer to combat his words. It seems certain, however, that



THE KING DRINKS.

(From the Picture by Briton Riviere, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)

though Mr. Ruskin has played a master's part in the evolution of English art and English ideas, the conclusion of the matter was out of his reach, and even beyond his ken. It has been discovered that a finer artistic completeness than "added truth" is the truth which is present from the beginning, and which finishes the merest "impression" (to use an abused word) by means of right values and planes and lights. Architecture cannot be added to a house after the house is built. Did not poor William Hunt tell his pupils about a compatriot of his who sent for "a Boston man" to perform that feat for him? Mr. Reid has spared no perfection of detail, especially in his figures; but both figures and landscape are studied chiefly from the point of view of the artist in chiaroscuro, and part of the landscape is decidedly impressionary. The lights are admirably related within and behind the detail, so that none of the elaboration forces itself into notice. As certain poets are said to be poets' poets, Mr. Reid, as regards some of his excellences, is a painter who should be especially appreciated by painters. Nevertheless, there is such reality and sincerity in the motive of the children's figures in his picture (the best group is that of the children) as should appeal to the uttermost outsider. As the little cottage urchins trot homewards past the homeless knot of wandering musicians they have home and supper and bed in their mind's eye, and they consider the poor tramps with the innocent unsympathising regard of childhood. Truly youth, whether green or ripe, has little pity. Nature evidently considers the young creatures the most precious, and inspires them with no compassionateness nor self-sacrifice, for she would not have them sacrificed. The ignorant heartlessness of children and the egoism of happy youth are good for the race. "Ces pauvres enfants!" exclaims Victor Hugo, of the two young lovers who forgot their benefactor in his last mournful, broken-hearted days; "they were so happy, poor children!" In Mr. Reid's picture the low grey weather promises little ease to the wanderers in their shelterless pilgrimage, and that flageolet will, it is to be feared, rouse no such enthusiasm in the sad thinly-peopled English land as will win the old player a supper or a bed. Oliver Goldsmith fluted his way through a different kind of country. Mr. Reid, by the way, is rather persistent in his choice of those effects of climate which have not only little colour, but little latent light. It would be a pleasure to see his science applied to the rendering of sun and shadow, or of those grey days which have much hidden illumination

in the heavens and much hidden colour on the earth. It is surely a pity to leave, as now-a-days we leave but too frequently, the glow, the sunset, and the blue to the mercies of vulgar art.

It is difficult in these populous days to find a specialty. Indeed, specialties are so precious that they have to be dreadfully subdivided. No man may have a large one all to himself. Thus, a certain phase of weather or a certain kind of landscape used to belong to this or that artist, who looked on it as his own and treated it with all the skill he had. Now the painter may appropriate a detail only; so Mr. Leader has made a specialty of pools and puddles. His successful and excellent "February Fill-Dyke," at the Royal Academy of 1881, determined his right, while it gave him a far more prominent position in the public view than he had gained by many years of level work. "In the Evening There Shall be Light" is the title appended to his large canvas, which, as shown on our next page, pictures a landscape almost drowned in a downfall of sunset. There have been a wild dawn, a hidden sunrise, a veiled noon; now there is the long half-light of early declining day. The whole course of the sun, from his eastern to his western bed, has been unseen from this space of English meadow-land, which the rainfall has jewelled with shining streaks of water—where every rut and every furrow is a streamlet. It is not until the sun is gone that his light is freed from the heavy clouds; but these are now seen breaking up, dispersing, disbanding, and forming a finely composed cloudscape in the upper air; some are fading away absorbed, some are retreating, and the gold of the sun shines on them from the underworld. The windows of a rustic church have caught their gleam, so have the head-stones and foot-stones of the graves; and all the wet landscape is illuminated with reverberated lights, and a great yew-tree stands invested with the damp reflective atmosphere. The picture is probably intended to bear an allegorical reference to a human life, in which there is no light until the hidden sun of joy has set. It has proved one of the most popular landscapes of the year; its rather violent effects have taken the general eye, and its slight allusiveness has endeared it to the general heart. It has probably had as much success as any work which does not contain a quite implicit human interest is likely to gain in England. And, moreover, by its skilful execution it has deserved not a little of the success it has achieved.



THE GLEANERS.

(From the Picture by G. Clausen, Exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1882.)

Mr. Hennessey, a worshipper of Millet, a follower of the great tradition of Constable, goes to the well-worn tracks of peasant life for the motive of his pleasant "En Fête," the original of our last engraving. He has painted with great delicacy of touch, but in a rather cold key of colour, a sailor of Calvados between two girls in the gala costume of their country, and loaded with breast-posies and nosegays. A child lags behind to free her petticoat from a brier, and the way of the four lies through a green, rich Norman field. Away on the hill stands the village church, where the feast of some local saint is celebrating. Mr. Hennessey has avoided any very obvious expressions, but he probably wishes to tell a story of rivalry between the dark

maiden and the blond—his young sailor being very handsome in figure and face. The girls' caps, with their exaggerated and top-heavy forms, are more quaint than charming; but they are delightfully painted, with a free touch which gives a rendering, full without minuteness, of the little rills and borders of soft old lace, of the stiffer and colder-tinted muslin, and of the long gold ear-rings which complete the peasant's not altogether barbarous notion of full dress. The accurate drawing and the graceful treatment of foliage tell of study in continental schools, and in themselves are notable.



"IN THE EVENING THERE SHALL BE LIGHT."

(From the Picture by W. B. Leader, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)

Mr. Alma-Tadema has adopted the very prevalent fashion of portrait-painting. But a fashion you welcome in Mr. Millais, in Mr. Frank Holl, and in Mr. Pettie (whose powers one would fain see exercised to their very utmost in portraiture), you do not hail so gladly in Mr. Alma-Tadema. With him there is invention of a kind so attractive and so interesting that it can ill be spared from the exhibitions of the English school. As a rule there is a peculiar futility in modern pictures on antiquarian subjects. The smallness of their value can best be felt if we try to gauge the interest which they will have for a future generation. Our studies of contemporary life may be interesting to ourselves and to our children, and our studies of the past may be interesting to ourselves; but to those who come after us such work will be vacant indeed. The twentieth century may like to reproduce the scenes of the second century, but it will care little for the nineteenth century's reproductions of them. We are referring, of course, to *genre* only; for heroic art does not depend for its value on local colour and the study of a period. Mr. Alma-Tadema, however, finds a way to overcome all our prejudices against archæological *genre;* he has a secret whereby he makes his work an intimate part of the past. Our grandchildren will be very learned, but they will probably find Mr. Alma-Tadema's realisation of daily life under the Cæsars hard to surpass. It is not that he is infallible in facts, but that he is Roman in spirit. And one inclines to like these compositions doubly because the painter is not, technically, at his best in portraits. In our first picture, the portrait of Herr Barnay as Mark Antony, there is an apparent—but only an apparent—combination of portraiture and *genre.* The work is essentially a portrait and nothing else. The German company which came upon our stage last year, and showed us the interesting reflection of our own imperial poet in the Teutonic mind, is not yet forgotten. The actors inspired us with respect; the stage manager with a deep and lasting admiration. The discipline of the players and the learnedness of the accessories spoke a general language. And that country which shares in the strongest and homeliest part of our speech was allowed by us a share in our Shakespeare also. In respect of particulars, it will be remembered that Herr Barnay's Antony was throughout intelligent and gentlemanly work, and that in one scene—that of the speech over Cæsar dead—it was picturesque, and even imaginative, in no mean degree. It must be owned that Mr. Alma-Tadema's portrait is scarcely so satisfactory as the performance it commemorates. Still, it is the best of those which he has this year exhibited.

No animal has been treated so variously as the lion. Seeing that he is a beast showing little difference of type—not having been given over to the dilettantism of the breeder who has done so much for the racehorse, nor to the experiments of the savant who has played such pranks with the pigeon—it is wonderful how different he looks in art at different times and under different hands. He has been more conventionalised than any object in nature, and no "allegory on the banks of the Nile" can ever have been quite so allegorical as the allusive fancy of man has made him. He has done decorative duty, preserving only hints of his own form, and he has passed with art and literature through the phases of the heroic, romantic,



HOMELESS AND HOMEWARDS.

(From the Picture by J. R. Reid, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)

and realistic conception and treatment. It must be added that the royal brute has been fortunate in his laureates. Rubens—the true Lion of Flanders!—preferred him over all other beasts, and painted him with the whole might of his vast and enterprising genius. His imagination had continual food in his contemplation; his imperial hand found continual pastime in his portraiture. The savage majesty, the brute romance, the bestial royalty of the creature were depicted by him as by no other painter in all time. Thus it is that people dare to doubt the authenticity of the famous canvas sold a while ago for the Duke of Hamilton. The lions that crouch and growl and snarl about the prophet in that magnificent picture are unworthy, they say, of the master-hand that produced the tremendous "Lion Hunt" at Munich, the noble "Lion and Tigers" at Dresden, the incomparable portrait of a lion's whelp—sprawling, infantile, heroic—in the possession of Lord Normanton. In spite of its pedigree, in spite of the painter's own voucher to Sir Dudley Carleton, they refuse to recognise the "Daniel" for true Rubens; they attribute it to the pupils, and will admit no more in its favour than that the prince of painters may possibly have re-touched it. It is to be noted that the passion for painting lions that distinguishes the master dis-



DEATH AND THE WOODMAN.

(From the Group by A. Legros, Exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1882.)

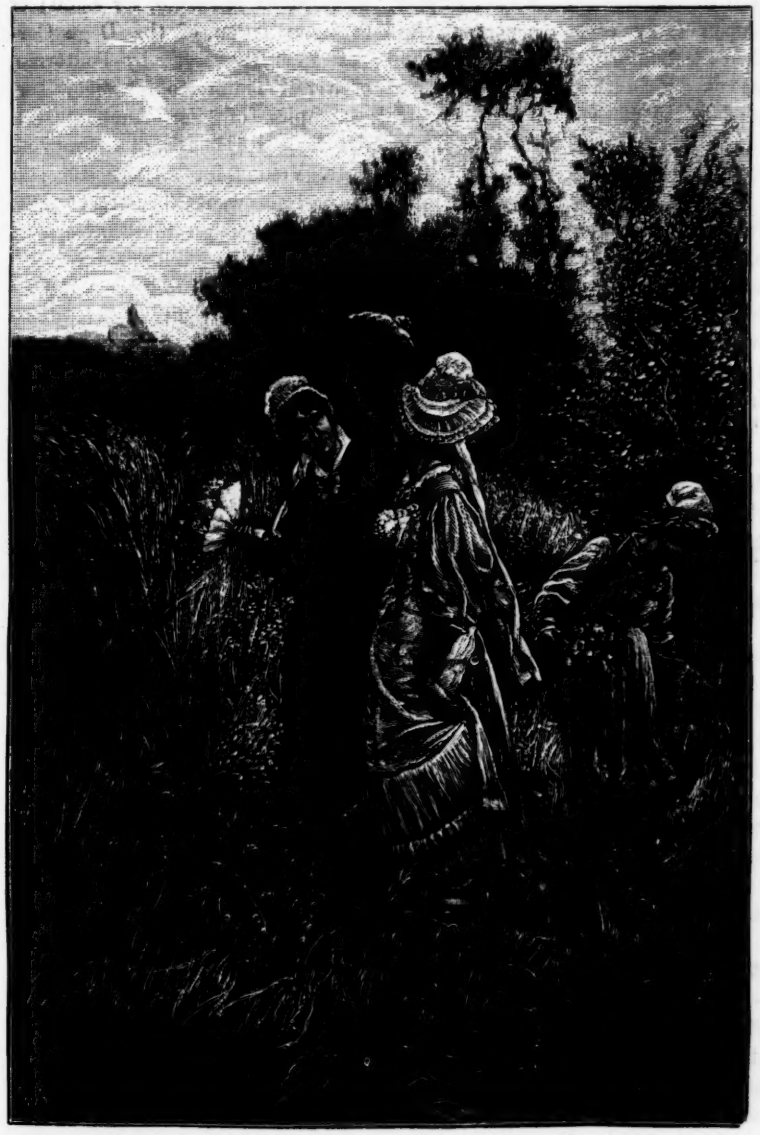
tinguishes his followers and scholars likewise. Thus his friend and collaborator, Franz Snyders, was inspired by the great man's encouragement and example to add the living lion to his models, and to paint lion hunts and lions in fight where once he had only painted fruits and flowers and the fur and feathers of dead game. Again, the man among moderns who has best succeeded with the lion is unquestionably Eugène Delacroix, who was perhaps the best and strongest pupil the Antwerp master ever had, and who has drawn and painted lions and lionesses with an intensity of imagination, a vigour of line and colour, a mastery of gesture, an energy of conception and execution, that Rubens himself would certainly have been proud to own. After the lions of these two great men the lions of Landseer and Rosa Bonheur, good as in some ways they are, are apt to seem a little tame, and, as it were, to fall a little flat. It must be owned that the lions of Mr. Briton Riviere are in much the same case. That lion of his, for instance, who is guarding the gentle Una through the perils of the present exhibition at Burlington House, is not a bit romantic or impressive; he is a kind of carpet lion—a lion to do duty in the pages of Mdme. d'Aulnoy, and behave with politeness and grace to such heroes as Prince Azor and Prince Charming, and such heroines as Princess Fair Star and the Damsel with the Golden Locks. The lion in "The King Drinks," the artist's diploma picture—the original of our second illustration—is ever so much more leonine, more vigorous, and more satisfying as art. Mr. Riviere has treated his subject realistically, trusting to the truth for dignity. His king of beasts "takes his rouse and keeps wassail," lapping in the attitude of a cat, with a tucking-up of the hind legs which makes those powerful members look slight in comparison with the ponderous head. Colour and drawing and gesture alike are excellent. The picture, indeed, is one of the artist's best.

Few painters have painted the truth about the English peasant as Mr. George Clausen has done in his "Gleaners." Even the crooks and flowers of the heroes and heroines of the ingenious Mr. Gay and the distinguished Mr. Pope were hardly more unreal than are the daintily quaint sun-bonnets and white kerchiefs and neat shoes which idyllic artists of our day would fain impose upon us as the wear of rustic Tom and Betty. The fact is that a great deal of good pastoral dressing exists in England, but it is only to be seen in London society. Mr. Clausen has not allowed any pleasant fallacy to enter into his picture. In his work, as we have already had occasion to note, there are traces neither few nor insignificant of the ennobling influence of J.-F. Millet. It would seem to be his ambition—and an honourable one it is—to impart to his own treatment of motives from peasant life and peasant labour a something of the eloquent sincerity, the dignified solemnity, the true heroic melancholy, which distinguish the work of the greatest modern painter. It says much for him that he does this without any sacrifice of his own individuality. In the "Gleaners" he has produced an excellent picture—the earnest, it is to be hoped, of still greater excellence to come. He shows us a little company of the poor, not in picturesque rags, but in the garments of fact, gleaning the modern English fields. In this he has shown a true painter's instinct, and approved himself a worthy disciple of the prophet he elects to follow. Until gleaning is done by machinery—an improvement which may come to pass in the progressive future—it will remain one of the simple and elementary incidents of human life, and therefore one most fit for art. Whether the gleaners are searching for olives under the shadowy groves of the Riviera, or for grapes fallen from the bunches beneath the little rills of vine on the Rhine slopes, or for wheat upon a thousand hills, they are fit to paint, to sing about, to write of—*i poveri di Dio*.

We have reproduced but a single piece of sculpture—the "Death and the Woodman," upon the preceding page, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery. It is unfinished; and unfinished sculpture is not often sent for exhibition. It is against the tradition, people tell you. The painter may show his loosest work; the poet may challenge criticism with skimble-skamble stuff that sets the head aching and the teeth on edge. But it is otherwise with the sculptor. What he shows must be smooth, must be careful, must be neat and trim and elaborately polished: like a new shilling or the verses of a highly modern epic. The practice of Michelangelo counts for considerably less than nothing in this connection; for if it is not, there are critics to vow and declare it the work of one ignorant of the first principles of his craft. In the Slade Professor's group there is room, no doubt, for improvement. The modelling is imperfect, and there is obviously an absence of completeness in certain of the details. Still, the work is so full of animation and expression, so excellently imagined and so vigorously executed, so apt in gesture and so novel in intention and effect as to be, when all is said, a great deal more impressive and a great deal better worth consideration than most of that which passes now-a-days for perfect sculpture. The motive has all the enduring interest that attaches to a popular myth. It deals with one of the elemental facts of human destiny, and it does so in the terms, at once ironical and solemn, in which the popular imagination is wont to find expression. Life may be hard and bad; but it is always worth living,

and Death, come he soon or come he late—Death is of all guests the most constantly unwelcome. That is the moral of the apologue; and it is one that, in one shape or another, has been stuff for meditation in all ages and to all races of men.

The motive appears to have troubled the artist during many years. He has often treated it, in etching and in painting; and it was not until last year, and in the magnificent fantasy exhibited by the Society of Painter-Etchers, that he succeeded in handling it as it deserved. Then, however, he produced a piece of work that, save by "Le Bûcheron et la Mort," the august imagining of Millet, and his own wonderful little etching, the "Death in the Pear Tree," is surpassed by nothing of the kind achieved since the famous "Danse Macabre." That it was in a measure inspired by that immortal satire is obvious. It reminds one of Millet and of Holbein at one and the same time. The figure of Death —colloquial and familiar, leaning to chat with his victim on the top of the wall between them—has not a little of the savage and fantastic humour of the heroic Atomy of the terrible "Dance." The Woodman, though, is modern. He belongs to a generation that owes something to Rousseau—"la grand'mère de nous tous," and something to Balzac and Dickens, the poets of the epic of common life, and something to J.-F. Millet, "the Michelangelo of the glebe." What is true of the etching is true of the group. The motive has been approached from the sculptor's point of view, and has been handled with the sculptural feeling and a view to the sculptural effect; but the spirit is essentially the same. The Death is that of the "Danse Macabre;" the Woodman — pathetic and helpless; with his desperate clutchings upon life and his faggot — is the peasant of modern times and modern art.



EN FÊTE, CALVADOS.

(From the Picture by W. J. Hennessey, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)

Both achievements, the sculpture and the etching, are representative work; for both are examples of that notable mingling of old art and new sentiment, of the Old Master and the Modern Painter — of imaginative originality with impersonal tradition; what is accidental and individual with what is conventional and absolute—which makes the art of Legros at once so interesting and so admirable. It is less to the purpose that the group is altogether new, and that, so far as we know, there is nothing like it—nothing at once so grim and humorous and imaginative—in modern sculpture.

THE HAMILTON PALACE SALES.

A GREAT number of the pictures brought to the hammer during the first nine days of the Hamilton sales were of very doubtful authenticity. It is evident that the collection was got together without much judgment on the part of the collectors. It dated from a time when art-criticism was not, and before the expert had begun to be; and with some gems of price it contained innumerable canvases whose only interest was one of attribution. The catalogue is a kind of romance of the Renaissance, with heroic names thick upon every page. Out of black and white, though, the collection looked by no means dazzling. And it seems certain that, sold under other circumstances and deprived of their associations, not a few of the Hamilton pictures would have gone for sums of money hardly worth the chronicling.

Many of the Flemish and Dutch pictures were authentic and noteworthy. Thus, the Hobbema, a lovely picture, was certainly not dear at £4,252 10s.; Rubens' wonderful *grisaille*, picturing the birth of Venus, was cheap at £1,630; while Mr. Ionides was fortunate in being able to secure so good a picture as the Brauwer — which ought to have gone to the National Gallery, by the way — for £609. Again, no more exquisite specimen of Vandevelde is in existence than the sea-piece — only 18 inches by 14 inches — for which Mr. Denison paid £1,345; and at £1,837 10s. such a piece of portraiture as Rubens', of Isabella Brandt, is anything but expensive. A Ruysdael sold for £1,218; a Van Huysum for £1,228 10s.; a Van Ostade for £1,837 10s.; a Holbein (so-called) of Edward VI. for £798 10s.; a Janssen for £738; a Berghem for £735; a little Rubens—"The Homes of the Centaurs, Representing the Fresh and Verdant Groves of Arcadia, and Poetic Fiction of the Centaurs"—for upwards of £2,100. The picture of the sale, however, was unquestionably the great (and doubtful) Rubens, the "Daniel in the Den of Lions," of which a replica (which may possibly be the original) exists elsewhere, but which Mr. Denison thought worth £5,145—the top price of all the pictures sold.

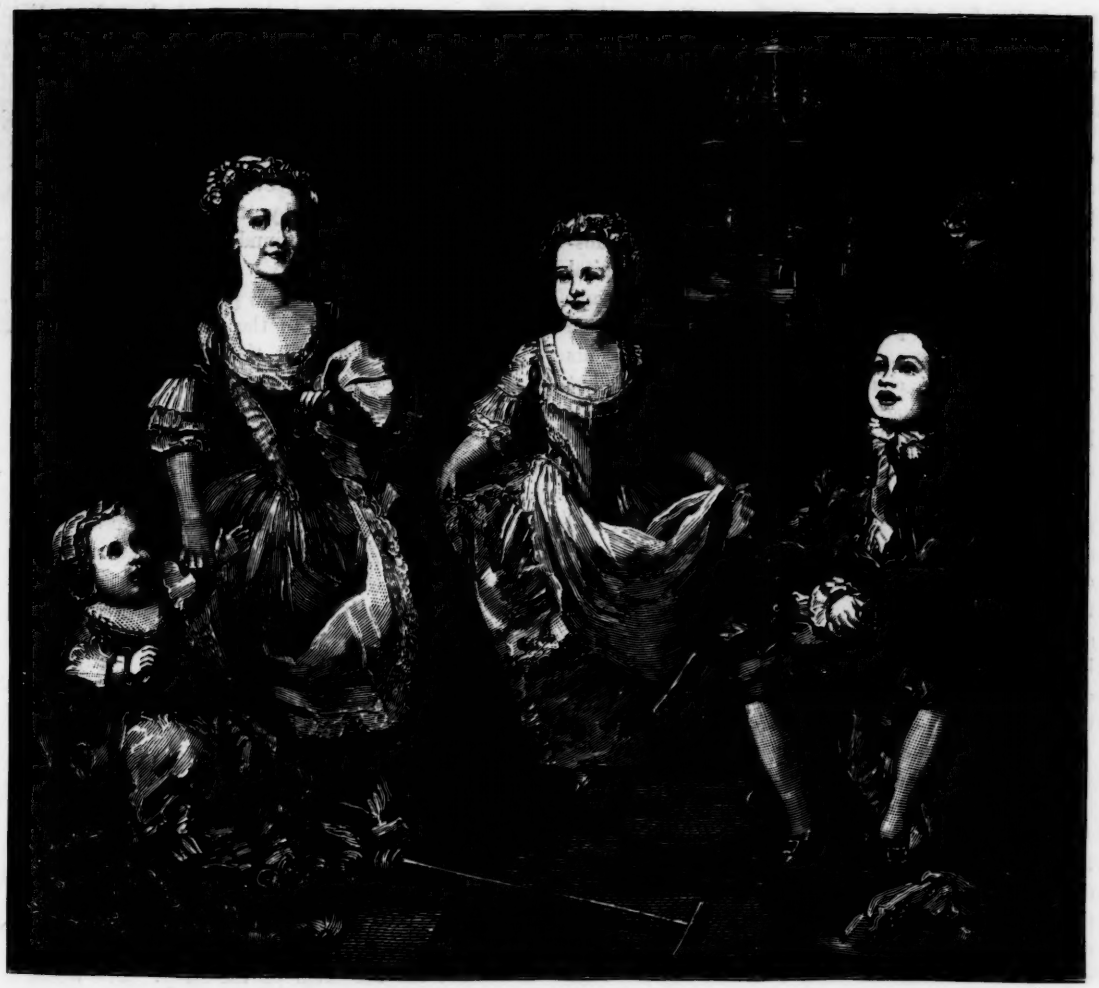
Of the Italian pictures the best and most interesting were certainly the Signorelli—a "Circumcision," a most noble work, of the highest type of religious art, in many ways the gem of the collection—and Sandro Botticelli's "Assumption of the Virgin," one of the most remarkable pictures ever seen. Both of these were purchased by Mr. Burton for the National Gallery: the one for £3,150; the other, which has been completely repainted, for £4,777 10s. "The Adoration of the Magi," ascribed to Botticelli, appears to be considerably less authentic than the "Assumption." Mr. Burton, however, did well to buy it, for it is an admirable work, and cost no more than £1,627 10s. He was also the purchaser of a couple of Mantegnas (doubtful) for £1,785; of a Lionardo portrait (doubtful) for £525; of a "Giorgione" (very doubtful) for £1,417 10s.; of a wonderful little "Last Supper," ascribed to Masaccio, for £630; of a portrait, said to be a Titian, of the Doge Cornaro, for £336; of an "Allegory," by Pontormo, for £315; and of a real Tintoretto for £157 10s. Two delightful examples of Fra Angelico fell to Mr. Winkworth for £1,312 10s.; a Bronzino was bought by Mr. Vokins for £1,837 10s.; a superb Tintoretto portrait went for £1,115 10s. (Mr. Heseltine was lucky enough to secure a most striking example of this same master for £189); while a Marcello Venusti, supposed to be designed by Michelangelo, realised not less than £1,427. The same painter's "Adoration of the Magi" sold for £1,210; a superb Bronzino for £1,785; a Titianic "Holy Family" for £1,207 10s.; and a reputed Lionardo, "The Laughing Boy," for £2,005.

Much of the china and furniture was of rare and striking merit. Two pieces of Henri Deux, a cup and a tazza, sold for £840 and £1,213 respectively; three pieces of Limoges for £1,328, £1,760, and £2,100 respectively; and four busts in faience (old Rouen) for £2,648. A pair of vases in Chinese porcelain sold for £965; a pair of Mandarin vases for £1,239; a pair of bottles of Indian jade for £1,522; a pair of vases of old gros-bleu (Sèvres) for £1,680; an old Sèvres vase and cover for £1,585; a vase of Oriental agate for £1,784; a jug of Aventurine jasper for £2,467 10s.; and a ewer of Oriental glass, enamelled and gilded, for £2,730. Then a chime clock, in ormolu case, went for £861; a cabinet, designed by Michelangelo, for £1,176; a Louis Seize secretaire in marqueterie £1,575; two Louis Seize commodes for £3,213 and £2,310 respectively; a Louis Seize clock for £903; a Louis XIV. writing-table (Buhl) for £1,025; a pair of tables of Egyptian porphyry for £1,890; a Louis Quatorze pedestal cabinet (Buhl) for £2,200; a chess-table in Damascened iron for £3,150; a Louis Seize secretaire (Riesener) for £4,620; a Louis Seize commode (Riesener) for £4,305; a Louis Quinze writing-table and cartonnière for £5,565; and a Louis Seize writing-table (Riesener), the Koh-i-noor of the sale, for £6,000.



TEUCER.

(From the Bronze by Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A., Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)



THE GRAHAM FAMILY: PAINTED BY WILLIAM HOGARTH.

(By Permission of the Earl of Normanton. Exhibited at Burlington House, 1882.)

THE NORMANTON HOGARTH.

TO judge by the prices paid for his works, Hogarth's merits as a painter—that is to say, a designer in colour as opposed to black and white—must have been singularly slow to obtain recognition. In 1745, when he was approaching fifty, nearly all his best pictures were still unsold; and when at last, by a queer kind of auction, he managed to dispose of them, the sums they realised were beneath contempt. "The Rake's Progress," a set of eight pictures, fetched but £184 16s.; "The Harlot's Progress," a set of six, but £88 4s. "The Strolling Players," which was burnt at Littleton not long ago, was knocked down for £27 6s.; and "The Four Times of the Day," sold separately, went at no better prices. Five years later the incomparable series of "The Marriage à la Mode," which even now, in spite of restoration and revival, still retains something of its former charm of handling, was sold to Mr. Lane, of Hillingdon, for £126, or less than a tenth of what Mr. Angerstein paid for it in 1797. The story is the same with regard to Hogarth's other efforts. Garrick thought himself liberal in purchasing the unique "Election Scenes" for 200 guineas, though Sir John Soane had to give £1,732 10s. for them in 1823, and even that sum would scarcely obtain them now. "The March to Finchley," again, was sold by lottery. "Paul Before Felix," and "The Lady's Last Stake," were commissions—the former for £200,

the latter for £100. The famous "Sigismonda" was also a commission from Sir Richard Grosvenor, meanly returned upon the artist's hands, and sold to the Boydells, after the death of his widow, for £56. For the altar-piece of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol, now in the Clifton Fine Arts Academy, he received £500, which was not inadequate; but he was compelled to give away "The Pool of Bethesda" and "The Good Samaritan" to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He presented to the Foundling Hospital the "Moses Brought to Pharaoh's Daughter," and also the admirable portrait of Captain Coram. Some of the last of these, it may be admitted, are not his happiest or most characteristic performances; but the fact remains that the majority of them were the best work of which he was capable, and remarkable, as paintings, for their technical skill.

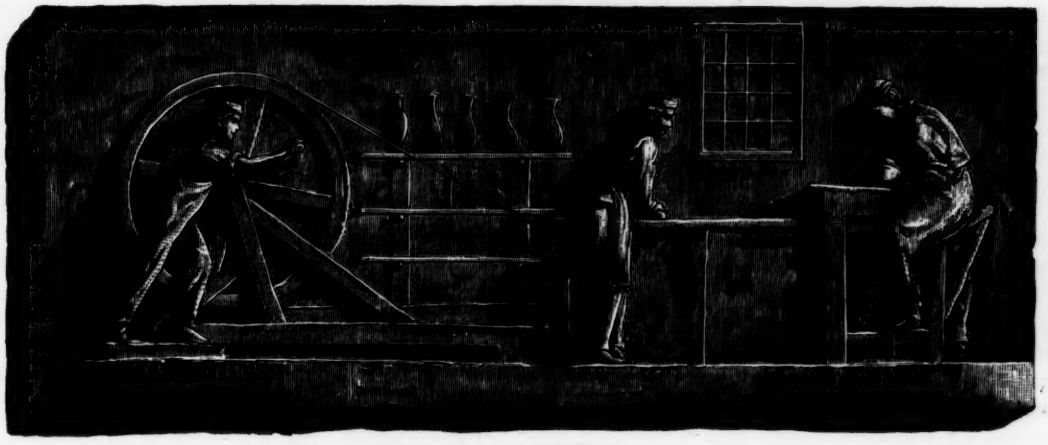
What was the cause of this languid and imperfect acknowledgment of works at once so excellent and so original? Not their originality, surely, nor their choice of subject, for these had been no obstacle to their popularity in the print-shops. Nor can it be attributed wholly to the scanty means which existed, before the establishment of the Royal Academy, for exhibiting works of art, since, unlike other pictures, the engraved copies had made their details familiar. And in one case, at least, that of "The Marriage à la Mode," the original oil-paintings were long on view in Covent Garden at Cock's, the "Mr. Auctioneer Hen" of Fielding's "Pasquin." It is probable that the artist himself was a little to blame. His sturdy opposition to the "Black Masters" and the picture-jobbers, his "Roman infirmity" of bragging about his own abilities, and his intractable perversity in his methods of sale, were all against him. Add to this that the conditions of the market were equally unpropitious. The middle classes bought his prints and laughed over them; but these were not the picture-buyers. The picture-buyers were the *cognoscenti* and *virtuosi*, so pleasantly rallied by Reynolds in the *Idler*—the fine gentlemen fresh from France and Italy, "full of the learning of Poussin, the air of Guido, the greatness of taste of the Caraches, and the sublimity and grand *contorno* of Michelangelo." To these, and those like them, native talent was non-existent, or not to be considered for a moment by the side of the cargoes of "Holy Families, Madonnas, and other dismal dark subjects" (as the painter irreverently called them) which were annually imported from the continental manufactories. But whatever the real cause of the neglect of Hogarth's paintings may have been, it was clearly of his day and not of ours; and although for some time after his death critics were still found to repeat the valetudinarian flippancies of Walpole, and to echo the half-apologetic opinions of the painter's friends, posterity, which is more independent, has reversed the contemporary verdict. When, in 1814, an exhibition of Hogarth's works took place at the British Institution, his power as a painter was at once acknowledged; and to-day, when Wilkes's abuse and Sandby's caricatures are alike forgotten, it is possible to admire even the much maligned "Sigismonda," which, by the generosity of the late Mr. Anderdon, has found a fitting home in the National Gallery.

One of the causes which, perhaps more than any other, has contributed to the better intelligence of Hogarth as a colourist, is the increased facility for studying his pictures in loan collections. Year after year fresh portraits and family groups turn up at Burlington House and elsewhere, and the treasures of private houses come out of their hiding-places. The last winter exhibition at the Royal Academy was unusually rich in this way. Not only were there two most effective portraits—those of the second Lord Macclesfield and the father of Sir William Jones, but Lord Normanton exhibited a remarkable "conversation piece," measuring no less than 63½ by 71 inches. Of this—thanks to the proprietor—we are enabled to give a copy which, while it does not pretend to recall the niceties of modelling and texture, nevertheless affords a fair idea of the general composition. Its title in the catalogue is "The Graham Family," and it represents a group of four children—two girls, a boy, and a baby in a go-cart. The elder of the two girls is dressed in a blue gown, and a lawn apron trimmed with lace. She looks—somewhat self-consciously perhaps—towards the painter, and mechanically lifts a bunch of cherries in her left hand to attract the attention of the baby. She wears a cap with flowers in it. The second girl, who is younger, looks towards her right, and, as if in answer to some request, raises her skirts and balances herself in a dancing posture. She, like her sister, is imprisoned in a stiff "shape," but she wears her lawn apron over a skirt brocaded with Japanese flowers. The graceful poise of this little figure, and her frank pleasure in her performance, are, in the original, delightful to see. To the extreme right of the canvas is the boy, a charming little fellow in a brown coat, knee-breeches, and buckled shoes, who is watching with parted lips and eager eyes the effect which the notes of a bird-organ are producing upon a goldfinch in a cage above him. The bird flutters violently, but from a cause of which the musician is not conscious. This is a cat, admirable in its feline excitement, which clings to the back of the boy's chair with a deadly interest in the terrified bird. This cat's head is a wonderful piece of realism, and would deserve all the praise which Mr. Ruskin lavished on Mr. Couldery's kittens.

There is little more to describe. On the side of the bird-organ, but not shown in our cut, is a design representing Orpheus playing to the beasts, and the little figure on the clock is a Cupid with a scythe. The tone of the picture is subdued and pleasing, and the execution exceedingly careful.

It would be interesting to know something more of this charming domestic group, immortalised on canvas by an artist in whom many still recognise nothing more than a caricaturist, or at best a satirist. There is an emotional fineness—a frail sensibility in the blue eyes and delicate features of the little figures which, while it says something of their past, presages something also of their future. But beyond the fact that they were the children of "R. R. Graham, Esq.," and that the picture belonged in 1804–14 to a "Mr. Graham, of Chelsea," tradition seems to have preserved no record of them. AUSTIN DOBSON.

SOME ORIGINAL CERAMISTS.



MARTIN-WARE: SCULPTURAL.

IN that great and wide revival of art of all kinds which has spread during the last thirty years and more over the whole of the civilised world, there is no branch to which more skill and labour have been devoted than pottery. Not only have all wares of all times been reproduced with remarkable success, and old processes re-discovered, till it may be stated generally that the history of pottery from the earliest times to the present has been retraced, but the art has been distinctly advanced in many directions. New methods have been invented, new colours found, new systems of decoration started. In this revival no country has taken a more prominent or successful part than England. Such firms as Messrs. Minton, Messrs. Doulton, and the Royal Potteries at Worcester produce ware not only perfect in *technique*, but of rare and original artistic merit, such as cannot be excelled by any nation in Europe. The large capital which they so wisely employ enables them to command the services of accomplished artists, whose names and whose merit (to their honour be it spoken) they do not endeavour to conceal. But besides these large factories there have sprung up here and there small and independent ones, founded by men of special talent in decoration, whose art-work deserves to be more widely known than it is. To certain of these original ceramists it is the purpose of this article to introduce such of our readers as have not already made their acquaintance. They are Mr. Robert Wallace Martin and his brothers, of Southall, and Mr. Brannam, of Barnstaple.

If Martin-ware and Barum-ware have not the transparency of porcelain nor the elaborately and costly ornamentation of Sèvres, both are pure and honest art-work. The genuine potters who produce these wares do not attempt to rival nature by modelling flowers in relief, petal by petal; nor do they use the body of their jugs and vases as a canvas on which to paint Turneresque landscapes. Even when decorated, their vases and jugs remain vases and jugs—their proper form beautified but not concealed, their use evident and unambiguous. In other words, they understand the principles and proper limits of decoration, which should always have regard to the shape

and material and destined employment of the thing decorated. The brothers Martin make stoneware only, and glaze it with salt. Mr. Brannam makes ordinary porous earthenware covered with different coloured slips, and glazes it with lead. The Martins employ all kinds of decoration, from modelling in relief to flat painting; Mr. Brannam only one kind—viz., imposing a pattern in one slip on the ground of another, sometimes modelling it in extremely shallow relief, so that the flatness of the surface, and consequently the shape of the article as thrown on the wheel, are not perceptibly disturbed. In character "Martin" decoration is sculpturesque, architectural, and naturalistic in turns, and is far more varied than Mr. Brannam's; but Mr. Brannam has a gift for original patterns and the conventionalisation of natural objects specially suited for the decoration of pottery, and very rare in modern European art.



MARTIN-WARE: GROTESQUE.

So very different and numerous are the descriptions and styles of Martin-ware that it is difficult to classify; but a certain rough division has been made in the choice of objects for our illustrations, and this will serve to give a fair notion of the leading artistic ideas which stimulate its production. Robert Wallace Martin, the founder and director of the works—in which he receives valuable help, both artistic and technical, from three of his brothers—began life as a sculptor's assistant, and did not take to pottery till he had not only achieved thorough skill in modelling, carving, and such matters, but also an independent reputation as a promising young sculptor. This training, which included the knowledge of architectural ornament, has determined the character of a good deal of the work now produced at the Southall Pottery—such as cornices, mantelpieces, and figures. Of the latter he has not yet produced many, but the few he has finished are almost unique in their way as statuettes in stoneware. Few potters have ever used this material for the purpose; but that it is not improper the clever, well designed bas-relief which heads this article sufficiently proves. In the first place stoneware does not require glazing at all, and if the clay be well prepared it will endure burning without any disturbance of its shape; and in the second, if glazed, the salt glaze is so thin and transparent (more like a polish than a superadded surface) that the finest and sharpest cutting is scarcely changed by it. In this little bas-relief there are three figures. At one end is the boy who turns the potter's wheel; at the other the "thrower," who is shaping a vase as it grows up under his fingers. In the middle is the "bench boy" in the act of making the "balls" of clay ready for the "thrower;" the lump beside him he has just "wedged"—the last operation on the prepared clay. It has been crushed and mixed and sifted, "slipped" and "pugged." The object of "wedging"—beating one piece upon another, and cutting through again and again with a wire—is to drive out any remaining air. The dull and lifeless colour of stoneware "biscuit," and the uncertainty which always attends firing at the enormous heat necessary to bake it properly, are, however, great disadvantages for figures which require so much artistic labour; and it is probable that Mr. R. W. Martin will prefer as a rule to use the old and beautiful substance of terra-cotta when he wishes

to turn his purely sculpturesque designs into pottery. In this class may be mentioned with praise a large figure of a monkey, a group of deer, a ram's head, and a few small statuettes.

The next of our illustrations shows a group of grotesques, the result of his sculptor's skill applied to realise his dreams as a humourist. In these curious imaginings Martin-ware has a true specialty. It is doubtful whether in Europe a quaint fancy has ever been so successfully indulged in work of a sculpturesque character since the days of gurgoyles. In the middle of our group stands a wondrous bird, half owl half spoonbill, a feathered sage of profound experience, but, like Major Bagstock, "sly, sir, devilish sly." He holds his head on one side for the better criticism of inferior creatures, and closes one eye after the most approved habit of connoisseurs—a Sam Slick and a Solomon rolled into one. He is designed appropriately to contain the weed of wisdom. On either side of him are two gaping boobies, one marine—a cross between a tadpole and a dolphin—the other amphibious and antediluvian. Both are of very complicated ancestry, but most decided character. To these silly ill-tempered creatures, with their vast but empty heads, is fitly assigned the duty of warming spoons. Between them meditates a pre-adamite armadillo, crimped like a cod to hold toast; and a strangely human jug completes a group of creatures like many things, and yet like nothing on this earth, but nevertheless admirably good company for one another. There is something so whimsically human in these fancies, they are so impossible and absurd yet so funny and attractive, that they remind us of nothing so much as the good old nursery rhymes. They are nonsense indeed, but good nonsense, which is even more difficult to carve than to write. It takes a wise man to be a fool of this calibre, and he would deserve to be prized if only for his rarity. We have a hundred young sculptors who will model you a Venus or an Adonis as soon as look at you; but who save Mr. Martin who could give you a Boojum or a Snark in the round?

Our third and fourth groups are of beautiful shapes. These are produced by the two throwers Walter and Edwin Martin. If the former throws with greater accuracy and skill, the latter is quite his equal in invention, and is the creator of most of the smaller articles—little bottles and vases, cruets, and the like. With great industry and never-failing invention the brothers will go on producing vase after vase, no two alike, for hours together. Every one in the small establishment takes his share in the decorating. Some pieces are decorated with conventional ornaments, some with natural objects such as flowers and birds; some have raised modellings; some, like the large bottle in our illustration, are perforated, others are made more beautiful by outlines incised



MARTIN-WARE: SHAPED.

and filled in with colour. In short, there is scarcely any variety of decoration which is not employed; and the ornament is marked by the utmost liberty of invention consistent with due subordination to shape.

In these days, when the owner of capital so often gets not only the profit but the credit which is due to the artist, it is pleasant to be able to record a case in which men of independent talent and



MARTIN-WARE: SHAPED.

Crushed pottery is another of the Martin specialties: *e.g.*, the very comic jug in our second group. The sinking of a vase after it is thrown, or the "spoiling" of its shape during decoration, instead of condemning the vessel to destruction, often sets the ingenuity of the brothers at work. I have a bottle whose crushed sides are worked with a few dints and scratches into humorous suggestions of feline heads. On one side the animal is more like a tiger—a resemblance which is helped by black marks in the rich brown glaze; on the other side is a very tame cat. A bulge in another jug suggested suffering, and a few deft touches of the practised modeller were sufficient to indicate humanity without destroying its jug-like character; it is not a man's head with a spout, but a jug with a toothache. Another I have seen which was thrown too thin, and could not be lifted without "giving;" the fancy of the youngest brother Edwin turned this mischance into a victory, and repeating the crumplings at intervals, and decorating the vase with complete sympathy to its altered shape, produced a work of art at once strange and beautiful.

energy, aided only by such occasional good offices as most of us receive from our fellow-men, have made a career for themselves, and after struggles of no ignoble character have succeeded in establishing an art-factory of such high and distinct character as the Southall Pottery. The following outline of the history of the Martin brothers may be trusted, as it is founded on information supplied by themselves.

Their father was a descendant of Thomas Martin, the antiquarian and historian of Thetford, and was born in Suffolk. He became the manager of a large woollen drapery establishment in Dublin when a young man; but a practical joke caused him such serious injury that he was obliged for the rest of his life to be content with inferior employment. The "joke" in question was the firing of a pistol close to his ear, which permanently injured his hearing. By the influence of his mother's sister, Mrs. Barry, he got work in the warehouse of Messrs. Barry and Hayward, wholesale stationers. He married the daughter of a Scotch baker, and had six sons and three daughters. Four of the

sons — Robert Wallace, the eldest, born in 1843; Charles Douglas, the third; Walter Fraser, the fifth; and Edwin Bruce, the sixth—now form the firm of Martin Brothers. The regular education of Robert (or Wallace, as he is called by his brothers) was somewhat short and fitful, but allowed some opportunities for the discovery of his taste for art. He went to the Birkbeck Schools in the City Road and Waterloo Road, at both of which were drawing classes. At eleven years old he astonished his parents by carving a child's head out of a small piece of chalk, and after trying work at a tailor's, a hatter's, a candle factory, and at Barry and Hayward's, he met with an accident, and on recovery determined to try for some artistic employment. His father, who on all occasions appears to have assisted his inclinations to the best of his ability, borrowed a statuette of a neighbouring mason, of which Wallace made a drawing. This was shown by the mason to the foreman of the late Mr. J. B. Phillips, an architectural sculptor with a studio in the Vauxhall Bridge Road. Here the boy was allowed to try his hand at stone-carving for some months, when, his family moving to the Mile End Road, Mr. Phillips offered to take him as a pupil for £50 and no salary for the first year. Though his mother offered the £50, he would not allow such a sacrifice of her little capital. Here his connection with his father's employers proved useful, for Mr. James Barry showed some of his drawings and carvings to his brother Sir Charles, the architect of the Houses of Parliament, who placed him without premium or conditions under his Gothic carver. Roughing out crokets and finials not satisfying his artistic ambition, he carved naturalistic leaves and flowers in alabaster in his leisure hours, and made a gallant attempt at modelling a figure of Samson, for which his willing father stood as a model in his bedroom. This finished, he next attempted to cast it in plaster: an effort which resulted in complete failure. He was more successful with his first commission, which was a life-sized medallion of a defunct neighbour, from a cutting in black paper. This earned him praise and the mighty sum of seven and sixpence. After modelling his father's bust and competing unsuccessfully for prizes offered by the Council of the Architectural Museum and the Society of Arts, he joined in 1860 the drawing classes in St. Mary's School, Lambeth. Next year, being then but eighteen years old, he determined to seek work personally of some famous sculptor. Rebuffed by Mr. Weeke's footman, he passed Mr. Munro's door without daring to knock. He summoned up his courage and tried Mr. Adams's knocker. Mr. Adams was out, so he went back to Mr. Munro, who received him kindly, set him to work "backing out" a marble bust, and employed him for seven years. During these years he did a good deal of original and successful work as a sculptor. In 1862 he modelled a bas-relief of a boy's head and shoulders (the portrait of his brother James) which was accepted at the Royal Academy next year. In 1864 he was admitted to the schools of the Royal Academy and gained the prize for an original design for a medal of merit for the South London Working Classes Industrial Exhibition, 1865, which was engraved in the *Illustrated London News*. He received one of his own medals as a first class prize for works in stone, plaster, and terra-cotta sent to this exhibition. In 1866 he carved a statue of Britannia for the County Fire Office, Canterbury, and gained prizes at the Exhibition of the Architectural Museum and the Society of Arts. In several subsequent years he exhibited at the Royal Academy and at the international and provincial exhibitions. His "Girl at the Spring," a charming alto-rilievo, was engraved in the *Art Journal* in 1875. Here for the present ends his chronicle as a sculptor. The bas-relief we have engraved shows that he has not altogether abandoned his first love; and it is to be hoped that as the pottery which he has set in motion exacts less pains and personal attention, he will come back to it with fresh ardour and a skill nowise prejudiced by the practice of decoration.

A boy who by strong will and steady work had gained a thorough education as a sculptor, without any money and with no loss of self-respect, was not likely to be easily discouraged in any venture. As we all know, sculpture in England is not a good art for a poor man; and it was probably because Martin wished to earn a better livelihood, while retaining the free use of his artistic gifts, that he resolved to turn potter. The idea was "in the air" of Lambeth, where—at the suggestion, I believe, of Mr. Sparkes, then head master of the Lambeth School of Art—Doulton had commenced his famous revival of decorated stoneware; and though Martin never worked for Doulton, and had no opportunity of studying the process of his manufacture, the design of his next enterprise was naturally generated by so near an example of beautiful work and profitable business. At all events he left Mr. Munro in 1868, and after trying in vain for some years at Lambeth to get at some of the secrets of pottery, he went on his travels. His first journey was to Devonshire, where he got employment as a modeller in an art-pottery for several months, and made a collection of clays; then he went to potteries in Staffordshire and elsewhere—"with his eyes open." On his return in 1872, he made an agreement with Mr. Bailey, the owner of the historic Fulham Pottery, which the Dwights made

famous, to start art-work there. But the art-work did not pay, and the agreement soon ended; and he began to make stoneware on his own account, assisted by his brother Walter, a youth of sixteen, who had been employed by Doulton in the mechanical part of decoration—that is, in filling in with colour designs scratched on the unbaked clay. It was at Pomona House, King's Road, Fulham, that the brothers began that hearty co-operation which, after many years of difficulties bravely overcome, has resulted in the present family kiln at Southall, with a show-room and place of business in Brownlow Street, Holborn. At first they had no one who could throw; but Walter learnt throwing by practice first on a small and then on a large wheel, till he threw so well that they were suspected of employing a trained hand from another factory. Then Walter built a small kiln in the chimney, and succeeded in obtaining a salt glaze. Soon the other brothers Charles and Edwin joined them. Edwin had been employed at Doulton's on the same kind of work as Walter, and Charles, after a serious consumptive attack, had recovered his health in Devonshire, and had travelled for a dyer. Charles had had some artistic training, and Walter and Edwin had attended the drawing classes at the Lambeth School of Art. All the brothers seem to have fallen naturally into their places in the family co-operative association. Wallace, the eldest, assumed of course the direction, decorating, modelling, designing, and generally settling what was to be done and how to do it. To Walter was left entirely the management of the kiln, and at first the throwing; but he too decorated, and does so yet, with much skill and a fine sense of form and decorative propriety. He is also the "chemist"—always experimenting with colours — the engineer, and the mechanician. Edwin, the youngest, soon learnt the throwing, which he does swiftly and well, with never-failing invention; he paints the designs of others more quickly, and decorates with great skill and freedom. Charles is the man of business. He designs occasionally, and is fertile in suggestions of patterns and schemes of colour; but from the first he has been engaged in the more practical part of the concern: selling and taking orders, and generally developing the business with modesty and sagacity.



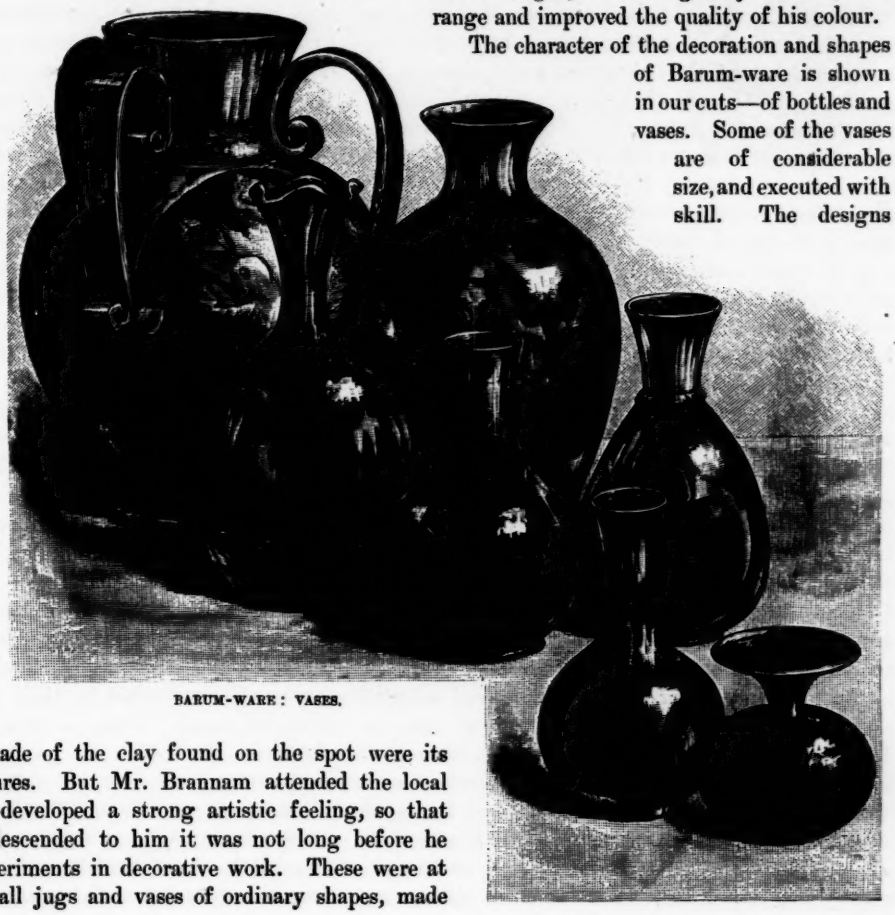
BARUM-WARE: BOTTLES.

Their first burning was in an old crucible kiln a few miles from Fulham, which they had to alter with their own hands so as to make it suitable for salt-glaze ware. They had also to make what are called "tiles" and "binders" (or generally "gear"), to form the cupboards or cells which are used instead of "saggers" in salt-glaze kilns. These being ready, besides "rolls" and "flat" (pieces of soft clay well sanded: "rolls" to put between the pieces of gear; "flat" to put under each piece of ware, to prevent all from sticking together in the burning), they tried the kiln first with terra-cotta only, and then with salt-glaze ware, which requires longer and fiercer burning. Both these experiments being fairly successful, they tried again; but then happened one of their misfortunes. The owner of the kiln had

burnt crucibles in it between their two firings, and the consequence was that all their month's work was spoilt. This accident had well-nigh ruined the firm. The Fulham Pottery would no longer burn for them, and they could not burn for themselves; their stock in Brownlow Street was getting low, and their unburnt work was useless. They looked about for a place to build a kiln, and found the deserted soap-works at Southall, which is now the Southall Pottery. By the help of one friend they were able to buy the lease and plant, and to build their present kiln; by the aid of another, two years later, they were able to put up a building round it to protect it in the winter. Many other troubles they had, and the "works" are now small and rough enough to look at; but the Southall Pottery is an accomplished fact, turning out some 5,000 pieces in the course of the year, all manufactured by three brothers (with one clever assistant and a boy), from the crushing of the clay to the firing in the kiln. As an instance of what can be done by the energy of one dominating spirit and the strength of brotherly co-operation, the history of the brothers Martin should be encouraging to all men who desire to work out an independent career, in which their natural gifts may have free exercise.

Our illustrations of Barum-ware give some notion of the variety of shapes thrown in Mr. C. H. Brannam's pottery at Barnstaple, North Devon. This pottery came to him by inheritance, a sound and useful but not an artistic pottery. Such necessary articles as drains and roofing tiles made of the clay found on the spot were its principal manufactures. But Mr. Brannam attended the local school of art, and developed a strong artistic feeling, so that when the pottery descended to him it was not long before he began to make experiments in decorative work. These were at first confined to small jugs and vases of ordinary shapes, made of red clay, covered with white "slip" in which patterns were neatly incised. About two years ago one of the partners of the well-known firm of Messrs. Howell and James, who is a Devonshire man, brought a few of Mr. Brannam's earlier attempts to London, and showed them to Mr. J. Buxton Morrish, another partner in the same firm. Mr. Morrish at once divined the talent and originality latent in the rough but artistic designs, and sent down his manager to Barnstaple to make definite proposals to Mr. Brannam—to assist him in developing his new ware, and to become his sole representative in London. Shortly after this Mr. Brannam visited London, where he conferred with Mr. Morrish, whose taste and experience were, I believe, of much value in suggesting variations as to shape and colour. Professor Church, who was then delivering his series of Cantor Lectures on artistic pottery at the Society of Arts, brought some specimens of Barum-ware before his audience; and the encouragement thus received was not lost, for Mr. Brannam has not only set his inventive faculty to work in producing many excellent and novel designs, but has greatly extended the range and improved the quality of his colour.

The character of the decoration and shapes of Barum-ware is shown in our cuts—of bottles and vases. Some of the vases are of considerable size, and executed with skill. The designs



BARUM-WARE: VASES.

consist of panels of various forms sympathising with the shapes of the vessels, and filled with conventionalised birds, fishes, and flowers, which show much fertility of invention and decorative ingenuity. The panels are separated by bold scrolls and zigzags, and the corners and odd spaces filled up with globes, shells, and other plain and effective forms, which give the work an individuality of a somewhat archaic character: as though an early Egyptian or Trojan potter had transmitted his simple artistic feeling to his successor in Devon. As to his colour, in addition to the contrasts of white and red and brown and yellow with which he first started, Mr. Brannam now produces very soft and rich combinations of chocolate and blue, leaf-green, and pale yellow, and other secondaries and tertiaries. It is impossible to say of what other beautiful developments Martin-ware and Barum-ware are capable; but what the founders of these potteries have already accomplished is quite sufficient to entitle them to an honourable place in the list of England's original ceramists.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

AN OPEN-AIR PAINTER.

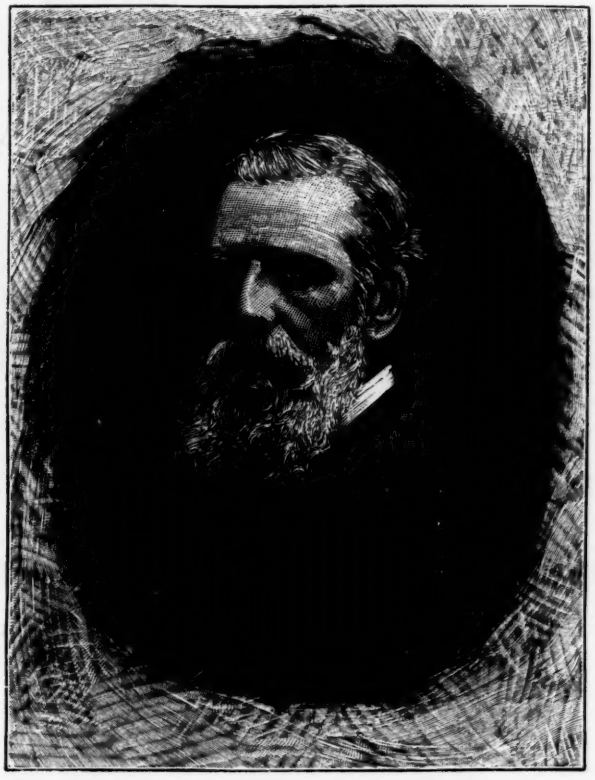
BORN in a very hotbed of commerce, and educated at a time when art obtained no place in the curriculum of any school, Richard Ansdell from his earliest days followed his inborn craving after art with such unfaltering determination, that he seems to have cared nothing for the struggles and privations in which it involved him.

The painter of "Treading Out the Corn" first saw the light at Liverpool in 1815. His father was a freeman of the port, and at the Blue Coat School there (founded for the benefit of sons of freemen, and conducted much upon the principle of Christ's Hospital in London) young Ansdell was educated, probably with a view to following his father's business. But as this did not come to pass, for reasons upon which I need not enter, and as about the period he was leaving school the whole country was in a state of agitation concerning the Reform Bill, he never took up his own freedom, as we are told he was privileged to do. Abandoning all thoughts of commerce, he seems, at a very early age, to have half-apprenticed himself to a kind of picture-dealer, who employed his talent in making copies of so-called Old Masters, with a stock of which this enterprising gentleman travelled about the country. In those days there were but few collectors or patrons of art, as we now understand them; and beyond a small demand for doubtful antique originals or more or less able copies, and for portraits—either of animals or their owners—there was little or no encouragement for rising and unknown artists. The love for dumb creatures, however, so inherent in the Englishman, always claims a wide interest for pictures of animals; and young Ansdell's natural skill in delineating horses, dogs, &c., by degrees secured him a living when he had cut himself adrift from his aforesaid dealer, who had treated him with harshness and illiberality. His aptitude for catching likenesses also brought him much employment, and various and curious were the mediums which he adopted for portraying his sitters. Nevertheless, it was a hard struggle for the Academician that was to be to keep his head above water, particularly as many heavy family responsibilities devolved upon him very early in life. Beyond drawing occasionally in his own room from a few casts, he had no other education in art than was derived from his practice of portraiture. He never studied at any art-school; and if in his work as the public now know it there is a certain amount of hardness and insistence on outline, those who are acquainted with the means by which for some years he used to earn his bread with portraiture of a special type can readily understand how it is that the influence of the old outline work is still apparent.

He did not take up his residence in London till 1847, although he had exhibited at the Royal Academy as far back as 1840. The record of these early works includes such titles as "Grouse Shooting," "A Galloway Farm," and "The Death of Sir W. Lambton at the Battle of Marston Moor." This last attracted considerable attention from its size and spirit; but it may be classed amongst those pictures which are more painful than pleasant to consider. The suffering of dumb animals has been too much emphasised by their painters. Ansdell's wounded rearing horse in this picture, though it displayed his talent to great advantage, was a pitiful object at best. Equally open to objection on the same score was "The Death," exhibited in 1843, only in this case it was a deer overtaken and attacked by fierce hounds, as the poor beast, "that from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt," was seeking

a watery refuge. Besides several other examples of his unquestionable power in this direction, such as "The Stag at Bay," "The Combat," &c., young Ansdell frequently took his themes from history, and among other pictures of the sort, exhibited in 1844, "Mary Queen of Scots Returning from the Chase to Stirling Castle."

He was always productive, more productive perhaps than any other living painter; and to attempt a record of the work of such a lengthened career as his would be impossible. Voluminous, indeed, would be the story of his life, as represented by his labours, were I to give it *in extenso*. I shall content myself with reverting to such of his efforts as have more than usual attraction in them for the general public, and confine my references to those which mark his advance in popularity. Halting-places there are none; for he has maintained a steady, dogged, unvarying, persistent march, taking no rest and desiring none, for labour to him has been as the very breath in his nostrils. Nor has this indefatigable industry been unnecessary, seeing that in some shape or other the family responsibilities which were so early thrust upon him have continued late into life, and rarely, perhaps, has talent such as his been applied to more full, practical, and beneficent uses. Without lingering in detail on the labours of five-and-thirty and forty years ago, I must, however, not forget the picture exhibited in 1848. This was "The Fight for the Standard," known throughout the length and breadth of the land by means of innumerable engravings. It is of very large dimensions, animals and men being rather over than under the size of life. It depicts the celebrated contest for the colours which took place between the valiant Sergeant Ewart, of the Scots Greys, and some Polish Lancers.



Richd Ansdell

At the then existing British Institution in Pall Mall the merit of the young painter's work received much of its earliest recognition; but it was to the Academy that he looked for the full endorsement of the verdict the public was beginning to pass

upon his powers. Up to the time (1861) of his admission as an Associate, he steadily progressed in public favour, much of his success being due to a couple of visits to Spain, the first of which he made in 1856 with his friend John Phillip, and the second, alone, the following year. Catching with avidity at the features of Andalusian life, he brought home an almost inexhaustible stock of material. Such works as "Mules Drinking, Seville;" "The Water-Carrier;" "Ploughing, Seville" (1857); "Crossing the Ford, Seville;" "The Spanish Shepherd" (1858), &c., mingled agreeably with those Scotch and home subjects by which he had hitherto built up his reputation. Among these last "The Highland Tod-Hunter;" "Sheep-Washing in Glen Lyon" (1859); "The Lost Shepherd;" and "Buy a Dog, Ma'am" (1860), were conspicuous, and immediately preceded the first Academic honours.

The Lancashire Relief Fund, in 1861–2, was fortunate enough to receive from Mr. Ansdell, as a free gift, "The Hunted Slave," one of the very best of his more imaginative pictures. It formed the most valuable contribution to an exhibition got up by the artists in aid of the fund for whose benefit all the pictures were sold. A decade then passed ere the general excellence of the painter's labours brought him into the ranks of the full Academicians. A glance through the pages of the Academy catalogues from 1861 to 1871 revives some pleasant memories of his work. The walls in Trafalgar Square and Burlington House would have seemed scarce themselves without the bright, clear, rigidly



TREADING OUT THE CORN.
(*From the Picture by Richard Ansdell, R.A.*)

accurate, if not always very poetic, canvases of Richard Ansdell. They were often conspicuous from their immense size, and in those days they gave a striking character to the rooms. Chief among them were, in backgrounds, his *dramatis personæ* and his stock-in-trade; and looking at the years which have elapsed since he first began to deal in them, the wonder is, not that there is some monotony in his work, but



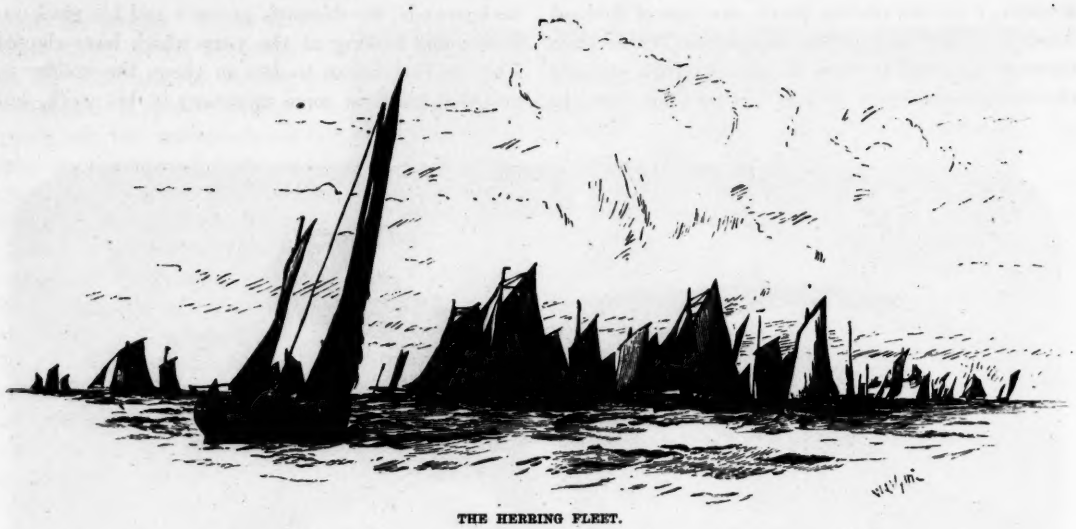
THE INTERRUPTED MEAL.

(From the Picture by Richard Ansdell, R.A.)

1862, "Tired Sheep, Glen Spean;" in 1863, "Going to the Festa, Granada: the Alhambra in the Distance;" in 1864, "The Highland Spate: Sheep being Rescued from the Rocks;" in 1865, "The Poacher at Bay," "A Visit to the Shrine in the Alhambra," and "Treading out the Corn, as Seen Within the Walls of the Alhambra: the Sierra Nevada in the Distance"—this last the original of our larger illustration. The "Interrupted Meal," engraved above, is of far later date. It is an excellent example of Ansdell's romance, and withal a good and striking picture.

Thus pleasantly alternating between the dazzling sunshine, the picturesqueness, the brilliant colour of the Spanish peninsula, and the grey atmosphere, the homely costume, and the grimmer attributes of the Scottish and English country-sides, the artist has advanced even up to the present day with a succession of pictures all bearing the stamp of his unabated mastery over the delineation of animal life. He has given us dogs, horses, deer, goats, sheep, oxen; sportsmen returning from or going to the chase; shepherds tending their flocks; gamekeepers, poachers, milkmaids, cowherds, goatherds, peasants, country-folk of all sorts — Spanish and British. These, one and all, form, with their appropriate adjuncts and details and landscape or architectural that there is so little. Who could paint a succession of stags at bay, highland sports, deer-stalkers returning, Alhambra fountains, huntsmen, horses, dogs, wounded rams, stray lambs, and the like, without falling into a certain degree of mannerism? It has been truly said that had we had no Landseer, our best animal-painter would have been Ansdell. Without pursuing odious comparisons, it may be added that in the mere representation of animals as they appear to man, Ansdell is not to be excelled. He may not put into his pictures the pathetic sentiment which marks the work of his rival. He nevertheless contrives to invest his dumb creatures with that look of reality and mobility which appeals to all, whilst in expressing the more savage and fiercer attributes of their nature he is unsurpassed. His productions do not lend themselves to any elaborate disquisition on their stories, nor demand any particular description of their composition and arrangement. They have been familiar to us for the last forty years, and they leave on the mind a general impression of vigour and good artistic quality, though you retain no vivid recollection of their individual features. And so long as Englishmen love and regard as they do the wearers of fur and feather, the work of Richard Ansdell will rivet the interest and claim the admiration of posterity.

W. W. Fenn.



THE HERRING FLEET.

AFTER THE HERRING.—II.

AT the mouth of the river Tyne two long, curving, stone piers stretch out towards each other from opposite shores. When the wind comes away from the east they seem to leave too narrow a channel for the waves, which rear themselves up in anger at the obstruction, and with bent crests and flanks of foam chase tumultuously into the harbour. In such weather the fishing-boats lie snug behind the pier at North Shields. They are boats coming from all parts of the Scotch coast, but chiefly from the extreme north. It is only a small corner of the harbour which is allotted to them, yet sometimes there crowd into it as many as one hundred and fifty sail. It is an odd kind of life which the fishermen lead. Two or three years ago it was their wont to leave their wives and their families at home, far away in the fishing villages where they were born. Through the whole season they toiled strenuously for "the folks at home," never seeing them, and only now and then receiving a letter. Some never returned to those who were thinking of them in the little brown cottages under the cliffs. A boat was capsized because its nets were too heavily laden; or it was run down by a steamer at sea; or part of its crew was washed away in a storm; or there may have happened such a pathetic incident as that which, not many months ago, was reported at Eyemouth. A skipper's wife whose husband had been lost a few days before was painfully reminded of her sorrow by a favourite parrot which, repeating, perhaps, the formula which it had been taught when the gudeman had gone to the fishing at Yarmouth or at Shields, kept exclaiming, "Euphie, Wullie's awa' noo; Wullie's awa' noo!" Now-a-days the Scotch fishermen take their wives and families with them when they go to Shields for the season; and for the time being that dismal-looking town becomes very picturesque and interesting by reason of its little colony of fisher-folk, with their quaint frugal ways, and their broad far-northern speech, and their rugged simplicity of dress. When they return home after the fishing is over they are passably rich, for in a good season a boat will earn £500 or £600—a sum which, even when divided in varying proportions among six men, represents in the minds of these shrewd but simple folk no ordinary degree of wealth.

Shields Harbour, when the fishing-boats are in, is full of little points of interest. The square light-house, the wooden pier, the drying sails, the heaps on heaps of nets and bladders and ropes, the boats heaving gently on the lapping tide—all these, as Mr. Wyllie has shown in our second illustration, make a pleasant picture, rich in colour and not wanting in life, for on boats and pier there is much bustle and stir, much buying and selling, much loading of creels and waggons and carts. At the end of the quay lie the steam trawlers, to which herring fishermen bear no goodwill. They are merely tug-boats fitted up for this particular trade, and it is said that they have an awkward knack of dragging the herring-nets after them, as well as of frightening away the fish. They are, however, a famous speculation, and such fish are now sold on Shields Pier as were never seen there until some shrewd tug-owner bethought him that what could not be caught by the net might

be landed by the trawl. The happy thought all at once made Shields an important fishing station, and now as many as a dozen fish-trains are despatched therefrom in a single night. To these, however, the herring-boats still make the largest contribution, for in one day they sometimes bring in as many as 400 "lasts," or more than four million fish. When the reader sits down to a "Yarmouth bloater," let him not be too positive that it was not caught off Shields. Yarmouth and Lowestoft are the best customers of the northern port, and in those evening fish-trains there are many scores of barrels that are on their way to the curing-houses on the Norfolk coast.

Two miles away from the bustle of Shields lies the little harbour of Cullercoats, twice pictured for us by the artist of these illustrations. It is a sandy bay with a semi-circle of cliffs, and the waves, which even in calm weather break noisily along the neighbouring shore, seem here to be softened and subdued, for the gentlest of ground-swells caresses the yellow sands, and retires without leaving a trace of foam. On the cliff-tops nestle many small cottages, whose quaintness is enhanced by the ambitious terraces that of late years have hemmed them in. Cullercoats has been a fishing village since the time when "the good men of Newcastle" sent their contingent of ships to assist in repelling the great Armada. Since those days, probably, its inhabitants have changed little in dress, in manners, or in speech. Even amongst fisher-folk they are a class separate and distinct. The men, judging by their stalwart build and yellow hair, might trace a direct descent from the Vikings. During the day they lounge about the cliff-tops, or spend hour after hour in leaning over a paling and gazing out to sea. Unlike the Scotch fishermen, they know how to be lazy with a good grace. There is an appearance of leisure about them when, in the evening, they wheel their cobles down the steep road to the beach; and even at night, when they are lying in wait for the salmon, and their boats are like black shadows on the moonlit sea, they seem as if they were following an occupation that is divorced from toil. The Cullercoats fisher-folk dispose of their catch in the nearest towns. The women are the working bees. Stout, hardy creatures, with petticoats of blue flannel, and such a common agreement in their style of dress as to seem as if they wore a uniform, they stand on the beach in the morning fully equipped for a hasty journey to town. When the boats come in, the men hand the fish over the side and then lounge carelessly home. The women meantime divide the catch according to the share of the boat which is owned by their "men," and, swinging their laden creels on to their backs, trudge off to the nearest station, to spend the day in hawking fish from door to door. In the fresh grey of the morning, when the sunlight flashes back from the sands, and the receding tide has left behind it a series of shallow pools, such a scene as that which is the subject of our second drawing of Cullercoats lifts the fisherman's calling into the region of poetry, from which indeed it is seldom far withdrawn. In Cullercoats everything is primitive. As a fishing station, Shields is going through a rapid process of development; but, though it is only two miles away, Cullercoats has been untouched by the waves of change.

It is time that, like the sword of which Mr. Morris has sung, we "went out to sea." In the harbour sails are running up; already a steamer has a long line of fishing-boats in tow; the shadows are lengthening, and the cloud of smoke which perennially broods over the Tyne is changing from dirty grey into dull purple. Of late years many of the fishermen have begun to favour the tugs; they reach the fishing grounds earlier, and are in good time for the market in the morning. It were best to catch an old-fashioned skipper, who believes in trusting to the wind, and whose boat—as you may see her in our first picture—will linger on the skirts of the herring fleet "like some tall ammiral" watching a naval review. There are many such; else would the evening horizon present nothing but an aspect of bare poles. There is not much room on board the *Lively Polly*, and if her deck is limited, what must be said of her cabin? Only in case of stress of weather could you be induced to turn in below. The skipper has no great opinion of a supercargo. His face assumes an expression in which you detect a mixture of amusement and contempt. It is well that he is a silent skipper, otherwise his satire might be a thing to be dreaded; for the supercargo has a habit of getting in everybody's way, and it is only after repeated blunders that he succeeds in finding a safe and quiet place in the stern.

Ten minutes of heaving and pulling, and our sail is swelling to the wind. We have rounded the pier, the harbour and the lighthouse are behind us, and the two towns of Shields melt into one another, and then into the evening haze. The *Lively Polly* bends to her work with the lightness and the energy of a yacht. Now and then a salmon leaps from the water and falls back again, for we are passing through the "playground" where, under heavy penalties, all men are forbidden to fish. The Tynemouth light lies to the left of us, the Souter light to our right. Here and there a coble, with its sail down, is on the look-out for salmon—is poaching may-hap; and out ahead, with the sunlight glistening on its sails and burnishing them into splendour, rides the herring fleet, preceded by a steamer

or two and a cluster of bare, sloping masts. Our boat is making a north-east course. Ere we reach the fishing grounds we must sail twenty miles or more. Astern of us the sun is slowly sinking to rest. Already he has crowned the low range of purple mist with a band of fire, shot the loose clouds with crimson, and lifted up great arms of light towards the zenith. As we chase the sails in advance, the land becomes a low, thin, uneven line. Here and there is a church spire, and away to the north, on a rocky eminence, the ruined towers of Dunstanborough Castle loom vaguely out against the evening sky. There is a fresh wind, and the *Lively Polly* skims through the waters as if she delighted to hear them hiss by her sides. The skipper, still silent, has lighted his pipe, and is deep in thought. To attempt to "draw him out" is of no avail. It would be interesting to discover what he finds to think about; but he only answers "yes" or "no" in the broadest of Scotch. Meantime most of the men are below, evidently working; and there is nothing to do but watch the light on the sea, and take note of the sunset and the land showing like a belt of cloud.



FISH PIER, NORTH SHIELDS.

But we are nearing the fishing grounds. The horizon, as in our picture of the fleet, is hidden by swelling canvas. The boats ahead are beginning to lower their sails, and our skipper, becoming active and almost voluble, falls to issuing directions to his men. The nets are got ready, and you feel a deepening of interest, as in some quiet drama which is nearing its crisis. Here, at the fishing grounds, if we could but join in it, there is store of good company. Hitherto we have seen only Scotch boats; but now there are Yarmouth luggers, and Hull smacks, and Dutch pinks, and every build of vessel manned against the herring. They meet here in the night-time as the people of country villages gather at a fair.



IN CULLERCOATS BAY.

It looks as if we were about to run into a crowd of boats; but whilst we are still at full shouting distance from our nearest neighbour, our sail is lowered, and the *Lively Polly*, who has hitherto sped through the waters with an easy and fluent grace, now begins to rock awkwardly, dipping down into the trough of a wave, and rising again, and rolling from side to side, with a complexity of motion which promises an uncomfortable night.

The reader has seen that piece of wreckage floating helplessly about in the sea, without which no picture of Stansfield's can be considered complete. Just as helpless seems a herring-boat drifting with the tide. Yet the fishermen are as undisturbed as if they were on land. They eat their rough supper with heartiness and contentment, and I think I hear the skipper murmuring grace. No doubt when he is at home he is a staid, kirk-going man, who reads the Shorter Catechism, and has family prayers. To-night he is full of thought and business. After supper it is time to pay out the nets. Three of the men take their stations at the side; lengths of the brown and seemingly ravelled heap of netting are passed from hand to hand; and as the boat drifts slowly along they are shot rapidly over the side, so that behind us is left a line of painted bladders dipping and heaving with the waves. These are the floats which keep the nets in position. Down below them, stretching lengthwise for two miles or more, hangs a wall of silky network, through which it must be a very small fish that can pass. It is said of the nets of the Scotch fishermen that they are like the entrances to their pockets; they will let anything get in, but nothing that is worth keeping come out again. The Yarmouth fishermen use a larger mesh, and let the little fish go.



IN SHIELDS HARBOUR.

The night is deepening into blackness, and there are no fish in sight. The skipper thinks "the laddies" may as well turn in, but the supercargo remains on deck to gain experience of what pleasure there may be in a night at sea. All around hang heavy clouds seen only as dark, slow-moving shadows. Here and there in the waters trembles the reflection of a star. Scattered about over the sea for miles around are small, pulsating discs of red light, showing where the boats are drifting. Suddenly, just between the sea and the sky, there is a glint of flame which gradually extends itself into a golden bar. Then a yellow tongue darts upward, as if a great lamp had been lit in the darkness. It is the moon rising, and her disc is cut in two by a thin strip of cloud. Just now she is almost sun-coloured, but before long she puts on a paler radiance and a tenderer glory, and, as she climbs upward, throws a broad lane of silvery beams over the welcoming sea. Then the fishing-boats are discoverable otherwise than by the lights at their mastheads; and a huge steamer—black, threatening, mysterious; her stern rising far out of the water—may be seen making her slow, silent way to some port on the other side of the North Sea. Afloat, the hours pass slowly and almost wearily.

Here at the fishing grounds there is no sound but the soughing of the waters as they break against the side. Our companions look ghostly in the moonlight, which has wrapped them in a soft impenetrable



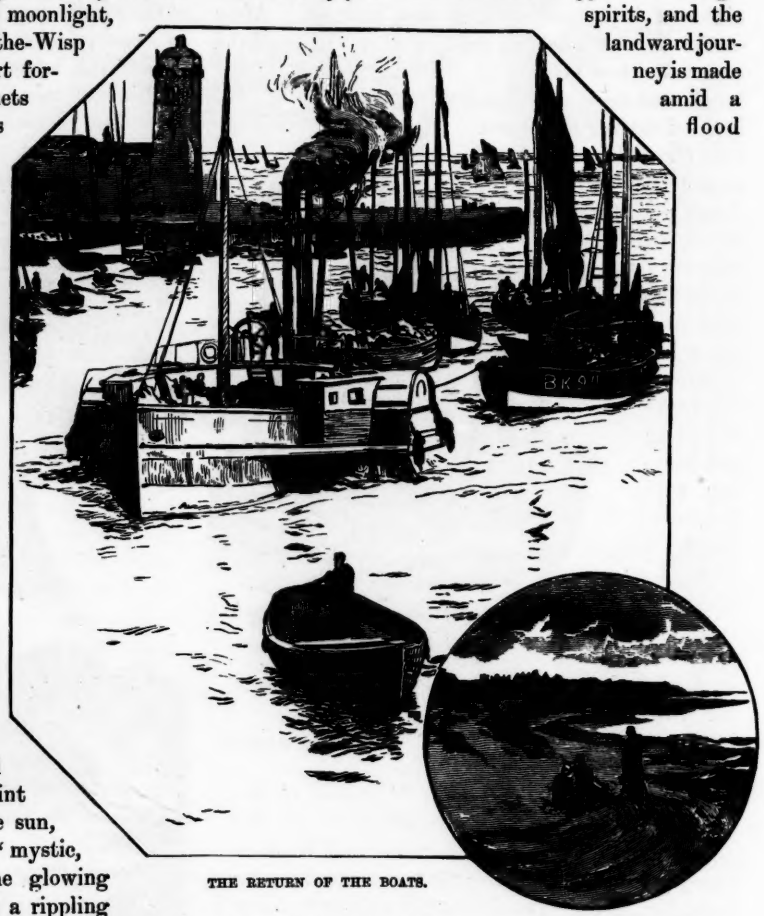
"HAUL AWA', LADDIES; HAUL AWA'."

grey. The skipper comes up from below stairs, looks out over the sea, grunts his dissatisfaction, and again retires. It is past midnight, and still there are no fish in sight. For want of something better to do, one thinks of Fletcher's poetic praise of the halcyon lot of the fisherman, and how incongruous it is:—

"Oh! would thou knewest how much it better were
To bide among the simple fisher swains;
No shrieking owl, no night crow lodgeth here,
Nor is our simple pleasure mixed with pains.
Our sports begin with the beginning year;
In calms, to pull the leaping fish to land,
In roughs, to sing and dance along the yellow sand."

They had singular ideas of life, these old poets! Shall we pull any leaping fish to land in the calm that is now brooding? Here, once more, comes the skipper, and he calls my attention to a sudden phosphorescent gleam in the water a mile or so away. "Fesh," he observes, in his monosyllabic way. That greenish gleam, like a patch of moonlight, plays about with a sort of Will-of-the-Wisp inconstancy; then it makes a dart forward to the left, and strikes the nets of one of our neighbours. Up goes a shout of "Haul awa', laddies, haul awa';" and then you are conscious of other similar playful patches of light, one of which comes glancing toward us, with a wavy, uneven motion, and strikes our nets with such force that one-half of their bladders disappear. The old skipper is full of life and spirit and activity. At his vociferous call "the laddies" tumble up from below. The shoal that has struck us is a large one, and we may haul in when we will.

The process of hauling in the nets is long and laborious. Before it is over the sun has risen and passed through the earlier stages of his glory. His arising was heralded by a pearly flush in the east. Then the pearl rose to loftier altitudes, the faint stars died out of sight, and the sun, clothed in gold and crimson, "mystic, wonderful," came up beyond the glowing horizon, and covered the sea with a rippling sheet of flame. As our nets are hauling in they gradually become heavier with the weight of fish. At first, only a dozen or two are to be seen entangled in the meshes, and some of these fall a prey to the sea-birds, which are hovering about us with shrill screams, or are seated royally on the waters close under our bows. They are themselves excellent fishers, these sea-birds, but they do not object to such help as our nets can give. They will sweep down with the suddenness of swallows, and sail jubilantly away with our herrings in their beaks. But this morning there is enough and to spare. The skipper begins to get apprehensive of the fate of that old companion of his whose boat, last season, was capsized by the weight of her catch. Luckily, no such misfortune—as of a dog hard pelted with marrowbones—overtakes us; and in three hours or so we are ready to sail for port. We are among the first to hoist sail, as we had been among the last to reach the fishing ground. The canvas swells to a freshening breeze, and the *Lively Polly* leaps forward with what seems almost like joyous throbs. The skipper is in high spirits, and the landward journey is made amid a flood of broad Scotch talk. Here and there, connected with each other by serpentine streaks of brightness, are patches of calm water, glistening



THE RETURN OF THE BOATS.

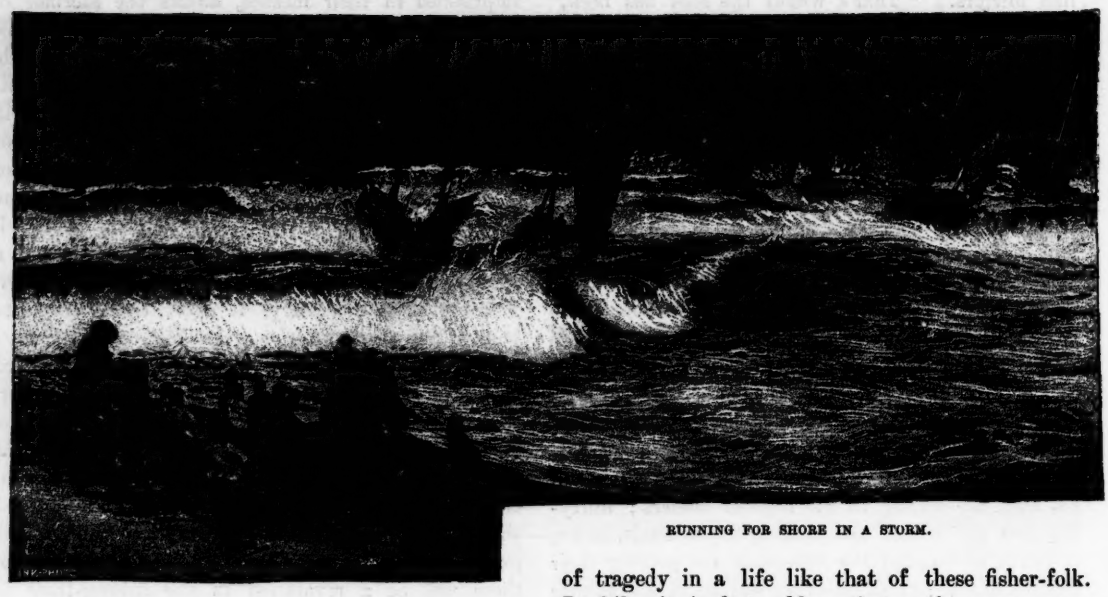
BEACH NEAR CULLERCOATS.

like mirrors. "That's whaur the fesh has been," the skipper observes; "dinna ye see the oil?" But the supercargo is getting weary and falls asleep, not to awaken until the *Lively Polly* is being made fast to the pier at Shields.

"Everywhere," writes Robert Buchanan of a Hebridean fishing village, "close to the water and in the water, fish, fishermen, fishing-boats, wild women, nets, ropes, and oars; a confused moving patchwork, which fatigues the eye and bewilders the brain." Such a scene, with the fresh light of morning upon it, is Shields Harbour when the fishing-boats are coming in. Here and there two or three boats escape from the tumult, as in our little drawing—the third—of the harbour, and attach themselves to ancient timbers, green with weeds and moss. On the pier, among a parti-coloured crowd, the salesmen, each on a barrel of his own, are selling to the highest bidders; hurrying men and women are packing fish—in salt, in ice, in boxes, in barrels; the fishermen are getting their cargoes ashore; fresh boats are sailing in, and taking their stations under the pier, where the earlier arrivals are already clustering as thick as birds on a bough; a tug with two lines of boats in tow is about to add to the bustle and confusion, and meantime—as in our picture opposite—making laborious headway against tide. Much business will be transacted, and much work accomplished, on Shields Pier before the boats are again ready for sea. Stout fishwomen, with creels on their backs, will come and make their purchases, and, bending under the loads, will tramp sturdily away to bargain on the doorsteps of the neighbouring towns. Dealers in "caller herrin'," each with his pony and cart, will haggle awhile with the salesmen, load their conveyances, and race against each other for Newcastle. Fish-trucks will be laden, barrels will be piled up into pyramids, and for full twelve hours the pier will resemble Billingsgate Market in the fever of its morning work.

Herring fishing is a singularly haphazard kind of industry. Sometimes the Scotch boats have to remain "inshore," as their owners put it, for a week or more, waiting for the abatement of a storm. The interval is usually spent in mending the nets, and in giving the bladders a new coat of vivid paint. Occasionally, however, the fisherman finds himself in the position of one who has no nets to mend. Even a worse calamity than a ludicrously small catch is a too great abundance of herring. The nets become so heavy with fish that, for fear of capsizing, the boats return to port without hauling them in. The fisherman feels his loss very heavily at such times. There goes much patient labour to the making of three miles of netting, and to leave the nets out at sea with a full boat-load of herrings imprisoned in their meshes, means the sacrifice of a great deal more than the morning's catch. This wonderful abundance of herring is common enough. It is nonsense to talk, as some people do, of exhausting the sea. At a single spawning a herring will deposit a quantity of ova sufficient, if the whole of it were developed, to fill thirty to forty barrels of fish. Something like 40,000,000 of herrings are landed at Shields every year. After a very full catch they will sometimes be sold at thirty a penny. Even at such prices the fishermen prosper. When it was necessary, a short time since, to build a new harbour in a quiet bay on the Scotch coast, the fishermen of the village came forward with a contribution of £2,000. Now, however, their earnings are threatened by the competition of steam. In a year or two it is probable that Shields Harbour will be no longer picturesque in clustering masts and drying sails. It is whispered that a steam herring fleet is building; and if the project takes actual shape, as it is likely to do, there will be a revolution in the fishing-trade of the north-east coast like that of the substitution of ironclads for our ancient wooden walls. Even now the steam-tug is indispensable, and full £10,000 a year is made by towing boats from Shields to the fishing grounds and back again.

The boats only put off from Shields when the weather gives promise of staying fair. The Tyne is a boisterous river, and no fishing-boat could enter it in a storm. Yet the fishermen, good judges as they may be, are not unfrequently caught in a gale. Under such circumstances they will, as a rule, prefer to remain out at sea. Now and then, however, the storm drives them helplessly landward. Many a time in their lives they have had to make their choice between ruin and death, and have chosen the former with the possibility of encountering both. It will be many years before the fishermen of the north-east coast forget the storm of twelve months ago. Many of the boats out on one fatal night foundered at sea. When the morning dawned craft might be seen, from every fishing village on the coast, driven helplessly towards the land, or beating themselves to pieces on the rocks, or running in mad desperation for any bit of shore where the crew might perchance escape with their lives. There is nothing more agonising than to behold, a few hundred yards from land, one of these fishing-boats wrapped in the fury of a storm. As the waves break in thunder and foam against the rocks the head of a mast is discernible; then, suddenly, a boat, full of clinging men, is lifted up and shot forward, and again buried in the trough of the sea. By one furious bound after another she is eventually cast on the shore, and as the waves grind her to pieces, the helpless women, with tearless eyes



RUNNING FOR SHORE IN A STORM.

and white faces, watch the shooting of the life-line, and mutter inarticulate prayers for those who are so near to death. There is a fearful element of tragedy in a life like that of these fisher-folk. Luckily, it is but seldom that such scenes occur as that which Mr. Wyllie has depicted in the sketch which brings these illustrations of fisher-life to a close.

AARON WATSON.

"LABOREMUS."

(FROM THE PICTURE BY NICOLÁS MEJÍA.)

JUST now the ways of Spanish Art are ways of cheerful and sprightly littleness. At Madrid the example of Velasquez—whose art is a perfect expression of the genius of prose—counts for absolutely nothing; at Seville the sweet and tender imaginativeness of Murillo and the heroic simplicity and dignity of Alonso Cano are out of sight and out of mind. Even the wild imagination and the savage humour of Goya—the Quevedo of art, the most brutal and truculent of pictorial moralists, and withal the most Spanish of all Spanish talents and Spanish men—are influences no longer. Fortuny has been, and Madrazo is; and it is as if the greater masters had never existed. It is in *genre* that the imagination of young Spain finds its readiest and fondest expression. Young Spain (that is) has nothing to say that is not clever, apt, brisk, and completely futile. It delights in little motives, and little points, and little pictures. Its romance is but skin deep, its invention but a business of externals, its craftsmanship but a matter of neatness, cleverness, lively colours, and the representation of *bric-à-brac* and picturesque fripperies. Its world is one of barber's shops, and connoisseur's cabinets, and quartett parties, and tavern benches; where everybody goes in costume, and ideas are unknown out of silk breeches, and there is not much in the way of furniture beside guitars, swords, cabinets, and curious hardware. In humanity it sees no more than a crowd of models; in passion but an opportunity of brisk drawing and brilliant colouring; in mother nature but a kind of doll to be garmented in all manner of nice clothes. The age of heroics has passed, and the age of trifles has come. *Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine de chanter on le peint.* Gil Blas has come back again to earth, and has turned painter; and Gil Blas is as successful in the Spain of Castelar and Sagasta as in that of Olivarez and Rolando and Doña Laura. His last avatar is not, it may be, so amusing as his first; but it is not a whit less brilliant, and that is all that need be said about it.

The "Laboremus" of Don Nicolás Mejía appears to have been painted wholly under Gil Blas' inspiration. The hero is some idle scapegrace of a student, with whom he might on occasion have gone serenading, and of whom he would certainly have borrowed coins, had occasion only served and coins been



"LABOREMUS."

(From the Picture by Nicolás Mejía.)

plentiful. It must be owned that he is a young gentleman after Gil Blas' own heart:—a student with a dash of the picaroon, rich in youth and impudence, in good temper and a picturesque costume, in a sword, a guitar, and the presence, slung from his chair, of a bulbous and comfortable wine-skin. He has also a curious brazen lamp, and a shelf of books—an Ovid among them, you may be sure; and there are playing-cards about, and papers that may be bills, or verses, or even *billets doux*. And so he sits and sings—"pinçant les nerfs, tapant le bois," as becomes a Spaniard and an idler; and work is the burden of his song. Even as, in thirty volumes, it was the burden of Carlyle's.

The moral of it all is that (as Mr. Swinburne once remarked to his Félise) "as the times change men change too." The student of to-day is either athletic or æsthetic; and in neither guise has the painter yet perceived his picturesque capacities. At Salamanca and Alcalá de Henares they strummed the guitar, and went serenading as in Cervantes' immortal little novel, and fought duels, and beat the watch, and read Aristotle and Seneca and Ovid. At Oxford and Cambridge they play cricket and are loud at bump-suppers. Or they sit and sigh among photographs from the divine Sandro, and read "The House of Life" and the "Vita Nuova," and vaguely squander their minds upon mysticism and Old Blue, and squeeze out their poor young souls into sonnets to Madonna and songs all roses and ruin and fire and blood and things of that sort. Cards they disdain, and such trumpery as *billets doux* likewise. As for a guitar, they would scorn it hideously, unless it had mediæval associations, and called itself a ghittern. Even then it is odds but they would regard it merely as a decoration. Did not the youngest gentleman in company dash down his flute and yearn for a trombone through which to breathe his passion for the second Miss Pecksniff? His successors are Wagnerites to a man, and the thoughts that arise in them are too vast to get uttered by anything under a full orchestra. How they would look in a *genre* picture is a question not to be asked. For the moment—as Mr. George Du Maurier has proved—they are only useful in a caricature.

THE GARGOYLE IN MEDIÆVAL ARCHITECTURE.



OPPORTUNITIES for the display of enrichments and decoration on the exteriors of the principal buildings of the Middle Ages varied greatly in accordance with the character of the style. Thus the simplicity and severity of the architecture of the Thirteenth Century was succeeded by the more ornate works of the flamboyant period, and this in turn gave place to the lavishly-enriched and over-decorated buildings of the Sixteenth Century, when Gothic architecture finally became extinct in the period of the decadence—at the hands of the builders of what in England is styled the "Tudor" period. To every careful student of the mediæval architecture of Europe it will be evident that the motives by which it was inspired differed in a most marked manner from the influences which had guided the architects of antiquity. And whether we attempt to trace the characteristics of the buildings from the Twelfth to the Sixteenth Century, as they exist in France, in Italy, or in Germany, or study them in our own country, we find in all the same ultimate lessons, and must confess that one motive was common to all, though it was modified and shaped by the varying temperaments of each.

In lieu of the attempt to attain perfection—which was the effort of the Greek artists and of their imitators and conquerors, the Romans—the Gothic architects, though prompted by religion, sought something more personal—something that was intensely natural and earth-born; and thus their work became impressed with their own character, and owing to the anthropomorphism of the faith which gave rise to it, assumed the impulses and the features of its authors. This, from its very nature, was impossible to Greek art. A Grecian temple or a Roman archway never did and never will become instinct with the brain-work, or tell of the daily life and feelings of the builder who wrought it; while every spray of Gothic foliage, and every boss of mediæval carving recalls the impulses and aspirations of him whose work it was. The Gothic carver could never avoid expressing, even in the most sacred buildings, the thoughts and passions of his daily life; and he seized every opportunity—in the capital, in the miserere, in the gargoyle, and the finial, upon which he was engaged—to blend with the ever-varying foliage the imps and monsters whose unseen presence formed so strong an article of his faith, and

with whose doings the monkish legends, which composed his chief literature, so abounded. The dark ages, which gave birth to the mighty builders of our great cathedrals, were times when the imaginative and credulous elements in human nature were greatly exercised: men believed in witches and wehrwolves—in angels and devils as materialised and actually present; and they pictured on the walls of their churches, in their missals, and carvings, the deeds of saints and martyrs side by side with the monsters in which their fancy revelled. The love of the grotesque, which is so strong a feature of those days, is difficult to explain on any other hypothesis than this; and at no other time in the history of architecture have we the same strange mixture of the sacred and the profane, of the real and the ideal, as we find associated in the carved screen of many a Gothic cathedral, or on the sculptured fronts of Chartres and Salisbury. In no architectural feature was the tendency more pronounced than the gargoyle—the subject of this present note.

The derivation of the word is easy, when we look for it in the language from which we have borrowed it. "*Gargouille*"—a French word—comes from the Latin *gurgulio*, a water-spout, and this spout was doubtless, in its earliest form, merely an orifice in the parapet through which the water from the roof passed away. Some man of genius added a tile or lip, to shoot the water off the front of the building; and it is in this simple form that we find the gargoyle first used by mediæval builders:—about A.D. 1220, according to Viollet-le-Duc, who is enabled to fix the period very exactly by the evidence afforded by the church of Notre-Dame, at Paris, and Laon Cathedral. Thus in the choir at Paris, of the time of Maurice de Sully (about 1190), there are neither gutters nor gargoyles. Later on, in the same edifice, about 1210, the water from the gutters passed off from behind the parapet by means of channels placed at small distances apart; while on a portion of Laon Cathedral completed about 1220 we find some early examples of the true gargoyle. They are built of two stones, the lower one forming the channel, the upper one a species of cover; and they already assume the forms of strange beasts, rudely carved, as if to display their construction. Very soon, however, the architects, as Viollet-le-Duc tells us, recognised the advantage of subdividing the stream of water by multiplying the orifices for its discharge, by which means the necessary projections were curtailed, and the volume of water was reduced to a thin trickling thread, less likely to injure the lower parts of the building. The gargoyles were therefore numerically increased; and as, at the same time, it became possible to carve them with greater delicacy, sculptors seized on the opportunity of making them features in the decoration of their buildings. Viollet-le-Duc, in his excellent "Dictionary," enlarges upon the number and variety of these appendages to the buildings of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Centuries, and assures us that he believes that in all France there are no two alike. It is difficult to conceive what the mediæval architect would have done without the gargoyle, which soon passed from its original office of mere utility into being a chief architectural feature and a most characteristic architectural enrichment. As our author observes, the old examples employed the gargoyle with consummate taste and skill; and it is not until we have to reproduce it in modern work that we become thoroughly aware with how much judgment and ability the sculptor and the architect combined to achieve its due effect. In modern work the gargoyles rarely appear to be happily joined on to the building: they are either badly placed; or they are clumsy; or they are too slender, slim and weak in outline, deficient in character, and wanting in invention. They lack, in fact, the appearance of reality so remarkable in the old work, being frequently impossible and even ridiculous imaginings, without a touch of the quality of style.

The gradual evolution of the gargoyle from the simple head and shoulders of some monster to the whole-length human figure, or even group of figures and animals, albeit a study of much interest, is scarcely within my present province. It will at once be apparent that the growth of the gargoyle depended to a great extent upon the nature of the building-stone which was available; and it is easy to trace the influence of material upon its development. The gargoyle—if we except the excrescences in certain timber constructions which were evidently founded on the traditions of masons' work, and therein take the place of the gargoyle without any motive beyond that of mere decoration; and certain leaden gargoyles in the later gutters when ornamental plumbing was fashionable—is rarely if ever found in any other material than stone. Good examples of the leaden gargoyle are found in several French buildings, but instances of its use prior to the Sixteenth Century are rare. Viollet-le-Duc gives an illustration of one on a house at Vitré, dating from the Fifteenth Century. In certain debased works of a late date the original office of the gargoyle seems to have been lost sight of, and the feature is introduced simply with a view to ornamental effect. I need scarcely point out that, under such circumstances, the gargoyle loses its value as an architectural adjunct, and rarely conveys the impression of being anything better than an accidental excrescence, applied by one ignorant of the style in which he is attempting to work.

G. R. REDGRAVE.

ART IN THE GARDEN.—I.

ART in the garden is of most respectable antiquity, for its records, like those of architecture, reach back into the twilight of history. Whether Semiramis was the sovereign who constructed the famous "Hanging Gardens" of Babylon is doubtful; but there is good evidence of their existence quite two thousand years before the Christian era, and Niebuhr recognises their remains on the east bank of the Euphrates, three miles from Hellah, where, amid giant ruins and mounds of vegetable soil, he found the only trees except palms to be discerned on all that monotonous plain. Only less venerable are the gardens of the Egyptians, about which we have interesting information in the graven monuments of that remarkable people. After the sacred lotus the rose was their favourite flower; and, according to Athenæus, Cleopatra the prodigal paid upwards of two hundred pounds sterling for roses for one sumptuous supper. The remembrance of the delightful gardens of the greatest of the Hebrew monarchs is preserved to us in the Song of Solomon. Xenophon has described the splendid "Paradises" or gardens of the Persian kings. It was from Persia that Lucullus introduced into Italy the apricot, the peach, and the cherry, and it was probably from the Persians that the Greeks learnt the art of gardening. Homer sings of the "Garden of the Hesperides," with its "golden apples"—alluding most likely to the orange introduced about that time into Greece from the East—and of the "Garden of Alcinous" with its fruit-trees and fountains; and Plato tells us of the freshness and fragrance of the gardens of Athens, in whose leafy shades he best loved to discourse with his disciples. In later days we hear of Sallust's gardens at Rome, and of Horace's at Tibur, and of Cicero's delight whenever he could escape from the strife of the Forum to those tranquil shades at Tusculum, which he had decorated with the busts of his favourite philosophers. Very beautiful were the gardens in Republican and Imperial Rome, and great was the luxury displayed in those of Lucullus, Pompey, Mecænas, and Augustus. Mr. Alma-Tadema has imagined some of them for us, as backgrounds to his clever pictures of Roman life; but few actual traces of them remain, and, like all the other arts, that of gardening perished in the wild times that followed the overthrow of the Roman Empire.

Charlemagne did his best to revive the practice of horticulture; but no other ruler in that barbaric age



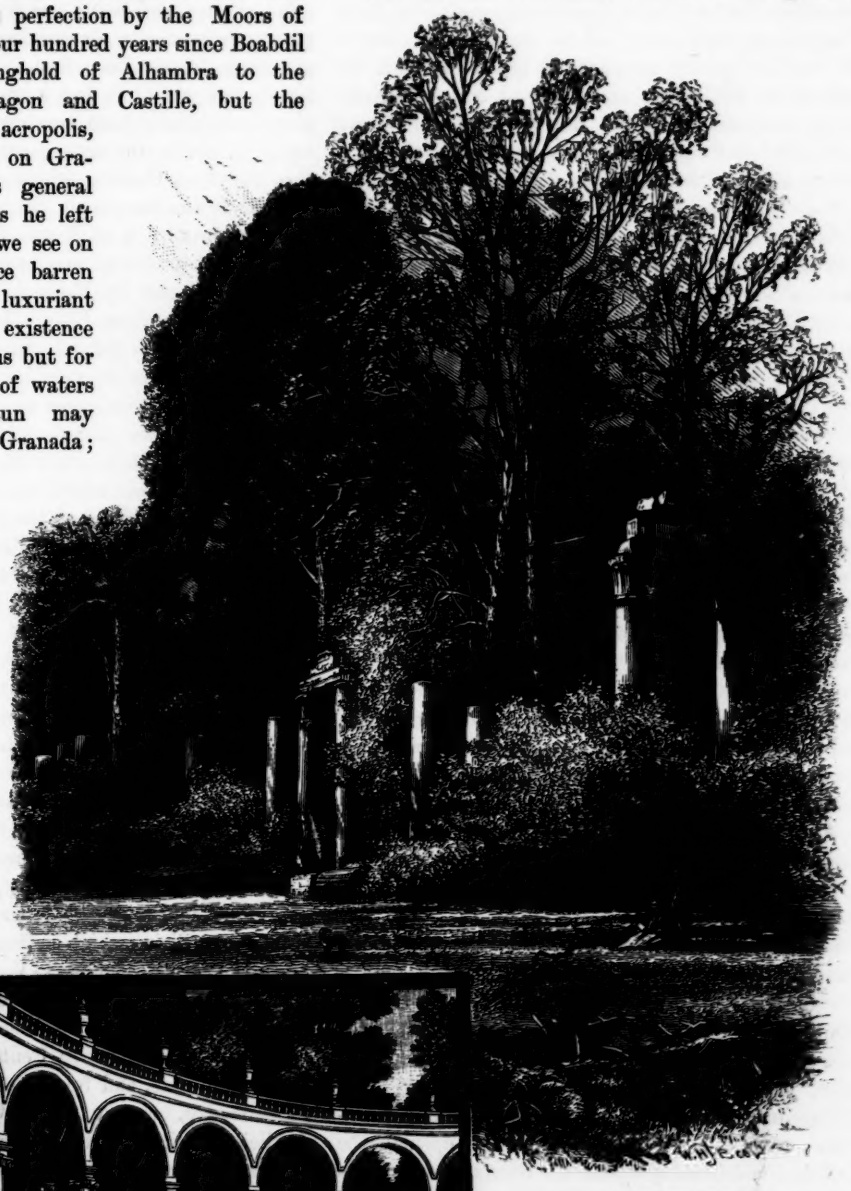
FOUNTAIN IN THE BORGHESE GARDEN.

seems to have troubled himself to foster the forgotten art. It was barely kept alive by the mediæval monks in their quiet convent courts, until in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries it was once more carried to great perfection by the Moors of Spain. It is nearly four hundred years since Boabdil surrendered his stronghold of Alhambra to the united forces of Aragon and Castille, but the garden of the Moorish acropolis, that still looks down on Granada, remains in its general features very much as he left it. To-day, as then, we see on the summit of a once barren rock such a wealth of luxuriant vegetation that its existence would be a marvel to us but for the sight and sound of waters everywhere. The sun may scorch the roofs of Granada; but up in the garden of the Moorish summer-palace of the Generalife the air and soil are kept constantly cool and fresh by unfailing streamlets which flow straight from the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, and run in open marble conduits, overshadowed by bowery avenues of gigantic oleanders, pink and white, or by groves of cypress and orange and myrtle, to supply the many fountains which embellish the columned *patios* of the palace.

But the real renaissance of art in the garden, as of all the other arts, began in Italy during the Fifteenth Century, and the most characteristic example now existing is the Boboli Garden at Florence, laid out by Cosmo de Médicis. Its effect will not perhaps be exactly sympathetic to English eyes fa-



ARCADE AT VERSAILLES.



RUINS AT VIRGINIA WATER.

miliar with a more natural style; but those who care for artistic harmony must admit that the rigid formality of its walks, its closely-clipped hedges, its trim arbour-like alleys, its balustrades, statues, and fountains all combine to make it an appropriate adjunct to a princely residence. In the same severe taste is laid out the garden attached to the villa built by Cardinal de Médicis at Rome, and of which Michelangelo designed the front. But there are more beautiful and less formal gardens to be seen in the city and its suburbs: such as those of the Quirinal Palace, of the Villa Borghese, the Villa Pamfila-Doria, the Villa Ludovici, and the Villa Albani, with the more modern public garden on the Pincian Hill. In all there is a great resemblance. They are generally laid out in long straight avenues, shut in by thick hedges and walls and archways of evergreens—chiefly box and yew—more or less trimly kept, frequently twenty feet high, and shaded by the overhanging boughs of stately trees. There are long, dark vistas of solemn cypresses, and splendid groups and avenues of ilexes and stone-pines; and there are thickets of rhododendron, arbutus, and laurel, intermixed with clumps of giant cactus, and sometimes with palms. Everywhere, at intervals down the green avenues, marble statues and vases and terminal figures—not seldom restored antiques—stand out in moss and time stained richness against the sombre background. Fountains, large and small, fill the intersections of the paths with their marble basins, or fitly close a distant perspective; while in every suitable spot are wooden benches and marble seats, in sunshine or in shadow. Nor are parterres of flowers altogether wanting; in one garden, indeed—that of the Villa Albani—there is a perfect profusion of rose-bushes.

A change of taste in the Eighteenth Century caused parts of some of these gardens to be laid out with less formality. This is especially noticeable in the gardens of the Villa Borghese and Villa Pamfila, the more distant portions of which are arranged with artistic irregularity—"un beau désordre," as Boileau says. Ancient avenues have been cut up into picturesque groups of ilexes and stone-pines; undulating lawns have been left open to the sunshine, and in early spring are odorous with violets and lovely with anemones. Though the city is crowded with genuine records of the past, it was the fashion of the day to introduce artificial ruins in the gardens: like those at Virginia Water, pictured in our second illustration. Bad taste, some of us may say. Yes; but really the fragments have been so judiciously chosen, and so artfully arranged, that the effect produced is very rarely inappropriate. You come upon classic temples, colonnades, triumphal arches, columns, and all sorts of smaller monuments, all more or less "ruined," standing sometimes full in the sunlight, half hidden sometimes among trees, and sometimes fallen in the long grass; but all are softened in colour by the harmonising hand of time, and many are wreathed with climbing plants, or bear in their crevices a luxuriant growth of coarse maidenhair fern. In all directions is heard the sound of water trickling among mossy stones, or falling from ivy-fringed rocks; and down many a glade fountains—such as that one from the Borghese Garden which we have engraved—sparkle in the sun, their marble basins stained and picturesque with a wild growth of water-weeds.

The first garden of any importance in France was the one laid out by François I. at Fontainebleau, after his return from Italy. It was arranged in the Italian style, with formal evergreen alleys and box-bordered parterres of very complicated design, and was ornamented with vases and statues in marble and bronze and stone. Beside what was known as the Jardin du Roi, there were the Jardin des Ifs, the Jardin des Pins—in which was a grotto and a broad basin, where the ladies of the court were wont to go and bathe—and the Jardin de l'Étang-aux-Carpes. The original garden of Fontainebleau has been altered beyond recognition under Henri IV., Louis XIV., and Napoleon; but the carp tank has always remained, and there are swimming about in it to-day huge moss-grown blue-backed patriarchs, the lineal descendants of the very fish that were fed by the hand of François I. The next famous French garden was that of Saint-Germain, originally designed for Henri IV., and altered for Louis XIV. and Louis XV.; but since the time when the exiled Stuarts took up their abode at Saint-Germain, the garden has retained nearly its present appearance. Then followed the Jardin des Tuileries, laid out for Catherine de Médicis, which suffered successive changes under Henri IV., Louis XIV., and the third Napoleon, and the Jardin du Luxembourg, laid out for Marie de Médicis. This last dates from the early part of the Seventeenth Century; but it is much curtailed in size, and few relics remain of its former magnificence, except the "Grotto of Marie de Médicis," which we give as an illustration of art in the garden some two hundred and fifty years ago.

But the splendid taste of the famous Queen-Regent was as nothing compared with that of her extravagant grandson; and the glories of Fontainebleau, Saint-Germain, the Tuileries, and the Luxembourg were altogether eclipsed by those of Versailles, where Louis XIV. commanded Le Nôtre to create him "a wonder of art such as the world had never seen." To stand some summer-day on the steps of the vast palace is to own that this ambitious design has been realised. Before you lies the immense terrace,

gay with great parterres of brilliant flowers and fountains whose huge basins are grouped with colossal statues. To the left you look down over sumptuous balustrades towards the Jardin de l'Orangerie—in itself the parterre of a palace—and away to the vast tank known as the Pièce des Suisses, from the fact of its having been excavated by the king's Swiss Guards. To the right are the leafy walls of the three great *bosquets*, each enclosing its fanciful fountains, and all leading down to the grand Bassin de Neptun, with its background of lofty trees. In front you overlook the Fontaine de Latone, standing in the centre of two spacious flower-gardens, and beyond it, between the dark foliage of the Avenue Royale, a long extent of sunlit lawn leads up to the broad Bassin d'Apollon; whilst beyond this last the sky is reflected in the smooth surface of the wide canal, which stretches straight away into the far distance. Descending the flights of stately steps which lead to the lower levels of this vast garden, you wander along the alleys and arcades that branch out right and left from the central avenue, and diverge, fan-like, in every direction from the Bassin d'Apollon. And everywhere are sheets of water, or gardens, or *bosquets*—sunny spaces that seem hewn out of the forest, where the surrounding trees are more or less formally trimmed and clipped above, and shut off below by hedges of box or yew, or by elegant trellis-work; and every *bosquet* has its fountain, its temple, its arcade—like the one we have pictured—or its grotto, and nearly all are crowded with statues. Everywhere you are impressed by the ostentatious grandeur of the conception, and marvel at the money and labour that must have been lavished in its execution. As for refinement of detail, so dear to English eyes, it is no more to be found at Versailles than in any stage-picture, which is imposing and enjoyable only when seen *from the proper distance*. Le Nôtre is responsible but for the grand lines and masses and general arrangement of the composition. The fountains and statues were the work of the numerous sculptors and architects that Louis kept in his employ; and many of the *bizarre* and foolish fancies which mar most of the fountains and grottoes were carried out to suit the caprices of the self-satisfied monarch, who was continually interfering during the progress of the work. The sins against good taste are many and glaring; but in spite of all its faults, Le Nôtre's masterpiece is a monument of which a great artist may well be proud. Versailles is a place to wonder at. It is scarcely a place to enjoy, unless the imagination—like Musset's when he wrote his incomparable little poem, "Sur Trois Marches de Marbre Rose"—can conjure up the brilliant throng that once lent life to its dreary vastness.

What we may call the architectural style of gardening reached its climax in the garden at Versailles; and in their summer-palaces the various sovereigns of Europe soon began to emulate or echo its grandeur. William and Mary employed Le Nôtre to design their garden at Hampton Court, which, if infinitely smaller, is decidedly more elegant than his *magnum opus*. Frederick the Great at Potsdam reproduced in Sans Souci some of the best features of Versailles, germanised and in miniature; and Leopold of Austria laid out the stately terraced garden at Schönbrunn. But the reactionary ideas of the revolutionary epoch influenced the taste in gardening as in all other arts. Under the old *régime* even the trees could not escape the trammels of a rigid formalism. But such was the reversal of ideas that a straight line anywhere became intolerable; every path was disposed in serpentine curves, and such things as terraces and avenues went for a while completely out of fashion. Gardening, indeed, took a new departure, on the principle that art should be made subservient to nature, and, as far as the French temperament would allow, this principle was exemplified in the gardens at Malmaison—the retreat of the Empress Joséphine—at Morfontaine, and at Erménonville.

This informal gardening, however, seems uncongenial to French taste, and better specimens of it may be found in England. Indeed, the first "landscape-gardener" of any repute was an Englishman, a younger contemporary of Le Nôtre, named William Kent. Like the famous Frenchman, Kent began his career as a painter, and studied his art at Rome. But here their similarity ended, for the principles on which the two men worked could scarcely have been more opposite. Both brought their training as painters to bear on their garden-design; but Le Nôtre looked at Nature to see how he could make her subservient to his own ideas, while Kent aimed at applying the principles of art to the development of natural beauty. Le Nôtre regarded nature as an architect, Kent as a landscape-painter. In this spirit he planned the parks of Richmond, Esher, Claremont, Stowe, and Rowstham, while his able follower Browne re-modelled Blenheim, and designed Longleat and Wilton. In England, however, art in the garden, other than the planning and planting of our grand ancestral parks and beautiful chaces, is of more recent date than in Italy and France. Henry VIII., indeed, had a garden attached to his palace of Nonesuch, at Richmond, which an old historian says had "walks embowered by trees," and "groves ornamented with trellis-work and with cabinets of verdure," and was "decorated with columns and pyramids of marble" and with "two fountains which spout water, one round, the other like a pyramid, on which are perched small birds that

stream water out of their bills:" with fountains not perhaps so pleasant to everybody, since they were "concealed so as to squirt the unwary visitor." Then in the reign of Elizabeth the gardens at Hatfield and at Holland House were laid out; and in that of Charles II. were planted the trees in the Mall at St. James's and in the avenues at Greenwich Park, whilst a little later Le Nôtre laid out the garden at Hampton Court for William and Mary. Pleasure-grounds of some sort were attached to most of the manor-houses and seats of the English nobility; but the actual gardens were of little extent, and consisted of formal paths and high yew hedges and fruit-trees trained as espaliers, in front of which were straight box-bordered beds filled with old-fashioned flowers, varied—especially when Dutch taste was in the ascendant—with bushes of juniper, yew, box, holly, and cypress, clipped and trained into fantastic forms. Probably, too, there were cottage-gardens crammed with simple and beautiful flowers, such as we see to-day in many a pleasant country lane; but there was little that could fairly be called art in our English gardens till the close of the Peninsular War allowed our younger nobility to make the grand tour once more. Ever since that time we have been steadily advancing in our appreciation of art in all directions; and we can point to English gardens like those at Chatsworth and Trentham, and challenge the Continent to show us as good modern art as exists in our own country.



GROTTO OF MARIE DE MÉDICIS: IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.

BARCLAY DAY.

"RABELAIS."

(FROM THE BRONZE BY ÉMILE HÉBERT.)

M. HÉBERT, an adroit and ingenious artist, is a pupil of his father, Pierre Hébert, and of Feuchère. He has produced much that is of permanent interest both in marble and in bronze. His are the colossal "Benvenuto Cellini" at the Ministère de l'Intérieur, the "Regnard" at the new Hôtel de Ville, the bust of Balzac at the Odéon, the tomb of Prim in the Atocha at Madrid. His latest achievement is the monument to François Rabelais, erected by subscription at Chinon, and unveiled a few weeks since on the Quai de la Vienne.

Such portraits of Master Alcofribas as exist are more or less doubtful. M. Hébert's "Rabelais" is therefore purely imaginative. He is neither a sot nor a buffoon, but a kindly and genial sage, broad-browed and cheerful and serene: with a merry look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage, as becomes the sire of Pantagruel and Panurge, and the ancestor of Molière and La Fontaine and Honoré de Balzac. He is clad in robe and mantle and a square cap; pen in hand and his books about him, he sits at his desk, an open volume at his elbow, contemplative and smiling. On two sides of the pedestal that bears him up are bas-reliefs expressive the one of gaiety, the other of learning. In the first, with a shield inscribed with the names of Gargantua and Pantagruel, are monks at their liquor, pages, soldiers, and giants. In the second, whose shield is blazoned over with the names of Galen and Hippocrates, and the three rabbits that figure on the great writer's coat-of-arms, a macer of the Faculty of Montpellier points to the master who, scalpel in hand, and a corpse before him, is demonstrating anatomy to a student at his feet.

Rabelais was not only the greatest humourist of his race and time, but one of their wisest and most learned men. In figuring him, not as a Dulcamara nor a Silenus, but as a kind of Democritus of the Renaissance, M. Hébert—who is above all intelligent—has done him no more than justice.



RABELAIS.

(From the Bronze by Émile Hébert.)

NEW FACTS IN LANDSCAPE.



AMONG the meadows the buttercups in spring are as innumerable as ever and as pleasant to look upon. The petal of the buttercup has an enamel of gold; with the nail you may scrape it off, leaving still a yellow ground, but not reflecting the sunlight like the outer layer. From the centre the golden pollen covers the fingers with dust like that from the wing of a butterfly. In the bunches of grass and by the gateways the germander speedwell looks like tiny specks of blue stolen, like Prometheus' fire, from the summer sky. When the mowing-grass is ripe the heads of sorrel are so thick and close that at a little distance the surface seems as if sunset were always shining red upon it. From the spotted orchis-leaves in April to the honeysuckle-clover in June, and the rose and the honeysuckle itself, the meadow has changed in nothing that delights the eye. The draining, indeed, has made it more comfortable to walk about on, and some of the rougher grasses have gone from the furrows, diminishing at the same time the number of cardamine flowers; but of these there are hundreds by the side of every tiny rivulet of water, and the aquatic grasses flourish in every ditch. The meadow-farmers, dairymen, have not grubbed many hedges—only a few, to enlarge the fields, too small before, by throwing two into one. So that hawthorn and blackthorn, ash and willow, with their varied hues of green in spring, briar and bramble, with blackberries and hips later on, are still there as in the old, old time. Bluebells, violets, cowslips—the same old favourite flowers—may be found on the mounds or sheltered near by. The meadow-farmers have dealt mercifully with the hedges, because they know that for shade in heat and shelter in storm the cattle resort to them. The hedges—yes, the hedges, the very synonym of merry England—are yet there, and long may they remain. Without hedges England would not be England. Hedges, thick and high, and full of flowers, birds, and living creatures, of shade and flecks of sunshine dancing up and down the bark of the trees—I love their very thorns. You do not know how much there is in the hedges.

We have still the woods, with here and there a forest, the beauty of the hills, and the charm of winding brooks. I never see roads, or horses, men, or anything when I get beside a brook. There is the grass, and the wheat, the clouds, the delicious sky, and the wind, and the sunlight which falls on the heart like a song. It is the same, the very same, only I think it is brighter and more lovely now than it was twenty years ago.

Along the footpath we travel slowly; you cannot walk fast very long in a footpath; no matter how rapidly at first, you soon lessen your pace, and so country people always walk slowly. The stiles—how stupidly they are put together. For years and years every one who has passed them, as long as man can remember, has grumbled at them; yet there they are still, with the elms reaching high above, and cows gazing over—cows that look so powerful, but so peacefully yield the way. They are a better shape than the cattle of the ancient time, less lanky, and with fewer corners; the lines, to talk in yachtsman's language, are finer. Roan is a colour that contrasts well with meadows and hedges. The horses are finer, both cart-horse and nag. Approaching the farmsteads, there are hay-ricks, but there are fewer corn-ricks. Instead of the rows on rows, like the conical huts of a savage town, there are but a few, sometimes none. So many are built in the fields and threshed there "to rights," as the bailiff would say. It is not needful to have them near home or keep them, now the threshing-machine has stayed the flail and emptied the barns. Perhaps these are the only two losses to those who look at things and mete them with the eye—the corn-ricks and the barns. The corn-ricks were very characteristic, but even now you may see plenty if you look directly after harvest. The barns are going by degrees, passing out of the life of farming.

At the farmsteads themselves there are considerations for and against. On the one hand, the house and the garden are much tidier, less uncouth; there are flowers, such as geraniums, standard roses, those that are favourites in towns; and the unsightly and unhealthy middens and pools of muddy water have disappeared from beside the gates. But the old flowers and herbs are gone, or linger neglected in corners, and somehow the gentle touch of time has been effaced. The house has got a good deal away from farming. It is on the farm, but disconnected. It is a residence, not a farmhouse. Then you must consider that it is more healthy, sweeter, and better for those who live in it. From a little distance the old effect is obtainable. One thing only I must protest against, and that is the

replacing of tiles with slates. The old red tiles of the farmhouses are as natural as leaves; they harmonise with the trees and the hedges, the grass, the wheat, and the ricks. But slates are wrong. In new houses, even farmhouses, it does not matter so much; the owners cannot be found fault with for using the advantages of modern times. On old houses where tiles were once, to put slates is an offence, nothing less. Every one who passes exclaims against it. Tiles tone down and become at home; they nestle together, and look as if you could be happily drowsy and slumber under them. They are to a house what leaves are to a tree, and leaves turn reddish or brown in the autumn. Upon the whole, with the exception of the slates—the hateful slates—the farmsteads are improved, for they have lost a great deal that was uncouth and even repulsive, which was slurred over in old pictures or omitted, but which was there. I cannot regret that change; I prefer the geraniums, standard roses, even the mannerism of pitiful modern gardening, which exactly reproduces itself everywhere. All details now could be put on canvas.

The new cottages are ugly with all their ornamentation; their false gables, impossible porches, absurd windows, are distinctly repellent. They are an improvement in a sanitary sense, and we are all glad of that, but we cannot like the buildings. They are of no style or time; only one thing is certain about them—they are *not* English. Fortunately there are plenty of old cottages, hundreds of them (they show little or no sign of disappearing), and these can be chosen instead. The villages are to outward appearance much as they used to be, but the people are very different. In manners, conversation, and general tone there is a great change. It is, indeed, the people who have altered more than the surface of the country. Hard as the farmer may work, and plough and sow with engine and drill, the breadth of the land does not much vary; but the farmer himself and the farmer's man are quite another race to what they were. Perhaps it was from this fact that the impression grew up that modern agriculture has polished away all the distinctive characteristics of the country. But it has not done so any more than it has removed the hills. The truth is, as I have endeavoured to explain, innovations so soon become old in the fields. The ancient earth covers them with her own hoar antiquity, and their newness disappears. They have already become so much a part of the life of the country that it seems as if they had always been there, so easily do they fit in, so easily does the eye accept them.

Intrinsically there is nothing used in modern agriculture less symmetrical than what was previously employed. The flails were the simplest of instruments, and were always seen with the same accompaniment—the interior of a barn. The threshing-machine is certainly not less interesting; it works in the open air, often with fine scenic surroundings, and the number of people with it impart vivacity. In reaping with the reaping-hook there were more men in the wheat, but the reaping-machine is not without colour. Scythes are not at all pleasant things; the mowing-machine is at least no worse. As for the steam-plough, it is very interesting to watch. All these fit in with trees and hedges, fields and woods as well, and in some cases in a more striking manner than the old instruments. The surface of the ground presents more varied colours even than before, and the sunlight produces rich effects. Nor have all the ancient aspects disappeared as supposed—quite the reverse. In the next field to the steam-plough the old ploughs drawn by horses may be seen at work, and barns still stand, and old houses. In hill districts oxen are yet yoked to the plough, the scythe and reaping-hook are often seen at work, and, in short, the old and the new so shade and blend together that you can hardly say where one begins and the other ends. That there are many, very many things concerning agriculture and country life whose disappearance is to be regretted I have fully stated elsewhere, and having done so, I feel that I can with the more strength affirm that in its natural beauty the country is as lovely now as ever.

It is, I venture to think, a mistake on the part of some who depict country scenes that they omit these modern aspects, doubtless under the impression that to admit them would impair the pastoral scene intended to be conveyed. So many pictures and so many illustrations seem to proceed upon the assumption that steam-plough and reaping-machine do not exist, that the landscape contains nothing but what it did a hundred years ago. These sketches are often beautiful, but they lack the force of truth and reality. Every one who has been fifty miles into the country, if only by rail, knows while looking at them that they are not real. You feel that there is something wanting, you do not know what. That something is the hard, perhaps angular fact which at once makes the sky above it appear likewise a fact. Why omit fifty years from the picture? That is what it usually means—fifty years left out; and somehow we feel as we gaze that these fields and these skies are not of our day. The actual fields, the actual machines, the actual men and women (how differently dressed to the conventional pictorial costumes!) would prepare the mind to see and appreciate the colouring, the design, the beauty—what, for lack of a better expression, may be called the soul of the picture—far more than these forgotten, and now-a-days even impossible accessories. For our sympathy is not with them, but with the things of our own time. RICHARD JEFFERIES.

CURRENT ART.

MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT'S "Teucer"—which has been bought under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, and which we have engraved as our frontispiece—may probably be accepted as a protest against attitude. The sculptor has evidently determined that whatever his statue may be, it shall not be like the statues of other people. The bowmen of former sculptors have steadied themselves by gripping the ground with separated feet, so as to resist the *contrecoup* of the discharge of their arrows; but Mr. Thornycroft's hero has drawn his heels together in a position which might be criticised as scarcely giving stable equilibrium even to a figure in comparative repose. In the same way, most archers shoot in a direction which allows of taking aim by means of the foreshortening of an imaginary line between themselves and their object. In fact, taking aim generally consists entirely in this foreshortening, for without it the mind of the shooter has to make an instinctive calculation of extraordinary difficulty and rapidity. Now Mr. Thornycroft's Teucer is shooting in a line which cannot be completely foreshortened to his eye. But if we set aside any question as to the precise felicitousness of this form of protest against conventionality and attitude, we have a powerful and harmonious study of the erect figure, still but not in repose, and tense without movement. It is said that Mr. Millais, who loves to exercise his capacity for admiration, and who knows how to give a measure of praise which is shaken together and pressed down and running over, has declared that if this statue had only had the luck to be broken into fragments two thousand years ago, the nations would now be quarrelling for those fragments. To this it may be objected that Mr. Millais, to judge by his own work, is not much in sympathy with antique art, and is by no means the best judge in the world of modelling, whether in the flat or the round. Still, it is unquestionable that in its entire state the "Teucer," though not a subject of European contention, is undoubtedly a work of which the young school of English sculpture may be proud. Its severity and simplicity are a timely rebuke to much contemporary triviality, and its studied originality is easily pardoned.

Perhaps the pleasantest fact in the story of the year's art is the unmistakable success achieved by the sincere, refined, and delightful talent of Professor Costa. Distinct among his delicate and complete pictures of blue Italian noons, seas, and olive groves is the rather more impressionary work reproduced below, with its hurrying figures doubtfully drawn—albeit in a fine, stately rhythm of line, and with a very choice and vigorous intention of design—and the looser quality of its execution, a quality which reminds us of the earliest of Mason's English pictures. In his "Evening on the Sands at Ardera"—the largest picture yet produced by the artist—the spirit of an Italian shore, in the wind and warmth of some early twilight, is very splendidly suggested. The painter has shown us that

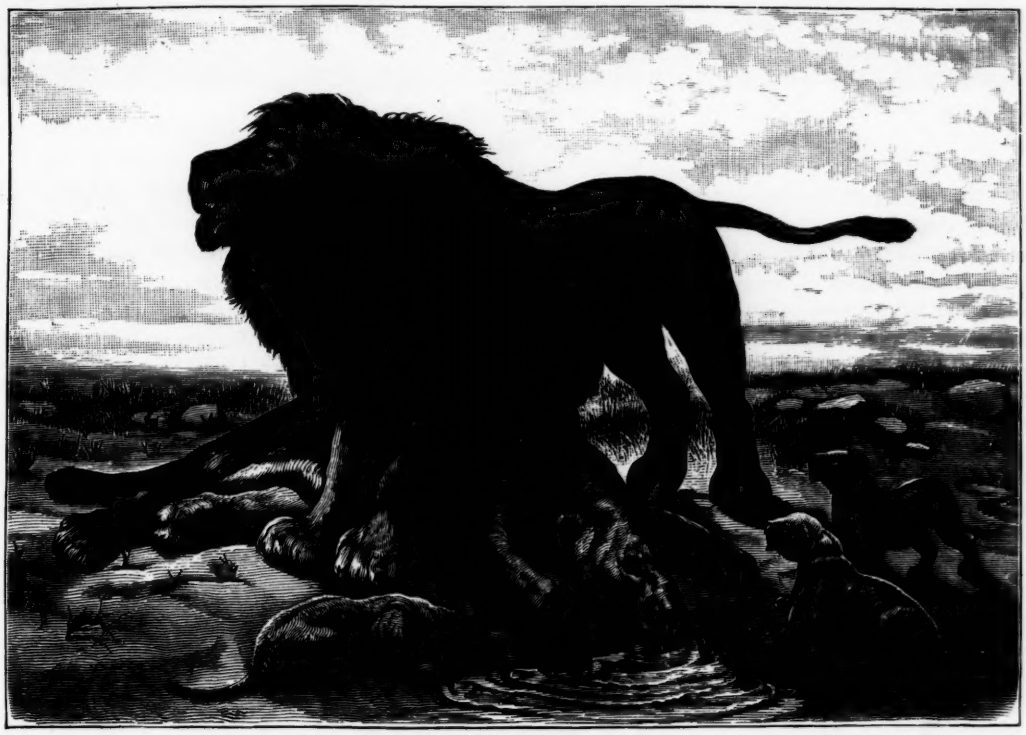


EVENING ON THE SANDS AT ARDERA.

(From the Picture by Giovanni Costa, Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, 1882.)

this is a place of much sea-wind; the trees are bent one way, and there is broken wood to be picked up by miles of desolate shore. The women are loaded with those gleanings after the passage of the breeze. As a rule Professor Costa's work deals serenely with serenity, and is as full of leisure as of light; so that the picture is not a very characteristic one, though it is full of fine quality. His admirable power of form-drawing in landscape seems a little to fail him when he attempts heads or accessory figures of any importance. His portraits or portrait studies contain passages of drawing which are—to say the least of it—uncertain. This is curiously inconsistent with the purity and precision of line in his mountains, seas, distances, and tree-forms. In his landscapes, indeed, it is that Professor Costa's rare and distinguished talent finds its most natural expression. Our debt to him is great, for he has painted elegant Italy with an elegance not less appropriate than attractive. That delicate land which looks distinguished in her humblest aspects, and which makes France and Germany and all her neighbours look so homely by contrast with herself, has too often been given over to the treatment of the universal mob.

The simple emotions of a simple human character are eminently fitted for noble artistic representation, and so are the still simpler emotions of the still simpler brute character. In painting, as in his "Dirge in the Desert"—the original of our second picture—the sorrow of a lion, Mr. Nettleship has delivered us from the melancholy subdivision of modern human thought. Surrounded by much banality, a great deal of affectation, and some super-



A DIRGE IN THE DESERT.

(From the Picture by J. W. Nettleship, Exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1882.)

subtle feeling, the power and sentiment of the picture showed out strongly on the silken walls of the Grosvenor Gallery. A lioness is wounded to death, and lies panting out her last breath over the pool to which she has crawled; her terrible eyes are glazed, and can no longer see her brood of cubs, too young to live without her; and over her stands the lion sending his voice out across the waste in a roar of desolation. The drawing and handling are of great merit; and though the work is obviously pathetic, there is nothing done for common effectiveness. Straight and simple nature—or the painter's idea of it—is straightly and simply rendered; and the result is—a good popular picture.

The maidens who are playing at skipping-rope upon Mr. Hale's "Breezy Shore"—the original of our third illustration—are more skilful as well as more romantic than the urchins who make such bungling



A BREEZY SHORE.

(From the Picture by M. E. Hale, Exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1882.)

work of their play on London stones. In the amusements of these latter, indeed, there is a certain feminine incompleteness. Boys and men bring into their play a certain measure of science. A *gamin* at tip-cat is often an artist—is often comparable with Mr. Grace at the wicket, or Mr. Studd at racquets; but his sketchier sister goes on generation by generation letting down her shuttlecock, missing her ball, getting her ineffectual legs entangled in her skipping-rope. Mr. Hale's damsels are of a different race and age. They are fresh, pleasant, gamesome, charming; they suggest the "Earthly Paradise," and Mr. Albert Moore, and the Grosvenor Gallery, and the music of "Patience," in a breath. "Et tu in Arcadia vixisti!" It is evident that Arcady still exists, and that it is as enchanting a land as ever. Mr. Louis Stevenson has written of it, and so in a lighter vein has Mr. Julian Sturgis. Mr. Morris has been an Arcadian all his life, so has Mr. Walter Crane, and so has Mr. Burne-Jones. Mr. Hale, as fashion wills, is now of Arcady likewise. Last year, on his return from it, he painted us the Three Princesses of one of its most charming songs:—

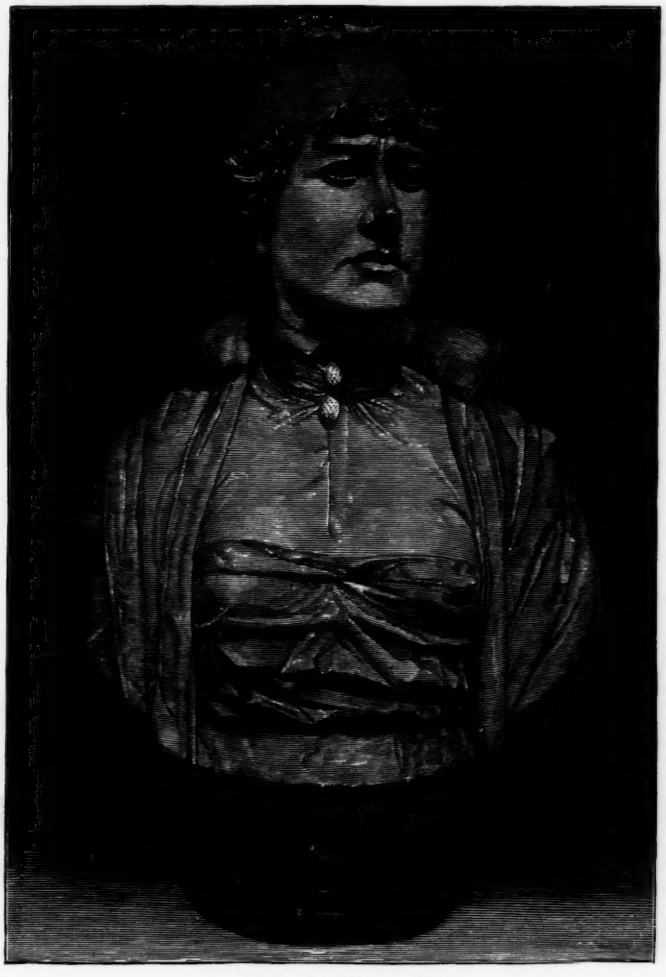
"Derrière chez mon père—
Vole, vole, mon cœur, vole!—
Derrière chez mon père
Il y a un pommier doux."

This year his heroines might be the Princesses' handmaidens. They are playing skipping-rope upon a haunted beach, much as Nausicäa and her maidens play ball in Mr. Poynter's picture. About them is the clear air of Arcady; and—for romance is not yet dead—from the sapphire sea hard by Proteus may presently emerge, and old Triton blow his wreathed horn. The sky of Arcady, compacted of decorative white and blue, smiles on their sports, and completes a very pleasant picture, which is out and away its author's best work.

Few English faces are in any strict sense sculpturesque; but there are many that adapt themselves with a peculiar grace to that sculpture which also is not in any strict sense sculpturesque. The modern manner of bust-portraiture treats with happy effect the emphatic character, combined with blunt forms and transient expression, which is common in England. Finish of feature and repose of regard are for art of another kind—the epic art, which is just now in abeyance, and which deals with the type rather than with the individual. Modern Italy is good at bust-portraiture; but it does not seek its subjects among Italian faces of the true Italian type; it does not delight in large eyes with a broad space between, in exquisite finish of nostril and lip, in severity and chastity of anatomical construction. It prefers the charm of French style or of English originality; and in Miss Ellen Terry's face Signor Fontana has a subject admirably suited to the present national power. His work, which is figured in our fourth engraving, pictures the actress in one of her most famous parts, though by no means one of her best. Portia is represented in her lawyer's gown. Her expression has been cleverly caught, and the chisel has dealt boldly with the determined (and fashionable) "picturesquenesses" of her features. As a portrait of Miss Terry it is very well; as a portrait of Portia it is of scant account: as to so many of us was the performance it commemorates, as is the art it would immortalise.

Mr. Ruskin is not alone in thinking that fairies should form an important power in the education of children. That they helped the Saints in making Joan of Arc he clearly believes. "The fountain of Domrémy," he has told us, "was on the brink of a boundless forest; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies that the parish priest (curé) was obliged to say mass there once a year, in order to keep them within decent bounds. . . . Now you cannot, indeed," he goes on, "have here in England woods eighteen miles deep to the centre; but you can, perhaps, keep a fairy or two for your

children yet, if you wish to keep them." Then he administers a deserved rating to the nation which would rather dig a coal-shaft in its garden than leave ever so small a grove for the harbouring of ever so small a sprite. But though England will not forego the coal, and prefers preserving pheasants or foxes to preserving elves, she has long ago resolved that in her children's books at least there shall be a perpetual fairyland. And who is so trusty a custodian or so sympathetic a guide to that country as Hans Christian Andersen? "When the whole world turns to coal" there will still be woods, more than eighteen miles to the centre, and limitless fields and strange lands under sea, and tender and passionate romance in his delightful pages. The passage which Mr. Scott has illustrated in his "Wild Swans," the subject of our last engraving, is one of the most charming of all. The picture, being hung somewhat high at the Royal Academy, did not show to very great advantage. The maiden's figure, curved and rounded in a manner which modern taste—with its tendency to long lines and limpness and a melancholical severity of shape, might consider somewhat too emphatic — looked yet more rotund and abrupt than the artist had intended. This is how Andersen describes the flight of Ella and her enchanted brothers. "They spent the whole night weaving a net with pliant willows. Ella laid herself down in the net, and when the sun rose and her brothers again became wild swans, they flew up to the clouds with their dear sister. One of the swans soared over her head, so that his broad wings might shade her." The flight has been rendered by Mr. Scott with much vigour of action, and the whole motive of the picture is pleasant and fresh. He has dealt ingeniously enough with the mechanical difficulties of this mode of transporting a willow-bed with a robust young woman therein. One or two swans have a rope slung round their necks, two more hold it in their beaks, others fly below and hold the willows up. The whole moves very satisfactorily indeed. What a freshness of aspiration and what a flying of the thoughts among the birds and the clouds the child has learned from his early reading of the pilgrimage of Andersen's swans! It is to be hoped that the good Dane and the other nursery poets will never be improved upon by literary taste. The child's mind is very receptive of a light suggestion, but not of subtle or exquisite or strongly poetical description or imagery; and it would be a misfortune indeed if modern genius were to produce children's stories in which stronger poetry should be offered to the delicate young imagination than it could well assimilate.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS PORTIA.

(From the Bust by A. Fontana, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)

There is nothing more charming than the mark of race shown by children. To study the characteristics of French or Italian or German infants would require and repay an exquisite and diligent attention. The comedy of national nature, played as a kind of *lever de rideau*, before the tragedy of developed



UN PASSAGE PALPITANT.

(From the Picture by T. Lobrichon, Exhibited at the United Arts Gallery, 1882.)

life, is to be observed among the little Celts; among the broad-headed white-haired little bumpkin Prussians; among children in France who have been brought up without knowing the sound of a slap and yet who bring a love of discipline even into their games; and among business-like and self-reliant young Indians who neither laugh nor cry, but make the most of moose-meat while it is in the camp. There is not very much nationality, however, in the children of M. Lobrichon's clever, pleasant, well-drawn, and briskly painted "Passage Palpitant," the original of our full-page, so that the artist has missed a good opportunity. An elder girl sits reading that terrible sensational novel, "Blue Beard;" the youngest of the party, over whom literature has as yet no power, slumbers in his safety-chair; two others, still very young, are alive to the vague presence of the tragic; a boy has been attracted by it from the companionship of his dog; and the two bigger girls, sympathetic and receptive, have abandoned themselves to all the emotions of imagination. Blue Beard has Fatima by the hair; will the brothers see the frantic waving of Sister Anne from the tower, and spur on in time? That is the momentous question. M. Lobrichon's urchins have before them all the relief and flatness of a happy ending.

There are advantages and disadvantages in reviewing contemporary art. The fact that a painter lives and moves among us, that his personality is known, and that this or that particular canvas of his is seen for the first time, gives, no doubt, a current interest to current criticism. On the other hand, it suffers from a certain poverty of ambition and a certain narrowness of scope, inasmuch as it must needs deal with much which time will not preserve. It suffers, too, from a loss of that frankness which we can permit ourselves in speaking of the Old Masters. They are shown to be immortal by the mere fact that they are remembered and written about; and, were they able, they would not need to exact from us that silence about defects, those mental reservations in praise, which we must observe in the presence of living painters. And, after all, we are not really in possession of the personality of our great men until they are dead. Rumour may invest this or that picture with an interest borrowed from contemporary incidents: it may whisper that Mr. This stood for the figure at the left of one canvas, while Lady That is the beauty on its right; of another, that it has been sold for as many thousands as it took days to paint; of a third, that it was refused by the selecting committee, and sent down to the cellars, until it was discovered to be the principal work of a prominent R.A. But art gains nothing and society little by gossip of this kind, which, indeed, needs to be old ere it can be respectable. Of such rumours, however, the fittest will always survive; with the lapse of years they cease to be vulgar; Death makes them impersonal, and they cease to be impolite; nor will the sternest and



THE WILD SWANS.

(From the Picture by John Scott, Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1882.)

most literal believer in the "Art for the Artist" formula disdain, as he goes through a gallery, to vary his verdicts on the form and colour, the drawing and expression of the Masters, by the *ana* which generation after generation has handed down. It will be long before we can look on a Madonna which has been carried in procession through sunny streets, moving millions to faith and fervour, with that sentiment with which we look on any other picture by Cimabue, equally significant in art but with no line of its own in the book of humanity. A Raphael has a new emotion for us when we know that Michelangelo stood before it with thoughts of solemn appraising and of momentous comparison. The first pictures of painters afterwards famous have an interest to posterity beyond that with which their promise invested them in the eyes of contemporaries; the last work of an immortal hand has a pathos which grows with the age of the world; while, among canvases from which the contemporary critic turned with merited indifference, are some which have for the observer of to-day a borrowed glory. These are some of the reflections which find little or no place in criticism of current art; yet those who practise it have at least one consolation denied to the writer who concerns himself only with the past. The contemporary critic may offer to the living those praises which have been too often reserved for the dead, and feel that he has some part, not only in commemorating, but in forming and promoting, the artistic movement of his time.

THE AMBRAS COLLECTION.

THE name of Archduke Ferdinand of Tyrol, son of the Emperor Ferdinand I., and memorable as the husband of the beautiful Philippine Welser, must be ranged amongst those of the greatest and the most enlightened patrons of art the world has ever known. Born in the year 1529, his life was contemporaneous with the great epoch of intellectual development which followed a century of intellectual awakening. The age set its mark upon him, and he stands before us as its representative. Among Sixteenth Century collectors he takes the lead; but he was not alone. Other German princes—as the Emperors Maximilian II. and Rudolf II., and the Archdukes Albert V. and William V. of Bavaria—pursued the same ends, and the Italian cardinals were as ardent as any. They lived at the time of the "Humanists," and their collections included all that was most prized by the students of the revived learning. Rudolf II. turned his attention mainly to pictures; he ransacked the churches and town-halls of his empire for whatever was most famous amongst the works of the greatest masters, thus forming the nucleus of the marvellous collection which to-day hangs on the walls of the Belvedere Palace at Vienna. Albert V. surrounded himself with sculpture and antiques. Archduke Ferdinand was eager to fill the halls and galleries of his castle of Ambras with mementos of the famous men of his time in the shape of costly armours and the most finished productions of the metal-worker's art. His taste did not stop here, as we shall see; but the collection of armour which he thus formed exists to-day as the most perfect of its kind. It remained at the castle of Ambras, near Innsbruck, till the peace of Pressburg in the year 1806. By that treaty the Tyrol was united to Bavaria; so the movable possessions of the emperor were brought to Vienna. Among them was the Ambras Collection. For ten years it remained hidden from view; but in 1817 it was again rendered accessible to the public in the halls of the lower Palace of the Belvedere—a building erected in 1724 by Hildebrand for the famous Prince Eugene.

Four centuries ago a princely collector had better opportunities than now. These the Archduke was not slow to use. A collection of the armour of famous men being determined on, it only remained for him to write to all whose acquaintance he had formed, and to invite them to contribute to the work he had in hand. Many of the letters he wrote, and of the replies he received, are still preserved in the archives of the Collection, as proofs of the authenticity of its treasures. As the intentions of the Archduke became known, presents poured in from all sides, including not merely suits of armour from his contemporaries, but suits which had belonged to the men of bygone ages, or had been made by world-renowned artists.

The first hall of the Ambras Collection is occupied almost entirely by the armours of Austrian princes and foreign notables, the third by armours of Italian workmanship. Among the former, the most splendid though not the most conspicuous is that of the Archducal collector himself. It consists of a suit of mail adorned with all manner of devices, allegorical and mythological, and covered with a great elaboration of lines inlaid with gold. The breastplate and

backplate are German work of about 1560. Their design is in all parts excellent, but the execution falls here and there below the high level of craftsmanship for which we might have looked. This is not the case with the noble shield that accompanies them. It is certainly one of the finest pieces of armour in the world. Like the helmet, it was made by an Italian smith about 1550. As may be supposed, it was not intended to undergo the rough handling of battle, but was only to be borne on state occasions. The boss of the shield is a head of Medusa, horror and pain on the face, and serpents twined amongst the wild hair—a symbol alike of the agony and the passion of war. Other ornaments are grouped round this in three concentric belts, separated from each other by bands of the most refined work. The surface of the inner belt is covered with an arabesque of flowing lines, which for grace of curve, truth to nature, and perfection of finish it would be quite impossible to surpass, even amongst the most perfect productions of the central Gothic period. The arabesque—which is all wrought of inlaid gold—is formed of tendrils of rose-creeper reduced to ordered symmetry of form, but in nowise made mechanical nor forced into monstrosity. Proceeding outwards, the next band is embossed with subjects symbolical of War, Victory, Renown, and Peace, separated by the figures of Judith and David with the heads of their slain foes, of Hercules with his club, and of Samson with his pillar. The outer band of embossment bears all manner of mythological figures—of tritons, nereids, and the like—in positions which naturally carry the eye along from point to point, thus forming the most perfect *ornament* that can be desired. Some of the motives among these are taken from two of Mantegna's prints. The band is interrupted at four equidistant points by medallions, as it were superimposed on the other figures, and figuring in classic style the busts of four great Roman heroes, Scipio Africanus, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, and Claudius. Regarded as a whole, the shield is a most pleasing object. Its ornaments work together in perfect and consistent harmony, each detail serving to set off its fellows.

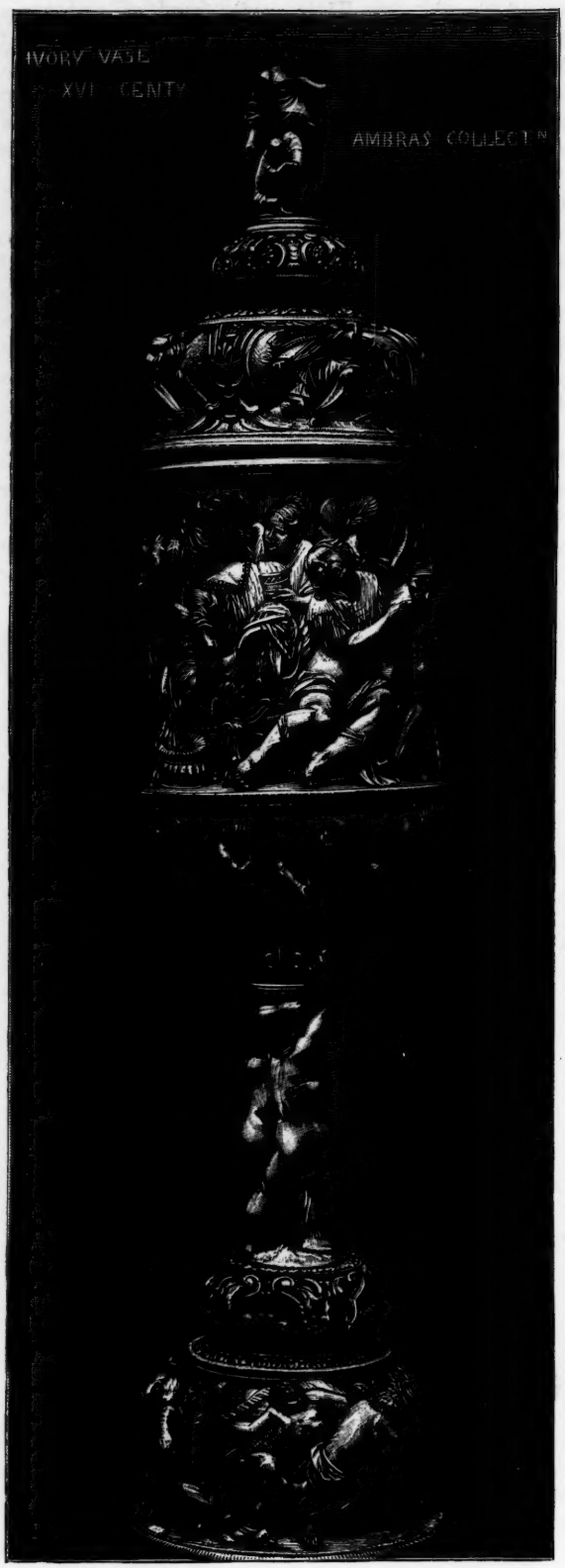
As a contrast, we have engraved a copy of the famous shield of the Emperor Charles V. The weapon is no longer circular, but of an irregular oblong. It is of iron, and the ornaments are finely gilt. The centre is occupied by an oval medallion representing a battle, with scores of figures in all sorts of exaggerated positions. The men are naked, and contend either with clubs or fists, and even the horses are drunk with the fury of the fight. Around are four smaller medallions, with incidents of battle or triumph, wrought with equal luxuriance of form and boldness of relief. The field is occupied by figures on a much larger scale: of captives with their hands bound behind them, of strong men in attitudes of despondency ostentatiously graceful. Their posi-



AMBRAS COLLECTION: THE HELMET OF ALEXANDER FARNESE, DUKE OF PARMA.

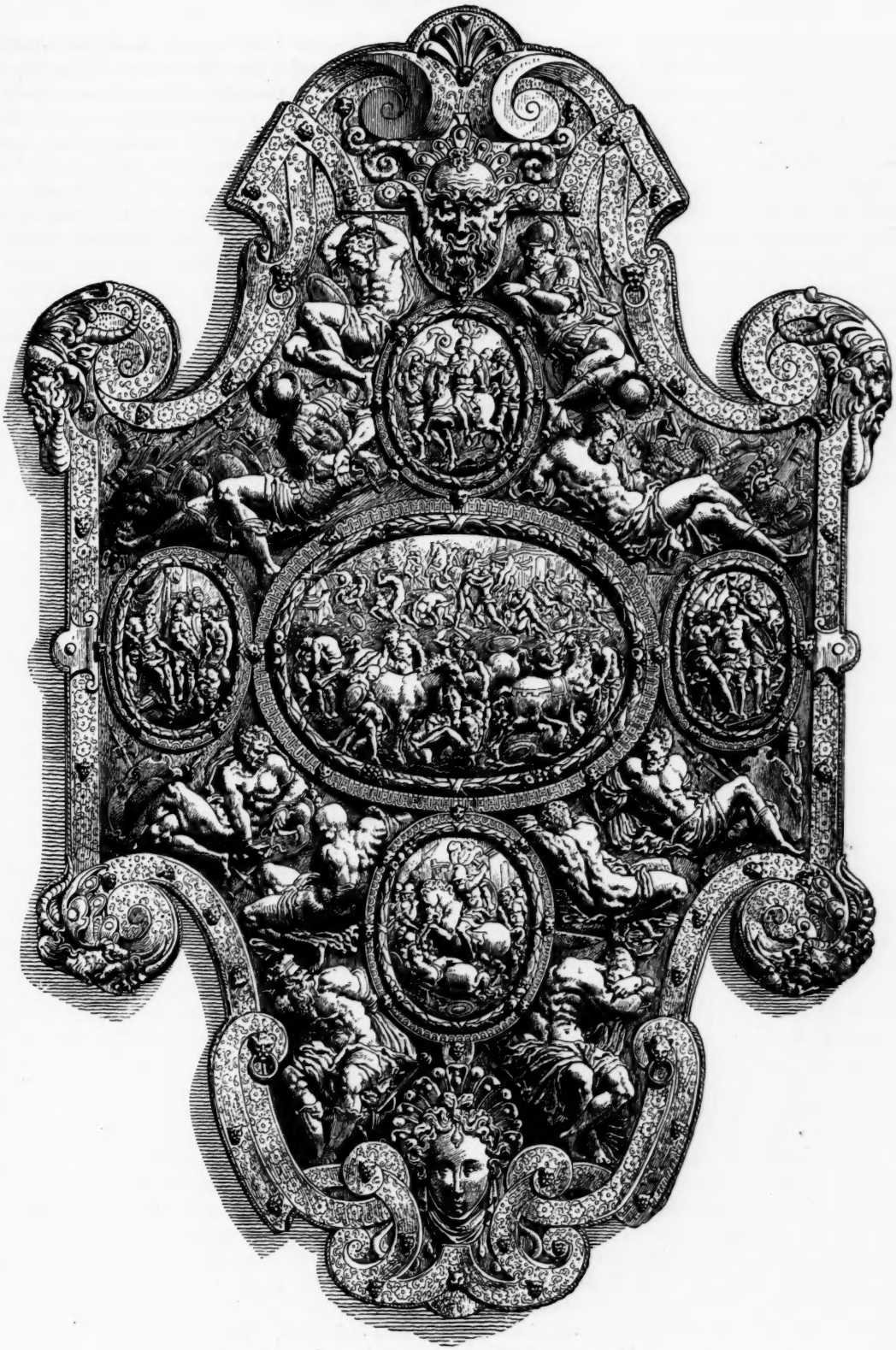
tions at first arrest the attention, owing to the beautiful modelling of the limbs and the powerful development of the muscles; but to this the eye soon becomes accustomed, and then it is seen that the design is governed by mannerism rather than by insight, and that the idea of the whole is subordinated to the production of a sudden and striking effect. Many of the individual figures are marvellous in themselves; but they do not harmonise together. They neither form a perfectly satisfactory ornament, nor do they in anywise suggest the ordinary appearance even of a noble captive.

The shield, with all its learned adornments, is in fact a most instructive failure; and I may be pardoned if I pause for a moment to indicate why. If the reader could look at the arabesque in the inner ring of the first shield he would find that it consists of tendrils of rose-creeper, arranged in a pattern almost mathematically regular—at all events, very different from the form in which such tendrils are wont to grow. The artist, indeed, has subordinated nature to art, but he has not contradicted nature. No more beautiful ornament for a wall can be conceived than a gracefully growing rose; the artist borrows the idea from



nature, and then treats it according to his own restricted powers. The armourer cannot transfer the image of its crawling stems, its burning flowers, and its shadowy leaves upon his steel; still, he can borrow some of their grace, and plough some of their branching curves and flowing lines into the resisting metal. But the artist of the second shield exceeds his powers when he elects to adorn the surface given him with a fantastic array of captives, not—be it observed—grouped in any conceivably natural order, as in procession or prison, but arranged confessedly as ornaments and nothing else. Men are not, and never can be, ornaments in the same sense that a creeper is; and an artist has no more right to use them as such than a rich man has to employ a troop of useless retainers merely for the sake of ostentation.

In the same room with the armour of Archduke Ferdinand is a complete suit which belonged to Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, the famous general of the Spanish forces in the Netherlands in the Sixteenth Century. It is gorgeously adorned with a multitude of reliefs, some silvered and others gilt, representing allegorical and mythological figures. On the shield are the Four Seasons, and



AMBRAS COLLECTION: THE STATE SHIELD OF CHARLES V.

Artemis of Ephesus. The duke himself is also represented in the guise of a Roman general receiving the keys of a captured town (probably Antwerp) from a man kneeling before him. The helmet belonging to this suit is represented in our first illustration. Of the hundreds of suits of armour that remain, I can say no more than of the notables—Don John of Austria, Christof von Fugger, Maurice of Orange, Andrea Doria, and scores beside—who wore them.

The arms and armour form but a very small part of the Ambras Collection, though that part is the most important of all. The ivories are many and precious; the vase figured in our second picture is one of the finest. A most valuable library of old books and MSS. found a place in the Tyrolese castle; but on their removal to Vienna they were added to the precious volumes which render the Royal Library so famous. The gems and gold and silver work were at the same time deposited in the cabinet of coins in the Palace of the Burg. Amongst them is the famous salt-cellar of Benvenuto Cellini. A certain number of MSS., however, and a certain quantity of goldsmith's works, were left behind. They are now exhibited in glass cases. Among them is a most interesting volume in its original binding, with the title lettered on the side, "Kunstbuch Albrethen Dürers von Nürmberg." It is in reality a scrap-book, into which the Archduke used with his own hand to paste all the woodcuts, engravings, and drawings by the great Franconian artist which he could get. It is a proof of the value attached even at that time to these cheap but noble prints—cheap now no more. The set of engravings is almost complete, though many of the impressions are far from good, and they are much wrinkled in the mounting. The woodcuts are all in good condition, the Apocalypse series being particularly well preserved. Among the drawings are the following:—Arion on his dolphin; a design for a candlestick to be made out of a pair of horns, such a one as we know from Pirkheimer's letters that Dürer once possessed; a water-nymph sleeping by her fountain; four coloured drawings of men on horseback, with the date 1518; designs for figures in the woodcut of the "Triumph of Maximilian;" Hermes leading people by chains attached to the tongue; a design for a fountain; a Cupid; and, finally, the famous sketch of Dürer's dream. This last-mentioned drawing is described by the painter himself in some lines of writing under it, which may here be translated: "In the year 1525, after Whitsuntide, in the night between Wednesday and Thursday (May 30, 31), I saw this appearance in my sleep, how very great waters fell from heaven; and the first struck the earth about four miles from me with such a terrible force and an overgreat noise, and it broke up and drowned the whole land. Whereat I was so sore afraid that I thereby awoke. Then fell the other waters, and as they fell they were very powerful, and there were many of them, some further, some nearer, and they came down from so high that they all seemed to fall equally slowly. But as the first water which touched the earth was come down near to it, it fell with such swiftness with wind and roaring, and I was so sore afraid, that when I awoke my whole body trembled, and for a long while I could not come rightly to myself. But when I got up in the morning I painted it here above, as I had seen it. God turn all things to the best." The drawing represents great streams of water, one in the centre being particularly large and dark, falling from heaven upon a flat country. The sheet is of the utmost interest and value, as it gives us an insight not only into the artist's character, but into the thoughts of the people of his day, who still lived in a land of dreams and goblins, and were only just passing through the half-incredulous period of awakening.

Of special interest among the treasures in the Ambras Collection are some wonderful vestments of the Order of the Golden Fleece. This, the most famous mediæval order of knighthood, was founded at Bruges by Duke Philip of Burgundy, on the occasion of his marriage with Isabella of Portugal. To it princes and sovereigns eagerly sought to belong; and all that was sumptuous and costly was brought together to add splendour to its chapters. Recent investigations have proved that these vestments were used at high mass on such occasions, if not specially made for it. The designs for them were furnished by a certain Maître Jolly who flourished about the year 1430, under the influence of the great painter John van Eyck. Of the elaborate minuteness and magnificence of Flemish needlework of the Fifteenth Century, we have ample proof in the careful and loving representations of gorgeous draperies and curtains to be found in the pictures of the period. The Burgundian vestments are the *chef-d'œuvre* of a renowned school. The fabric of the eight pieces, upon which in all 328 figures are embroidered, is cloth of gold, remarkably fine in texture. The three *pluviales*, or cloaks of semi-circular form, are designed with reference to each other, so that, when worn by three men seated side by side and seen from behind, the figures on them work together to form one whole. The figure of Christ the Judge is in the centre of the middle one; on the others are those of the Blessed Virgin and St. John Baptist; all three are surrounded by concentric semi-circles of the three orders of angels and saints. The *casula*, to be worn by the officiating priest, bears behind and in front the most wonderful embroidered pictures of the Baptism and

Transfiguration of Our Lord; for perfection of finish and beauty of ornamental design they surpass belief. Two *antipendia*, presumably intended to be used for draping the altar, contain figures of prophets and apostles on a larger scale, though perhaps hardly so finely wrought. The embroidery is in all cases worked on the gold with the finest silks of various colours and different textures, so that the distinction in surface between flesh and drapery is maintained. Thousands of small pearls are grouped in the form of large six-rayed stars, and arranged in certain recurring positions.

I have spoken of the gold cloth as embroidered with figures; but the reader must be cautioned against imagining that these are in any way treated as pictures—as things, that is, to be looked at individually and for their own sakes. On the contrary, they are designed solely as ornaments, and their forms and colours are rendered entirely subsidiary to the ornamental effect which they were intended to produce. Thus the artist does not scruple to cover over the head or dress of any of his figures, if he finds it convenient to do so. Nor does he put himself out to fit the compartments containing angels or saints accurately into the borders of the cloth; if need be, he divides them down the middle, and gives you merely half a saint. The cloth, in fact, in all the smaller vestments is supposed to have been embroidered first and cut out afterwards, just as in the best period of painted glass the form of the design is entirely independent of the shape of the opening which it has to fill. This is the first law of colour-decoration as applied to all manner of surfaces of uncertain form. W. M. Conway.

"THE ORPHANS OF KATWIJK."

(Drawn by Josef Israels.)

Lord BEACONSFIELD once explained the Irish habit of conspiracy on the supposition that Ireland being an island, all Irishmen are neighboured more or less by a "melancholy ocean," whose influence impels them to discontent and revolt. The explanation is certainly ingenious, and whether it be correct or not we need not here enquire. What is certain is that the peculiar geographical quality described by the greatest of all Conservatives counts for an incalculable sum in the art of Josef Israels. Its connection with Fenianism is matter for argument; its influence on the mind and temper of the artist who gave us "The Shipwrecked Sailor," and "The Share of the Poor," is unquestionable. Without the "melancholy ocean" Israels would have been a painter of another order and with another purpose. As it is, the sea and the mournfulness thereof are all the world to him. By them alone does he exist. He is their poet, and his work is a painted elegy whose inspiration—the example of Millet apart—is wholly theirs. Take them away, and he is found to have little or nothing to say. Replace them, and his speech is really human and affecting.

The Israels sentiment is certainly a trifle lachrymose and servile. It saddens, of course; but it neither elevates nor consoles. It moves one like the lament of a captive race: like a Russian folk-melody or a Gaelic song of exile. Israels, indeed, is a sorrowful painter of sorrow. "C'est du Chopin abruti," says some one of his work; and the remark is not altogether beside the truth—though Chopin was a poet of the drawing-room and the boudoir, while Israels never stirs from the fisherman's hovel, unless it be for some water-side poorhouse. It lacks not only elegance, distinction, refinement, but also passion and dignity; it is touched with sickliness and humility; in a word, "c'est du Chopin abruti." Still, it is not a thing to be slighted, for it exists in its own right, and is natural and true besides. Josef Israels comes of a suffering and a persecuted race; he has considered the sea and the burden of those lives that are spent in striving with it for daily bread; and the outcome of his considerations is what we might expect. To him the ocean is false, angry, implacable even; and he is filled with pity for all whose destiny it is to be its slaves. His expression of this is always mannered, it may be, and never heroic. But it is perfectly sincere; and his European reputation is not undeserved.

Katwijk is a little place on the shore of the German Ocean. It is the port of Leiden, but it is neither busy in fact nor newfangled in appearance. Its traditions and associations are all seafaring ones—are all of ships and sailors, of storms and broken boats and drowned fishermen. Israels knows it well, and has often dealt with it. He does so in the drawing we engrave. It is empty and *triste* and a little vague; it has the usual window and the usual effect of light; in its heroines, the sea's victims, it bears humble and plaintive witness against the sea. It is quite a representative work.



THE ORPHANS OF KATWIJK.

(Drawn by Josef Israels.)



THE REPRIMAND.

(From the Picture by Eastman Johnson.)

A REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN.

EASTMAN JOHNSON, the painter of "Cranberry-Picking" and the "Confab," was born in the village of Friburg, in the State of Maine, about fifty-five years ago. While he was yet a boy his father removed to Washington. If at that time there was any large American town less qualified than most to inspire a youth with a turn for art, that town was Washington. Like St. Petersburg, it had arisen, not by reason of natural advantages inclining wealth, enterprise, and intelligence to combine and build up a great city, but altogether by the fiat of the government. Unlike many American towns, its growth—due as it is entirely to factitious circumstances—has heretofore been slow. Its population is such as follows in the wake of politics, and has no permanent residence; fluctuating with the party that is in power or with the Sessions of Congress, it consists of members of Congress, government clerks, or keepers of hotels and lodging-houses, who have rarely the taste and still more rarely the means to cultivate the fine arts. No more sterile soil could be found for the encouragement of the imagination and the development of artistic taste. Of late matters have changed for the better. It is true that the arts were brought somewhat into play in the building of the Capitol and the decoration of the public squares. But until recently very little could be said in favour of the art or the artists patronised by the United States Government. Lobbying and favouritism have been so successful that inferior artists have too often been commissioned. Strangers who visit Washington might thus be led to form an unjust opinion of the national character, and draw the conclusion that our love of beauty is yet dormant. Whereas we have always had a number of excellent artists in the leading cities, and among people of culture an interest in æsthetics that is now an enthusiasm, and almost a cult.

It was therefore in spite of early influences that Mr. Johnson, while yet a mere youth, was

inspired with a yearning to find artistic expression for his thoughts. But how and where was he to obtain suggestions or instruction with no art-schools at hand? Like most men of talent he adapted himself to circumstances. Beginning with the pencil, and carefully copying objects which interested him, or studying engravings in picture-books, he acquired the rudiments of his profession. Accident made him acquainted with the uses of pastel or coloured chalk. Boldly grappling with the difficulties of portraiture, he acquired remarkable facility both with pastel and crayon. Not only do the portraits he made at this time indicate mastery over his materials; they also show the grasp of character which has distinguished his subsequent efforts. It is to be regretted that his devotion to oils has kept the public in ignorance of his early success with pastel. Crayon and charcoal continue, however, to be favourite media with him.

But the time came when Mr. Johnson could not rest satisfied with the limited opportunities of instruction which Washington afforded. Having resolved that a decided step must be taken, he concluded that it would be better to go at once to Europe. In the study of the masters of the past, or in the *ateliers* of the modern leaders of art, he could best obtain the necessary equipment for his chosen pursuit. He accomplished his purpose thoroughly. He remained abroad over six years. Visiting Rome, Munich, Paris, London, and other art-centres, he finally settled at Düsseldorf, at that time far more important as a school of art than it now is. He entered no studio as a pupil; but by general observation and a careful study of the styles of different masters he acquired the knowledge he needed. In following this course, he probably avoided the sacrifice of his own individuality, and was better able to sift what was really good in the styles of other artists from what was conventional or meretricious. Without in the least detracting from the advantages of a thorough art-education, it may yet be said that the most precious thing in art, individual expression, is liable to be effaced by over-much study or admiration of a master's style. Now it is only by independence in expressing and rendering nature that we discover new truths; and to prefer technical perfection is to abandon the greater for the less. Impatience of the methods of other minds, the demand for original expression, are sure signs of genius, be it greater or less, in distinction from talent. While, therefore, hesitating to ascribe so



SUNDAY MORNING.

(From the Picture by Eastman Johnson.)

great a quality as genius to Mr. Johnson, I think it will be admitted that his mind possesses something akin to genius, if one considers how sturdily, as soon as he exchanged the art dearth of his youth for the æsthetic opulence of Europe, he maintained his individuality amid influences which were likely to capture his admiration and assent.

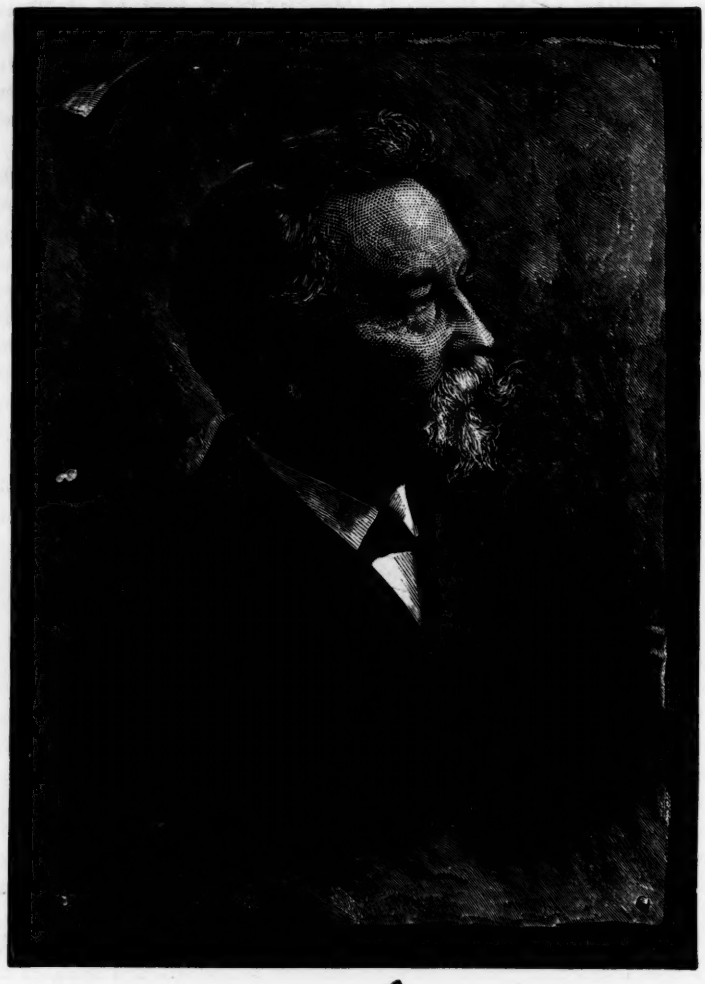
After two years at Düsseldorf he visited the Netherlands. When he arrived at the Hague, it was with the intention of remaining but a few weeks; but he was so enchanted by the works of the Dutch masters which enrich the capital of Holland that he tarried there four years. This interval was well spent in making admirable copies of Rembrandt and some of his contemporaries. In the better portraits by Mr. Johnson there is a depth, a richness of *chiaroscuro*, a mysterious suggestiveness, which perhaps are due in part to the careful study he gave to the works of that great painter: as interwoven with the originality of Tennyson we sometimes perceive suggestions of Theocritus. While at the Hague he also produced a number of spirited pictures like "The Card-Players" and "The Wandering Fiddler"—scenes taken from the picturesque *genre* effects of that quaint old country. Tarrying at Paris for a short time after leaving the Hague, he returned to America, after an absence of nearly seven years. At first he settled in Washington, and the results of matured study were soon evident in a remarkable composition entitled "The Old Kentucky Home." No more characteristic picture has ever proceeded from an American easel. In later work the artist may have surpassed it in technical excellence; but he has scarcely produced one which more happily combines artistic success and popular attractiveness.

The scene—a mansion on a Southern plantation—is one familiar before the Civil War. We see before us a piazza and yard, the former shaded by lofty foliage, but somewhat rusty and dilapidated as many such houses had become even during the palmy days of slavery. About the piazza, or in the vine-hung windows above, ladies and gentlemen are lounging, in the idle gossip of a languid summer's day. The yard and shrubbery, populated with negroes, babies, dogs, and fowls, present a picturesque scene. The marvellous fidelity of the details, as conveying a typical representation of plantation life, gave immediate popularity to the picture. It was lithographed, and soon decorated cottage walls all over the country. From comparative obscurity Mr. Johnson immediately sprang to a prominent position in American art, a position he has ever since maintained. The picture, which won him recognition from the National Academy, of which he was elected member in 1860, was one of his contributions to the Exposition Universelle of 1867. Encouraged by its reception, he removed his studio to New York, where he has ever since resided, and where he has turned his attention alternately to *genre*, portrait-painting, and wholly ideal compositions. A favourable example of the last is his "Consuelo," a portrait of the heroine of George Sand's famous romance. Another example of what is sometimes rather absurdly called high art is his picture of Milton dictating to his daughters. This very effective composition is remarkable for the accidental resemblance which Munkacsy's well-known picture bears to it in several particulars, especially in the pose of the blind hero.

Mr. Johnson's talents have found such adequate expression in portraiture that at present he occupies in this department a rank scarcely rivalled by any living American painter. Man, woman, or child, he renders his subject with a blending of delicacy and strength not often found. In the painting of flesh he is especially happy. Some artists excel in the high colour and coarser texture of masculine features; others in the ethereal tints or tender complexion of feminine loveliness. Mr. Johnson is excellent in both. His work is remarkable alike for firmness of handling and refinement of colour and texture. It is, however, in his portraits of children that his ability in portrait-painting appears to me to be most original. Entering fully into sympathy with the innocent beauty of childhood, he represents it with a freshness and poetic truth that would alone suffice to give him a prominent place in his profession. I shall add that it is in his portraits that the technical excellences and defects of his style are best analysed and criticised. He paints with a full brush and great solidity, but at the same time with none of the coarseness that suggests rather paint than texture. His eye for colour is correct, and he is especially happy in brilliant effects, which he mellows by an agreeable modulation of grey tints. Light and shade, if not distinguishing characteristics of his work, are satisfactorily rendered. His shadows are sometimes conventional and not strictly true to nature; and his drawing is liable to the imputation of uncertainty and fluffiness, due in part to his working masterless so long, but more to the fact that his talent is one for colour and the study of character. In composing and painting he holds a golden mean between those who insist on a Denner-like reproduction of every detail, and the heroes of modern impressionism who sacrifice every detail for the bare suggestion of a single central idea or emotion. In looking at his pictures we are not disturbed by such minute rendering as diverts the attention from the subject to the painstaking cleverness of the artist, nor on the

other hand is the imagination too severely taxed to grasp the *motif* in view.

But the field in which Mr. Johnson has done his best work is *genre*. It is to this that he owes his popularity. In the representation of folk-life and child-life he has earned a right to permanent distinction. Hitherto most of the abler American painters have inclined to portraiture, while some have become known for meritorious and original landscape. American historical painting, however, has been, with a few exceptions, of a very inferior order; and until recently those who devoted themselves to *genre* have been few and generally of little importance. This fact has tended to give an increased brilliance to the paintings of William Mount, an artist of a genius resembling that of Teniers or Wilkie. I have already described one of Mr. Johnson's *genre* paintings, "The Old Kentucky Home." Another notable composition by him, quite opposite in character and beautifully treated, is the charming cabinet picture called the "Confab." A little boy and girl six or seven years old are having an innocent little chat in a hay-mow; that is, they are seated on a beam in a barn, resting from their romp under the trees, and enjoying an infantile flirtation. It is an idyll of childhood. The "Stage Coach," another well-known Johnson, is probably the most elaborate drama of child-life he has executed, as it is also one of the largest. In the centre of the canvas is the rusty body of an old-fashioned mail coach lying on the grass, deprived of springs and wheels, and left like



Eastman Johnson

a wreck on the sand, to fall to pieces under the wasting attacks of sunlight and storm. And yet its days of usefulness are not all gone; like a veteran who, if he can no longer fight, can at least tell the story of his battles to children clustering about his knee, it attracts the village lads and lassies, who in fancy live over again the lives of their elders. Some are seated inside the old vehicle, with their dolls and mimic parasols; others on the outside seats play driver and guard; others again, harnessed in front, pretend to draw the coach, which is firmly embedded in the turf; and all are shouting with innocent glee.

"Cranberry-Picking," which we engrave below, is a reminiscence of Nantucket. This island is largely settled by three families, a circumstance that often occurs with slight variation in New England districts near the coast. The population of Essex, for example, is largely composed of Choates, Storys, and Burnhams. At Nantucket the leading clans or families are Macys, Folgers, and Coffins, these last the descendants of Admiral Tristram Coffin. For many years one of three great whaling ports of the United States, it was rich in wealth and traditions of the sea. The traditions remain, but the wealth has gone, together with those who accumulated it. Now the once thriving port is a waste of decaying wharves and crumbling mansions. But Nantucket is gradually becoming a sanitary resort on account of the mildness of the climate, while the sentiment of its scenery and traditions and the quaint seafaring character of its people offer unusual attractions to the artist. Mr. Johnson was one of the first to discover its advantages. He purchased a cottage near the town, and there he passes the summer and autumn. The ocean is only a little way from his house, and his studio, once an old barn, is close at hand. Among the many subjects which he has painted at Nantucket none is more characteristic or agreeable than his "Cranberry-Picking." The cranberry of the United States is nearly the size of a cherry; it grows in marshes and peat-lands, and is allied to the *Oxycoccus palustris* of Europe. It is greatly valued in America as a sauce, having a pleasant tartness; the time of gathering it is in autumn, and, like hop-picking in England, the business is made the occasion of much mirth and love-making. In his picture the artist has admirably represented this familiar scene. The colour is rich and harmonious, and the landscape is suffused by the mild glow of an autumnal afternoon.

His "Husking," like his "Cranberry-Picking," was suggested by the homely every-day life of the country-folk, and is qualified both by treatment and subject to win the applause of the connoisseur and the heart of the people. It was exhibited in Paris in 1878. In tone and colour and in the acute perception of rural human nature it loses nothing by comparison with the work of Jules Breton. "A Glass with the Squire" is another happy illustration of his facility in the analysis of character. A venerable country gentleman, probably the justice of the village, is offering a friendly, half-patronising glass of wine to a farmer, perhaps one of his clients. The accessories, such as the old mahogany sideboard and the carved mantel, are suggested by what one may



CRANBERRY-PICKING.

(*From the Picture by Eastman Johnson.*)

still find in the long-settled villages of New England or Virginia. "The Reprimand"—engraved at the head of this article—is an excellent companion piece; representing a scene in the universal drama, it possesses certain features peculiar to a New England country house of the olden time. Not less graphic and vigorous is the artist's representation—the original of our second cut—of the characteristics of a New England Sabbath morning, after breakfast and before meeting.

It is evident from this survey of Mr. Johnson's art-life that his position among American artists must necessarily be prominent and influential; for with his artistic qualities he has a fund of strong common-sense and a Yankee shrewdness that render him an excellent manager and adviser. His name appears, therefore, on almost every art-committee of importance, and his judgment is greatly valued. Not only is he a member of the National Academy; he is also a recently-elected member of the Society of American Artists, which was established with the avowed purpose of rivalling the Academy. His work is to be seen at the exhibitions of both societies, and he is claimed by the followers of both schools. The Academicians call him theirs, because, although he studied long abroad, he has imported the style of no foreign artist, but has illustrated the principles of art in a manner entirely his own; and because, too, he has been content to look for subjects at home, thus showing himself wholly in sympathy with the attractions of his own land. These qualities have not been characteristic of the work of the new school of American artists, who, while showing ability and enterprise, have purposely imported the styles of Bonnat, Gérôme, Daubigny, Corot, or Manet, together with a selection of subjects entirely foreign, and therefore imitative. Evidences are accumulating, however, which show that some of them are endeavouring to give expression to their own individuality, and rescue their identity from the subservience in which it has been merged. They in turn lay claim to Eastman Johnson as one of their number, because his style (a quality they estimate above matter), while wholly his own, suggests the consummate technical ability of the modern Continental masters. Thus justified and applauded, he may fairly be described as a representative American.

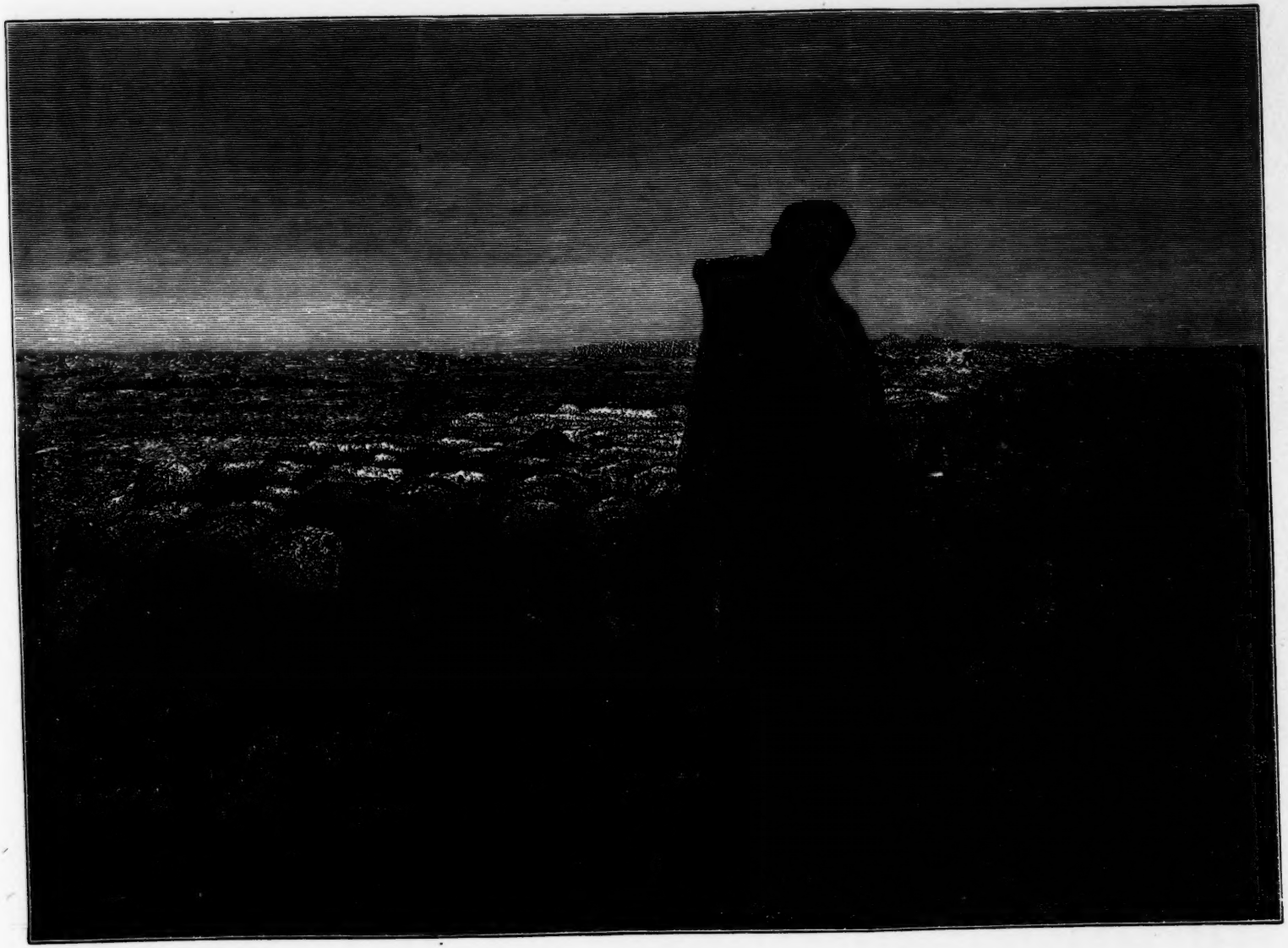
S. G. W. Benjamin.

"THE SHEPHERDESS AND HER FLOCK."

(From the Picture by J.-F. Millet.)

THE "Bergère Gardant son Troupeau," the original of our frontispiece, is one of Millet's most characteristic works. The scene, as in so many of his painted poems, is the plain of Chailly; the motive is one most familiar to students of his art; it is touched with that solemn melancholy of which his greater work is an expression. And withal the picture is neither pure landscape nor pure figure painting, but an example of that perfect combination of the two—the representation of man in nature; of the exact relations, both actual and imaginative, between human and animal life and their open-air environment—the achievement of which, coupled with his consummate technical skill, has made its author's name one of the most illustrious of these times, and his practice seem to many of us the loftiest in modern art.

Millet translated is Millet no longer. Certain qualities in his work—as mystery, light, expressiveness of line, intensity and propriety of colour—are hardly to be presented at second-hand. The reproduction may be never so careful; yet there is something lost always. The facts are there, but their soul—the individual touch that made them living and significant—has gone out from them. Only dry bones are left; and Mr. Ruskin, pining for what is not—questing, as it were, for Handel in a page of Beethoven, and for Giotto in a piece of Rembrandt—denounces them as "scrabble," and their author for a poor craftsman. As regards our engraving, it is undeniable that much has been taken away, and that Millet in black and white is not nearly so impressive as Millet in colour. It is just as undeniable, however, that enough remains to prove the painter's intention, and to make the transcript a thing of permanent beauty and interest. The motive, as all good motives are, is one of the simplest imaginable. A flat country, a nibbling flock, a pensive shepherdess, a careful dog—you may formulate it in a dozen words, and recall its equals by the score. By its treatment, however, and by the imaginative mood in which it has been conceived and produced, it is raised to ideal heights, and made great art. It is a masterpiece not only of *technique* and observation—of value and tone, of expressive and individual drawing and the realisation of essential facts—but also of imagination and sentiment. It is, so to speak, a miniature of nature at her most spacious—a representation in little of deep skies, and brilliant air, and the charm of luminous horizons. Plane upon plane, through



THE SHEPHERDESS AND HER FLOCK.

(From the Picture by J.-F. Millet.)

value after value, from nearness to remoteness, the level lands recede; and the manner of their receding is a sign that new elements have entered into art, as well as new ideals and ambitions, and that for the new necessities—for the understanding and realisation of what may be called atmospherical anatomy—as much knowledge and exactness are needed, and as much of both is possible, as for the understanding and the representation of human passion and the human form. Millet—determined "avant tout faire vrai et logique"—has painted his landscape as completely in a sense, and with as profound and intimate a command of modelling and structure, as Raphael one of his Madonnas, or Titian the hands and faces of his portraits. And, no more than theirs, is his work a mere transcript either, but as full as theirs of imagination and appropriate emotion. He has painted not only the facts of the scene, but its sentiment as well; the sense of solitude, the melancholy of space, the monotony of the open air are pictured not less forcibly than the features of the ground and the attributes of light and distance and air.

It is the same with his figures as with the landscape of which they are the soul, and which on its part is absolutely essential to their existence. At first glance they may seem vaguely conceived and loosely and carelessly drawn. One has but to look into them, however, to see that they are composed and expressed with extreme thoughtfulness and the utmost exactness and propriety. They are not a bit like an Old Master's figures, it is true; but Millet's ambition was not a bit like an Old Master's neither. The object he had in view was one that no Old Master had discerned; and to achieve it he had to proceed on principles peculiar and appropriate, and therefore different from those on which his predecessors had worked. To him individual features were of secondary importance. In the open air, under certain effects of light, at certain degrees of distance, they are more or less undistinguishable. It would have been a blunder to take cognisance of them; to represent them would have been a falsehood. He could only concern himself with the whole, and with the sentiment of the whole; and to the representation of these he applied a principle of selection that was based on an absolute knowledge of nature, with a power of draughtsmanship that had been developed by many years of earnest practice and the study of the greatest draughtsmen of all time—of Dürer and Michelangelo, of Poussin and Lionardo and Mantegna. It follows that his figures, imperfect when considered alone, are found to be perfect when examined in connection with their correlations. Apart from their surroundings they may lack significance, may be even unintelligible; in conjunction with them, their significance becomes heroic. Thus, in the "Bergère," under quiet skies and luminous air, the flock is seen to be a crowd of individualities and expressions; the dog might be the very Genius of the Fold; the shepherdess, with her bowed head, her patient gesture, her meek and pathetic dignity of gait and attitude and presence, is a representative of the virtues, the sorrows, and the traditions of her immemorial calling.

KABYLE POTTERY.

DISTINCTIVE names are borne by the tribes who inhabit the mountainous districts of the Tell-Jurjura, in Algeria, but all alike are known as Kabyles. Among them the manufacture of pottery is an employment exclusively reserved for women; the men would consider their dignity degraded for ever did they condescend to meddle in any such woman's work. The use of the wheel is unknown, and there is not a mould in the country. The women work entirely with their hands, and give proofs of great skill and real artistic taste in their choice of forms. And these forms are extremely interesting to us from their singular resemblance to ancient classical models. It is a striking proof of the complete isolation in which these mountaineers have lived, that they have preserved unchanged for so many centuries the traditionary shapes of Punic and Roman vases. Though the pottery produced by each tribe bears its own peculiar shape and pattern, yet all are made on the same general plan. The earth used is a common clay, very abundant in the country. This is dried in the sun and powdered, then mixed with water to remove any impurities; and to the paste is added a cement made of pulverised ancient pottery, which is supposed to give the "body" more strength and consistence. Many travellers—Mr. Edgar Barclay among the number—have described the pretty pictures formed by groups of Kabyle girls engaged in moulding their pots in the neighbourhood of the villages. A lump of wet clay is placed on the ground in a sunny spot, and a woman begins to

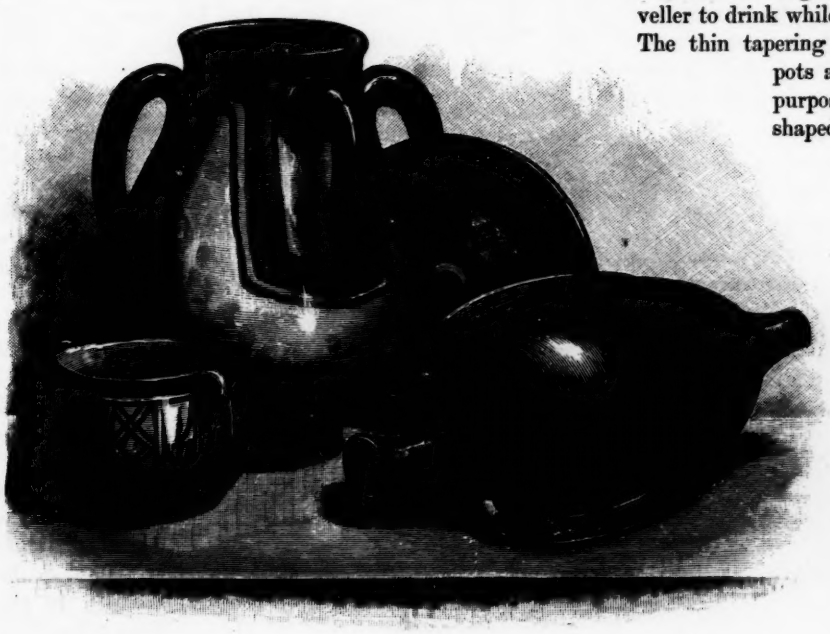
model a vase. Starting with the pointed end, she proceeds to carry the frame up to a certain point, then leaves that and commences a second and a third. When as many as she intends to make are set going, she returns to the first, which has meanwhile been drying in the sun, and builds it up still higher. Keeping one hand inside the pot to support the clay, with the other she adds more material, she moistens, smooths, and shapes, bending her body this way and that, and walking round and round her work, till it approaches completion; and it is wonderful, considering the rudeness of the method employed, to see how true are the lines she achieves. The half-formed wet jars glistening in the sun look like some new kind of gigantic golden crocus. The handles are moulded separately, and the finished jars and pots are put away into some safe place to partially dry. After a few days they are covered by means of a rag with a light coating of boiling water, in which has been previously melted a species of clay rich in oxide of iron; this covering seems simply meant to prevent cracks. As the pots become a little hardened, they are rubbed with a smooth stick or a round pebble till they get quite polished and glisten as if rubbed with wax; and sometimes this is the only glazing they receive. Such friction removes the rough particles from the surface, and makes the clay look of a much finer quality. These extra processes are omitted in the manufacture of the cheaper sorts of pottery, which are consequently far inferior in make and finish to those which are slowly and honestly brought to completion. When the pots are quite dry the important business of painting them begins. The Kabyle worker has only two colours at her disposal—red, obtained from red ochre, and black from peroxide of manganese; both substances are found plentifully in various parts of the country. These colours are dissolved in water, and then applied, one (the red) with a piece of rag, the black by means of pointed sticks, or rough brushes made from the fur of animals or the bristles of the wild boar. The patterns, which are usually simple geometrical arrangements of line, are very varied, and great skill is sometimes shown in making the decoration follow the lines of the jar or pot it is being worked upon. The two staple colours do not change in the fire. The final process of burning is carried out in the open air. The pots are placed in a hole in the ground (a sort of open kiln), piled up in a heap, and surrounded by dry firewood, which is kept burning till they are considered sufficiently baked. The heat of the fire being unequal, much of the pottery is not baked throughout; it is consequently porous, and very easily broken. Enamelled ware is unknown; but some pots have a vegetable glaze applied to them by being rubbed over while still hot with a piece of resin, which gives them that peculiar yellow colour seen on the pottery sold to tourists in Algiers. Some specimens of this ware are figured in our first illustration. It is principally made by the Aït Aissi tribe, which is almost the only one that makes pottery for sale. That manufactured by many other tribes is far more beautiful both in form and colour; but they rarely make more than they require for their own use, not yet having developed sufficient commercial instinct to induce them to export their produce for sale to



KABYLE POTTERY.—I.: AÏT AISSI WARE.

Algiers. This is unfortunate, as the pottery exposed in Algerine shops to tempt the unwary traveller is (like much else made to sell) almost useless, being rough, clumsy, and excessively porous; whereas the ware retained by Kabyles for their own use is thin and polished, and will hold butter, oil, and honey.

Among the principal articles made are pots for carrying water. Kabyle villages were generally perched (for purposes of defence in old times) on the almost inaccessible crest of a rocky hill, and the women were, and are, often obliged to fetch water from some distance; so that the form of pot to be used is important. The commonest shape is that of the classic amphora, and exactly resembles the specimens found in Pompeii. It is carried on the head in a slanting position supported by one hand. We have pictured an example in our second engraving. Sometimes two amphora-shaped jars are joined together by a strong handle, and so can be carried in the unemployed hand. Large plates on which food is served are a special feature of a Kabyle *menage;* some of their patterns are exceedingly effective. Pots—as figured in our illustration below—are made for carrying milk, butter, and oil; bowls with covers for soup; pans for baking cakes; pans, perforated at the bottom, for making *cous-cous*, the national dish of Kabyles as of Arabs; dishes with a stand, both round and oval, just like our dessert-dishes, on which to serve *cous-cous*, figs, grapes, and so forth; and lamps of many varied and peculiar forms, small for common use and large for feasts, made of several rows of little cups ranged one above another, each with an indentation to hold the wick and a basin to catch the drip, the whole supported on a firm strong base. The Kabyles also use little hand-lamps of precisely the same shape as those dug up in such countless numbers in Pompeii and from every Roman settlement. They afford perhaps a unique instance of a community making and using these special lamps at the present time: unless, as extremes sometimes meet, I except æsthetic London, which is endeavouring to re-establish their use. What they are like a reference to our fourth engraving will show. Their pottery is much ruder and coarser than that of the antique Roman and Etruscan lamps, and their patterns are never stamped as in these, their ornamentation being always composed of the painted zigzags and geometrical designs peculiar to Kabyle decoration. Still it cannot be doubted that they have been handed down in an unbroken sequence from classic times. Among the more quaint and eccentrically shaped pots are many of very great practical use for travellers in a mountainous country, where water has to be carried long distances. One of these is the cluster-pot, a specimen of which is figured in our third picture. It is composed of a cluster of two or three bulbous-shaped pots joined together exactly like those of glass discovered in Pompeii, and with a strong handle attached. It could be easily slung on to the pack of a pedestrian or fastened to a mule's saddle; the close narrow necks would prevent the water from being jerked out, and the long spout would enable a traveller to drink while his mule was in motion. The thin tapering spouts of the Cherchell pots are well suited to such a purpose. Many of the grotesque-shaped pots are, I believe, only made for ornament and for sale, and serve no real use. The tribes near Algiers now constantly copy the bad models of modern civilisation, and thereby succeed in pleasing no one. In painting their jars, the women sometimes endeavour to strike into new paths by imitating Arab writing, which I need scarcely say is quite unintelligible to scholars; they will also attempt rude re-

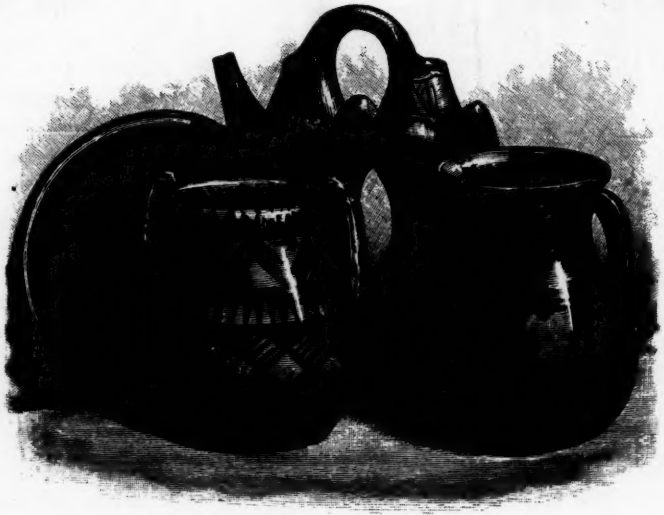


KABYLE POTTERY.—II.: BUTTER-POT.—FORT NATIONAL WARE.—COMMON WATER-JAR.

presentations of camels, donkeys, or monkeys—all three animals that appear on the embroidery of their fans likewise. Then, again, a daring genius will model a pot entirely in the shape of some animal, the mouth forming the spout. These animal-shaped pots never attain the precision and elegance of form that distinguish the old Peruvian sacred water-bottles; they rather resemble the painted toys that come from Hindustan, especially when a square opening for water, suggestive of a howdah, appears on the animal's back. I have seen, too, a few pots on feet; but they are rare, and the feet may possibly have been added to obviate the lop-sided appearance which may easily be produced by an unskilful potter.

An unglazed red ochre jar sometimes burns to a beautiful delicate rose, at once recalling Pompeian colouring. Those made in the Jurjura close to Fort National are of this class. Good examples are the four-handled jar and the simply decorated plate represented in our second picture. One class of pottery, that from Akbou—a specimen of which will be found in our third illustration—has a sort of chocolate-brown style of colouring, very pleasant to the eye. I believe this effect is gained by mixing the red ochre and manganese together. The same brown colouring appears on some pottery said to be of Touareg manufacture; the boundaries dividing these two nationalities are rather misty. The Touareg decorations, on leather cushions, bottles, and scent-boxes, are extremely Kabylian in character, as may be seen by that upon the great platter which is figured in our last illustration.

It is very difficult to procure good Kabyle pottery in Algiers, the nearer tribes having been to some extent demoralised by contact with European art. The best specimens to be seen are those preserved in the Exhibition of Native Industries on the Port. Most of these were collected by the late Commandant Loches. The pottery of the distant and more isolated tribes rarely presents any admixture of pure red; if it does, the colour is very sparingly used. The jars are washed over with a white substance (of the nature of which I am ignorant), and the black lines painted on this surface give them exactly the appearance of ancient Greek vases, of which they are doubtless a survival. The first I saw reminded me so much of the jars dug up from old Cyprus tombs that I took down the names of the tribes responsible for them, and requested a Jew merchant in Algiers to procure me some examples. On hearing the names I mentioned he at first exclaimed, "Too far, too far;" but I pointed out to him that nothing was too far, if one only had time enough to spend over the search; that he might take a year—two if necessary; but that those pots by some means or other I must have. As usual, British pertinacity carried its point. The Jew, struck by a new means of making profit, promised to speak to the different Kabyles then in town (they often come from distant tribes either to sell produce or to settle lawsuits), and engage each man of them always to bring back a pot from his home. The result of this arrangement was, that by the following year I possessed pots from about thirty different tribes. Of these, a piece of Firgewan ware, and a two-handled vase from Ouled Kebir—the latter figured in our last illustration—are perhaps the most graceful in shape; though a Bouira pot—the two-eared jar which is pictured below—is very effective too. The large sizes are naturally the most difficult to obtain. One large two-handled vase I got from Firgewan was unfortunately smashed. Many of these jars have very beautiful forms; but it sometimes happens that a vase of peculiarly graceful shape is rendered useless by the dreadfully rancid smell of the ancient butter or oil that has been kept in it. The Philistines of a family strongly object to its presence in a room, and the more æsthetic members are regretfully obliged to confess that "the scent of the Kabyle clings to it still." I have been assured that some of these pots are taken out of tombs, but I have no means of ascertaining the truth of the assertion. They look old enough for anything. Assuredly it is possible that when a commercial value is found to be attached to curious pots, a few of those deposited



KABYLE POTTERY.—III.: JURJURA WARE.—BOUIRA WARE.—CLUSTER-POT.—AKBOU WARE.

in a Marabout's grave may be reclaimed by his descendants. The success of my venture in Kabyle pottery served to draw the attention of the residents to the beauty of a good deal of it, and gave, I hope, a satisfactory return to Moses Morales (10, Rue Bruce), to whose energy I owe its possession. I afterwards lent a selection of my pots to the South Kensington Museum; and the authorities there were so much struck by their singular resemblance to the Cyprus funeral vases that they purchased several of them, to carry on their illustrations of Greek pottery down to the present day.



KABYLE POTTERY.—IV.: HAND-LAMP.—TOUAREG WARE.—OULED KEBIR WARE.

The large amphoræ, when supported on a bamboo tripod, form a very handsome ornament for any hall, and might with advantage be introduced into country-houses at home. The common bulb-shaped water-bottle, with a long straight neck, so common in Eastern countries, is found all over Kabylia. Sometimes the bulb is repeated two or three times, in graduated sizes. Kabyle matrons have very large vases of various shapes and sizes, in which—again repeating a Pompeian custom—they keep their stores of grain, figs, raisins, beans, and such things. These jars are not baked, and are generally made on the spot they are to occupy in the house, their great dimensions not allowing them to pass the doorway. The women, though they always go about unveiled, are rarely seen marketing, the men reserving that exciting amusement for themselves. In some villages, however, groups of women may be seen sitting near a market-place. This is when they have superfluous pottery for sale. In those villages where the houses are tiled each family manufactures for its own roofing and repairs. In this work the men condescend to co-operate, probably because it is not domestic. The earth for the tiles is mixed with chopped straw, to give it more consistence. This straw disappears in the burning, but the holes left do not seem at all to affect the tiles. They are burnt in the open air, and their price is very low—about half-a-crown a hundred.

The pottery is also very cheap. Some pots sent from various village centres to an exhibition in the capital were marked at three half-pence each. Those brought expressly for sale by Kabyles are dearer, but seldom cost more than from three to five shillings each. Civilisation, which is encroaching upon and breaking down the isolation in which the Kabyles have lived, is fast sweeping away all their distinctive peculiarities; and in a very few years their pottery will share the fate of most primitive arts, and be swallowed up in the ever-increasing wave of European machine-made commonplace. The tribes near Algiers already imitate the objects they see used by the governing race; and every travelling Kabyle takes back to his distant home a French jug or some other piece of glazed ware. These are new, brilliant, and cheap, and will doubtless soon supplant the native manufactures. So it is well that a few relics of the ancient industry should be rescued before it passes into oblivion.

MADELINE A. WALLACE-DUNLOP.

THE HARBINGERS OF THE RENAISSANCE.*

"SURELY," said Carlyle in his first lecture on heroes, "it seems a very strange thing this paganism: almost inconceivable to us in these days. A bewildering, inextricable jungle of delusions, confusions, falsehoods, and absurdities covering the whole field of life." It does not become less strange when we think that in this jungle grew up so grand an architecture, such noble poems and perfect sculpture, that the Christian world after neglecting them for centuries was obliged to revert to them in order to satisfy that desire of beauty which is one of

* "Les Précurseurs de la Renaissance," par Eugène Muntz. Librairie de l'Art. (Paris: J. Rouam; London: Remington and Co.) 1882. 20 francs.

the ineradicable aspirations of humanity. It was not as though the Church had been able to dispense with art, and had not fostered it. On the contrary, under its auspices and teaching a system tend beyond his creed, and whose love of beauty is wide as the world. Art is capable of ministering to the needs of all the faculties of man—intellectual, social, spiritual; and the attempt to confine its opera-



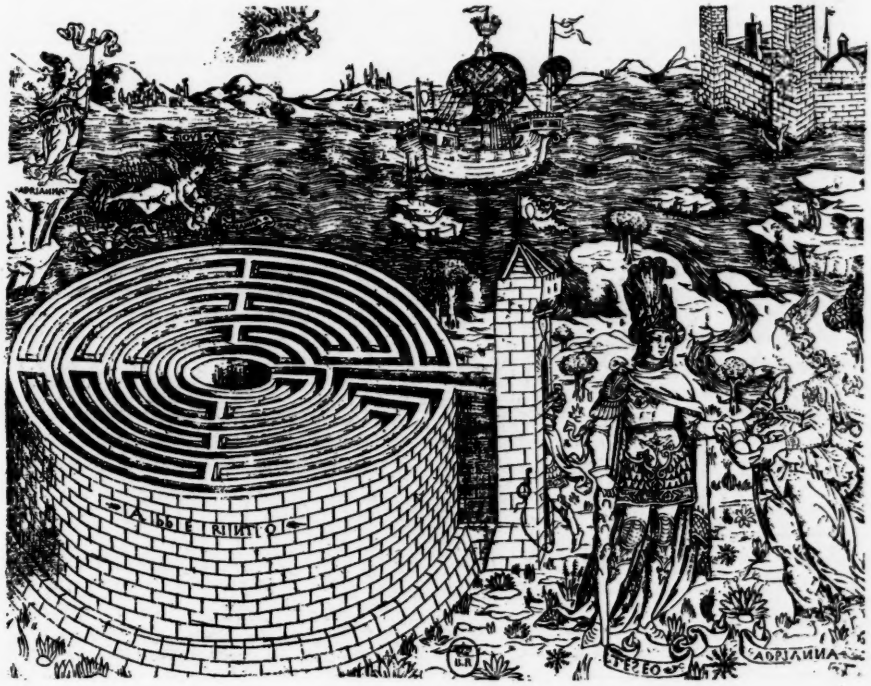
THE THEFT OF THE PALLADIUM: BY DONATELLO.

of architecture more beautiful, as some think, than anything seen before—original and exquisite, as all allow—had developed, and carving and sculpture had developed with it, inspired with much of its devout thought and sentiment. But this was not enough to satisfy the whole man, whose human sympathies extions to one of these divisions of his nature (as purely Christian art did) may long be successful, but cannot be so for ever. Art is not more easily compressed than nature; and while one pious brother is illuminating his missal with a vision of the Trinity, another will be caricaturing him in a gurgoyle. Of

the deficiencies of the Christian art of the Middle Ages it is only necessary here to mention the two capital ones; it ignored the most beautiful of all physical beauties, that of the human body, and it ignored the life of the world. And for it the delight that comes of the study and presentment of these things was simply non-existent.

Not here can be traced the gradual extinction of classical art, which, effete as it was at the downfall of the Roman Empire, yet lived in so many thousand examples that in Italy at least the deadness of the succeeding centuries to its influence is almost incomprehensible. Hundreds of statues lay overthrown and disregarded; heaps full of lovely camei and intagli were slighted as so much pagan rubbish. For centuries the statues were burnt for lime, and the gems rejected as dirt. The spirit of art was dead, and the sense of the beauty of all its expressions lay buried until a new civilisation had had time to grow up on the ashes of the old. Then the dead spirit of art revived, and men began to care for beauty not only as a means of symbolising their faith, but for its own sake. Then again men turned from the life beyond to the life around them. The Renaissance was not only a re-birth, but a resurrection and a liberation. For long ages both the beauty of nature and the beauty of ancient art had been hidden from men's eyes; now, as it were, the scales fell off, and they perceived the inexhaustible interest of the one and the supreme dignity of the other. The love of abstract beauty and the love of naturalisation will always be more or less separate forces in art, and to achieve their harmonious fusion is the gift of but few. At the time of the revival of art in Italy the difficulty of conciliation was largely increased by the struggle between the Gothic and classic styles and between Christian and pagan sentiment. The struggle was going on more or less from the beginning of the Thirteenth Century to the end of the Fifteenth; and when a perfection realised never before or since was attained by the great masters Michelangelo, Raphael, and Lionardo, art began again to decline rapidly. In art, as in other earthly things, maturity is the signal for decay.

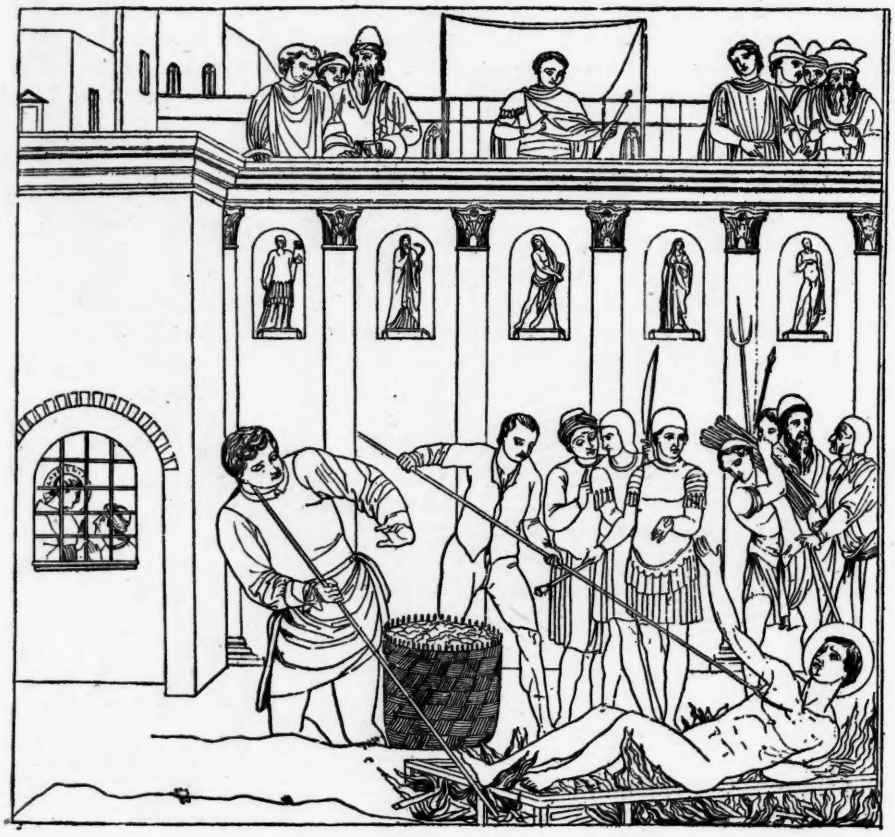
The term Renaissance is more properly used with regard to the re-birth or resurrection of classical feeling in art; but the naturalistic movement was contemporaneous, and of at least equal importance. It results that no view of the Renaissance can be complete which does not take account of both forces. The tendency of recent criticism and practice in England has been so much to depreciate the value of the classical element in Italian art that it is not less pleasant than surprising to find a book which deals with the subject as exclusively as possible from the classical side. The work of M. Muntz now under consideration may on this account be considered rather as a treatise than a history, especially as it is confined to art in Tuscany; but it is nevertheless—perhaps all the more—a valuable contribution to modern artistic literature. There is probably no book which traces with so much learning and observation the effect of classical models upon the Italian artists of the period which is sometimes called "the first Renaissance," or the part in the great revival taken by men who were not artists. The services of archæology to art have yet to be fully



THESEUS AND ARIADNE: BY BACCIO BALDINI, AFTER SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

recognised. To take but one of many instances in point, our own revival of landscape art at the beginning of the present century may be said to have grown out of the antiquarian researches of the half-century before. In the period with which we are immediately concerned, to supply the soil required for the great fructification of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries there were needed not only archæologists to dig and decipher, but humanists to recover texts, connoisseurs to collect antiques, and wealthy men to encourage living artists in their emulation of the great and newly-remembered dead. All these, together with the architects, the sculptors, and the painters, are given their due place of honour in the procession of harbingers marshalled by the author of the present volume.

First of all he mentions Nicholas Crescentius, Frederick Barbarossa (1121—1190), and his heroic grandson, the Emperor Frederick II. (1184—1250), to the last of whom is due the first modern imitation of Roman coins; and we may well suppose that even in the darkest ages these were not the only men who prized classic style. We touch surer ground when we reach the name of Niccola Pisano (1207 [?]—1278), the sculptor of the celebrated pulpit in the Baptistery at Pisa. He was not an encourager only, but a worker who dared to inspire his scenes from Christian history with dignity borrowed from pagan ideals. The canon of Polyclytus was not as yet re-discovered, and that sense of proportion which lies at the root of the superiority of classic art is wanting in his figures; but they have distinction and repose. Indeed, the most beautiful were rather adaptations of forms carved on antique vases and sarcophagi than creations inspired by the classic spirit. Copies, however, they were not; and their author's courage and power as an innovator seem enormous when we consider that it was not till the days of Donatello (1385—1466) that another sculptor arose to carry on with equal vigour and greater knowledge the revolt against coarse types and violent expressions which the great Pisan had initiated. The sculptors of his school, as M. Muntz takes great pains to point out, were largely indebted to classic models; but the spirit which led Guglielmo and Giovanni of Pisa to consult them was mainly historic. The school of Nicholas, he says, sought the ancient marbles, not merely as examples of style, but still more as "documents." In other words, it was instigated, not by the desire to reach a higher standard of artistic beauty so much as by the hope of representing Christ and His Apostles with greater fidelity as to costumes and accessories. At all events it succeeded in breaking away from mediæval tradition, and in widening the stream of naturalism which was soon to fertilise the barren land of painting.



THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAWRENCE: BY FRA ANGELICO.

It was to be expected that painting should lag behind. If any one wishes to see to what the art had declined in Italy, he has

only to study that rare example of the work of Margaritone of Arezzo preserved in the National Gallery. The science of architecture had never been extinct, and if Arnolfo (1276 — 1336) had wished to restore exactly the old art of Greece and Rome, he would not have failed for want of models; the same may be said of sculpture; but Giotto had nothing better to copy than this Margaritone. It is only to painting that the term re-birth strictly applies. That art was dead and buried as far as Italy was concerned. Men had lost not only the power of drawing, but also the power of seeing. On no other hypothesis can we explain the ecstacy of the people of Florence before the Madonna of Cimabue. We are told by a recent traveller in Morocco that the inhabitants of a remote district were quite unable to recognise the likeness of things drawn for them by an accomplished artist, and were immensely pleased with themselves at discovering that a figure in *Punch* was meant to represent a man. Even if pictorial blindness in Europe had not reached this point, it is plain that the renovators of painting had to contend with initial difficulties of a purely physical kind which it is difficult for us even to imagine — difficulties immensely greater than those which confronted the sculptors. The existence of masterpieces by Zeuxis and Apelles would no doubt have very greatly lessened Giotto's initial difficulties; but their absence is not to be deplored, for it sent him to nature, in a revulsion against the stereotyped Saints and Madonnas of the Byzantine picture-makers. Though his subjects were taken from Scripture and the legends of the Church, he strove to imitate the forms, whether of men or animals, which he saw around him, with their wonted expressions and familiar gestures. But the part that he took in unveiling the forgotten face of nature is of less importance to M. Muntz in his present work than the motives which here and there he seems to have borrowed from a classical model. These—which were principally architectural and decorative—as well as those of his contemporaries and followers, Simone Martini (whom one is surprised to find M. Muntz still calling Simone Memmi), the Lorenzetti, the Gaddi, Giottino, and the rest of the men of the early Fourteenth Century, I must pass over in silence. Nor can I do more than mention the classical studies and researches of the tribune Cola di Rienzi (1310—1354), or the sympathy for antiquity shown by his friend and defender, the poet Petrarch. These men and many like them gradually paved the way for a passionate study of the antique, which was taught to painters for the first time by the celebrated Francesco Squarcione (1394—1474), the master of Mantegna and the founder of the Paduan school, some two centuries after Niccola Pisano.

As in the Thirteenth, so in the Fifteenth Century, the great impulse to the renovation of classical feeling in art proceeded not from the painters but the sculptors. The traditions of Giotto and Martini had been continued without new force by their successors in Florence and Siena; and Orcagna at Florence and Altichiero and Aranzi at Verona had produced some fine work not untouched with original genius. But it was not till the beginning of the Fifteenth Century that painting was moved to a new departure. This, as before, was in the direction of sentiment and naturalism. The "marvellous boy" Masaccio, who without apparent effort liberated art from the bonds of tradition, and tore down the veil which Giotto had but lifted, who in one short life did what else might have taken centuries to accomplish — this Masaccio, according to M. Muntz, "semble n'avoir jamais regardé une statue antique." Both Masaccio's work, however, and that of Masolino, his master, yield evidence of study of classical architecture and decoration; and even in those of the pious Fra Angelico our author has not failed to discover a sacrifice to false gods. This, however — as a reference to our third illustration will prove—is perhaps more apparent than real. In this, a Martyrdom of St. Lawrence—frescoed on the walls of the chapel of Nicholas V. in the Vatican—the architecture and the statues in the niches are indeed classical, and the costumes partly Roman; but these pagan details are introduced more in the historian's spirit than the artist's.

But while through the first half of the Fifteenth Century the painters were borrowing timidly from pagan art, and remaining for the most part uninspired by its sentiment, the architects and sculptors, who were not only better furnished with appropriate examples, but were less within the influence of the Church, were urging on the revival of classical style with passionate enthusiasm. Men like Brunelleschi and Donatello, who had recovered the long-lost taste for abstract beauty, were impelled not only to reverend imitation, but to vital emulation, by the grand harmony and peerless serenity of achievements perfect in skill and governed by eternal principles of proportion. It is, says M. Muntz, from the celebrated journey to Rome of these two great artists, about 1403, that the true classical revival may be dated; and he adds, "that if the secrets of ancient art have been recovered, it is to their persevering studies that we owe them. They left scarcely a column or a piece of cornice unmeasured or unpictured." The amazed Romans, seeing how carefully they explored the smallest ruins, took them for treasure hunters, as indeed they were, in more senses than one. Brunelleschi, architect and sculptor (1377—1449), was then but

twenty-six, and Donatello (1383—1466) but twenty, so that both had the vigour as well as the ardour of youth. Vasari relates how one day after their return to Florence, while Brunelleschi was discussing with Donatello and other friends the merits of the pagan sculptors, Donatello mentioned a sarcophagus of rare beauty which he had seen at the cathedral of Cortona. And Brunelleschi was so struck with the description that he set off then and there, and in a few days, to the astonishment of Donatello, returned, bearing with him a faithful drawing of the sarcophagus. With study so pertinacious and admiration so enthusiastic, it is no wonder that these men should become the heroes of a new movement in art. The present generation has seen a movement of the kind, and can understand something of the joy of these discoverers and collectors. Ours, too, is an age of search and imitation—and an age not only of recovery, but of innovation; but no attempts of ours can equal in importance those of the artists of the Fifteenth Century. Even the buyers at the Hamilton Sale could hardly have felt the enthusiasm of those connoisseurs of Florence who made museums for the first time. In M. Muntz's pages Donatello is presented to us not only as a sculptor, but as the soul of this mighty revolution, as the expert and the oracle of the brilliant circle of archæologists and amateurs who were making Florence



A PROPHET: BY DONATELLO.

illustrious:—"'Donatellus vidit ac summe laudavit,' tel est le plus bel éloge que le Pogge croit pouvoir faire d'un marbre récemment acquis par lui."

Our fourth illustration is of a statue of the said "le Pogge"—better known to us as Poggio Bracciolini (1380—1459), one of the greatest of the restorers of learning, and especially famous for his recovery of Latin texts. His post of Apostolic Secretary was useful to him as a key to open the most jealously-guarded of the monastic libraries, and from their dusty hoards he brought forth manuscripts of Quintillian, Silius Italicus, Lucretius, Tertullian and Vitruvius, Cicero, Pausanias, Pliny the Elder, and many an antique demigod beside. Most of his discoveries were made when attending in his official capacity at the Council of Constance. It is to be feared that he cared little for the theological discussions at that reverend assembly, and would have winked at the rankest heresy for a new manuscript or even a rare coin; for he was not only Apostolic Secretary and humanist, but a numismatist and a collector of ancient statues. Moreover, he was the author of a history of Florence in his own times, of epistles, of a treatise "de Varietate Fortunæ," of "Funeral Orations," of translations of Diodorus Siculus and the "Cyropædeia," and also of a book of disreputable witticisms. But notwithstanding this blot, and the strictures of Erasmus and others on his private character, his life was one of

such usefulness to the world that it is pleasant to remember how at fifty-four—after travels which extended to England and Hungary—he married a young lady of great beauty, and that when he had completed forty years of service as Apostolic Secretary, under seven Popes, he became secretary to his native city of Florence, and died there at the ripe age of seventy - nine. His statue, now to be seen in the cathedral at Florence, and that of his friend and fellow - humanist, Giannozzo Manetti, are not only fine examples of Donatello's art, but are interesting memorials of a friendship uniting three great men.



PORTRAIT OF FRA LIPPO LIPPI: BY HIMSELF.

Although it is dangerous to judge of the artistic merit of sculpture from engravings, our picture shows, in the simple dignity of the attitude and the learned treatment of the draperies, how greatly Donatello profited by the study of the antique, while the individuality and naturalness of the work prove that his artistic faculty was trammelled by no fanatical devotion to his masters. In his youth he studied and copied, but the native impulse of his genius was never warped nor dulled; classicist and naturalist in turn, he knew, as none before him, when to separate and how to blend the two styles. "Quand il lui en prend fantaisie," writes M. Muntz, "le disciple des anciens redevient artiste du XVe siècle, fiévreux, dramatique, ne reculant ni devant la laideur, ni devant la brutalité pour impressioner plus fortement le spectateur." Of the latter class of his work we have no specimen to show here, but the medallion of the "Theft of the Palladium"—pictured in our first engraving, for which, as for the others, we are indebted to the kindness of M. Muntz's publishers—testifies to the reverent skill with which he would copy the antique. It is one of a series of eight larger medallions carved by Donatello to decorate the Palace of the Medici, all of them faithful enlargements of certain ancient camei and intagli in the possession of Cosimo de' Medici or other collectors in Florence. This particular medallion was taken from a celebrated intaglio, now in the museum at Naples, but then in the possession of Niccolo Niccoli, one of the most famous humanists and art-collectors of his time. No account can be given here of this remarkable bachelor, who spent his fortune upon manuscripts, and copied what he could not buy; who lived surrounded by artistic and literary treasures, and was as fastidious in his dress as in his scholarship; who had correspondents all over Europe, and even sent an emissary to Syria. Concerning this interesting personality—philologist, antiquary, caligraphist, and dandy—I shall note a saying of Niccolo's friend Fazio, to account for his writing in Italian in days when Latin was the literary language—"Nihil tamen latiné aut græcé scripsit, *scriptis veterum contentus.*" Would that more had been of his mind!

The famous chalcedony which once belonged to Niccolo was absorbed, with most of his treasures, into the great museum of the Medici, and was one of those gems which the degenerate Piero carried with him in his flight from Florence in 1494. Little in this article has been said of this great family of harbingers, partly because their high place as encouragers of art is well known, and partly because it is impossible to write of them with brevity. But it is with regard to the famous collection begun by Cosimo, "Father of his Country" (1389—1464), and his brother Lorenzo the Elder, increased by his son Piero, and completed by his grandson Lorenzo the Magnificent, that the labours of M. Muntz have been most fruitful. By the aid of documents hitherto unpublished he has told of the riches which it held more fully than has ever been told before. In a chapter on its dispersal he not only describes the famous pillage which Raphael commemorated in the design engraved as a tail-piece to this article; he also tells us of the hands into which its treasures fell, and (especially in respect of the gems) where many of them are now to be found. Nor is his work less remarkable for careful discrimination between the characters of the successive heads of the great house of merchant-princes. To Piero in especial is he just, restoring to him that title to remembrance as a man of taste and culture which is apt to be lost sight of in the great lustre that attaches to the names of his father and his son. The interesting portrait of Fra Lippo Lippi (1412—1469) on the preceding page reminds one that to Piero it was that this "weak brother" but good painter addressed what M. Muntz calls "la curieuse lettre dans laquelle le Fra signale à son protecteur, en 1439, sa détresse, et essaye de l'apitoyer sur le sort de six de ses nièces (!) orphelines et en âge d'être mariées." Seeing that the Fra was only twenty-seven at the time, I do not see the reason of M. Muntz's incredulous note of admiration after the word "nièces." In the time of Piero, who died in 1469, most of the great artists who belonged to the circle of Cosimo had run or nearly run their course, and the new development of the Renaissance cannot be treated here. The space at my disposal permits me to do no more than signalise one of its most remarkable achievements—the invention of engraving on metal. The credit of this is generally assigned to Baccio Baldini, who is supposed to have engraved the designs of Sandro Botticelli in the "Monte Santo di Dio" (1477) and an edition of Dante (1481). Of the collaboration of these two artists, we give an example—the "Theseus and Ariadne" reproduced in our second picture—which, as a specimen of skill in the use of the graver, it would be difficult to excel. With regard to the labyrinth, however, some exception may be taken. It will be found on examination that Theseus would have needed no clue to find his way either in or out of its mazes. COSMO MONKHOUSE.



GREEK MYTHS IN GREEK ART.—I.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

AMONG the lovely myths left us by ancient Hellas the story of the Judgment of Paris is perhaps at once the most beautiful and the most familiar. From very early days we have been told the old-world tale:—

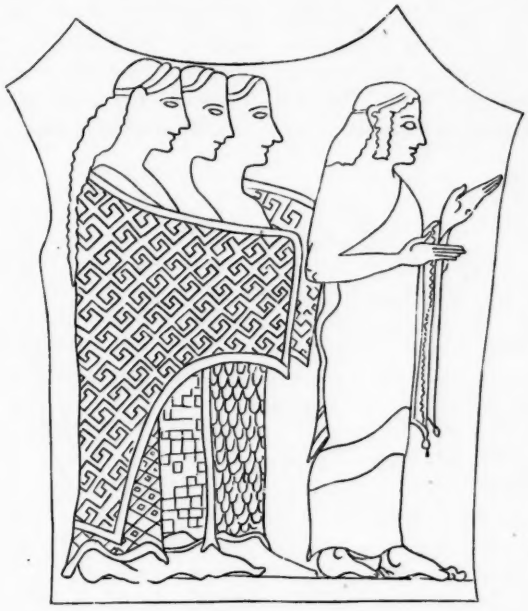
> "Goddesses three to Ida came,
> Immortal strife to settle there:
> Which was the fairest of the three,
> Which the prize of beauty should bear."

And later on we have added to our knowledge the sad sequel of the story—how "beautiful Paris, evil-hearted Paris" left his shepherd playmate to seek the "fairest and most loving wife in Greece," and mournful Œnone pined in lonely sorrow. With the Greeks themselves the story was a special favourite. It was told in full in its earliest form by a Cyprian poet, who sang of the causes of the Trojan War. His works are lost to us, but how widely popular

was the tale we gather from other sources, and chiefly from the testimony of ancient art.

It was the charming custom of the Greeks to decorate the drinking-cups, wine-jars, water-jugs, and vessels in common use about their houses with the stories of their gods and heroes. These vases, which have been found by thousands in the graves of their dead owners, are now a most fruitful source of mythological knowledge. The British Museum contains a collection second perhaps to none in Europe. Of all the myths portrayed upon Greek vases the myth of the Judgment of Paris stands first and foremost for the number and beauty and variety of its representations. In the British Museum alone the story appears on eight vases of various dates and styles. During six months spent in studying the vase collections of Europe, both public and private, I never met with a collection which did not contain at least one instance. The cause of this wide-spread popularity, both in art and literature, is not far to seek. In its earliest form the myth was simply the story of a contest for the prize of beauty. The Greeks were a beauty-loving nation; to them it seemed most right and fit that, as their men contended for victory in the contest of strength, so their women should strive together for the palm of beauty. And further, as their gods were intensely human, what was more natural than that these beauty contests, which are historical facts, should have their mythological prototype in the strife of the three greatest of Olympian goddesses—Hera, Athenè, and Aphroditè?

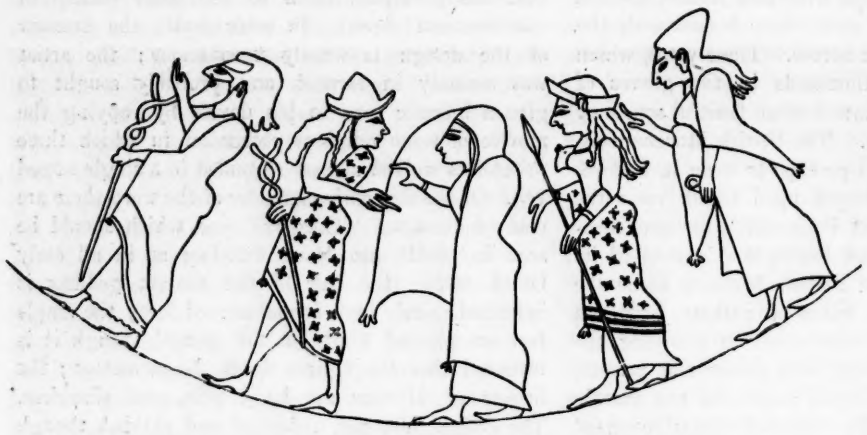
With this brief preface we may at once turn and see how the vase-painter told his story. As we look at our first illustration we must own that he told it quaintly enough. The design is taken from a *psukter*, or wine-cooler, now in the possession of Signor Castellani, who kindly allowed me to have the drawing made. It was produced, perhaps, some five hundred years B.C., and is of Græco-Etruscan workmanship. Hermes, the messenger of the gods, fulfils his sacred office of herald, and conducts the rivals to the presence of their judge. Paris himself is not figured. Very difficult must it have been for him to decide between the rival charms of the three austere ladies who approach him. Is it some divine economy or the desire for strict impartiality that has prompted them to veil their beauty in one common cloak? In sober truth, the humour of the design is wholly unconscious; the artist was severely in earnest, and probably sought to give a hieratic tone to his device by copying the motive of some religious procession in which three priestesses walked abreast shrouded in a single sacred veil. Of the very early character of the work there are many indications. Thus, the eyes, which should be seen in profile, are drawn full-face as in all early Greek work; the hair of the nearest goddess is indicated merely by a formal curved line; the ample feet are planted firmly on the ground, though it is intended that the figures should be in motion; the fingers of Hermes are long, thin, and shapeless. The design, however, unformed and childish though it be, has the charm of simplicity and directness, and gives earnest of good things to come.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.—I.: FROM A GRÆCO-ETRUSCAN WINE-COOLER. (B.C. 500 *circ.*)

Before I pass on to maturer work, I shall note one more instance of the quaintest archaic, or possibly archaistic, workmanship. Our second example, figured in the next page, is taken from the obverse and reverse of an amphora, now at Munich. Again the three goddesses advance in procession to the judgment, and again Hermes precedes them. This time he turns to speak to the foremost goddess, undoubtedly, from the ample veil she wears, none other than Hera herself, the dread wife of Zeus. Next in order comes Athenè, bearing her martial spear and with the goat's head of the ægis on her breast. Last is Aphroditè, wearing a peaked cap. Again in all the figures we note the full-faced eyes and the flat-planted, impossible feet. Hermes carries his characteristic attribute, the *caduceus*, or herald's staff. The second herald, the reverent, bearded man who walks ahead of Hermes, is Zeus himself, by whose divine counsel this strife was stirred up, and who has come down from high Olympus to see fair play. On the reverse of the vase stands Paris expectant, his herd and faithful watch-dog behind. In the earliest

version—which this painting follows—Paris was a cowherd; the more refined writers of later days made him a keeper of sheep. On the back of the hindmost cow is oddly perched a raven, the bird of omen—here, perhaps, a symbol of portents to follow. It is to be noted that the animals of the picture are drawn with much more life than the human figures. Early art practised for a long time, and attained considerable skill in, the treatment of animals before it adventured upon man.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.—II.: FROM A GREEK AMPHORA. OBVERSE. (B.C. 500 *circ.*)

Our next vase-drawing is of great beauty, though it is still severe in style. It dates probably from about 400 B.C. or even earlier. It has this added charm, that we know the name of the artist who made the vase and may possibly have painted its decorations. On the handle of the *cylix*, or shallow drinking-cup, from which our drawing is copied—now one of the greatest treasures of the museum at Berlin—is written, "Hieron made me." The vase itself speaks, after the naïve fashion of early art. Scattered among the museums of Europe there are about a dozen of these fair and precious vases of Hieron's make, all distinguished by a certain mannerism of drawing which at once identifies the master. Usually vases were executed by common craftsmen, who left no record of themselves; but here and there a vase, proud of the hand that fashioned it, tells us the master's name.

Paris, a graceful shepherd now, sits with his lyre among his gentle goats. Near him is written his Asiatic name "Alexandros." The lower part of his figure is unhappily a good deal mutilated; but the graceful folds of his under-chiton hang unimpaired in the straight, severe lines so dear to the early artist. Hermes wears the *petasos*, or traveller's cap, which is his frequent characteristic (for was he not always on the move?), and the winged boots which bore him on his frequent journeys. In his outstretched hand he holds a rough spray, perhaps for crowning the victor. Here I may note that in early vases the apple—of discord, that "fruit of pure Hesperian gold," inscribed "For the Most Fair," which Até brought to the marriage board of Peleus—is never found; it was an addition of far later days. Athenè follows, resplendent in the full glory of her armour, the snakes fringing her ægis. This time she takes precedence of the queen of heaven, who follows her, sceptre in hand. Both are inscribed with their names. Last of all comes "Idalian Aphroditè." She needs not to reveal the "subtle smile in her mild eyes;" we know her by the love-gods hovering about her. Thus in outward, visible form did the artist of old times love to symbolise her irresistible charm. There is little attempt at



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.—II.: FROM A GREEK AMPHORA. REVERSE. (B.C. 500 *circ.*)

showing the diverse characters of the three goddesses by type of feature or varying expression of face. Art was still in the stage of symbolism—of characterisation by means of attribute and gesture. The of Paris." At a glance we see what a change has come over the spirit of vase-painting. All the delicate conservatism of Hieron and his contemporaries has vanished, and with it all their austere reverence of



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.—III.: FROM A DRINKING-CUP, BY HIERON. (B.C. 400 *circ.*)

faces have the proudly curled, pouting lips of the drawing on all Hieron's vases. The eyes, in profile, are full, but not completely so; the feet are still flat and long, but their toes are delicately modelled. The right foot of Hermes is lifted with a perfectly natural motion, and those of Paris hang with simple grace over the rock. The picture must be looked at many times; the charm of the artist's style grows the more that style is studied. Taking the composition as a whole, we see that it fills the prescribed space with a completeness very pleasant to the eye: that the processional character of the design is very well suited to the narrow, frieze-like surface of the *cylix* border, but that any possible monotony is guarded against by the graceful grouping of Paris and his flock. We have, in fact, the old conventional procession form, but treated with a new life and grace. As the intervening handles break the circle of the cup, so the one half of the design needed and has its own completeness — its beginning and its end. There is no need for perspective effects, and none are as yet attempted.

We pass next (in our fourth picture) to a vase by an unknown artist. His work is of much later date than Hieron's, probably of about 300 B.C. His style is, I think, much weaker in every way—is at once more pretentious and less able; but it is marked by great delicacy and finish. The original is in the Berlin Museum, which, as I have said, is specially rich in vases illustrating the myth of the "Judgment spirit. The goddesses no longer approach their judge in simple religious procession; they lounge about in studied attitudes, or stand with the careless ease that marks degenerate days and laxer manners. To the left of the picture, on a high hill, is seated Paris himself; but how changed from the simple shepherd of Hieron! He is now the splendid effeminate Phrygian, at once warrior and dandy. On his head is an Eastern tiara profusely decorated, and over his mail coat an embroidered jerkin. His very pose—one delicate hand resting upon his hip—is *cherché*. As we look at him thus luxuriously attired we know at once the issue of the trial. What chance is there that this dainty connoisseur will choose the majesty of Hera or the simple strength of Athenè, when close beside him a delicate winged Eros pleads the cause of Aphroditè, to whose worship the judge is already vowed? Beside her stands another love-god, Pothos, and yet a third, Imeros, is seated on a hillock behind. Athenè and Hera both remain somewhat in the background; in this later style of vase victorious Aphroditè has usually the pride of place. The panther, the fawn, and a few slight suggestions of plants are all that tell us that the scene is laid among the woodlands. Even down to a late period Greek art centred its attention on the human actors in a scene, and only slightly indicated their surroundings. A bit of foliage, the trunk of a tree, a temple column, is all that is admissible as scene-painting; and for the quick Greek mind, accustomed to symbolism,

it was enough. The boy upon the dolphin *may* symbolise the might of Aphroditè on sea as well as land.

The comparison of this vase with that of Hieron in the preceding picture illustrates very forcibly the changes a century has wrought both in thought itself and in its artistic expression. The actual drawing of the later vase, though much freer, is less uniformly good. Hieron's decorator knew what he could do, and did it. He does not attempt foreshortenings, which, to begin with, are beyond his skill, and which are also unsuited to the flat surface he is decorating. The later craftsman attempts postures he cannot fully cope with: as, for instance, the pose of both the hands of Hera and of the left hand of Aphroditè. Fired, too, by the wonders that the painters of his generation have effected, he essays what is beyond the province of decorative art—that is to say, perspective. True, his attempts are childish; lines beneath the feet of his figures are all there is to indicate a set of receding planes, but they are just enough to suggest the impression of distance, and that should be wholly absent. It is a first symptom of that craving after the forbidden fruit—unlawful effect—which was the beginning of the end, the utter ruin of decorative art. The early artist always remembered that his primary object was suitably to adorn a flat surface; his creative faculty was always strictly controlled by the limits of his space and the capacities of his material. Within this given space he worked freely; indeed, its limitations lent his art new graces. But with better technical skill there came a spirit, not of greater freedom, but of audacious licence—a spirit fatal to art, and whose action was followed by swift decline. It is just the feeling that this spirit is hovering in the air that mars our perfect enjoyment of such a vase-painting as the one we have in hand. Be they never so faintly indicated, these receding hillocks, scattered over with elegant forms, are disturbing. They tell us that the golden age of decorative art is for ever over and done.

Of about the same date, but widely different in style and with much added charm of meaning, is the design that is figured in our fifth illustration. Some familiar figures are still before us, but they are drawn with a bolder hand and more lavishly and splendidly adorned. The grouping is decidedly more skilful, is better centralised and better balanced. In the centre Paris, gorgeously attired, leans on a rough woodland club. The upper part of his head is lost; lost, too, are the head and shoulders of Athenè. The vase, a large *krater*, or mixing bowl, was found in more than seventy pieces on a hillock at Kertsch. A large centre fragment is still missing; the remainder, skilfully put together, is in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg. Aphroditè, with Eros hovering near, is seated far to the right; Athenè stands close to the side of Paris, almost as if his choice should fall on her. This suits the somewhat stern character of the picture, which I shall note later on. To the left is seated Hera, and behind her is a figure we have not seen before—the graceful Hebe, her attendant in Olympus. Behind the rising hill, suggested as usual



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.—IV.: FROM A GREEK VASE. (B.C. 300 *circ.*)

by a simple line, is a group entirely novel and of absorbing interest. Who are the two maiden forms in eager converse? Fortunately no doubt or difficulty attends them; their names are clearly inscribed. She to the right is Themis, the Law or Ordinance, the fixed and settled Purpose of Zeus; the one to the left is Eris, the goddess of fell Strife. Yes, it is she, the stirrer up of mischief, whom mournful Œnone, as the poet of our later days has told us, loathed yet longed to see:—

> "I wish that somewhere in the ruined folds,
> Among the fragments tumbled from the glens
> Or the dry thickets, I could meet with her,
> The Abominable, that uninvited came
> Into the fair Peleïan banquet-hall,
> And cast the golden fruit upon the board,
> And bred this change, that I might speak my mind,
> And tell her to her face how much I hate
> Her presence, hated both of gods and men."

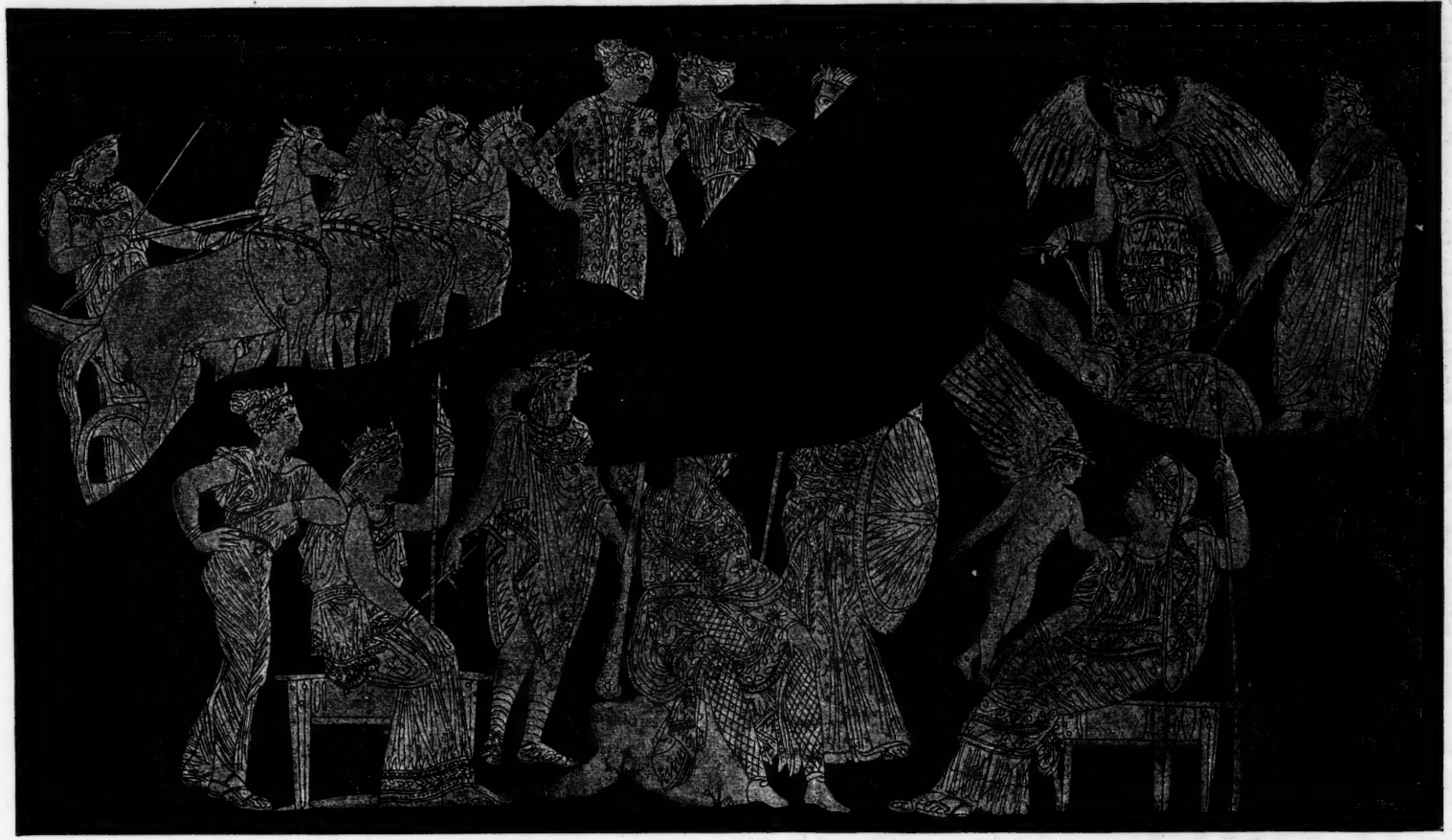
Such was the legend of later times; but, as I have already noted, early literature and early art knew nothing of this golden apple thrown. They simply told that in the council of the gods it was decreed there should be war between Trojan and Greek, and that to this end strife must be stirred up in heaven between the three great goddesses, which strife in heaven should lead to battle upon earth—to the mighty Trojan War. In our vase-painting this Strife stands embodied, and she is placed by the side of the great goddess Themis because she has been summoned by the Ordinance of Zeus. He himself is not far away to the right of the picture. Eris is not so terrible of aspect as might have been expected. She is not the kind of Demon whom Mr. Burne-Jones has imagined in his "Feast of Peleus"—the dread Appearance, with snakes in its hair and pallid hunger in its eyes. So terrible a figure was far removed indeed from the fancy of the vase-painter of twenty-three centuries ago; he loved to soften terror, and for him even the Furies became peaceful creatures with graceful decorative wings. His Eris wears an embroidered robe the gentlest lady might envy. With reference to the splendid chariots that wait behind the hill, we might at first sight be tempted to think that the two more luxurious of the goddesses, Hera and Aphroditè, had come in their carriages, and that the sterner Athenè had decided to walk. Such, in fact, is the opinion of the learned Russian archæologist who first made the vase known. But he attributes the absence of the third chariot, not to Athenè's austerity, but to the decorator's want of space. Now, it is dangerous to attribute want of space as a motive to a good artist; and the greatest of German archæologists, Professor Brunn, of Munich, has pointed out that the chariots stand *behind* the dividing hill-line, and therefore belong to the scene there enacted. The goddesses have come afoot; it is Eris and Themis who in swift haste have driven hither in their chariots, with Iris and Hebe as charioteers.

Over this vase there broods the spirit of a fatal strife, the dark shadow of the terrible Trojan War. Let us turn back with relief to the heroic strife of beauty. We might follow it down through many phases of treatment, when the artist's touch grew laxer, and his thought got light even to profanity, down to Roman days, when on many a graven gem the beauty of the goddesses is degraded to shameless vulgarity. But the sight is a sad one, and we shall close our series of pictures with one which, though late in date and of somewhat decadent execution, is singularly pure and fresh in feeling. We have seen the goddesses march in severe religious order to meet their judge; we have watched the judge seated and the judgment pending; we have even perceived a shadow of the sequel; but have we ever thought of the anxious hour that preceded that solemn approach?

The artist of the vase (now in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris) which is figured in our last example was a woman at heart, and minded him of the tiring-time. To the left Hera, while she arranges her bridal veil to better advantage, casts at her mirror—is it a confident look? is it, for once, an anxious one? To the right a love-god decks the white-armed Aphroditè with fair, gleaming bracelets. Between them is seated Paris, simply dressed in the Greek *chlamys*, but with the Phrygian cap on his head. Notable in his figure, as in that of Hermes, who stands before him, is the too sensational contrast between the elaborate drapery of the *chlamys* and the nude figure of the wearer. On all the figures the drapery is unduly *motivé*—a sure sign of late work. But meanwhile where is Athenè? Her shield is laid aside—in charge it would seem of Paris's huge hound; and she has betaken herself to a small temple in the left-hand corner of the picture. Is it to pay her vows to some still higher deity? is it to ask the priestess for some occult cosmetic? Honest Athenè has no such thought; the only valid charm she knows of is to tuck her dress closely about her and "souse" herself with clear cold water. We know that she has no chance; but more than ever do we feel for poor Œnone when she cried—

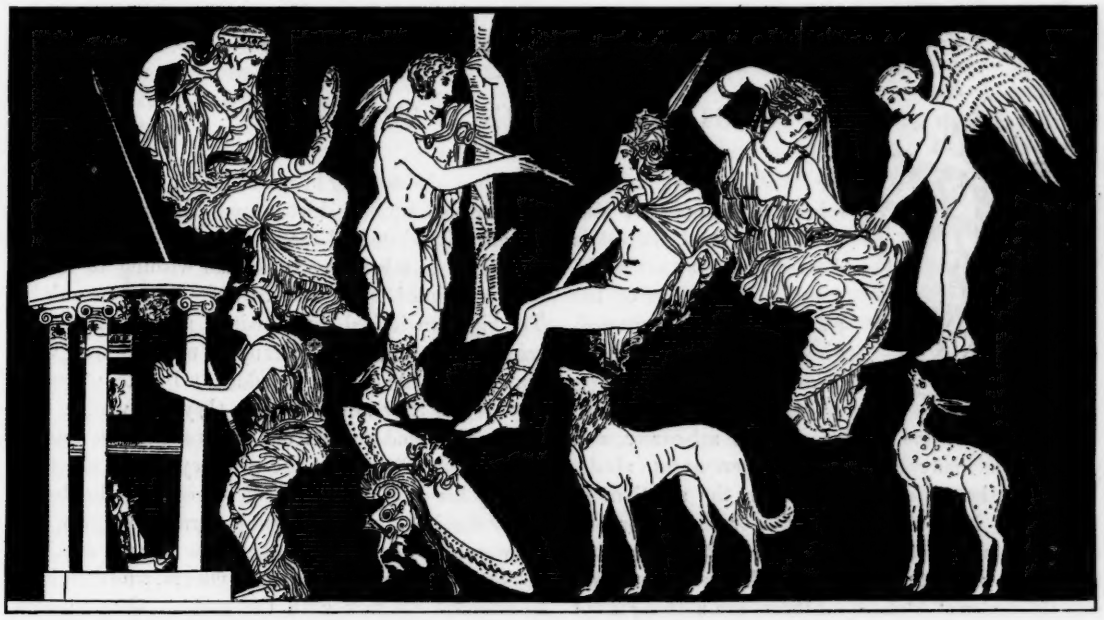
> "'O Paris,
> Give it to Pallas.
> * * * * *
> But he heard me not,
> Or hearing would not hear me, woe is me!'"

Some other time I hope to trace the outcome of this fateful Judgment. We shall see victorious Aphroditè send the shepherd Paris to seek the lovely wife she promised him as guerdon—see him find her,



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.—V.: FROM A GREEK MIXING BOWL.

woo her, bear her away to Troy town; and we shall mark the disasters that came of his wrong doing. For the present, however, I must be content shortly to summarise the results to be gathered for the history



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.—VI.: FROM A GREEK VASE. (B.C. 250 *circ.*)

of art and mythology from this brief survey of a few out of the multitude of Paris vases. It is evident, I think, that our series reflects very faithfully certain successive phases of Greek thought and feeling through a period of some three centuries (500 to 200 B.C.)—phases which, during the same period, we should find exhibited in sculpture in a manner closely analogous. In our first picture both thought and expression are perfectly simple and entirely religious; the three goddesses, by the command of Zeus, the supreme ruler, walk in solemn procession to Mount Ida. This procession—this prototype, as it were, of what was to the Greek a frequent hieratic function—had already been engraved on the famous chest of Cypselos, dedicated at Olympia more than one hundred and fifty years before the painting of our vase. Art was still in the service—a service somewhat rigorously exacted—of religion. Thus it is with early Greek statues; they are, for the most part, temple images dedicated to the worship of the god they represent. Their style is rigidly conventional; the sculptor aims at directness of meaning rather than charm of expression, still less fancifulness of execution. But by degrees the scope of art widened. The Muse grew, not less divine perhaps, but certainly more human; she came to desire, not only perfect clearness of utterance as before, but also grace and beauty of expression—still, however, within strict limits. Art, in a word, became at once human and ideal. The artist still disdained all that was trivial and accidental, all that was merely personal and individual; but he had gained by the actual study of human forms all of human charm that could legitimately be embodied in art. Such is the sober beauty of the design upon Hieron's vases, which offers no meretricious charm to catch the vulgar eye, but which, the longer we look at it, enchains us the more by its law-abiding grace. Such in its highest perfection was the art of Pheidias, as we know it in the marbles of the Parthenon; such in its social outcome was the life of Athens in the age of Perikles. But perfection may not tarry. After Sophokles must come Euripides; after Pheidias, Praxiteles; after *ethos* (as the Greeks themselves would say), pathos. In our fourth vase painting it is obvious that ideality has departed; in its room is a certain sentimentality of manner which feels its own weakness, and tries to make up for it by aiming at illegitimate effects. Not only is the restraint of early religion gone; the barrier of a perfect taste is overthrown also. So in our fifth picture—even though Eris is pressed into the service to make the situation at once more dramatic and more religious—it is seen that the old spirit of calm devotion is not to be conjured back. Last of all, in the toilette scene, both the matter and the manner are light; there is a touch of *genre* about the treat-

ment, and pleasant though the fancy is, it is fancy merely, it is no longer high imagination. Such conceits are worthy an Alexandrian poet; and indeed to one of them—Callimachus—we owe our only notice of the "Bath of Pallas." Three centuries saw the rapid rise, the momentary perfection, and the utter downfall of art; and the brief and tragic story is nowhere more plainly written nor more easily read than upon the vases which we are studying.

JANE E. HARRISON.

STUDIO-LIFE IN PARIS.

MOST that is best in the schools of Düsseldorf, Munich, Rome, and Madrid is derived, as far as workmanlike knowledge of the painter's craft is concerned, directly or indirectly from Paris. There the leading artists of these schools have spent at least some portion of their art-career, and there have many set up their permanent abode. In Paris there seems more art in the air than in London or New York, or Berlin or Vienna, or any other capital in fact. Art-students drift thither from all countries as naturally as iron is drawn to a magnet, and the various "Ateliers d'Élèves" are nothing if not cosmopolitan. Students of all nationalities are made welcome if only they are not stupid. Of nothing in nature is the genuine *rapin* so magnificently intolerant as of a person who is "ennuyeux:" or "embêtant," as in studio parlance he would, with more force than politeness, be called. Among painters, in fact, only one classification of nationalities is found at all acceptable: the one which sets forth that "il n'y a que deux nations, les gens intelligents, et puis—les autres!"

There were about forty members subscribing to our *atelier*, varying in age from eighteen to thirty-eight, though rarely more than twenty worked there at the same time. We were a heterogeneous lot, representing many nationalities and many classes of society, but all feeling ourselves equals on the common ground of art. One of us was the son of a count—a good worker, and of most simple and unassuming manners. Another was a kind of exquisite, who later in the day might be met (in shining raiment) at the Jockey Club, and later still (it was in the last years of the Second Empire) in the salons of the Tuileries. At the studio he put on a brown-holland blouse, and if not a very clever painter was one of our most amusing and persistent talkers. Then there was a big baron, with a fair round face like a full moon, which he had a trick of holding on one side as he beamed upon you; his canvases were ostentatiously vast, and he affected a manly style of handling. In summer he worked with his coat off, and often rolled up his shirt sleeves, showing a pair of remarkably white and shapely arms. One day a girl coming in to ask for a sitting, and wishing to flatter him, exclaimed, "They are as white as a woman's!" The big man looked round with a pleased smile and said, "Ah! oui, on voudrait en manger—pas vrai, ma fille?" And then he added, "But they are not like yours, they are as firm as they are white; bite and try!"—and he held out his arm. There came a mischievous glitter into the girl's eye; and she took him at his word. But—*noblesse oblige*—the baron never flinched, though his smile turned to a grin, and he wore the proofs of his challenge many a day.

One of our most garrulous students, who delighted to interlard his talk with the rankest slang, was a genuine artisan, who earned his living by working for a cabinet-maker. He was a handsome-featured, lissom-fingered fellow, who wore his blue workman's blouse with evident pride, and was the only one of the students who consciously idealised his studies, always drawing his figures in graceful flowing curves, whether he saw them in nature or not. Another very talkative student was a clever, plausible Hebrew of a very pronounced type. His chief anxiety seemed to be to make himself popular. Men said the unpleasantest things to him, but he took them all with a sweet, superior smile. Among the loudest talkers of all was our Communist, a tremendous reformer, who scorned preparatory outline as a childish prejudice, thought "tone" the one thing necessary, and reformed his palette till it consisted of nothing but black and white, vermilion and emerald green. He held the most advanced opinions on all subjects—artistic, political, and social; and he asserted them with a superb indifference to your feelings. His bugbear was conventionality; but on the occasion of our giving the "patron" a complimentary banquet at Brébant's, he was the only man who appeared at table in orthodox evening dress.

Another Red Republican, a clever handsome fellow, not unlike Rubens in feature and colouring, helped his natural resemblance to the great master by the style in which he wore his beard and hat. He generally had a grievance of some sort,

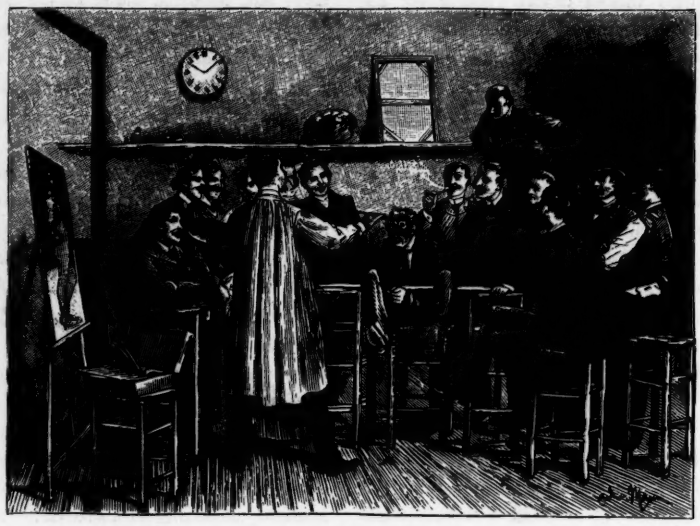
which he always shared with his studio comrades. One of these grievances, I remember, was the prudery of the jury of the Salon, who rejected his picture "on account of its subject." His theory was that an unknown painter must exhibit something which will make him talked about. Only by the sculptor in Sardou's "Fernande" could his picture be described. It was, literally and metaphorically, "abrutissant." And yet he seemed quite surprised that even the majority of his comrades should think his motive "un peu trop risqué." He had a large white bull-dog, known as "Blanchet," who at one time always followed him to the studio. Blanchet was an ugly and truculent but very friendly brute, whose only fault was a propensity for stealing the bread (used for our chalk drawing), and for occasionally walking off with the models' boots to some dark and distant corner, where the owners did not dare to follow him. One day a large tube of flake-white fell in Blanchet's way; and the poor wretch, unable to resist the temptation, devoured it with the direst consequences to his digestive organs. We all expected to hear that Blanchet, having swallowed such a poisonous dose, had become "une nature morte"—a still-life subject; and our inquiries after him were constant. His convalescence lasted so long that what began as genuine sympathy degenerated into a habit of mock pity for "that dear Blanchet! that poor dog!" and ended —to our great delight—by irritating his master. Blanchet recovered; but his thin-skinned lord never brought him again. I think I can truly say that we missed and regretted the well-known sniffle at our elbows which warned us that our little stock of bread-crumb was in danger of disappearing down the *boule-dogue's* capacious maw.

As a contrast to these men, there were in the studio several *bourgeois*, all well-to-do amateurs, who worked when they liked. One of the most characteristic of them sometimes managed with great *bonhomie* to introduce some of his own "sens commun" into the conversation. There was a junior member of a manufacturing firm in Alsace; there was a wine-grower from the Gironde, who had great natural talent but worked only in a desultory manner in intervals of business; and there was an official of the post-office, who was quite a master of black and white, but who was generally on the road between Paris and Strasburg, and could only come to the studio when off duty. Then there were a number of careless, light-hearted young "enfants de Paris," who worked more or less steadily and made more or less noise over their work. And there were the foreigners—three Englishmen, four Americans (from Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and Cincinnati respectively), an Italian who had already made "a hit" at the Salon, a Swede, and two Spaniards. One of the last was the genius of the studio. He was an olive-skinned, thick-lipped, crisp-curled fellow from the south, with glorious dark eyes and an immense vivacity of spirits, and must have had Moorish blood in his veins. Sometimes he worked so rapidly, so easily, and so well that our "patron" and all of us had golden hopes of his future. But he was subject to frequent fits of depression, and he would paint his work in and out day after day, and finally scrape it all off, or even drive his palette-knife through the canvas; or else a lazy mood would seize him, and he would lounge in late, and perch himself on a stool, never even pretending to work, but smoking cigarette after cigarette, and laughing and gesticulating and arguing in abominable French. He used the simple palette of Velasquez—or "Belathqueth," as he called his great compatriot—whom he stoutly upheld on every occasion as the mightiest painter the world had ever seen; and sometimes in his happy moods he got effects of silvery flesh-colour with his beloved "noir d'os" that really suggested his master. He was a student who might have done anything; but since his return to his native country I hear that, with all his talent, he has done nothing.

Sometimes a knock at the door announced a new model desirous of showing himself (or herself, as the case might be) in the hope of getting a week's engagement. Then at the next interval of rest the newcomer stepped in the most business-like manner on to the table and struck a pose. As a rule, the good or bad points of the applicant were commented upon, either in jest or in earnest, with very little circumlocution—not always without clever counter-remarks on the part of the model, if he happened to be an old stager; and then the question of engagement was put to the vote. But with all this love of "chaff" and want of consideration, there was no lack of generosity amongst the students, who were always ready to help a model in distress.

Those unaccustomed to studio-life are apt to fancy that models earn their money easily, and that in fact the professional model leads but a lazy life. Nothing could be farther from the truth. It is really hard work to pose properly, especially when, as in an "atelier d'élèves," the model is being studied (as a reference to our second picture will show) from every point of view, and consequently can rest no part of his wearied body while keeping the rest in the proper pose, as he generally can manage to do when only one painter is working from him. Let any one try who does not believe me, and then say if every sou of the franc an hour is not well earned. Of course from habit posing becomes less difficult and less fatiguing. But some of the apparently

easiest poses are very hard to keep; and toward the end of a sitting, in all standing attitudes, however simple and natural they may be, the mere weight of the body pressing on the soles of the naked feet is to some models little short of torture. Some positions can only be kept for a few minutes at a time; but these are rarely selected in the studios, and even if they be, a model who is well up in his business, and has a reputation as a good sitter to sustain, will generally refuse to take them. It might naturally be supposed that none but handsome models would have any chance of getting work; but it must be remembered that so far as figure-painters are concerned, a well-formed body is far more valuable in a model than a beautiful face, and that for studio work the first necessity is that the model should be willing and able to keep a pose steadily during the hour's sitting, and fall easily to his work after every interval of rest. The most trying postures are probably those in which one or both arms are raised above the head; and a short fainting-fit is not unfrequently the fortune of some inexperienced sitter who is striving to get a reputation as a "modèle sérieux," and tries to keep a position of this sort too long at a time. For such cases a bottle of sal volatile and some lumps of loaf-sugar are generally kept handy by the "massier."



A NEW ARRIVAL.

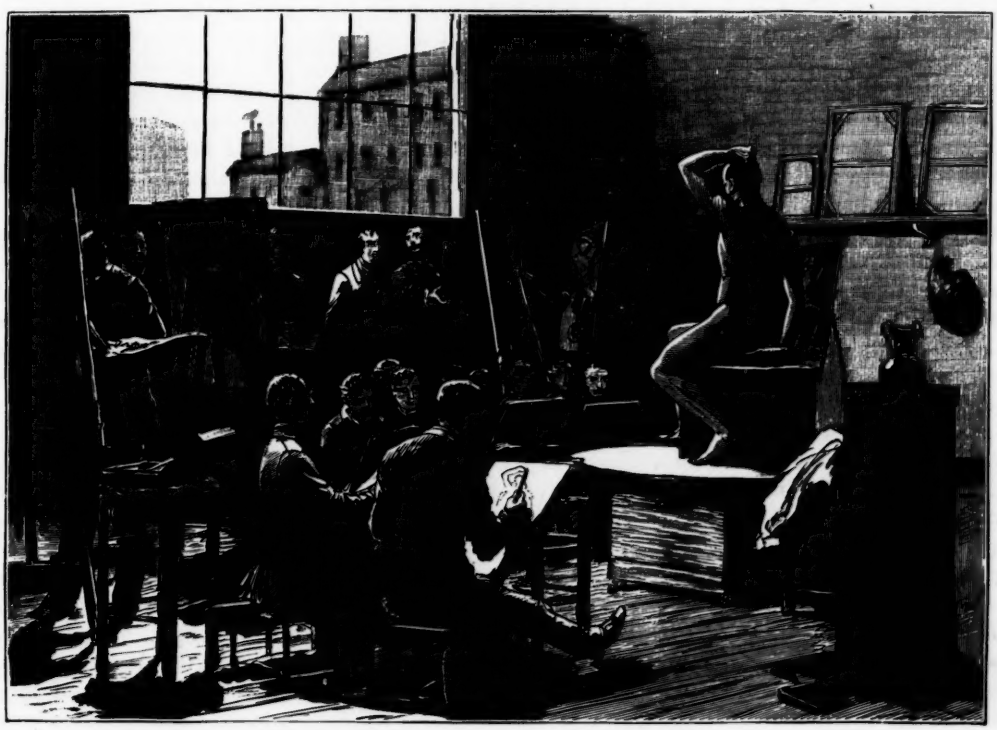
One cannot blame a professional model for expending just enough energy as is absolutely necessary, and no more. Once, though, a peasant from the Abruzzi, who was tolerably new to the work, was sitting to us. He had a muscular figure, and his pose was one in illustration of Samson slaying the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. An actual jawbone had been provided, and one of us explained the situation to our model in Italian, and suggested that he must imagine he was just going to take his revenge on an enemy, and so put some spirit into his work. The simple fellow, naturally resolute and somewhat ferocious—some of his compatriots charged him with having been in private life a hardworking brigand—was pleased with the idea, and clenched his weapon with such a will that, when the hour was up and the rest was called, his fingers had so stiffened round the jawbone that he actually had to unclasp them one by one with his other hand before he could let go. And this is no solitary instance. Earnest, hardworking models often undergo absolute physical suffering in the cause of art. And stories in point—such as that of Meissonnier's model sitting for some four hours at a stretch, to enable him to execute certain folds of drapery—are many and well authenticated.

The best work is done from models who understand their business; but for a change we gladly gave sittings (especially of an afternoon), which were specially subscribed for, to any less practised applicant with individual character in face or figure. "C'est un type, donnez lui une semaine!" was the sort of shout that greeted the appearance of such a model as he stood up on the table; and odd were some of the "types" that occasionally presented themselves. We had a venerable old man without a tooth in his handsome head, who was said to be a gipsy king. We had a ruffian with a broken nose (which gave him a sort of family likeness to the conventional portrait of Michelangelo) who had the reputation of having served his time in the galleys. We had an ecstatic-looking Italian whose chief occupation was to pose as a saint to painters of religious subjects; we had a swarthy little sailor from the south whose figure, strong and supple, and symmetrical as a Greek bronze, was almost ideal in its manly beauty. We had negroes whose dark and shining forms, as they stood silent and motionless, made one forget for the moment that it was not an actual bronze from which one was working. One of these negroes, however, a West Indian from Martinique, was voluble enough. He boasted of being "professor of six languages;" but if he spoke them all as correctly as he did French

and English, his pupils must have had some difficulty in managing to make themselves understood, even after a long course of lessons. One of our female models had such a wealth of sunny hair that when she shook it free it literally covered her, and when she sat on a low stool it swept the ground behind her. Another model, a tall thin woman with the fairest skin and flashing eyes, would sometimes, while posing, break out into a vehement Republican harangue. During the Commune she donned the red cap, and ended her life as a Pétroleuse. Sometimes we had children to sit to us; and I remember the chubby little child of three, the daughter of a well-known model, who sat so well that we crammed her with cakes and sweetmeats.

As a rule the Italian models, who are chiefly peasants, sit silently; but most of the French models, who belong to all grades of life, do their best to abridge the tedium of their work with talk. Some of them are amusing enough. For instance, I recollect one elderly model who related how surprised he was on the first occasion of his sitting to Horace Vernet. "When I got to his studio," he said, "Vernet gave me a military uniform to put on, and then showed me where I was to stand, and told me my pose. After a few slight alterations, going backwards and forwards once or twice to look at his picture, he made himself a cigarette, and sat down in front of me. 'I wonder when he's going to begin,' I thought, and kept as still as I could. All this time he never said a word, but sat there smoking and staring at me. At last he said, 'You can get down now and take off that costume.' 'I'm sorry I don't suit, sir,' I said. 'But you suit me perfectly,' he replied; 'the sitting is over; come to-morrow at the same time.' After that I often sat to him, but he never spoke except in the same short, sharp, soldierly sentences, and I hardly ever remember seeing him touch a brush whilst I was with him; he worked absolutely from memory."

I am afraid that on the whole we were rather a noisy crew. Most of us worked seriously enough, but there was a strong-lunged minority who only played at working. The workers too had their fits of laziness; and then they were as talkative and as well inclined for uproar as any of the "farceurs." Every possible and impossible subject was discussed at one time or other in the *atelier*, and generally in excellent temper, in spite of the most downright expressions of opinion couched in the very strongest language. The majority of the ideas that were shuttlecocked about were simply extravagant; but some of the men talked well, and many a witty remark and well-pointed repartee flashed out from



THE MODEL.

the clouds of tobacco-smoke, to which the few non-smokers had to get accustomed as best they could. One day, I remember, the sound of a barrel-organ in the distance suggested a discussion as to whether street-music was calculated to spread abroad a taste for high-class musical composition. The sound of the wandering artist had died away, but the argument was at its height, when suddenly the studio door opened, and in came the master with his abominable instrument, on which he instantly began to play. A student who had no liking for barrel-organs had quietly stolen out and feed the grinning wretch to give this practical illustration of *his* side of the argument. No one who has not heard it can possibly imagine the deafening noise this awful music made in the confined space. There were shouts of "À la porte! à la porte!" while some men took up the air that he was relentlessly grinding out, and sang it in chorus at the top of their voices. After the first minute or so it was found that, loud as was the row, it was in reality, from its very monotony, less disturbing to work than the animated argument that had preceded it; and so the malcontents recovered their good humour, and the virtuoso was allowed to continue his ministrations to the bitter end.

At some of the studios at the École des Beaux-Arts new students are said to have a bad time of it before being admitted on equal terms of comradeship. The kind of treatment they get is dimly shadowed in our first picture. At our *atelier* the only form in which the time-honoured custom of "paying one's footing" is insisted on is that known as the "Bienvenu." Most men submitted good-humouredly to this harmless exaction of black-mail; but now and then there came a foreigner who did not understand the custom, or a native who wanted to evade it, and then it was very amusing to listen how polite suggestions, if not acted upon, developed into hints so plain that the densest new hand could not fail to realise his position. If, after that, the "nouveau" did not understand or did not do what was expected of him, he was talked at in such a fashion, that at last the poor wretch was glad to send across to the neighbouring wine-shop for a great bowl of punch or sauterne-cup (according to the vote or the season), and a supply of confectionery and cigars. After which matters improved for him. His health was drunk with enthusiasm; and he was solemnly admitted a member of the studio on terms of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

BARCLAY DAY.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ORVIETO.

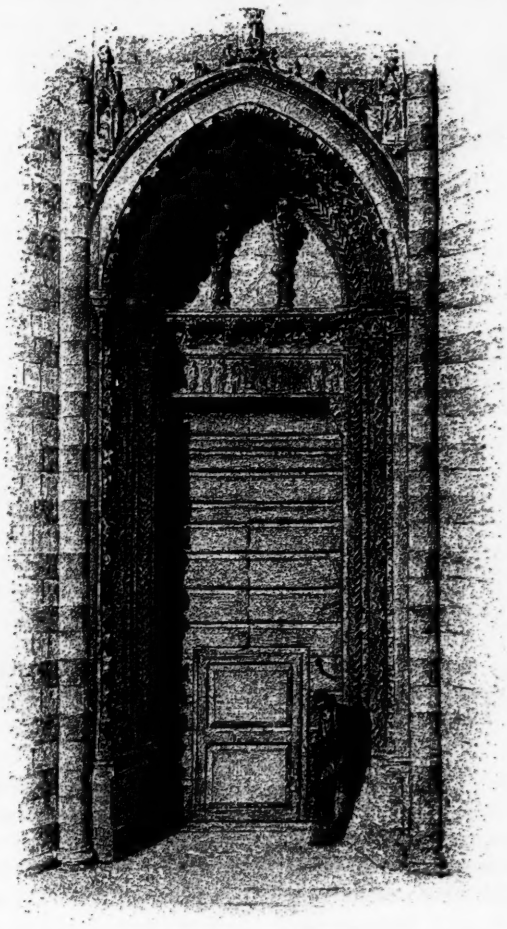
"La cita de Orvieto é alta e strana."—FACCIO DEGLI UBERTI.

IN the old posting days Orvieto, although far removed from other towns, was a favourite halting place of travellers through Central Italy. Now that it has a station on the direct line between Florence and Rome, and is only three hours from the latter city, the strangers who stop there are comparatively few. Yet it would be hard to find a place more worthy of a visit and more full of interest, whether we consider its historical associations, the beauty of its site, or the antiquities and objects of art which it contains. Already old in Roman times, known even then as Urbs Vetus (from which the modern name is derived), the Etruscan tombs discovered under its walls prove the antiquity of its origin. In later days it became a favourite residence of the mediæval popes, many of whom sought refuge in troubled times on its lonely heights, and there fortified themselves against the attacks of their enemies.

Like all Etruscan towns, Orvieto is a city set on a hill. It stands on a lofty isolated rock that rises sharply from the edge of the Roman Campagna. From whichever side the traveller approaches the aspect is singularly striking; but perhaps the finest view of all is to be had from the Viterbo road, the very spot which Turner chose for his poetic sketch. It embraces the whole of the city, with its crown of mediæval towers and walls, palaces and churches, spread out on the perpendicular cliffs of orange-coloured tufa which rise abruptly from the plains. Below, the river Paglia winds its way through a luxuriant growth of vines and olives and corn-fields. In the background are the shadowy shapes of the Apennines, blue and misty in the morning light, or purpling under the evening sun. And there, in the heart of the city, rising high above towers and bastions, is the great mass of the cathedral—grey and solemn and majestic. Long before you begin to ascend the hill the vast pile comes looming out above everything else; and as you draw nearer you catch from afar the gleam of marbles and gold mosaics in its façade. The ascent up those seemingly inaccessible crags—enlivened here and there with the bright green of arbutus and creepers trailing over the bare rock—is slow and toilsome. But at length the foot of the walls is reached, and, passing under a ruined gateway, you enter the ancient city.

Here little is changed since mediæval days. The streets are dark and narrow, with gloomy old houses and decaying palaces on either side. Now and then you pass under some picturesque archway, or by some deserted building with Romanesque windows and fragments of decoration which tell of former splendour. Crossing a broad piazza overgrown with grass, you see a whole pile of monastic buildings now crumbling to decay, and the next moment enter a once sumptuous church, whose walls are lined with marble tombs, shattered indeed, but of exquisite grace in design. Suddenly turning a corner, and leaving the darkness and prison-like gloom of the streets, you are confronted by such a vision of brightness and beauty as even in Italy rarely meets the eye. It is the Duomo of Orvieto, the world-renowned façade which in harmony of proportion, in richness of effect, and general completeness remains to this day unrivalled. Ages have passed away since the work was finished and the last stone set in the walls; and yet it stands as fresh and bright and glittering as if the pile were reared but yesterday.

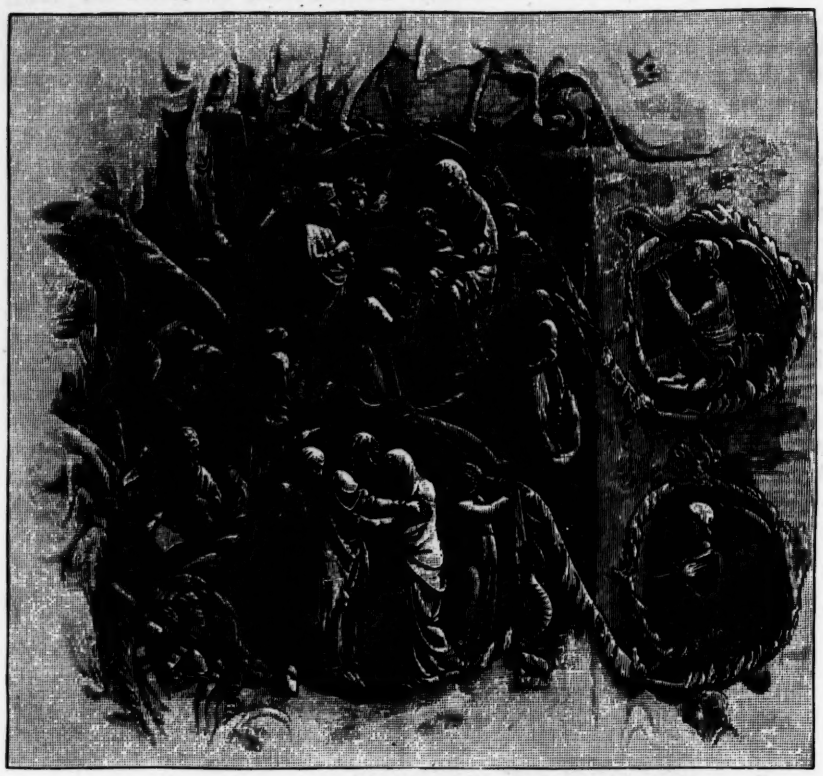
Six hundred years ago the miracle of Bolsena had stirred up a new fervour of religious devotion among the inhabitants of this district. A German priest, troubled with doubts as to the Real Presence, saw blood issue from the host as he celebrated mass at Bolsena, and, for ever cured of unbelief, threw himself at the feet of Pope Urban IV., who was then living at Orvieto, only nine miles from the scene of the miracle. At once the miraculous host and blood-stained corporal were brought in solemn procession to the city; and soon afterwards, by a bull published at Orvieto in 1264, the festival of Corpus Christi was instituted, while Aquinas, then lecturing in the place, was commissioned to compose an office and hymns for the day. Three years later the people of Orvieto determined to erect in their city a basilica, "after the fashion of that of Santa Maria Maggiore of Rome," to be dedicated to the Virgin, but also to contain a chapel to receive the holy corporal. Accordingly, on the 13th of November, 1290, the first stone of the Duomo was laid by Pope Nicholas IV., and a tax to defray the cost of the building was imposed on all the inhabitants. The enthusiasm of private individuals largely increased this fund; all classes shared in the pious work with generous ardour, and the rich and high-born worked side by side with the masons and stone-cutters. Marbles were brought up the Tiber from Rome, or drawn by buffaloes from Siena; guilds of artists belonging to the Duomo were formed; and devoutness being stimulated by indulgences showered by the popes on all who took part in the work, it made rapid progress. Between the years 1290 and 1580, one hundred and fifty-two sculptors, thirty-three architects, sixty-eight painters, and ninety workers in mosaic were employed on the cathedral buildings. The names of most of them are unknown; but the plan of the whole is ascribed to the Sienese architect Lorenzo Maitani, who held the office of capo-maestro of the works from 1310 to 1340. A drawing, bearing his name, of the basilica and the bell-tower—which was never built—is still preserved in the Opera of the Duomo, an old edifice on the cathedral square, which contains many interesting objects connected with its history.



ORVIETO: A SIDE PORTAL.

The great mass of the Duomo consists, as at Siena, of alternate courses of black and white marble. Something of the effect is shown in our first picture—of a side portal of the cathedral. It is, however, on the façade that the first architects of Orvieto seem to have concentrated their greatest efforts. Nothing but the costliest material was employed, none but the best masters were engaged; and the result is one of almost unequalled excellence. The first impression left on the mind is

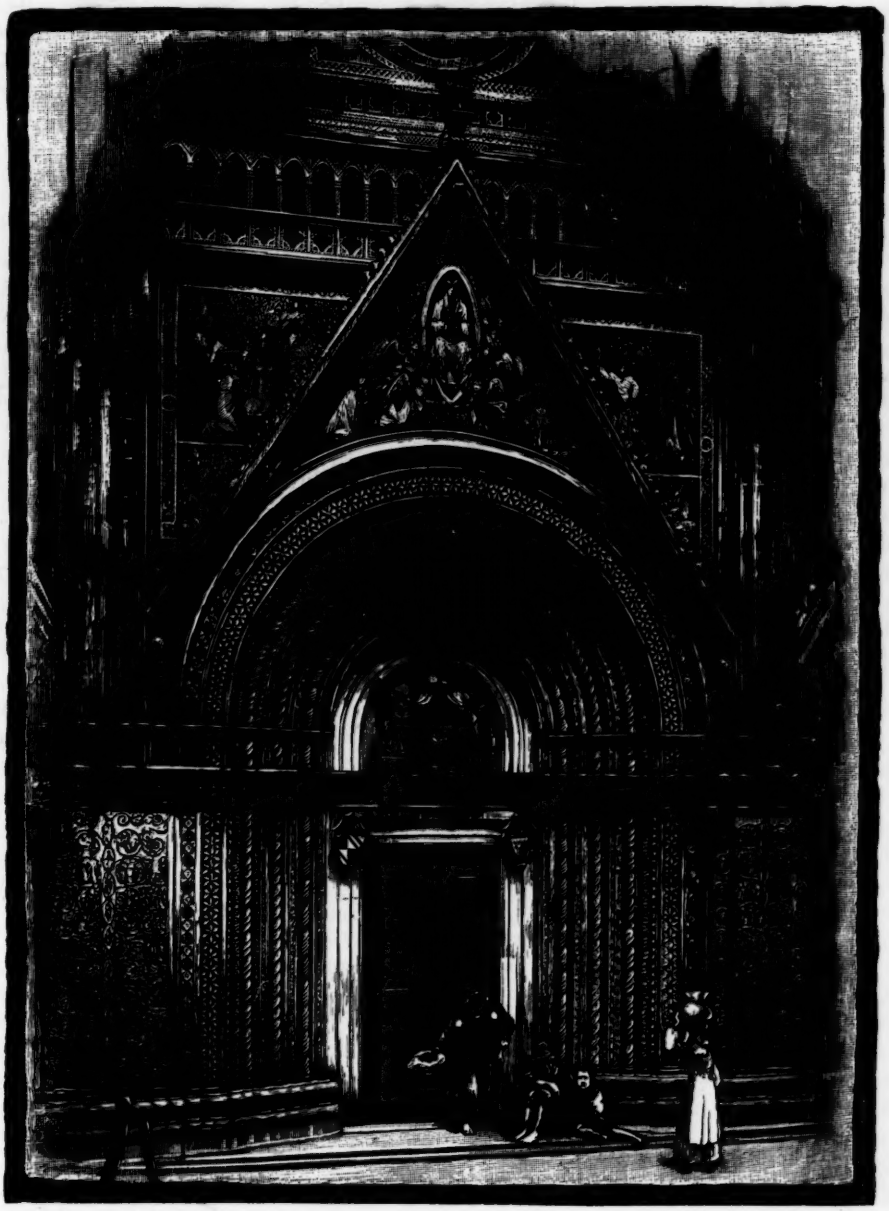
one of extraordinary richness. Marbles of every hue are mingled with mosaics on a gold ground; the great rose-window is guarded by a double row of saints and prophets; pediments, doorways, pinnacles, all are decorated with a wealth of sculptured fret-work; while even the pavement below, the flight of steps leading up to its gates, and the posts along their foot are of veined purple marble. To pass to details is to find a whole world of thought in every part of the sculptures and the delicate and sumptuous mosaics. In our third engraving is figured the great central doorway, a marvel of proportion and design; the scrap pictured further on (in our fourth illustration) will show the wealth of ornamentation—of carven foliage and fruit and bands of mosaic—with which its every pillar is encrusted. Niched above it stands Andrea Pisano's noble statue of the Virgin, enthroned as the patron saint of Orvieto; and scenes from her life form the subject of the large mosaic pictures on the flat spaces above the arches. One of these, the Assumption, is the work of a monk of the Fourteenth Century; the others, upon which Orcagna, David Ghirlandajo, and many well-known artists were employed, have for the most part been renewed in later years. The series is continued in the upper storey of mosaics; while above the great rose, and surrounded by masses of sculptured foliage and flowers, is a vast composition representing the Coronation of the Virgin. The bronze emblems of the Evangelists, said to be the work of Maitani's own hands, are still set between the mosaics; guardian angels and archangels top the pinnacles; and high over the arch of the central portal is an Agnus Dei, telling of the original connection of the Duomo with Corpus Christi and the Bolsena miracle.



ORVIETO: "THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI" AND "THE VISITATION." BAS-RELIEFS FROM THE FAÇADE.

More worthy of notice than any of these are the sculptured reliefs on the four pilasters between the doorways, which present a complete series of the epic scenes of Christianity, from the Creation to the Last Judgment. There is no record of the names of the different sculptors who produced them, nor of the date at which they were completed. But the influence of Niccola and Giovanni of Pisa is clearly to be distinguished in many of the subjects; and some of the finest may fairly be ascribed to Andrea Pisano, who was capo-maestro at Orvieto in 1347, and to his son Nino, who succeeded him at his death. Here in four great poems, full of rich fancy and profound thought, these old craftsmen represented the Days of Creation and the Fall of Man, the history of the patriarchs and kings of Judah, the life and death of Christ, and the final Resurrection of the Dead. In poetic charm and beauty of conception the first series is unequalled; it remains one of the noblest representations of the story of Creation now in existence. Every subject is framed in with boughs of spreading ivy, starting from a trunk in the centre, and carved in leaf and stem alike with the utmost precision and grace. Two angels are introduced in each:—not, as in the mosaics of St. Mark's, as symbols of the different days of Creation, but as spectators who gaze in awe

and wonder at the creative work of Christ. They watch behind Him as He blesses the four-footed animals, ox and horse, lion and dog and long-haired sheep, marshalled in rows before Him; they hover in first opens her eyes and wakes to life under the influence of the divine touch, they hail the flower and crown of Creation with gestures in which a joyful interest mingles with lowly adoration.



ORVIETO: THE CENTRAL DOOR.

mid-air above the banks where He spreads His hand over the fish teeming in the waters and the birds drawn up on the opposite shore, and pronounces them to be very good. And in that still lovelier scene — figured in our last illustration — where Eve, resting on the rock as she leaves Adam's side,

In the third series—which we have drawn upon for our second picture—the life of Christ is represented in subjects springing out of a vine. Here, too, angels are introduced as spectators, and on their faces is reflected the sadness or the joy of every incident. The heavenly visitants kneel reve-

verently with palms folded across their breast as they listen to the message of the Annunciation; they clasp uplifted hands in ever intenser prayer as they follow the agonies of the Passion; they veil their faces in anguish at the Crucifixion; they gaze in a rapture of adoring love at their risen Lord. In the last series, with greater vigour of style and closer imitation of nature, are types of a more modern character. It pictures the Resurrection and the Judgment. Every variety of gladness and terror, of devout hope and bitter remorse, is pictured on the faces of the dead, who sit up in their graves and struggle to uplift their ponderous tombstones, at the sound of the awful trumpet. Dante's "Inferno" has supplied the imagery of the chained Lucifer and tortured sinners; while not even Angelico, in his most rapturous visions, has surpassed the calm beatitude of the Soul who, led by his guardian angel, kneels before the opened gate of Paradise.



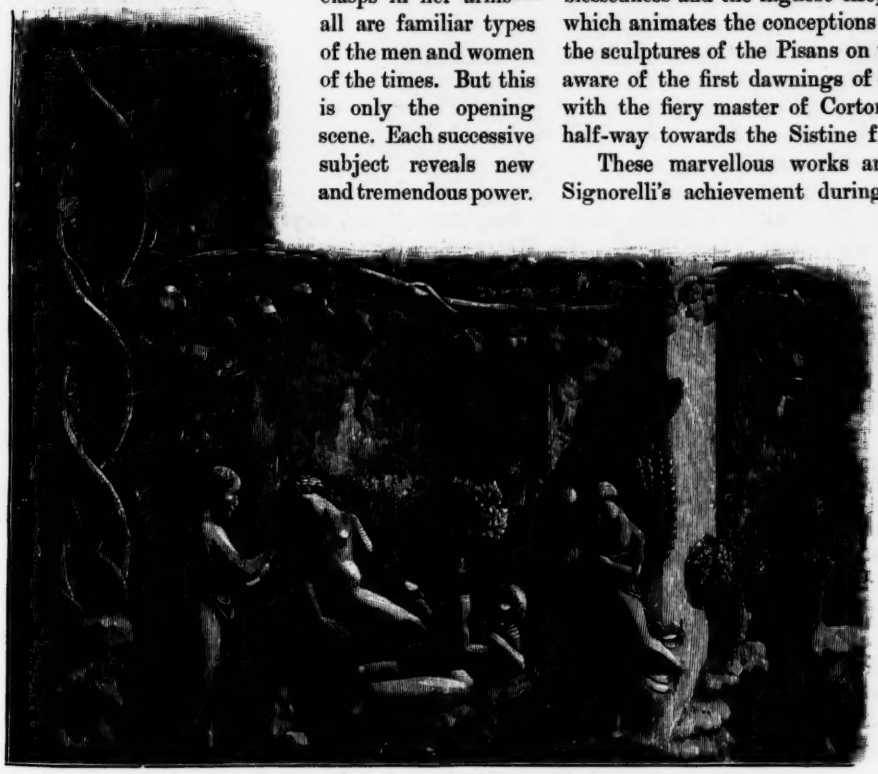
ORVIETO: PILLARS OF THE CENTRAL DOOR.

All this and much more the visitor to Orvieto can learn for himself as he sits on the silent square where the Duomo stands, between the ancient palace of the popes and the crumbling marbles of mediæval buildings, with the solemn Apennines beyond. Here nothing disturbs his musings: he can sit and think of the past, and forget that down below in the valley the trains are rushing by, and the electric wires flashing the latest London or Paris news to Rome. Until the noise of the giant knight, clashing out the hours with his sword on the big bell hard by, awakens him from his dreams.

After the splendours of the façade, the interior is at first sight a little disappointing; but gradually the massive proportions of the nave make themselves felt. The very gloom helps to deepen the sense of grandeur, and the alabaster which fills the lower part of the windows throws a rich golden hue over all. By degrees you distinguish some of the countless details of precious workmanship around: the ancient font of red marble with its lions and bas-reliefs, the intricate iron-work of the screens, the beautiful *intarsiatura* of the choir, the faded frescoes which cover the walls, Lippo Memmi's Madonna, the statues of Mochi and Scalza. On the left of the high altar is the chapel of the Corporal, in which the far-famed Bolsena cloth is preserved in a costly reliquary of silver and enamelled work of 1338, only shown to the people on Easter Day and Corpus Christi, when it is borne in procession through the streets. Opposite is the chapel of the Madonna — so called from an ancient picture of the Virgin said to have been painted by St. Luke — renowned throughout the world as the place of Signorelli's frescoes. These tremendous creations are the glory of the cathedral. They must be studied in the early morning, for late in the day the chapel darkens, and their details grow undistinguishable. Once seen, however, they are never forgotten. They are astonishing even in their photographs. Only on the walls of the Sistine Chapel can such another painted epic be found.

Already the Pisan sculptors had worked their thoughts concerning death and judgment into stone on the cathedral doorways. The painters of the next age were summoned to represent the end of all things on these chapel walls. Here, on the roof, in 1447, Fra Angelico painted Christ as Judge of living and dead, between groups of radiant saints and prophets; and here, fifty years later, a painter of a very different order, Luca Signorelli of Cortona, was called upon to complete the monk of Fiesole's unfinished work. The council of the Duomo had waited nine years in vain for Perugino, and after a little hesitating between Pinturicchio and Signorelli, they finally gave the task to the master of Cortona. And Signorelli, coming to Orvieto as the representative of a new age, painted on these walls the troubles of the last days, the Resurrection and the final Separation, the bliss of heaven and the horrors of hell, according to the dramatic instincts of his genius and the principles of Renaissance art. His

mastery of the human form and his skill in rendering individual expression are shown in a remarkable degree in the admirable groups of listeners grouped round the figure of Antichrist. The gay pleasure-loving youth in his splendid attire, resting his hand on his hip with careless indifference; the shrewd worldly face of the old man with the hard cunning look about his tightly-set lips; the young mother who has eyes for nothing but the child she clasps in her arms—all are familiar types of the men and women of the times. But this is only the opening scene. Each successive subject reveals new and tremendous power.



ORVIETO: "THE CREATION OF WOMAN." BAS-RELIEF FROM THE FAÇADE.

Antichrist hurled into the abyss by avenging spirits; the sinners huddled together in shoals of wounded and dying as they fly before the flame-breathing ministers of the Wrath; dead men staggering painfully out of their graves; bat-winged fiends torturing the lost; the glorious forms of the twin archangels who stand on the clouds of heaven and blow mightily the trumpets of doom—all these are painted with the same vivid reality, the same terrible grandeur. Nor is the joy of the elect a whit less forcibly presented. Luca's conception is different from Angelico's. With him all is life and movement, and fulness of strength and abounding energy. His angels are strong-limbed, mild-eyed beings with spreading wings and long yellow locks tossed on the breeze. There is a royal grace in their every motion as they dance, luting and harping, in mid-air, or bend from their blissful heights to scatter flowers and place crowns on the brows of the saved; these, scarcely conscious of their blessedness, look wonderingly on the great vision which breaks upon their sight. And you feel how complete is the change which has come upon the men of Luca's generation, and how rapidly the old dream of seraphic calm and silent rapture is fading before the new ideals:—the sense that in struggle and conflict lies the truest blessedness and the highest life, the Titanic ambition which animates the conceptions of Michelangelo. In the sculptures of the Pisans on the façade we became aware of the first dawnings of modern thought, and with the fiery master of Cortona we are more than half-way towards the Sistine frescoes.

These marvellous works are not the whole of Signorelli's achievement during the two years that he was engaged in the Duomo of Orvieto. With a graceful remembrance of the artist who had preceded him, he has painted his own portrait standing by the side of Fra Angelico. His fair hair and blue eyes and courtly air form a striking contrast with the saintly expression and monastic garb of the Dominican painter. But he has done much more than this. Every available space is covered with painting. There are medallions of the heroic poets—Virgil, Homer, Dante; there are subjects in grisaille from the "Divina Commedia," the "Iliad," the "Æneid," the "Pharsalia," the "Metamorphoses;" there are groups of martyrs and archangels; there is a noble Deposition. And all reveal the treasure of thought stored up in Luca's brain; all are instinct with his Titanic energy and strength of soul. Before them you are lost in a wondering veneration for the man who could produce works so numerous and so varied in character.

It was All Souls' Day when last I stood in the Duomo of Orvieto. A mass for the dead was being sung in the nave, and from the gloom of those mighty arches which lay still in shadow came harmonies of soft organ music and the voices of

priests, as they moved to and fro chanting a solemn requiem. There all was darkness, only broken by the faint glimmerings of the tapers before the altar; but here in the Virgin's chapel a burst of sunshine streamed through the old painted windows, and threw rich tints of gold and purple on the marble floor. The light of its rays shone over Luca's frescoes—on the great archangels blowing their trumpets, on the faces of the awakening dead, on the guardian angels guiding the Blessed up to God. All these countless forms seemed to glow and kindle into life; their springing steps and joyous gestures became animate with new gladness; their faces shone with a heavenly light; and the music of the requiem sounded in my ears as a part of their mystic world. For the moment it seemed as if we mortals ourselves were but the shadows which come and go, and these painted figures of Signorelli's invention the only actual realities.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

"ABANDONED."

(FROM THE PICTURE BY HEINRICH RASCH.)

BEFORE Culture there was Cheerfulness. A great while ago — before Mr. Walter Pater, before Mr. Matthew Arnold, before Byron even — the years, unnatural though it seems, were years of high spirits. To be melancholical — splenetick they called it then—was to have a reason for letting blood, or a fair excuse for getting tipsy and beating the watch. Such heroines as Nathalie Lind and Daniel Deronda and the hapless Folle-Farine—the superior young persons of romance—had not begun to overshadow literature or to deaden life and morals. It is true that Richardson had created the high-souled Miss Harlowe—Miss Harlowe, who has been described as "the Aboriginal Æsthete;" Miss Harlowe, the great-great-grandmother of all the tragical *précieuses* in art. But he had also created the incomparable Miss Howe and the enchanting Lady G.; and these adorable madcaps were popular types as well as romantic ideals. A near relation of theirs is Sophia Western, one of the most amiable of English girls, and one of the freshest and healthiest and most charming. Farquhar's Sylvia could gallop all day long after a horn, and the whole night through after a fiddle. Millamant, the sublime chatterbox, is a kind of angel of fine manners and high spirits; her laugh is irresistible yet, and her wit imperiously exhilarating, and she is near two centuries old. She and her sisters knew nothing of Aucassin and Nicolette, nothing of Bernardino Luini, of Tristram nothing, and nothing of Iseult and Guinevere; for them the Distinctly Precious did not exist; their buxom shoulders recked of no such burden as the melancholy of the world; they would have dozed over "Tannhäuser," and slept outright over the heroic Wotan; they were capable (it is to be feared) of preferring Rubens to Antonello da Messina, and of looking uncontorted upon Botticelli himself. They played Ombre a great deal, and were happy in Spadille; they sang the songs of Polly Peachum and Macheath, and performed the concertos of the ingenious Mr. Purcell and the divine Mr. Handel; they read Molière and Marivaux, Pope and Dryden, Congreve and Smollett and Gay; they rode to hounds, and danced "The Triumph," and worked samplers, and partook freely of beef and March beer, and spelt abominably. And above all, they were full of health and lusty humour, and "amiable archness" and "enchanting vivacity." They could "laugh consumedly," and you may be sure they did so. They were not ashamed to look forward delightedly to meetings over "champagne and a chicken" and the banishment of "discretion and fear." They had a practical interest in fun, and an indefatigable appreciation of it; and the pranks they played, nor thought it beneath them, were many and merry. They were the heroines of Gainsborough and Zoffany and Sir Joshua; and it must be owned that they are to the full as admirable and lovable as those of Messrs. Burne Jones and Rossetti and Du Maurier, or the more substantial ideals of Messrs. Orchardson and Millais, or the pensive and pleasing creations of the President himself.

Most of these modern sirens would be incapable of jest, whether verbal or practical. They have a soul above humour, and think Dickens vulgar and tiresome. The faculty of laughter has been denied them. They dance religiously; their loves are full of seriousness; when they sing it is as seraphs do in mediæval pictures, and to the accompaniment of romantic instruments of music. In all this there is a vast amount of propriety. One would as lief quote the "Vita Nuova" to a common banker as



ABANDONED.

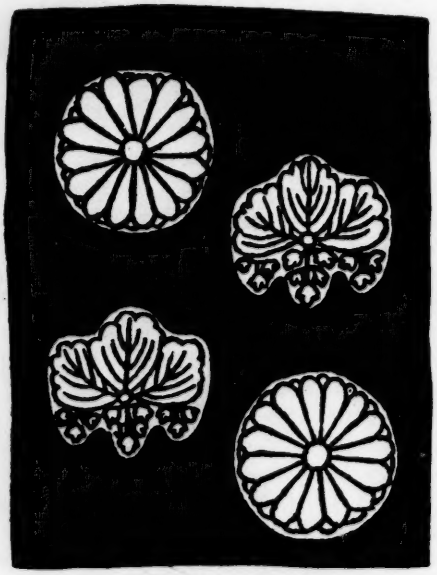
(From the Picture by Heinrich Rasch.)

be witty before one of the President's ideals. Flirtation with Mr. Burne Jones's long-chinned maidens would be sheer impiety. A Rossetti with champagne and a chicken—the idea is appalling.

Herr Rasch has therefore done wisely in taking for the personages of his little drama the men and women who could laugh, the men and women of the Pre-Culture epochs. His scene is an artificial lake: some Sans-Souci or Castle Careless of the Dark Ages, with bosquets and summer-houses and nymph-haunted fountains. His heroines are a band of ladies whose intellectuals have not been tickled into sadness. His hero—"past hope, abandoned, And to himself given over"—with the deep sea ahead and the slippery stepping-stones behind, is some Faddle and Tattle—some bore in powder and silk breeches and a frill. The situation explains itself; the picture tells its own gay little story.

KERAMICS IN JAPAN.*

FOR the Western mind the Japanesque has a peculiar and abiding charm. Familiarity serves but to increase its interest; its variety is one no custom can stale; its tradition, though but a few years old, is already a popular possession. In 1867 an Exposition Universelle revealed the Middle Kingdom as a mother of the arts; and the cult that thereupon sprang into being has steadily widened and deepened ever since. The matter of the revelation was not only delightful in itself; it was utterly new as well. Nothing like it was included in Western experience. It was the outcome of a civilisation at once exquisite and imperfect, attractive and remote; the expression of a genius the antipodes of our own; the embodiment of an ideal that is in some sort a contradiction of the governing principles of European art. And we fell straightway into ecstacies of consideration and understanding. The essentials of Japanese art—its superlative delicacy, its inexhaustible and fantastic ingenuity, its tact and humour and truth, its decorative perfection, its infinite variety and resource—became living influences. Not one of its manifestations but was found admirable and individual; not one but had its peculiar devotees, and was vigorously *pourchassée* and extravagantly appraised. Bronzes and textiles, lacquers and ivories and enamels, fine porcelains and rough earthenwares, toggles and sword-hilts and fans, polychromatic pictures and patterns and drawings in black and white—an equal interest attached to them all. They were seen to be not only curious but beautiful. It was perceived that they proceeded from a race of men whose artistic faculty is to the full as rich and potent as the technical methods and traditions through which it is expressed are faultless and complete.

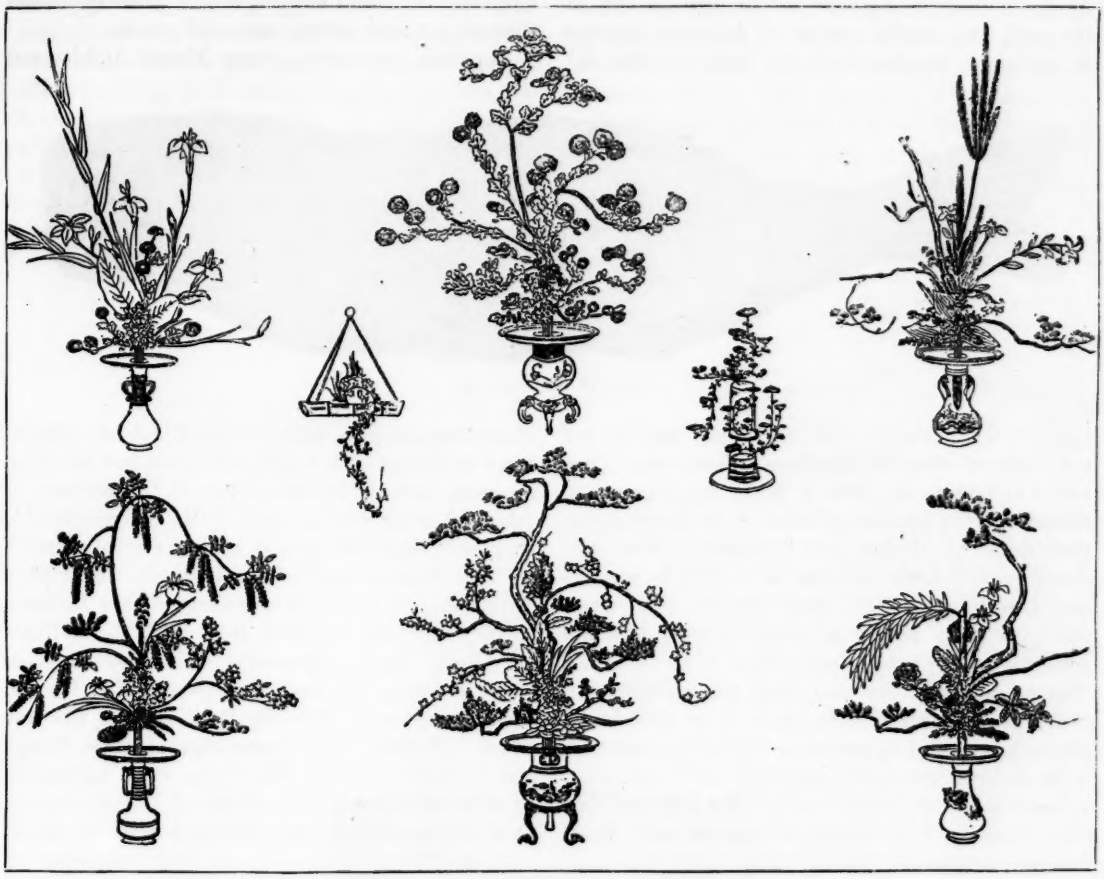


KIKU AND KIRI CRESTS; BADGE OF THE MIKADO.

The Japanese artist is now a naturalised European. We copy his designs, we imitate his processes, we incorporate his æsthetic principles among our own. He has revolutionised our theory of decorations; he has a hand in our wall-papers, our hangings, our porcelains, our upholstery; his fans are everywhere, and, apart from his bronzes and cabinets and achievements in cloisonné and in lac, happiness is incomplete and taste imperfect and unsound. Our book-shelves teem with his illustrations, our walls are fantastic with his pictures; he paints our ceilings and presides over the confection of our tapestries; he has sections of his own at South Kensington and the British Museum; he is in force at the Salon and the Grosvenor Gallery; he has been seen at Burlington House itself. It is, however, as an artist in keramics that we most delight in him and that he is best and farthest known. It was in this capacity that he won the heart of Holland two centuries ago, and after setting all good Dutchmen to work at collecting or imitating his productions, prevailed upon Augustus of Saxony to

* (1) "Keramic Art of Japan." By George A. Audsley and James Lord Bowes. (London: Henry Sotheran and Co.) 1881.

(2) "Japanese Marks and Seals." By James Lord Bowes. (London: Henry Sotheran and Co.) 1882.



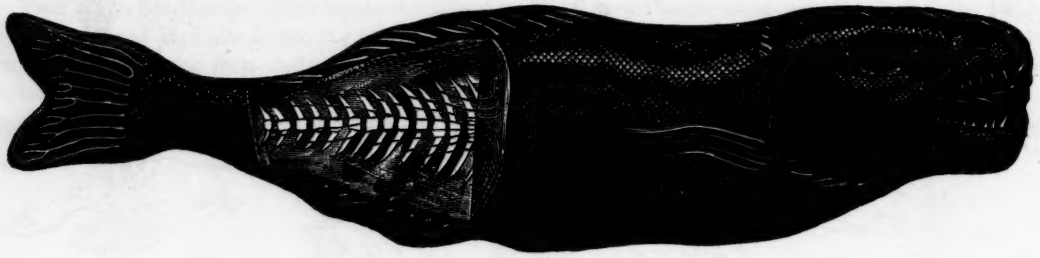
JAPANESE CEREMONIAL BOUQUETS.

lodge him in a palace, and to spend some five-and-twenty years (1698—1724) in getting together a representative collection of his works. Ever since his introduction he has been everywhere an object of extraordinary consideration. Poets have sung and fine ladies have adored him; amateurs have existed but for his purchase and pursuit; to "live up to" the least of his achievements is a moral and æsthetic ideal. Foremost among his admirers, and foremost, too, among those who have best served him, are the authors of the two books at present under notice—"Keramic Art of Japan," and "Japanese Marks and Seals:" the first, and older one, the work of Messrs. Bowes and Audsley in collaboration; the second the work of Mr. Bowes unaided and alone.

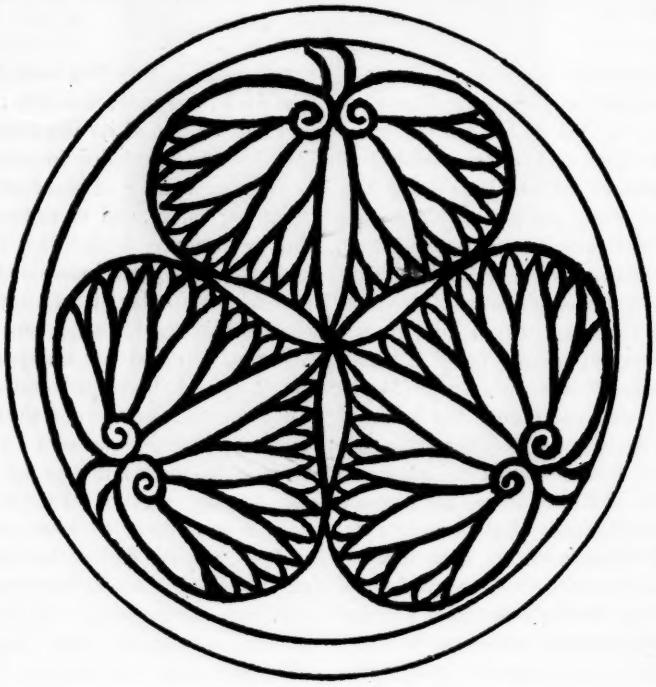
The "Keramic Art" of Messrs. Bowes and Audsley is a sumptuous volume as it stands; but its sumptuousness as a second and cheaper edition is as nothing when compared to the splendour of its original state. As first produced, it was in two lordly folios; it was rich in wood engravings printed in colours, in fifteen autotypes, and in thirty-five gorgeous lithographs; only a thousand copies were printed. Publications so magnificent do not often issue from an English press. The book, however, was too costly to be generally serviceable; and if its illustrations were unimpeachable, its text abounded in errors. The new edition is open to neither of these objections. It is comparatively cheap, and it presents a text made accurate by careful revision. It is illustrated with thirty-two plates, in monochrome and in colours and gold, and with a number of useful woodcuts beside. The chromo-lithographs, which are the work of Firmin-Didot and Co., are not always happy in subject, and are mostly a little pedantic as regards execution. They are excellently produced, however, and they increase the value as well as enhance the attractiveness of the volume in which they appear. In the literary part of their work Messrs. Audsley and Bowes appear to some advantage. The style is loose, and the diction lacking in energy and precision. Their matter, however, is well chosen and pertinent throughout. Writing with a kind of careful enthusiasm, they have produced a readable and very serviceable book. We are indebted to it for, in the first place, a good and satis-

factory note upon Japanese art in general, and in the next, for a useful account of Japanese keramics in particular, together with an historical and descriptive classification—the first that has as yet appeared—of the manufactures themselves, from wares so famous as those of Kaga and Hizen and Satsuma to the produce of kilns in no better repute than those of Horima and Chikusen. Not only, therefore, is it a contribution of moment to our present knowledge. Until such time as it is superseded, it must remain a text-book—the standard authority on the subject with which it is concerned. This is especially the case since the appearance of Mr. Bowes's treatise, with which it is uniform in size and price and appearance. It is true that each is an independent work, and that while the older volume deals with keramics alone, the later publication embraces every variety of Japanese art. Each, however, is the natural complement of the other, and to study them apart is to know the best of neither. Good argument as to the value and importance of Mr. Bowes's work is conveyed in the fact that it is dedicated to the Mikado himself, and "by direct permission:" in proof of which it is blazoned, alone among English books, with the awful imperial crest—the flower of the sacred Chrysanthemum, and the leaf of the Kiri tree beloved of heroes. Still better, in that it contains — all faithfully translated and exquisitely produced—some thirteen hundred several seals and marks.

In their introductory essay Messrs. Audsley and Bowes are at great pains to point out the obligations to Nature of the Japanese artist, and to arrive at some sort of understanding of the amount in which he is indebted to her. To do this adequately, they are obliged to pass in review a great number of the circumstances of existence in the Middle Kingdom, and to tell us something of the Japanese as they are:—of the faith they hold, the festivals they keep, their comfortable, half-humorous gods, their grotesque demons, their passion for flowers, their adoration of the hill Fuji, and all the rest of it. Without some knowledge of these things and a world of others like them, it is impossible to enter very far into the enjoyment of Japanese art, or to become very deeply penetrated with its spirit. The elements of waywardness and eccentricity enter largely into its composition, but it is a genuine expression of life; fact more or less individually considered and represented is the substance of it all. The Japanese artist, however fantastic he appear, is seldom or never at odds with Nature. He finds her teeming with interest and suggestiveness; and his creations are mostly no more than transfigurations of the realities she has in store. He dwarfs and dis-



NETSUKÈ IN INLAID LAC.



CREST OF THE TOKUGAWAS.

torts her, it is true; he conventionalises and exaggerates her; he befools and belittles and caricatures her. But he does not often depart from her altogether; and he is never so fortunate as when he is most nearly allied with her. It might almost be said of him that his imagination will contain nothing but facts, so apprehensive is he of the life about him, and so happy is he in its representation. His ideals are all realities; his art is a perpetual witness

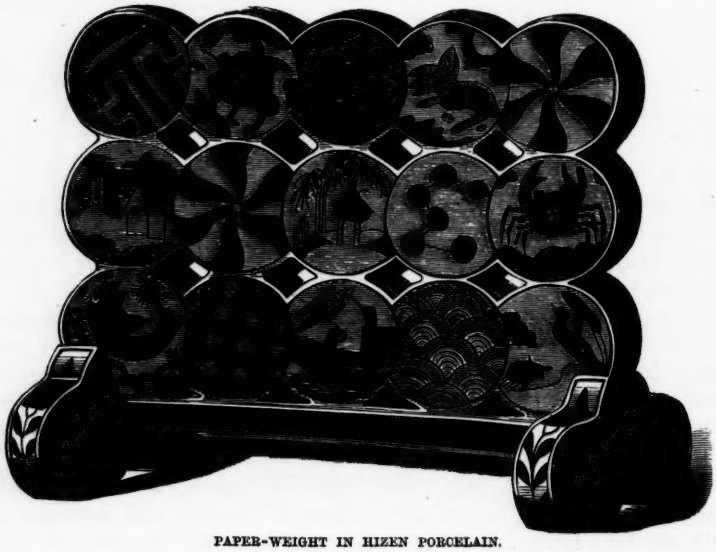


THE FAUNA OF MYTHOLOGICAL JAPAN.

to the worth of that which is. Has he to carve a *netsukè*, a toggle, for instance? He takes a live fish dished for the table (Japan, it must not be forgotten, is the land of Hara-Kari—of impaling, maiming, disembowelling!), and sets himself to represent its every part with the zest and the concentration of the true artist. The skin he figures by a mosaic of fish spines embedded in lacquer; to the mouth he fits the teeth of his original; the fins and tail he makes of gold lac; the parts laid bare by the cook's knife he reproduces in tinted mother-of-pearl. The result—which is pictured in our third engraving—is a work of art. Ask him for a funny knick-knack; and he will produce you, in blue Owari, a miniature of Fuji, backed by a rising moon that reminds you of one in "Tom Jones"—the moon like a round enormous cheese; or he will execute, in Hizen blue, a paper-weight that shall be a small epitome of patterns (squares, diapers, curves, lozenges!) and a portrait-gallery of comic animals and birds and fishes—such a paper-weight, in fact, as is figured in our last illustration. His skies and shores are populous with cranes and wild ducks; his waters are alive with fish; he cannot seem to have his fill of badgers and frogs and horses and foxes. As for flowers and plants, they run riot over the length and breadth of his achievement—in lacquer, in bronze, in ivory and wood and porcelain alike. He is no more to be wearied of figuring them than his people of growing them. Wistaria and chrysanthemum, plum and bamboo, convolvulus and iris and water-lily—he knows them all, and they acquire new uses and fresh impulses under his hand. He orders them in wreaths and garlands and festoons; he weaves them into his silks and scatters them broad-

cast over his papers; he paints them in his pictures, and fills his books with their presentments; he represents them as they are, he conventionalises them, he shows them growing in their proper earth or—as in our second illustration — transplanted and arranged in wonderful ceremonial nosegays; he works them up into blazons and seals—as in the beautiful badge of the Tokugawas and the Kiku and Kiri crests of the Mikado, both of which we reproduce. It may be said, indeed, that without flowers Japanese art would appear other than it does, and produce an entirely different impression.

It is the same with real and natural objects generally. Hokusai, a representative artist, is as truthful and suggestive as Daumier himself; his albums might be described as a Japanese edition of the "Comédie Humaine;" his work is a complete expression of that quality of loving yet independent and vigorous naturalism which is the soul, the first essential, the primary inspiration of Japanese art. For, as we have already had occasion to remark, the Japanese has no ideal but reality. His imagination is never heroic, his aspirations and ambitions have nothing epical about them. The hell he pictures is but excessive and exaggerated actuality; his chimæras and terrors are touched with the grotesque; he treats his very gods with familiarity, and from the point of view of a humorous and affectionate realism. His conception of the supernatural is thoroughly matter-of-fact. Things spiritual turn gross and commonplace in passing through his mind. In one of Messrs. Bowes and Audsley's plates the god Hotei is figured (in yellow faïence) in the act of romping with a child; he reminds you of a friar out of the "Contes Drolatiques" or the "Vie Très-horrificque du Grand Gargantua." In another is a statuette (in brown Kioto stoneware) of the venerable Shiou-Rô, the deity of long life, the most respectable figure in Japanese mythology; he is just awake, stretching himself like the laziest Lawrence, and yawning his very head off. Again, the monsters represented in our fifth picture—for which, as for the rest, we are indebted to the publishers of these volumes—are anything but terrible. The dragon, it must be admitted, is a very respectable hobgoblin, and the sacred bird Hoho is elegant and imposing. But the lion in the left-hand corner suggests a fanatical performing poodle; and his companions, the Kait and the cloud-walking Kirin—the latter of which is legged like a deer, tailed like a lion, and headed and breasted like a dragon—are in every way his peers.



PAPER-WEIGHT IN HIZEN PORCELAIN.

According to the Japanese themselves, the primeval potter of the Middle Kingdom was a certain Oosiu-tsumi, who made pots as early as 660 B.C. It is strongly suspected, however, that the gifted Oosiu-tsumi is a myth, and that there were no pots in Japan until 27 B.C., when the Coreans came over from the mainland, and taught the Japanese all the potting they knew. Messrs. Bowes and Audsley impugn the accuracy of this statement also, and incline to believe that pottery and Buddhism, an art and a religion, were both introduced into Japan at the same time—about A.D. 550. A Japanese Government report ascribes the invention of the wheel to a priest of Idzumi (A.D. 724), examples of whose craft are still preserved in a certain temple in the province of Yamato. Another heroic potter was one Kato Shirozaimon (A.D. 1225), who lived and wrought at Seto, in Owari, where he practised improvements borrowed from the Chinese, among whom he had travelled. It was not, however, until the early years of the Sixteenth Century that Gorodayu Shonsui returned from China with the manufacture of pure porcelain at his fingers' ends, and revolutionised the potter's practice and theory throughout Japan. He settled in Hizen, the first of the great keramists who have made the province famous; and when he died he had founded a new and magnificent industry. There can be no doubt that he was a man of genius in the best and strongest sense of the word; for the potters of Hizen have done nothing but follow in his footsteps, and produce after him the four famous

varieties of Hizen ware—Celadon, Blue under Glaze, Crackled, and Polychromatic—the tradition of which he bequeathed to them. After Gorodayu's death, little or nothing was done until the close of the century, when a Corean artist, called Risamper, found mines of porcelain clay near Arita, and built kilns and founded a pottery there. Soon the manufacture went forward briskly enough. Porcelain was produced in Satsuma, in Owari, in Kaga, in Kioto. The great daimios built kilns, and encouraged the industry. It developed and prospered mightily; for invention was rife everywhere, and the demand kept pace with the supply. The Dutch at Nagasaki laid hands on all the porcelain they could, and exported it to Europe in such quantities that, according to Jacquemart—quoted by Messrs. Bowes and Audsley—there arrived in Holland, in 1664, close on 50,000 specimens. Kæmpfer estimates the annual export at upwards of one hundred crates. Some years afterwards a hapless potter named Tomimura Kanyemono was convicted of unlawful trading with the factory at Nagasaki, and obliged to perform the touching ceremony of Hara-Kari. He was a rare and distinguished artist in what is called "Old Japan." Now the Dresden Collection is composed of Old Japan of the finest quality; it was in course of formation at the time of Tomimura's accident; and to Tomimura Messrs. Audsley and Bowes incline to attribute the authorship of its contents.

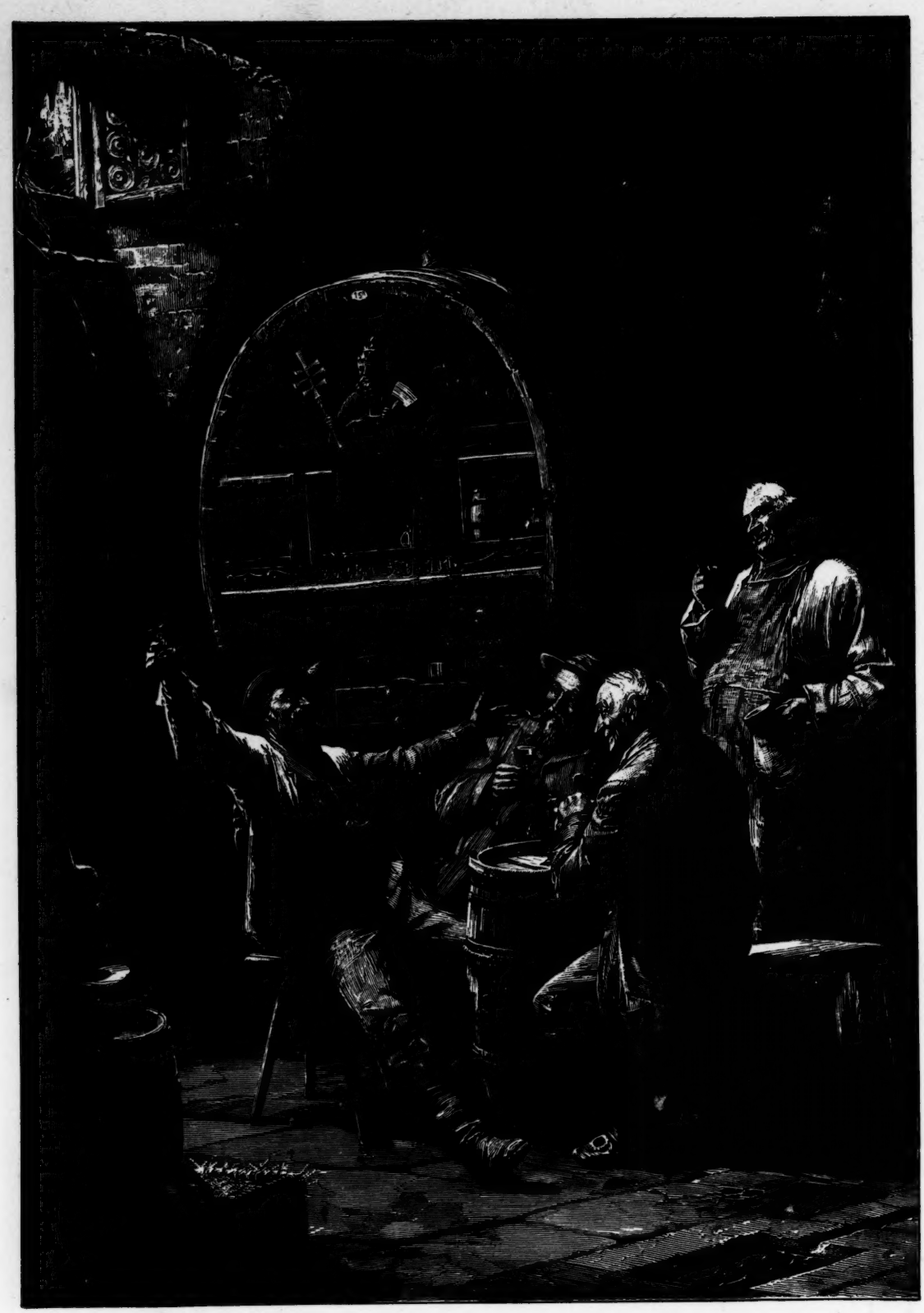
The manufactures specified by our authors are twenty-eight in number. Of these the principal ones are those of Owari, Hizen, Satsuma, Kaga, and Kioto. Among contemporary potters special mention must be made of Tosuken Yeiraku of Kioto. He comes of a family of renowned keramists, and is the thirteenth in descent from Zengoro, the founder of the house, the inventor of special processes employed by his descendants, an artist whose work has been surpassed by none of them. Another ancestor of Yeiraku, the first who bore the name, was a certain Riozen, the tenth from Zengoro. He invented, after Chinese models, the Kimande decoration, of gold upon red. Upon this, the reigning head of the house of Tokugawa—whose badge we have engraved—presented him with a seal of gold engraven with the device *Yeiraku*, signifying *Everlasting Felicity*, by which his descendants and their wares have since been distinguished. Riozen's son, the eleventh Zengoro, brought over from China the Bengara red, which contributes so largely in the beauty of Kaga ware; and his grandson, the father of Tosuken Yeiraku, is said to have given new ideas and new means to the painters of Kaga and Owari. Yeiraku himself is a keramist of the highest type. His manufactures—porcelain, faïence, and pottery—are of the best quality and the finest workmanship. Artists of his capacity are rare, even in Japan. But they are not unknown there even now. W. E. H.

"JOLLY COMPANIONS."

(From the Picture by Ed. Grützner.)

FEW painters care to see the ugliness of drink. The muse is not greatly addicted to sermonising, nor overmuch to satire; and such truculent homilies as "Gin Lane" and "A Modern Midnight Conversation," such elaborate attainders as "The Bottle"—which is surely one of the worst pictures ever painted, as well as one of the most unpleasant—are not common. As a rule the painter considers the practice of liquor not less tenderly than the poet himself. This is, of course, as much as to say that he regards it from the point of view of the practical drinker, inasmuch as, in theory at least, the habit of song and the habit of wine have, from the earliest ages downward, been inseparable. As a fact, he cannot be brought to see the wickedness of tippling, nor to picture it under any aspects that are not romantic or humane. To him a person in drink is always a man and a brother—is no worse than humorous at his worst, and is often surprisingly attractive and gallant to behold; and the expression of his opinion is unfailingly generous and picturesque. Who, for instance, can do other than sympathise with the jovial unfortunates of Leech and Charles Keene? They do not, of course, persuade to imitation, or even applause; their function is to warn, such influence as they have is all in the direction of good morals. But for all that they are neither bugbears nor scarecrows. Their appeal is made from the grounds of a common mortality and a natural weakness. They are too human themselves not to be the cause of humanity in others. To consider them is to refrain from following after; but it is also to pity and forgive.

The theory of Herr Grützner's little drinking bout is mainly picturesque. It is not direct and humorous enough for a morality, nor romantic enough for a poem; it exists as a study of character and manners, and a piece of pleasant and skilful craftsmanship. There is little more to be said of the majority of pictures; and of many there is not nearly so much.



"JOLLY COMPANIONS."

(From the Picture by Ed. Grützner.)